THE HOME LIBRARY OF ENTERTAINMENT INSTRUCTION AND AMUSEMENT

MUSIC IN THE HOME

Henry Ward Beecher said: "The family that sings together often will be a happy family."
The above engraving is from a famous painting by Margaret Dicksee, exhibited in the Royal Academy, London. It represents the famous orator and playwriter, Sheridan, visiting the home of Thos. Lindley the Composer, whose daughter, a beautiful singer, he afterwards married.

THE HOME LIBRARY OF

ENTERTAINMENT INSTRUCTION AND AMUSEMENT

EMBRACING

EIGHT INSTRUCTIVE BOOKS IN ONE VOLUME

Book I. FIRESIDE GEMS FROM OUR POPULAR POETS
Chronologically Arranged from Shakespeare to the Present Time.

Book II. THE MODEL SPEAKER AND RECITER
Illustrated by Poses, Costumed Characters, Acting Scenes, etc.

Book III. GAMES, AMUSEMENTS AND SPORTS
For Indoors and Out. Special Drawings and Diagrams.

Book IV. THE SONGS WE LOVE TO SING
With Engravings of Musical Subjects.

Book V. THE HOME BOOK OF ETIQUETTE
With Special Illustrations

Book VI. WONDERFUL AND REMARKABLE THINGS AND FACTS
With Engravings of Principal Buildings and Scenes of the Earth

Book VII. BIOGRAPHY AND ANECDOTE OF THE GREAT
With Portraits of the Rulers and noted Personages of Our Time

Book VIII. NOBLE EXAMPLES OF GREAT ACHIEVEMENTS
A Book of Inspiring Lessons from Lives of Successful Men.

By THOMAS SHEPPARD MEEK

RICHLY EMBELLISHED WITH
OVER 100 DUOGRAPH AND HALF-TONE ENGRAVINGS

THE H. W. B. CONRAD PUBLISHING CO.
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INTRODUCTION

THE publishers believe they are doing a service to the homes of our land by issuing this volume. It is more than *one* book. In fact, *eight* of the most valuable books have been condensed to make up its contents.

These eight books supply the very best forms of entertainment, instruction and amusement. To bind them in separate volumes would put the price beyond the average purse. In this combined form they can be supplied for less than one-third cost of the eight books bound separately, thus placing them within easy reach of every family.

"*Our homes ought to be the most charming places on earth, and they would be if parents and children knew how to make them so.*" A great man uttered a great truth when he spoke the above sentence. It is not for lack of love or disposition on the part of parents, nor for lack of love or willingness on the children's part to co-operate with them, that we do not have more happy homes, but because parents and children *don't know how* to make them more cheerful and bright.

The object of this volume is to put into the hands of every parent and child the means of making home the delightful, instructive, love-inspiring, friend-making place it ought to be. The world is fast recognizing the fact that "all work and no play makes Jack a dull boy," and that recreation, entertainment and amusement are also good for the grown folks as well as the young. "Come, let us all have a good time together," says this book, and to those who heed, it will make boon companions and play-fellows of parents and children and guests, keep the sunshine warm and bright even upon the face of old age and quicken the blood of all who gather around the fireside, in the parlor, or on playground and field, where its rich supplies of intellectual feast, music and pleasant games are drawn upon.

The distinct value of the various books in this library will be readily recognized. It begins with

"**Fireside Gems From Our Popular Poets.**"—What delightful winter evenings will be enjoyed where this book is read aloud around the fireside by one of the members of the family, while others knit, embroider, sew, or busy their hands in some useful task. There is such a blessing in

poetry. Henry Drummond says: "Every person should look upon a beautiful picture, listen to beautiful music, or read beautiful poetry every day." Every land has its singers, and in all lands the real poets are the true prophets. How well Lowell states this fact for us:

"In common souls
Hope is but vague and undefined,
Till from the poet's tongue the message rolls,
A blessing to his kind."

This book has the real gems from thirty-two of the greatest and most popular poets of England and America, chronologically arranged, from Shakespeare to the present time.

Book II. "The Model Reciter and Speaker" embraces nearly three hundred choice selections, in both prose and poetry, for reading and recitation and all sorts of occasions. The editor has carefully classified and arranged these pieces in seven different departments. Very properly the "Little Folks Speaker" of more than half a hundred bright, spicy and witty speeches for very small children comes first, and succeeding it are six other departments—classified under the heads of Narrative, Descriptive, Pathetic, Humorous, Religious and Patriotic Selections. With the real teacher's heart the editor has also made careful and helpful notes at the beginning of the selections, stating to what persons and occasions they are suited, and giving useful advice about poses, costumes and expression. The value of such helps are well known to all reciters, and parents and teachers who make the selections and train the speakers will find them of great assistance.

Book III. "Games, Amusements and Sports for Indoors and Out," with its special drawings, diagrams and instructions for all sorts of plays, from the simple games for small children in the nursery and the rollicking, frolicking plays of boys and girls on the play-ground, to those for men and women in the parlor, and the larger athletic sports of lawn and field—all are explained in a way to make us wish we might play them, every one. The indoor games alone in this book would afford a separate amusement for the family every evening the whole long winter through. Parents, children, neighborhoods and schools will find them an unending source of delight, dispelling gloom and giving zest to the spirits and health and strength to both mind and body.

Book IV. "Exercises for Developing the Body and Preserving the Health." Gives very practical and healthful directions on how to develop the lines of the body. They are prepared for the busy person who has not

time to go into long details. Every exercise is illustrated by a line drawing, so that there will be no difficulty in understanding just what the Author intends. There are too many people in the world who have round and stooped shoulders, and do not know how to carry their heads erect. This department will be of great assistance to such. Others do not know how to walk, or how to carry their bodies. Here they will find especially interesting and profitable suggestions; in brief, full directions are given for all exercises necessary to everyone for the development of the body, and for obtaining a fine form.

Book V. "The Home Book of Etiquette" is a work that is greatly needed in all of our homes. Lord Chesterfield, proverbially known as "the Prince of Politeness," gave his son the following golden advice: "My son, improve your manners. There is nothing which costs so little and pays such large dividends on its stock as good manners. The proper way to conduct yourself toward others is of more importance than a classical education. Your Latin and Greek, and your knowledge of ancient history and mythology will never secure for you a foreign ambassadorship, but your good manners may."

The reason why people are awkward and ill-mannered is not because they naturally like to be boorish, but because *they don't know how to couduct themselves properly.* This book will teach them the very latest rules of propriety and polite behavior for all sorts of occasions, give them confidence, relieve embarrassment, and make parents proud of their children in company.

Book VI. "Wonderful and Remarkable Things and Facts" is just what its name indicates. "Alice in Wonderland" did not meet with more surprises than the reader of this book will experience in passing through the mystic mazes of this labyrinth of curious, interesting and astonishing things and facts. The book is divided into several chapters, and the various curios are classified and placed where they belong. The wonders of nature, trees and vegetation, animal life, insects, rocks, caves, cataracts, etc., make up a most interesting chapter of natures marvels. Another division entitled, "The Wonderful Works of Man," embraces descriptions of the seven wonders of the world, the largest monuments, the most massive and magnificent buildings, the greatest tunnels, the most exquisite sculptures and carvings, remarkable feats of memory, strength, endurance and skill—in fact, the smallest and the greatest, the most interesting and the most remarkable things man has made. "Wonderful Facts in History" and other interesting chapters follow.

things man has made. "Wonderful Facts in History" and other interesting chapters follow.

Books VII. and VIII., the last of the series, are devoted to **"Biography and Anecdotes of the Great,"** and **"Noble Examples of Great Achievement"** being both a biographical dictionary and a repository of anecdotes and incidents illustrating the characters of great men in various walks of life. "Seize life where you will, it is interesting," says Goethe. "There is no history but biography" declares Macaulay. This work gives us, in short sentences, the most interesting points and the historical essence found in the lives of nearly one thousand great men and women of the earth, from the time of Moses, Demosthenes and Cicero down to the present time, including the death notices of Queen Victoria and William McKinley. The numerous anecdotes and incidents relating to noted men like Wesley, Whitefield, Lincoln, Gladstone, Bismarck, Jay Gould, McKinley, and others, throw instructive light upon the characters of these eminent men.

The Illustrations of the work deserve more than passing mention. Besides many pen and ink drawings in the text there are numerous portraits, poses, acting scenes, and games done by the popular half-tone and the late duograph processes, and printed on enameled paper. The duographs with their double printing in tints, delicately blended, closely resemble the finest line steel engravings or photogravures. These engravings are not only works of art, but they were made for the purpose of illustrating the subjects treated, and they are classified and arranged immediately preceding the departments which they illustrate.

No other Speaker within our knowledge has so great a variety of accurate and instructive illustrations. The Books of Biography have an album of living celebrities, embracing the kings, rulers and leaders of the earth. Games, Amusements and Sports are made doubly attractive by numerous diagrams, drawings and photographs taken of the games in progress.

In offering this volume to the public it is with full confidence that the labor and the expense incurred in its preparation will be recognized and appreciated in every English-speaking land and country. The work comes in answer to a long-felt want and demand, and, so far as we are aware, in its entirety as a rich volume of entertainmant, instruction and amusement, it has no competitor.

THE PUBLISHERS.

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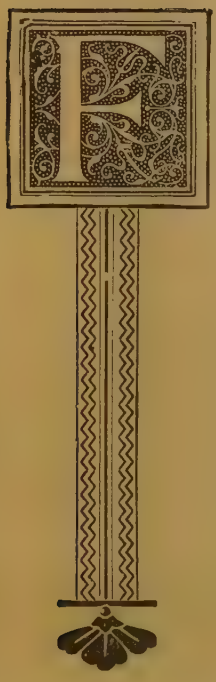
BOOK I



IRESIDE GEMS FROM OUR POPULAR POETS

CHRONOLOGICALLY ARRANGED

SHAKESPEARE	HEMANS	WHITMAN
BEN JONSON	BRYANT	BAYARD TAYLOR
MILTON	HOOD	JEAN INGELOW
WATTS	EMERSON	STEDMAN
POPE	WILLIS	MOULTON
GOLDSMITH	LONGFELLOW	BRET HARTE
BURNS	WHITTIER	JOAQUIN MILLER
WORDSWORTH	TENNYSON	R. W. GILDER
COLERIDGE	POE	EUGENE FIELD
MOORE	HOLMES	J. W. RILEY
BYRON	LOWELL	

THE ABUSE OF AUTHORITY.

"MEASURE FOR MEASURE," *Act II, Scene 2.*

O, it is excellent
To have a giant's strength; but it is tyrannous
To use it like a giant.

. . . . . .

Could great men thunder
As Jove himself does, Jove would ne'er be quiet;
For every pelting, petty officer
Would use his heaven for thunder: nothing but thunder.
Merciful Heaven!
Thou rather, with thy sharp and sulphurous bolt
Splitt'st the unwedgeable and gnarléd oak
Than the soft myrtle: But man, proud man,
Dressed in a little brief authority,
Most ignorant of what he's most assured,—
His glassy essence,—like an angry ape,
Plays such fantastic tricks before high Heaven
As make the angels weep: who, with our spleen
Would all themselves laugh mortal.

SHAKESPEARE'S HOUSE, STRATFORD-ON-AVON.

THE WITCHES.

"MACBETH," *Act IV, Scene 1.*

A dark cave. In the middle, a caldron boiling. Thunder.

Enter the three Witches.

1st Witch. Thrice the brinded cat has mewed.
2d Witch. Thrice; and once the hedge-pig whined.
3d Witch. Harpier cries:—'Tis time, 'tis time.
1st Witch. Round about the caldron go;
In the poisoned entrails throw.
Toad, that under the cold stone,
Days and nights hast thirty-one
Sweltered venom sleeping got,
Boil thou first i' the charméd pot!

All. Double, double, toil and trouble;
Fire burn, and caldron bubble.
2d Witch. Fillet of a fenny snake,
In the caldron boil and bake:
Eye of newt, and toe of frog,
Wool of bat, and tongue of dog,
Adder's fork, and blind-worm's sting,
Lizard's leg, and owlet's wing,
For a charm of powerful trouble;
Like a hell-broth boil and bubble.
All. Double, double, toil and trouble;
Fire burn, and caldron bubble.

FALL OF CARDINAL WOLSEY.

"HENRY VIII," *Act III, Scene 2.*

Cardinal Wolsey, after his fall from the favor of Henry VIII, thus soliloquizes, and afterward confers with his servant Cromwell:

Wolsey. Farewell, a long farewell, to all my greatness!
This is the state of man; to-day he puts forth
The tender leaves of hope; to-morrow blossoms,
And bears his blushing honors thick upon him:
The third day comes a frost, a killing frost;
And,—when he thinks, good easy man, full surely
His greatness is a ripening,—nips his root,
And then he falls, as I do. I have ventured,
Like little wanton boys that swim on bladders,
This many summers in a sea of glory;
But far beyond my depth: my high-blown pride
At length broke under me; and now has left me,
Weary, and old with service, to the mercy
Of a rude stream, that must forever hide me.
Vain pomp, and glory of this world, I hate ye;
I feel my heart new open'd: O, how wretched
Is that poor man that hangs on princes' favors!
There is, betwixt that smile he would aspire to,
That sweet aspect of princes, and their ruin,
More pangs and fears than wars or women have;
And when he falls, he falls like Lucifer,
Never to hope again.—

Enter Cromwell, amazedly.

Why, how now, Cromwell?
Crom. I have no power to speak, sir.
Wol. What, amazed at my misfortunes; can thy spirit wonder
A great man should decline? Nay, and you weep,
I am fallen indeed.
Crom. How does your grace?
Wol. Why, well;
Never so truly happy, my good Cromwell.
I know myself now; and I feel within me
A peace above all earthly dignities,
A still and quiet conscience. The king has cured me,
I humbly thank his grace; and from these shoulders,
These ruin'd pillars, out of pity, taken
A load would sink a navy, too much honor:
O 'tis a burden, Cromwell, 'tis a burden,
Too heavy for a man that hopes for heaven.
Crom. I am glad your grace has made that right use of it.
Wol. I hope I have; I am able now, methinks
(Out of a fortitude of soul I feel),
To endure more miseries, and greater far,
Than my weak-hearted enemies dare offer.
What news abroad?
Crom. That Cranmer is return'd with welcome,
Install'd lord archbishop of Canterbury.
Wol. That's news indeed.
Crom. Last, that the Lady Anne,
Whom the king hath in secrecy long married,
This day was view'd in open, as his queen,
Going to chapel; and the voice is now
Only about her coronation.
Wol. There was the weight that pull'd me down. O Cromwell,
The king has gone beyond me; all my glories
In that one woman I have lost forever:
No sun shall ever usher forth mine honors,
Or gild again the noble troops that waited
Upon my smiles. Go, get thee from me, Cromwell;
I am a poor fallen man, unworthy now
To be thy lord and master: Seek the king;
That sun I pray may never set! I have told him
What, and how true thou art; he will advance thee;
Some little memory of me will stir him,
(I know his noble nature) not to let
Thy hopeful service perish, too: Good Cromwell,
Neglect him not; make use now, and provide
For thine own future safety.
Crom. O my lord,
Must I then leave you? Must I needs forego
So good, so noble, and so true a master?
Bear witness, all that have not hearts of iron,
With what a sorrow Cromwell leaves his lord.—
The king shall have my service; but my prayers
Forever, and forever, shall be yours.
Wol. Cromwell, I did not think to shed a tear
In all my miseries; but thou hast forced me,
Out of thy honest truth, to play the woman.
Let's dry our eyes; and thus far hear me, Cromwell;
And,—when I am forgotten, as I shall be,
And sleep in dull cold marble, where no mention
Of me more must be heard of,—say, I taught thee;
Say, Wolsey,—that once trod the ways of glory,
And sounded all the depths and shoals of honor,—
Found thee a way, out of his wreck, to rise in;
A sure and safe one, though thy master miss'd it,
Mark but my fall, and that that ruin'd me.
Cromwell, I charge thee. fling away ambition;
By that sin fell the angels; how can man, then,
The image of his Maker, hope to win by't?
Love thyself last: cherish those hearts that hate thee;

Corruption wins not more than honesty.
Still in thy right hand carry gentle peace,
To silence envious tongues. Be just, fear not;
Let all the ends thou aim'st at be thy country's,
Thy God's, and truth's; then if thou fall'st,
O Cromwell,
Thou fall'st a blessed martyr. Serve the king,
And,——Pr ythee, lead me in;
There take an inventory of all I have,
To the last penny; 'tis the king's: my robe,
And my integrity to heaven, is all
I dare now call mine own. O, Cromwell,
Cromwell,
Had I but served my God with half the zeal
I served my king, he would not in mine age
Have left me naked to mine enimies.

"Come Apace, Good Audrey: I Will Fetch Up Your Goats Audrey."

TOUCHSTONE AND AUDREY.

"As You Like It," *Act III, Scene 3.*

Touch. Come apace, good Audrey: I will fetch up your goats, Audrey. And how, Audrey? am I the man yet? doth my simple feature content you?

Aud. Your features! Lord warrant us! what features?

Touch. I am here with thee and thy goats, as the most capricious poet, honest Ovid, was among the Goths.

When a man's verses can not be understood, nor a man's good wit seconded with the forward child understanding, it strikes a man more dead than a great reckoning in a little room. Truly, I would the gods had made thee poetical.

Aud. I do not know what "poetical" is; is it honest in deed and word? is it a true thing?

Touch. No, truly; for the truest poetry is the most feigning; and lovers are given to poetry, and what they swear in poetry may be said as lovers they do feign.

And. Do you wish, then, that the gods had made me poetical?

Touch. I do, truly; for thou swearest to me thou art honest; now, if thou wert a poet, I might have some hope thou didst feign.

Aud. Would you not have me honest?

Touch. No, truly, unless thou wert hard-favored; for honesty coupled to beauty is to have honey a sauce to sugar.

Aud. Well, I am not fair; and therefore I pray the gods make me honest.

Touch. Well, praised be the gods. But be it as it may be, I will marry thee, and to that end I have been with Sir Oliver Martext, the vicar of the next village, who hath promised to meet me in this place of the forest and to couple us.

Aud. Well, the gods give us joy!

THE SEVEN AGES.

"As You Like It," *Act II, Scene 7.*

The banished duke, with Jaques and other lords, are in the forest of Arden, sitting at their plain repast. Orlando, who has been wandering in the forest in quest of food for an old servant, Adam, who can "go no further," suddenly comes upon the party, and with his sword drawn, exclaims:

Orlando Forbear, I say;
He dies that touches any of this fruit
Till I and my affairs are answer'd.
Jaques. An you will not
Be answer'd with reason, I must die.
Duke Sen. What would you have? Your gentleness shall force,
More than your force move us to gentleness.
Orla. I almost die for food, and let me have it.
Duke Sen. Sit down and feed, and welcome to our table.
Orla. Speak you so gently? Pardon me, I pray you;
I thought that all things had been savage here;
And therefore put I on the countenance
Of stern commandment. But whate'er you are,
That in this desert inaccessible,
Under the shade of melancholy boughs,
Lose and neglect the creeping hours of time;
If ever you have look'd on better days;
If ever been where bells have knoll'd to church;
If ever sat at any good man's feast;
If ever from your eyelids wiped a tear,
And know what 'tis to pity, and be pitied;
Let gentleness my strong enforcement be:
In the which hope, I blush, and hide my sword.
Duke Sen. True it is that we have seen better days;
And have with holy bell been knoll'd to church;
And sat at good men's feasts; and wiped our eyes
Of drops that sacred pity hath engender'd:
And therefore sit you down in gentleness,
And take upon command what help we have
That to your wanting may be minister'd.
Orla. Then but forbear your food a little while,
Whiles, like a doe, I go to find my fawn,
And give it food. There is an old poor man,
Who after me hath many a weary step
Limp'd in pure love; till he be first sufficed,—
Oppress'd with two weak evils, age and hunger,—
I will not touch a bit.
Duke Sen. Go find him out,
And we will nothing waste till your return.
Orla. I thank ye: and be bless'd for your good comfort. [*Exit*]
Duke Sen. Thou seest, we are not all alone unhappy:
This wide and universal theater
Presents more woful pageants than the scene
Wherein we play in.
Jaq. All the world's a stage,
And all the men and women merely players:
They have their exits and their entrances;
And one man in his time plays many parts,
His acts being seven ages. At first, the infant,
Mewling and puking in the nurse's arms:
And then, the whining school-boy, with his satchel
And shining morning-face, creeping like snail
Unwillingly to school: And then the lover;
Sighing like furnace, with a woful ballad
Made to his mistress' eyebrow: Then, a soldier;
Full of strange oaths, and bearded like the pard,
Jealous in honor, sudden and quick in quarrel,
Seeking the bubble reputation
Even in the cannon's mouth: And then, the justice;
In fair round belly, with good capon lined,
With eyes severe, and beard of formal cut,
Full of wise saws and modern instances,
And so he plays his part: The sixth age shifts
Into the lean and slipper'd pantaloon;
With spectacles on nose and pouch on side:
His youthful hose, well saved, a world too wide
For his shrunk shank; and his big manly voice,
Turning again toward childish treble, pipes
And whistles in his sound: Last scene of all,
That ends this strange eventful history,
Is second childishness, and mere oblivion:
Sans teeth, sans eyes, sans taste, sans everything.

SHYLOCK AND ANTONIO.

"MERCHANT OF VENICE," *Act I, Scene 3.*

Antonio, to oblige his friend Bassanio, becomes his surety for repayment of a loan.

Bassanio. This is Signior Antonio.
Shylock (*aside*). How like a fawning publican he looks!
I hate him for he is a Christian;
But more for that in low simplicity
He lends out money gratis and brings down
The rate of usance here with us in Venice.
If I can catch him once upon the hip,
I will feed fat the ancient grudge I bear him.
He hates our sacred nation, and he rails,
Even there where merchants most do congregate,
On me, my bargains, and my well-won thrift,
Which he calls interest. Cursed be my tribe,
If I forgive him.
Antonio. Shylock, although I neither lend nor borrow
By taking nor by giving of excess,
Yet, to supply the ripe wants of my friend,
I'll break a custom.
Shy. Methought you said you neither lend nor borrow
Upon advantage.
Ant. I do never use it.
Shy. When Jacob grazed his uncle Laban's sheep—
Ant. And what of him? did he take interest?
Shy. No, not take interest, not, as you would say,
Directly interest: mark what Jacob did.
This was a way to thrive, and he was blest:
And thrift is blessing, if men steal it not.
Ant. Mark you this, Bassanio,
The devil can cite Scripture for his purpose.
An evil soul producing holy witness
Is like a villain with a smiling cheek,
A goodly apple rotten at the heart.
Shy. Signior Antonio, many time and oft
In the Rialto you have rated me
About my money and my usances:
Still have I borne it with a patient shrug,
For sufferance is the badge of all our tribe.
You call me misbeliever, cut-throat dog,
And spit upon my Jewish gaberdine,
And all for use of that which is mine own.
Well then, it now appears you need my help:
Go too, then; you come to me and you say,
"Shylock, we would have moneys:" you say so;
You that did void your rheum upon my beard,
And foot me as you spurn a stranger cur
Over your threshold: moneys is your suit.
What should I say to you? Should I not say,
"Hath a dog money? is it possible
A cur can lend three thousand ducats?" or
Shall I bend low, and in a bondman's key,
Say this: "Fair sir, you spit on me on Wednesday last;
You spurned me such a day; another time
You called me dog; and for these courtesies
I'll lend you thus much moneys?"
Ant. I am as like to call thee so again,
To spit on thee again, to spurn thee too.
If thou wilt lend this money, lend it not
As to thy friends; for when did friendship take
A breed for barren metal of his friend?
But lend it rather to thine enemy.
Who, if he break, thou mayest with better face
Exact the penalty.
Shy. Why, look you, how you storm!
I would be friends with you and have your love,
Forget the shames that you have stain'd me with,
Supply your present wants and take no doit
Of usance for my moneys, and you'll not hear me:
This is kind I offer.
Bass. This were kindness.
Shy. This kindness will I show.
Go with me to a notary, seal me there
Your single bond; and in a merry sport,
If you repay me not on such a day,
In such a place, such sum or sums as are
Express'd in such condition, let the forfeit
Be nominated for an equal pound
Of your fair flesh, to be cut off and taken
In what part of your body pleaseth me.
Ant. Content i' faith: I'll seal to such a bond,
And say there is much kindness in the Jew.
Bass. You shall not sign to such a bond for me.
I'll rather dwell in my necessity.
Ant. Why, fear not, man; I will not forfeit it:
Within these two months—that's a month before
This bond expires—I do expect return
Of thrice three times the value of this bond.
Shy. O father Abram, what these Christians are,
Whose own hard dealing teaches them suspect
The thoughts of others! Pray you, tell me this?
If he should break his day, what should I gain?
A pound of man's flesh taken from a man
Is not so estimable, profitable neither,
As flesh of muttons, beefs, or goats. I say
To buy his favor, I extend this friendship:
If he will take it, so; if not, adieu:
And, for my love, I pray you wrong me not.
Ant. Yes, Shylock, I will seal unto this bond.

Shy. Then meet me henceforth at the notary's;
Give him directions for this money bond,
And I will go and purse the ducats straight;
See to my house, left in the fearful guard
Of an unthrifty knave, and presently
I will be with you. [*Exit.*]
Ant. Hie thee, gentle Jew.
The Hebrew will turn Christian: he grows kind.

HAMLET'S SOLILOQUY ON DEATH.

"HAMLET," *Act III, Scene 1.*

Ham. To be, or not to be, that is the question:
Whether 'tis nobler in the mind to suffer
The slings and arrows of outrageous fortune,
Or to take arms against a sea of troubles,
And by opposing end them? To die,—to sleep,—
No more; and, by a sleep, to say we end
The heart-ache, and the thousand natural shocks
That flesh is heir to,—'tis a consummation
Devoutly to be wished. To die,—to sleep;—
To sleep! perchance to dream;—ay, there's the rub;
For in that sleep of death what dreams may come,
When we have shuffled off this mortal coil,
Must give us pause: there's the respect,
That makes calamity of so long life:
For who would bear the whips and scorns of time,
The oppressor's wrong, the proud man's contumely,
The pangs of disprized love, the law's delay,
The insolence of office, and the spurns
That patient merit of the unworthy takes,
When he himself might his quietus make
With a bare bodkin? Who would these fardels bear,
To grunt and sweat under a weary life;
But that the dread of something after death,
The undiscovered country, from whose bourn
No traveler returns, puzzles the will;
And makes us rather bear those ills we have,
Than fly to others that we know not of?
Thus conscience does make cowards of us all;
And thus the native hue of resolution
Is sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought;
And enterprises of great pith and moment,
With this regard, their currents turn awry,
And lose the name of action.

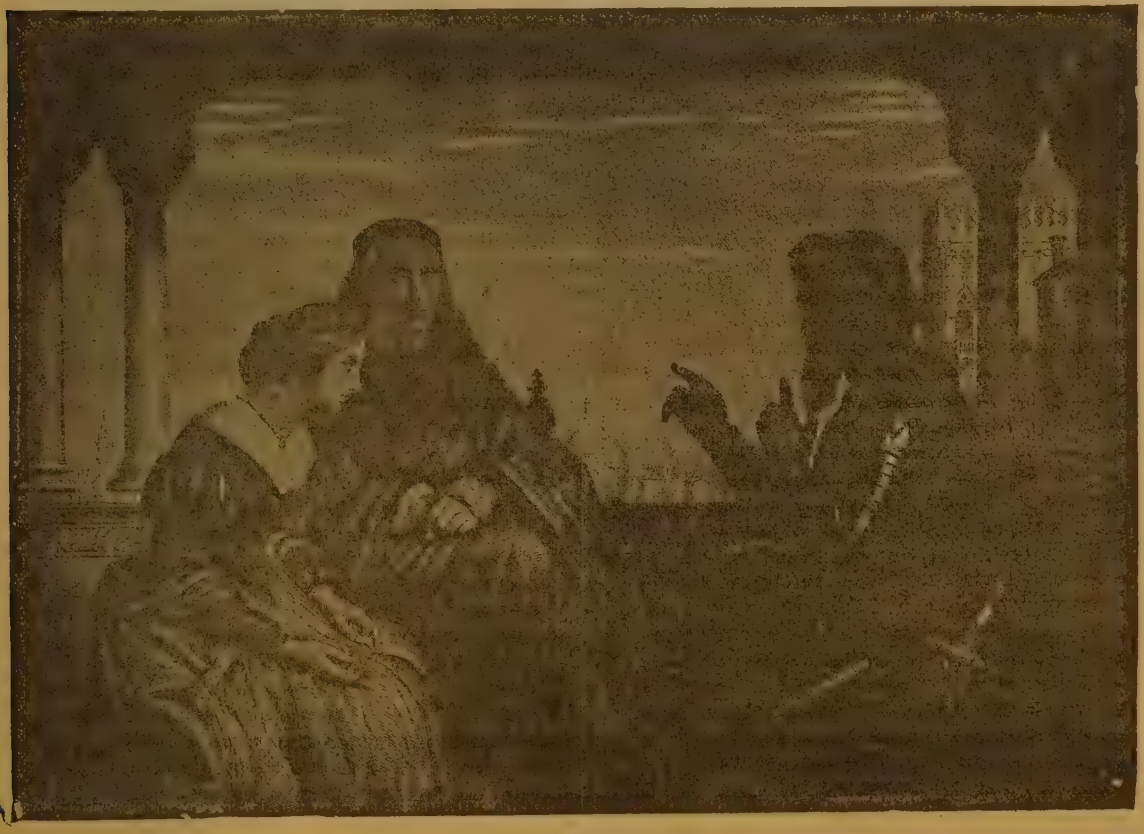
HAMLET AND THE GHOST.

HAMLET," *Act I, Scene 4.*

Enter GHOST.

Hor. Look, my lord, it comes!
Ham. Angels and ministers of grace defend us!—
Be thou a spirit of health, or goblin damned,
Bring with thee airs from heaven, or blasts from hell.
Be thy intents wicked, or charitable,
Thou comest in such a questionable shape,
That I will speak to thee; I'll call thee, Hamlet,
King, father, royal Dane: O, answer me:
Let me not burst in ignorance! but tell,
Why thy canonized bones, hearsed in death,
Have burst their cerements! why the sepulchre,
Wherein we saw thee quietly in-urned,
Hath oped his ponderous and marble jaws,
To cast thee up again! What may this mean,
That thou, dead corse, again, in complete steel,
Revisit'st thus the glimpses of the moon,
Making night hideous; and we fools of nature,
So horridly to shake our disposition,
With thoughts beyond the reaches of our souls?
Say, why is this? wherefore? what should we do?
Hor. It beckons you to go away with it,
As if it some impartment did desire
To you alone.
Mar. Look, with what courteous action
It wafts you to a more removéd ground:
But do not go with it.
Hor. No, by no means.
Ham. It will not speak; then will I follow it.
Hor. Do not, my lord.
Ham. It wafts me still:—
Go on, I'll follow thee.
Where wilt thou lead me? speak, I'll go no further.
Ghost. Mark me.
Ham. I will.
Ghost. My hour is almost come,
When I to sulphurous and tormenting flames
Must render up myself.
Ham. Alas, poor ghost!

Ghost. Pity me not, but lend thy serious hearing
To what I shall unfold.
Ham. Speak, I am bound to hear.
Ghost. So art thou to revenge, when thou shalt hear.
Ham. What?
Ghost. I am thy father's spirit;
Doomed for a certain term to walk the night;
And, for the day, confined to fast in fires,
Till the foul crimes, done in my days of nature,
Are burnt and purged away. But that I am forbid
To tell the secrets of my prison-house,
I could a tale unfold, whose lightest word
Would harrow up thy soul; freeze thy young blood;
Make thy two eyes, like stars, start from their spheres;
Thy knotted and combinéd locks to part,
And each particular hair to stand on end,
Like quills upon the fretful porcupine;
But this eternal blazon must not be
To ears of flesh and blood:—List, Hamlet, O list!—
If thou didst ever thy dear father love,—
Ham. O heaven!
Ghost. Revenge his foul and most unnatural murther.



"I spake of most disastrous chances,
Of moving accidents by flood and field."

OTHELLO'S WOOING.

MOST potent, grave, and reverend signeurs,
My very noble and approved good masters,
That I have ta'en away this old man's daughter,
It is most true; true, I have married her:
The very head and front of my offending
Hath this extent; no more. Rude am I in my speech,
And little bless'd with the soft phrase of peace:
For since these arms of mine had seven years' pith,
Till now some nine moons wasted, they have used
Their dearest action in the tented field,

And little of this great world can I speak,
More than pertains to feats of broil and battle,
And therefore little shall I grace my cause
In speaking for myself. Yet, by your gracious patience,
I will a round unvarnish'd tale deliver
Of my whole course of love; what drugs, what charms,
What conjuration and what mighty magic,
For such proceeding I am charged withal,
I won his daughter.

Bra. A maiden never bold;
Of spirit so still and quiet, that her motion
Blush'd at herself; and she, in spite of nature,
Of years, of country, credit, everything,
To fall in love with what she fear'd to look on!
It is a judgment maim'd and most imperfect
That will confess perfection so could err
Against all rules of nature, and must be driven
To find out practices of cunning hell,
Why this should be. I therefore vouch again
That with some mixtures powerful o'er the blood,
Or with some dram conjured to this effect,
He wrought upon her.

Duke. To vouch this, is no proof,
Without more wider or more overt test
Than these thin habits and poor likelihoods
Of modern seeming do prefer against him.

First Sen. But, Othello, speak;
Did you by indirect and forced courses
Subdue and poison this young maid's affections?
Or came it by request and such fair question
As soul to soul affordeth?

Duke. Say it, Othello.

Othello. Her father lov'd me; oft invited me;
Still question'd me the story of my life,
From year to year, the battles, sieges, fortunes,
That I have pass'd.
I ran it through, even from my boyish days,
To the very moment that he bade me tell it:
Wherein I spake of most disastrous chances,
Of moving accidents by flood and field;
Of hair-breadth 'scapes i' the imminent deadly breach;
Of being taken by the insolent foe,
And sold to slavery; of my redemption thence,
And importance in my travel's history:
Wherein of antres vast, and deserts idle,
Rough quarries, rocks and hills whose heads touch heaven,
It was my hint to speak,—such was the process;
And of the Cannibals that each other eat,
The Anthropophagi, and men whose heads
Do grow beneath their shoulders. This to hear
Would Desdemona seriously incline,
But still the house-affairs would draw her thence:
Which ever as she could with haste despatch,
She'ld come again, and with a greedy ear
Devour up my discourse: which I observing,
Took once a pliant hour, and found good means
To draw from her a prayer of earnest heart
That I would all my pilgrimage dilate,
Whereof by parcels she had something heard,
But not intentively: I did consent,
And often did beguile her of her tears,
When I did speak of some distressful stroke
That my youth suffer'd. My story being done,
She gave me for my pains a world of sighs:
She swore,—it faith, 't was strange, 't was passing strange;
'T was pitiful, 't was wondrous pitiful:
She wish'd she had not heard it; yet she wish'd
That Heaven had made her such a man: she thank'd me;
And bade me, if I had a friend that loved her,
I should but teach him how to tell my story,
And that would woo her. Upon this hint I spake;
She loved me for the dangers I had passed,
And I loved her that she did pity them.
This only is the witchcraft I have used.

CUPID.

BEAUTIES, have ye seen this toy,
Called love! a little boy
Almost naked, wanton, blind,
Cruel now, and then as kind?
If he be amongst ye, say!
He is Venus' runaway.

He hath of marks about him plenty,
You shall know him among twenty:
All his body is a fire,
And his breath a flame entire,
That, being shot like lightning in,
Wounds the heart, but not the skin.

He doth bear a golden bow,
And a quiver, hanging low,
Full of arrows, that outbrave
Dian's shafts, where, if he have
Any head more sharp than other,
With that first he strikes his mother.

Trust him not: his words, though sweet,
Seldom with his heart do meet,
All his practice is deceit,
Every gift is but a bait:
Not a kiss but poison bears,
And most treason in his tears.

If by these ye please to know him,
Beauties, be not nice, but show him.
Though ye had a will to hide him,
Now, we hope, ye'll not abide him.
Since ye hear his falser play,
And that he's Venus' runaway.

HYMN TO CYNTHIA.

QUEEN and huntress, chaste and fair,
Now the sun is laid to sleep,
Seated in thy silver chair,
State in wonted manner keep:
Hesperus entreats thy light,
Goddess, excellently bright.

Earth, let not thy envious shade
Dare itself to interpose;
Cynthia's shining orb was made
Heaven to clear, when day did close
Bless us then with wished sight,
Goddess, excellently bright.

Lay thy bow of pearl apart,
And thy crystal shining quiver;
Give unto the flying heart
Space to breathe, how short soever
Thou that mak'st a day of night,
Goddess, excellently bright.

SONG.—TO CELIA.

DRINK to me only with thine eyes,
And I will pledge with mine;
Or leave a kiss but in the cup,
And I'll not look for wine.
The thirst that from the soul doth rise,
Doth ask a drink divine;
But might I of Jove's nectar sup,
I would not change for thine.

I sent thee late a rosy wreath,
Not so much honoring thee,
As giving it a hope, that there
It could not withered be.
But thou thereon didst only breathe,
And sent'st it back to me;
Since when it grows, and smells, I swear,
Not of itself but thee.

ON LUCY, COUNTESS OF BEDFORD.

THIS morning, timely rapt with holy fire,
I thought to form unto my zealous muse,
What kind of creature I could most desire
To honor, serve, and love, as Poets use.
I meant to make her fair, and free, and wise,
Of greatest blood, and yet more good than great;
I meant the day-star should not brighter rise,
Nor lend like influence from his lucent seat.
I meant she should be courteous, facile, sweet,
Hating that solemn vice of greatness—pride;
I meant each softest virtue there should meet,
Fit in that softer bosom to reside.
Only a learned and manly soul
I purposed her: that should, with even powers,
The rock, the spindle, and the shears control
Of Destiny, and spin her own free hours.
Such, when I meant to feign, and wished to see,
My Muse bade BEDFORD, write, and that was she!

Milton was one of the greatest poets of all time, and his greatest work is "Paradise Lost." He was also the most learned man of his age, and a prose writer and statesman of profound ability. In 1644, he addressed to Parliament the most masterly of his prose writings, the "Areopagitica: a Speech for the Liberty of Unlicensed Printing." It is, perhaps, the most able argument ever produced upon the subject, and not only for this reason, but because of its noble statement of the value of good books, deserves to be read and re-read by every thinking person.

EVE'S ACCOUNT OF HER CREATION.

PARADISE LOST, *IV.*

THAT day I oft remember, when from sleep
I first awaked, and found myself reposed,
Under a shade, on flowers, much wondering where
And what I was, whence thither brought, and how.
Not distant far from thence a murmuring sound
Of waters issued from a cave, and spread
Into a liquid plain, then stood unmoved,
Pure as the expanse of heaven: I thither went
With unexperienced thought, and laid me down
On the green bank, to look into the clear
Smooth lake, that to me seem'd another sky.
As I bent down to look, just opposite
A shape within the watery gleam appear'd.
Bending to look on me: I started back.
It started back; but pleased I soon return'd,
Pleased it return'd as soon, with answering looks
Of sympathy and love: there I had fix'd
Mine eyes till now, and pined with vain desire,
Had not a voice thus warn'd me: "What thou seest,
What there thou seest, fair creature, is thyself;
With thee it came and goes; but follow me,
And I will bring thee where no shadow stays
Thy coming and thy soft embraces; he
Whose image thou art: him thou shalt enjoy
Inseparably thine; to him shalt bear
Multitudes like thyself, and thence be call'd
Mother of human race." What could I do,
But follow straight, invisibly thus led?
Till I espied thee, fair indeed, and tall,
Under a platane; yet, methought, less fair,
Less winning soft, less amiably mild,
Than that smooth watery image: back I turn'd;
Thou, following, criedst aloud, "Return, fair Eve,
Whom fliest thou? whom thou fliest, of him thou art,
His flesh, his bone; to give thee being I lent
Out of my side to thee, nearest my heart,
Substantial life, to have thee by my side
Henceforth an individual solace dear.
Part of my soul, I seek thee, and thee claim,
My other half." With that, thy gentle hand
Seized mine: I yielded; and from that time see
How beauty is excell'd by manly grace,
And wisdom, which alone is truly fair.

INVOCATION TO LIGHT.

PARADISE LOST, *III.*

HAIL, holy Light! offspring of heaven first born,
Or of the Eternal co-eternal beam.
May I express thee unblamed? since God is light,
And never but in unapproached light
Dwelt from eternity, dwelt then in thee,
Bright effluence of bright essence increate.
Or hear'st thou rather, pure ethereal stream,
Whose fountain who shall tell? Before the sun,
Before the heavens, thou wert, and at the voice
Of God, as with a mantle, didst invest
The rising world of waters dark and deep,
Won from the void and formless infinite.
Thee I revisit now with bolder wing,
Escaped the Stygian pool, though long detain'd
In that obscure sojourn; while in my flight,
Through utter and through middle darkness borne,
With other notes than to the Orphean lyre,
I sung of Chaos and eternal Night;

Taught by the heavenly Muse to venture down
The dark descent, and up to reascend,
Though hard and rare: thee I revisit safe,
And feel thy sovran vital lamp; but thou
Revisit'st not these eyes, that roll in vain
To find thy piercing ray, and find no dawn;
So thick a drop serene hath quench'd their orbs,
Or dim suffusion veil'd. Yet not the more
Cease I to wander where the Muses haunt
Clear spring, or shady grove, or sunny hill,
Smit with the love of sacred song; but chief
Thee, Sion, and the flowery brooks beneath,
That wash thy hallow'd feet, and warbling flow,
Nightly I visit: nor sometimes forget
Those other two equall'd with me in fate,
So were I equall'd with them in renown,
Blind Thamyris and blind Mæonides,
And Tiresias, and Phineus, prophets old:
Then feed on thoughts, that voluntary move
Harmonious numbers; as the wakeful bird
Sings darkling, and in shadiest covert hid
Tunes her nocturnal note. Thus with the year
Seasons return; but not to me returns
Day, or the sweet approach of even or morn,
Or sight of vernal bloom, or summer's rose,
Or flocks, or herds, or human face divine;
But cloud instead, and ever-during dark
Surrounds me, from the cheerful ways of men
Cut off, and for the book of knowledge fair,
Presented with a universal blank
Of nature's works, to me expunged and rased,
And wisdom at one entrance quite shut out.
So much the rather thou, celestial Light,
Shine inward, and the mind through all her powers
Irradiate; there plant eyes; all mist from thence
Purge and disperse, that I may see and tell
Of things invisible to mortal sight.

THE DEPARTURE FROM EDEN.

"PARADISE LOST." *Book XII.*

SO spake our mother Eve, and Adam heard,
Well pleased, but answered not; for now too nigh
The Archangel stood, and from the other hill
To their fixed station all in bright array
The Cherubim descended; on the ground
Gliding meteorus, as the evening mist
Risen from a river o'er the marish glides,
And gathers ground fast at the laborer's heel
Homeward returning. High in front advanced
The brandished sword of God before them blazed
Fierce as a comet; which with torrid heat,
And vapor as the Libyan air adust,
Began to parch that temperate clime. Whereat
In either hand the hastening angel caught
Our lingering parents, and to the eastern gate
Led them direct, and down the cliff as fast
To the subjected plain; then disappeared.
They, looking back, all the eastern side beheld
Of Paradise, so late their happy seat,
Waved over by that flaming brand, the gate
With dreadful faces thronged and fiery arms.
Some natural tears they dropped, but wiped them soon:
The world was all before them, where to choose
Their place of rest, and Providence their guide.
They, hand in hand, with wandering steps and slow,
Through Eden took their solitary way.

Isaac Watts was the first great hymn-writer of the English language. His devotional hymns are used largely by all evangelical churches of the Christian world.

THE ROSE.

HOW fair is the rose! what a beautiful flower,
The glory of April and May!
But the leaves are beginning to fade in an hour,
And they wither and die in a day.

Yet the rose has one powerful virtue to boast,
Above all the flowers of the field;
When its leaves are all dead, and its fine colors lost,
Still how sweet a perfume it will yield!

So frail is the youth and the beauty of men,
Though they bloom and look gay like the rose;
But all our fond cares to preserve them is vain,
Time kills them as fast as he goes.

Then I'll not be proud of my youth nor my beauty,
Since both of them wither and fade;
But gain a good name by well doing my duty;
This will scent like a rose when I'm dead

THE EARNEST STUDENT.

INFINITE Truth, the life of my desires,
Come from the sky, and join thyself to me:
I'm tired with hearing, and this reading tires;
But never tired of telling thee,
'Tis thy fair face alone my spirit burns to see.

"Speak to my soul, alone; no other hand
Shall mark my path out with delusive art:
All nature, silent in His presence, stand;
Creatures, be dumb at his command,
And leave his single voice to whisper to my heart.

"Retire, my soul, within thyself retire,
Away from sense and every outward show:
Now let my thoughts to loftier themes aspire;
My knowledge now on wheels of fire,
May mount and spread above, surveying all below."

The Lord grows lavish of His heavenly light,
And pours whole floods on such a mind as this:
Fled from the eyes, she gains a piercing sight,
She dives into the infinite,
And sees unutterable things in that unknown abyss.

THERE IS A LAND OF PURE DELIGHT.

THERE is a land of pure delight,
Where saints immortal reign;
Infinite day excludes the night,
And pleasures banish pain.

There everlasting Spring abides,
And never-withering flowers;
Death, like a narrow sea, divides
This heavenly land from ours.

Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood
Stand dressed in living green;
So to the Jews old Canaan stood,
While Jordan rolled between.

But timorous mortals start and shrink
To cross this narrow sea,
And linger shivering on the brink,
And fear to launch away.

Oh! could we make our doubts remove—
Those gloomy doubts that rise—
And see the Canaan that we love
With unbeclouded eyes;

Could we but climb where Moses stood,
And view the landscape o'er,
Not Jordan's stream nor Death's cold flood
Should fright us from the shore.

THE DYING CHRISTIAN TO HIS SOUL.

VITAL spark of heavenly flame!
Quit, oh quit, this mortal frame!
Trembling, hoping, lingering, flying—
Oh the pain, the bliss of dying!
Cease, fond Nature, cease thy strife,
And let me languish into life!

Hark! they whisper; Angels say,
Sister spirit, come away.
What is this absorbs me quite?
Steals my senses, shuts my sight?
Drowns my spirits, draws my breath?
Tell me, my soul, can this be death?

The world recedes; it disappears!
Heaven opens on my eyes! my ears
With sounds seraphic ring:
Lend, lend your wings! I mount! I fly!
Oh Grave! where is thy Victory?
Oh Death! where is thy Sting?

THE UNIVERSAL PRAYER.

FATHER of all! in every age,
In every clime adored,—
By saint, by savage, or by sage—
Jehovah, Jove, or Lord!

Thou first great Cause, least understood,
Who all my sense confined
To know but this: that Thou art good,
And that myself am blind;

Yet gave me in this dark estate,
To see the good from ill;
And binding Nature fast in Fate,
Left free the human Will.

What conscience dictates to be done,
Or warns me not to do,
This teach me more than hell to shun,
That more than heaven pursue.

What blessings thy free bounty gives
Let me not cast away;
For God is paid when man receives;
To enjoy is to obey.

Yet not to earth's contracted span
Thy goodness let me bound,
Or Thee the Lord alone of man,
When thousand worlds are round.

Let not this weak, unknowing hand
Presume Thy bolts to throw.
And deal damnation round the land
On each I judge Thy foe.

If I am right, Thy grace impart
Still in the right to stay;
If I am wrong, oh teach my heart
To find that better way.

Save me alike from foolish pride
Or impious discontent,
At aught Thy wisdom has denied
Or aught Thy goodness lent.

Teach me to feel another's woe,
To hide the fault I see;
That mercy I to others show,
That mercy show to me.

Mean though I am, not wholly so,
Since quickened by Thy breath;
Oh, lead me, wheresoe'er I go,
Through this day's life or death.

This day be bread and peace my lot:
All else beneath the sun
Thou knowest it best, bestowed or not,
And let Thy will be done!

To Thee, whose temple is all space,
Whose altar, earth, sea, skies,
One chorus let all being raise;
All Nature's incense rise.

THE DESERTED VILLAGE.

SWEET Auburn! loveliest village of the plain,
Where health and plenty cheered the laboring swain,
Where smiling Spring its earliest visit paid,
And parting Summer's lingering blooms delayed!
Dear lovely bowers of innocence and ease,
Seats of my youth, when every sport could please!
How often have I loitered o'er thy green,
Where humble happiness endeared each scene!
How often have I paused on every charm—
The sheltered cot, the cultivated farm,
The never-failing brook, the busy mill,
The decent church that topped the neighboring hill,
The hawthorn bush, with seats beneath the shade,
For talking age and whispering lovers made!
How often have I blessed the coming day,
When toil, remitting, lent its turn to play,
And all the village train, from labor free,
Led up their sports beneath the spreading tree;
While many a pastime circled in the shade,
The young contending, as the old surveyed,
And many a gambol frolicked o'er the ground,
And sleights of art and feats of strength went round;
And still as each repeated pleasure tired,
Succeeding sports the mirthful band inspired.
Sweet smiling village, loveliest of the lawn,
Thy sports are fled, and all thy charms withdrawn;
Amidst thy bowers the tyrant's hand is seen,
And desolation saddens all thy green;
One only master grasps the whole domain,
And half a village stints thy smiling plain.
No more thy glassy brook reflects the day,
But choked with sedges works its weary way;
Along thy glades, a solitary guest,
The hollow-sounding bittern guards its nest;
Amidst thy desert walks the lapwing flies,
And tires their echoes with unvaried cries.
Sunk are thy bowers in shapeless ruin all,
And the long grass o'ertops the mouldering wall;
And, trembling, shrinking from the spoiler's hand,
Far, far away thy children leave the land.
Ill fares the land, to hastening ills a prey,
Where wealth accumulates and men decay;
Princes and lords may flourish or may fade,
A breath can make them as a breath has made;
But a bold peasantry, their country's pride,
When once destroyed can never be supplied.
Sweet Auburn! parent of the blissful hour,
Thy glades forlorn confess the tyrant's power.
Here, as I take my solitary rounds
Amidst thy tangling walks and ruined grounds,
And, many a year elapsed, return to view
Where once the cottage stood, the hawthorn grew,
Remembrance wakes, with all her busy train,
Swells at my breast, and turns the past to pain.
Sweet was the sound when oft at evening's close
Up yonder hill the village murmur rose;
There, as I passed, with careless steps and slow,
The mingling notes came softened from below:
The swain responsive as the milkmaid sung,
The sober herd that lowed to meet their young,
The noisy geese that gabbled o'er the pool,
The playful children just let loose from school,
The watch-dog's voice that bayed the whispering wind,
And the loud laugh that spoke the vacant mind;—
These all in sweet confusion sought the shade,
And filled each pause the nightingale had made.
But now the sounds of population fail;
No cheerful murmur fluctuates in the gale;
No busy steps the grass-grown footway tread,
But all the bloomy blush of life is fled.

THE VILLAGE PREACHER.

FROM "THE DESERTED VILLAGE."

NEAR yonder copse, where once the garden smiled,
And still where many a garden flower grows wild;
There, where a few torn shrubs the place disclose,
The village preacher's modest mansion rose.
A man he was to all the country dear,
And passing rich with forty pounds a year;
Remote from towns he ran his godly race,
Nor e'er had changed, nor wish'd to change his place;
Unskilful he to fawn, or seek for power
By doctrines fashion'd to the varying hour;
Far other aims his heart had learn'd to prize,
More bent to raise the wretched than to rise.
His house was known to all the vagrant train,
He chid their wanderings, but relieved their pain;
The long-remember'd beggar was his guest,
Whose beard descending swept his aged breast;
The ruin'd spendthrift, now no longer proud,
Claim'd kindred there, and had his claims allow'd;

The broken soldier, kindly bade to stay,
Sat by his fire, and talk'd the night away;
Wept o'er his wounds, or, tales of sorrow done,
Shoulder'd his crutch and show'd how fields were won.
Pleased with his guests, the good man learned to glow,
And quite forget their vices in their woe;
Careless their merits or their faults to scan,
His pity gave ere charity began.

Thus to relieve the wretched was his pride,
And e'en his failings lean'd to Virtue's side;
But in his duty prompt at every call,
He watch'd and wept, he pray'd and felt for all.
And, as a bird each fond endearment tries,
To tempt its new-fledged offspring to the skies,
He tried each art, reproved each dull delay,
Allured to brighter worlds, and led the way.

Beside the bed where parting life was laid,
And sorrow, guilt, and pain, by turns dismay'd,
The reverend champion stood. At his control,
Despair and anguish fled the struggling soul;
Comfort came down the trembling wretch to raise,
And his last faltering accents whisper'd praise.

At church, with meek and unaffected grace,
His looks adorn'd the venerable place;
Truth from his lips prevail'd with double sway,
And fools, who came to scoff, remained to pray.
The service past, around the pious man,
With ready zeal, each honest rustic ran;
E'en children follow'd with endearing wile,
And pluck'd his gown, to share the good man's smile;
His ready smile a parent's warmth exprest,
Their welfare pleased him, and their cares distrest;
To them his heart, his love, his griefs were given,
But all his serious thoughts had rest in heaven:
As some tall cliff that lifts its awful form,
Swells from the vale, and midway leaves the storm,
Though round its breast the rolling clouds are spread,
Eternal sunshine settles on its head.

A CITY NIGHT-PIECE.

"LETTERS OF A CITIZEN OF THE WORLD."

THE clock had just struck two; the expiring taper rises and sinks in the socket; the watchman forgets the hour in slumber; the laborious and the happy are at rest; and nothing wakes but meditation, guilt, revelry, and despair. The drunkard once more fills the destroying bowl; the robber walks his midnight round; and the suicide lifts his guilty arm against his own sacred person.

Let me no longer waste the night over the page of antiquity, or the sallies of contemporary genius, but pursue the solitary walk, where vanity, ever-changing, but a few hours past, walked before me—where she kept up the pageant, and now, like a froward child, seems hushed with her own importunities.

What a gloom hangs all around! The dying lamp feebly emits a yellow gleam; no sound is heard but of the chiming clock or the distant watch-dog; all the bustle of human pride is forgotten. An hour like this may well display the emptiness of human vanity.

There will come a time when this temporary solitude may be made continual, and the city itself, like its inhabitants, fade away and leave a desert in its room.

What cities, as great as this, have once triumphed in existence, had their victories as great, joy as just and as unbounded, and with short-sighted presumption promised themselves immortality! Posterity can hardly trace the situation of some; the sorrowful traveler wanders over the awful ruins of others; and, as he beholds, he learns wisdom and feels the transience of every sublunary possession.

MAN WAS MADE TO MOURN.

WHEN chill November's surly blast
Made fields and forests bare,
One evening, as I wander'd forth
Along the banks of Ayr,
I spied a man, whose aged step
Seem'd weary'd, worn with care;
His face was furrow'd o'er with years,
And hoary was his hair.

Young stranger, whither wanderest thou?
(Began the reverend sage;)
Does thirst of wealth thy step constrain,
Or youthful pleasures rage?
Or haply, prest with cares and woes,
Too soon thou hast began,
To wander forth, with me, to mourn
The miseries of man!

The sun that overhangs yon moors,
Out-spreading far and wide,
Where hundreds labor to support
A haughty lordling's pride;
I've seen yon weary winter-sun
Twice forty times return;
And every time has added proofs
That man was made to mourn.

O man! while in thy early years,
How prodigal of time!
Mis-spending all thy precious hours
Thy glorious youthful prime!
Alternate follies take the sway;
Licentious passions burn;
Which tenfold force give Nature's law,
That man was made to mourn.

MAN WAS MADE TO MOURN.

Look not alone on youthful prime,
Or manhood's active might:
Man then is useful to his kind,
Supported is his right.
But see him on the edge of life,
With cares and sorrows worn,
Then age and want, oh! ill-matched pair!
Show man was made to mourn.

Many and sharp the numerous ills
Inwoven with our frame!
More pointed still we make ourselves

Regret, remorse, and shame!
And man, whose heaven-erected face
The smiles of love adorn,
Man's inhumanity to man
Makes countless thousands mourn!

Yet, let not this too much, my son,
Disturb thy youthful breast:
This partial view of human-kind
Is surely not the last!
The poor, oppressed, honest man,
Had never, sure, been born,
Had there not been some recompense
To comfort those that mourn!

O Death! the poor man's dearest friend,
The kindest and the best!
Welcome the hour my aged limbs
Are laid with thee at rest!
The great, the wealthy, fear thy blow,
From pomp and pleasure torn;
But, oh! a blest relief to those
That weary-laden mourn!

"The Smith and Thee Gat Roaring Fou."

TAM O'SHANTER.

WHEN chapman billies leave the street,
And drouthy neebors, neebors meet,
And market days are wearing late,
An' folks begin to tak' the gate;
While we sit bousing at the nappy,
An' gettin' fou and unco happy,
We think na on the lang Scots miles,
The mosses, waters, slaps and styles,
That lie between us and our hame,
Where sits our sulky sullen dame,
Gathering her brows like gathering storm,
Nursing her wrath to keep it warm.

This truth fand honest Tam O'Shanter,
As he frae Ayr ae night did canter
(Auld Ayr, wham ne'er a town surpasses,
For honest men and bonnie lasses).
O Tam! hadst thou but been sae wise,
As ta'en thy ain wife Kate's advice!
She tauld thee well thou was a skellum,
A blethering, blustering, drunken blellum;
That frae November till October,
Ae market-day thou was nae sober;
That ilka melder, wi' the miller,
Thou sat as lang as thou had siller;

That ev'ry naig was ca'd a shoe on,
The smith and thee gat roaring fou on;
That at the Lord's house, ev'n on Sunday,
Thou drank wi' Kirton Jean till Monday.

She prophesy'd, that late or soon,
Thou would be found deep drown'd in Doon;
Or catch'd wi' warlocks in the mirk,
By Alloway's auld hunted kirk.

Ah, gentle dames; it gars me greet,
To think how mony counsels sweet,
How mony lenghten'd sage advices,
The husband frae the wife despises!

THE COTTER'S SATURDAY NIGHT.

NOVEMBER chill blaws loud wi' angry sugh;
The shortening winter day is near a close;
The miry beasts retreating frae the pleugh;
The blackening trains o' craws to their repose;
The toil-worn cotter frae his labor goes:
This night his weekly moil is at an end;
Collects his spades, his mattocks, and his hoes,
Hoping the morn in ease and rest to spend,
And weary, o'er the moor, his course does hameward bend.

At length his lonely cot appears in view,
Beneath the shelter of an aged tree;
Th' expectant wee things, toddlin, stacher through
To meet their dad, wi' flicterin' noise an' glee.
His wee bit ingle, blinkin bonnily,
His clean hearth-stane, his thriftie wifie's smile,
The lisping infant prattling on his knee,
Does a' his weary carking cares beguile,
An' makes him quite forget his labor and his toil.

Belyve the elder bairns come drappin in,
At service out, amang the farmers roun';
Some ca' the pleugh, some herd, some tentie rin
A cannie errand to a neebor town.
Their eldest hope, their Jenny, woman grown,
In youthfu' bloom, love sparkling in her e'e,
Comes hame, perhaps, to show a braw new gown,
Or deposit her sair-won penny-fee,
To help her parents dear, if they in hardship be.

Wi' joy unfeign'd, brothers and sisters meet,
An' each for other's weelfare kindly spiers
The social hours, swift-wing'd, unnoticed fleet;
Each tells the uncos that he sees or hears:
The parents, partial, eye their hopeful years:
Anticipation forward points the view.
The mother, wi' her needle an' her sheers,
Gars auld claes look amaist as weel's the new;
The father mixes a' wi' admonition due.

. . . . . .

But hark! a rap comes gently to the door;
Jenny, wha kens the meaning o' the same,
Tells how a neebor lad cam' o'er the moor,
To do some errands, and convoy her hame.
The wily mother sees the conscious flame
Sparkle in Jenny's e'e, and flush her cheek;
With heart-struck anxious care, inquires his name,
While Jenny hafflins is afraid to speak:
Weel pleased the mother hears it's nae wild worthless rake;

Wi' kindly welcome Jenny brings him ben,
A strappan youth, he taks the mother's eye;
Blythe Jenny sees the visit's no ill-ta'en:
The father cracks of horses, pleughs, and kye;
The youngster's artless heart o'erflows wi' joy,
But blate an' laithfu', scarce can weel behave;
The mother, wi' a woman's wiles, can spy
What maks the youth sae bashfu' an' sae grave;
Weel pleased to think her bairn's respected like the lave.

O, happy love, where love like this is found!
O heartfelt raptures! bliss beyond compare!
I've paced much this weary, mortal round,
And sage experience bids me this declare—
"If Heaven a draught of heavenly pleasure spare,
One cordial in this melancholy vale,
'Tis when a youthful, loving, modest pair,
In other's arms breathe out the tender tale,
Beneath the milk-white thorn that scents the evening gale."

Wordsworth was one of the most famous poets of nature. He also brought back into popularity the sonnet, which since Milton's day had fallen out of English poetry. His fame seems to grow with the lapse of time, and his place among poets is a high one.

ODE TO DUTY.

STERN Daughter of the Voice of God!
O Duty! if that name thou love
Who art a Light to guide, a Rod
To check the erring, and reprove;
Thou, who art victory and law
When empty terrors overawe;
From vain temptations dost set free,
And calm'st the weary strife of frail humanity!

There are who ask not if Thine eye
Be on them—who, in love and truth,
Where no misgiving is, rely
Upon the genial sense of youth:
Glad hearts! without reproach or blot;
Who do Thy work, and know it not:
Long may the kindly impulse last!
But Thou, if they should totter, teach them to stand fast!

Stern Lawgiver! yet thou dost wear
The Godhead's most benignant grace;
Nor know we anything so fair
As is the smile upon Thy face;
Flowers laugh before Thee on their beds;
And Fragrance in Thy footing treads;
Thou dost preserve the stars from wrong;
And the most ancient heavens, through Thee, are fresh and strong.

To humbler functions, awful Power!
I call Thee: I myself commend
Unto Thy guidance from this hour:
Oh, let my weakness have an end!
Give unto me, made lowly wise,
The spirit of self-sacrifice;
The confidence of reason give,
And in the light of truth Thy bondman let me live!

TO HIS WIFE.

SHE was a phantom of delight
When first she gleamed upon my sight
A lovely Apparition, sent
To be a moment's ornament.
Her eyes as stars of Twilight fair,
Like Twilight's, too, her dusky hair,
But all things else about her drawn
From May-time and the cheerful Dawn;
A dancing Shade, an Image gay,
To haunt, to startle, and waylay.

I saw her, upon nearer view,
A Spirit, yet a Woman too;
Her household motions light and free,
And steps of virgin liberty;
A countenance in which did meet
Sweet records, promises as sweet;
A creature not too bright and good
For human nature's daily food,
For transient sorrows, simple wiles,
Praise, blame, love, kisses, tears, and smiles.

And now I see with eye serene
The very pulse of the machine;
A being breathing thoughtful breath,
A traveller between life and death;
The reason firm, the temperate will,
Endurance, foresight, strength, and skill;
A perfect Woman, nobly planned,
To warn, to comfort, and command;
And yet a Spirit still, and bright
With something of angelic light.

Coleridge was one of the most noted of England's poets, essayists and critics. His domestic life was quite unhappy, due largely, no doubt, to his unfortunate personal indulgence. But the opium habit appears to have been overcome, and in his later years he wrote much prose, including the "Lay Sermons," "Biographia Literaria," and "Aids to Reflection." The house of Dr. Gillman became a great resort of cultivated people, who delighted in the brilliant talk of Coleridge. He was always so delightful a talker that in his youthful days, Lamb tells us, his landlord was ready to give him free entertainment because his conversation attracted so many customers. His manner was always animated and sometimes violent; as Wordsworth says:

> "His limbs would toss about him with delight
> Like branches when strong winds the trees annoy."

The literary character of Coleridge has been said to resemble some vast unfinished palace. His mind was dreamy. No man probably ever thought more or more intensely; but few of his works are really worthy of his genius.

THE RIME OF THE ANCIENT MARINER.

IT IS an ancient Mariner,
And he stoppeth one of three,
"By thy long beard and glittering eye,
Now wherefore stopp'st thou me?

"The Bridegroom's doors are opened wide
And I am next of kin;
The guests are met, the feast is set;
May'st hear the merry din."

He holds him with his skinny hand,
"There was a ship," quoth he.

"Hold off! unhand me, grey-beard loon!"
Eftsoons his hand dropt he.

He holds him with his glittering eye—
The Wedding-Guest stood still,
And listens like a three years' child;
The Mariner hath his will.

The Wedding-Guest sat on a stone;
He can not chuse but hear;
And thus spake on that ancient man,
The bright-eyed Mariner.

THE PHANTOM SHIP.

FROM "THE ANCIENT MARINER."

THERE passed a weary time. Each throat
Was parched, and glazed each eye.
A weary time! a weary time!
How glazed each weary eye,
When, looking westward, I beheld
A something in the sky.

At first it seemed a little speck,
And then it seemed a mist:

It moved and moved, and took at last
A certain shape, I wist.

A speck, a mist, a shape, I wist!
And still it neared and neared:
As if it dodged a water-sprite,
It plunged and tacked and veered.

With throats unslacked, with black lips baked
We could nor laugh nor wail;

Through utter drought all dumb we stood!
I bit my arm, I sucked the blood,
And cried, A sail, a sail!

With throats unslaked, with black lips baked,
Agape they heard me call:
Gramercy! they for joy did grin,
And all at once their breath drew in,
As they were drinking all.

See! see! (I cried) she tacks no more!
Hither to work us weal;
Without a breeze, without a tide,
She steadies with upright keel!

The western wave was all a-flame,
The day was well nigh done!
Almost upon the western wave
Rested the broad bright Sun;
When that strange shape drove suddenly
Betwixt us and the Sun.

And straight the Sun was flecked with bars,
(Heaven's Mother send us grace!)
As if through a dungeon-grate he peered
With broad and burning face.

Alas! (thought I, and my heart beat loud)
How fast she nears and nears!
Are those her sails that glance in the Sun,
Like restless gossameres?

Are those her ribs through which the Sun
Did peer, as through a grate?
And is that Woman all her crew?
Is that a Death? and are there two?
Is Death that Woman's mate?

Her lips were red, her looks were free,
Her locks were yellow as gold:
Her skin was as white as leprosy,
The Night-mare Life-in-Death was she,
Who thicks man's blood with cold.

The naked hulk alongside came,
And the twain were casting dice;
"The game is done! I've won, I've won!"
Quoth she, and whistles thrice.

The Sun's rim dips; the stars rush out:
At one stride comes the dark;
With far-heard whisper, o'er the sea,
Off shot the specter-bark.

We listened and looked sideways up!
Fear at my heart, as at a cup,
My life-blood seemed to sip!
The stars were dim, and thick the night,
The steersman's face by his lamp gleamed white;
From the sails the dew did drip—
Till clomb above the eastern bar
The hornéd Moon, with one bright star,
Within the nether tip.

THE ADIEU OF THE ANCIENT MARINER.

FORTHWITH this frame of mine was wrenched
With a woeful agony
Which forced me to begin my tale,
And then it left me free.

"Since then, at an uncertain hour,
That agony returns;
And till my ghostly tale is told,
This heart within me burns.

"I pass, like night, from land to land,
I have strange power of speech;
That moment that his face I see.
I know the man that must hear me:
To him my tale I teach.

"What loud uproar bursts from that door!
The wedding guests are there,
But in the garden-bower the bride
And bridemaids singing are:
And hark! the little vesper-bell,
Which biddeth me to prayer.

"O wedding guest! this soul hath been
Alone on a wide, wide sea:
So lonely 'twas that God himself
Scarce seemèd there to be.

"O sweeter than the marriage-feast,
'Tis sweeter far to me,
To walk together to the kirk,
With a goodly company!

"To walk together to the kirk
And all together pray,

While each to his great Father bends,
Old men, and babes, and loving friends
And youths and maidens gay!

"Farewell, farewell! but this I tell
To thee, thou wedding guest!
He prayeth well who loveth well
Both man, and bird; and beast.

"He prayeth best who loveth best
All things both great and small;
For the dear God who loveth us,
He made and loveth all."—

The mariner, whose eye is bright,
Whose beard with age is hoar,
Is gone: and now the wedding guest
Turned from the bridegroom's door.

He went like one that hath been stunned,
And is of sense forlorn:
A sadder and a wiser man
He rose the morrow morn.

A CALM ON THE EQUATOR.

FROM "THE ANCIENT MARINER."

THE fair breeze blew; the white foam flew,
The furrow followed free;
We were the first that ever burst
Into that silent sea.

Down dropped the breeze, the sails dropped down,
'Twas sad as sad could be;
And we did speak only to break
The silence of the sea!

All in a hot and copper sky,
The bloody sun at noon,
Right up above the mast did stand,
No bigger than the moon.

Day after day, day after day,
We stuck, nor breath nor motion:
As idle as a painted ship
Upon a painted ocean.

Water, water, everywhere,
And all the boards did shrink;
Water, water, everywhere,
Nor any drop to drink.

The very deep did rot—O Christ!
That ever this should be!
Yea, slimy things did crawl with legs
Upon the slimy sea.

About, about, in reel and rout
The death-fires danced at night;
The water, like a witch's oils,
Burnt green, and blue, and white.

'TIS THE LAST ROSE OF SUMMER.

'TIS THE last rose of summer,
Left blooming alone;
All her lovely companions
Are faded and gone;
No flower of her kindred,
No rosebud is nigh,
To reflect back her blushes,
Or give sigh for sigh!

I'll not leave thee, thou lone one!
To pine on the stem;
Since the lovely are sleeping,
Go, sleep thou with them.

Thus kindly I scatter
Thy leaves o'er the bed,
Where thy mates of the garden
Lie scentless and dead.

So soon may *I* follow,
When friendships decay,
And from Love's shining circle
The gems drop away!
When true hearts lie wither'd,
And fond ones are flown,
Oh! who would inhabit
This bleak world alone?

THOSE EVENING BELLS.

THOSE evening bells! those evening bells!
How many a tale their music tells,
Of youth, and home, and that sweet time
When last I heard their soothing chime!

Those joyous hours are passed away!
And many a heart, that then was gay,
Within the tomb now darkly dwells,
And hears no more those evening bells!

And so 'twill be when I am gone·
That tuneful peal will still ring on,
While other bards shall walk these dells,
And sing your praise, sweet evening bells!

AN IDEAL HONEYMOON.

THE moon — the moon, so silver and cold—
Her fickle temper has oft been told,
Now shady, now bright and sunny;
But, of all the lunar things that change,
The one that shows most fickle and strange
And takes the most eccentric range,
Is the moon—so-called—of honey!

To some a full grown orb revealed,
As big and as round as Norval's shield,
And as bright as a burner Bude-lighted;
To others as dull, and dingy, and damp
As any oleaginous lamp,
Of the regular old parochial stamp,
In a London fog benighted.

To the loving, a bright and constant sphere,
That makes earth's commonest things appear
All poetic, romantic, and tender;
Hanging with jewels a cabbage-stump,
And investing a common post or a pump,
A currant-bush or gooseberry-clump,
With a halo of dreamlike splendor.

For all is bright, and beauteous, and clear,
And the meanest thing most precious and dear
When the magic of love is present:
Love that lends a sweetness and grace
To the humblest spot and the plainest face;
That turns Wilderness Row into Paradise Place
And Garlic Hill to Mount Pleasant.

Love that sweetens sugarless tea,
And makes contentment and joy agree
With the coarsest boarding and bedding;
Love, that no golden ties can attach,
But nestles under the humblest thatch,
And will fly away from an emperor's match
To dance at a penny wedding!

O, happy, happy, thrice happy state,
When such a bright planet governs the fate
Of a pair of united lovers!
'Tis theirs in spite of the serpent's hiss,
To enjoy the pure primeval kiss
With as much of the old original bliss
As mortality ever recovers.

DESTRUCTION OF SENNACHERIB.

THE Assyrian came down like the wolf on the fold,
And his cohorts were gleaming in purple and gold;
And the sheen of their spears was like stars on the sea
When the blue wave rolls nightly on deep Galilee.

Like the leaves of the forest when summer is green,
That host with their banners at sunset were seen;
Like the leaves of the forest when Autumn hath blown,
That host on the morrow lay wither'd and strown.

For the Angel of Death spread his wings on the blast,
And breathed in the face of the foe as he pass'd;
And the eyes of the sleepers wax'd deadly and chill,
And their hearts but once heaved, and forever grew still!

And there lay the steed with his nostril all wide,
But through it there roll'd not the breath of his pride:
And the foam of his gasping lay white on the turf,
And cold as the spray of the rock-beating surf.

And there lay the rider distorted and pale,
With the dew on his brow and the rust on his mail;
And the tents were all silent, the banners alone,
The lances unlifted, the trumpet unblown.

And the widows of Ashur are loud in their wail,
And the idols are broke in the temple of Baal;
And the might of the Gentile, unsmote by the sword,
Hath melted like snow in the glance of the Lord!

APOSTROPHE TO THE OCEAN.

From "Childe Harold."

THERE is a pleasure in the pathless woods,
There is a rapture on the lonely shore,
There is society, where none intrudes,
By the deep sea, and music in its roar;
I love not man the less, but nature more,
From these our interviews, in which I steal
From all I may be, or have been before,
To mingle with the universe, and feel
What I can ne'er express, yet can not all conceal.

Roll on, thou deep and dark blue Ocean—roll!
Ten thousand fleets sweep over thee in vain;
Man marks the earth with ruin—his control
Stops with the shore; upon the watery plain
The wrecks are all thy deed, nor doth remain
A shadow of man's ravage, save his own,
When, for a moment, like a drop of rain,
He sinks into thy depths with bubbling groan,—
Without a grave, unknell'd, uncoffin'd, and unknown.

. . . . . .

Thy shores are empires, changed in all save thee:—
Assyria, Greece, Rome, Carthage, what are they?
Thy waters wasted them while they were free,
And many a tyrant since; their shores obey
The stranger, slave, or savage; their decay
Has dried up realms to deserts: not so thou;
Unchangeable save to thy wild waves' play,
Time writes no wrinkle on thine azure brow:
Such as creation's dawn beheld, thou rollest now.

Thou glorious mirror, where the Almighty's form
Glasses itself in tempests; in all time,
Calm or convulsed,—in breeze, or gale, or storm,
Icing the pole, or in the torrid clime
Dark-heaving; boundless, endless, and sublime,—
The image of Eternity,—the throne
Of the Invisible; even from out thy slime
The monsters of the deep are made; each zone
Obeys thee; thou goest forth, dread, fathomless, alone.

And I have loved thee, Ocean! and my joy
Of youthful sports was on thy breast to be
Borne, like thy bubbles, onward: from a boy
I wanton'd with thy breakers,—they to me
Were a delight; and if the freshening sea
Made them a terror, 'twas a pleasing fear;
For I was, as it were, a child of thee,
And trusted to thy billows far and near,
And laid my hand upon thy mane,—as I do here.

THE TREASURES OF THE DEEP.

WHAT hidest thou in thy treasure-caves and cells,
Thou hollow-sounding and mysterious Main?—
Pale glistening pearls, and rainbow-colored shells,
Bright things which gleam unrecked of, and in vain.—
Keep, keep thy riches, melancholy Sea!
We ask not such from thee.

Yet more, the Depths have more! What wealth untold
Far down, and shining through their stillness, lies?
Thou hast the starry gems, the burning gold,
Won from ten thousand royal Argosies.—
Sweep o'er thy spoils, thou wild and wrathful Main!
Earth claims not these again!

Yet more, the Depths have more! Thy waves have rolled
Above the cities of a world gone by!
Sand hath filled up the palaces of old,
Seaweed o'ergrown the halls of revelry!
Dash o'er them, Ocean! in thy scornful play—
Man yields them to decay!

Yet more! the Billows and the Depths have more!
High hearts and brave are gathered to thy breast!
They hear not now the booming waters roar,
The battle-thunders will not break their rest;—
Keep thy red gold and gems, thou stormy grave—
Give back the true and brave!

Give back the lost and lovely! those for whom
The place was kept at board and hearth so long,
The prayer went up through midnight's breathless gloom,
And the vain yearning woke 'midst festal song!
Hold fast thy buried isles, thy towers o'erthrown,—
But all is not thine own!

To thee the love of woman hath gone down,
Dark flow thy tides o'er manhood's noble head,
O'er youth's bright locks and beauty's flowery crown:—
Yet must thou hear a voice—Restore the Dead!
Earth shall reclaim her precious things from thee—
Restore the Dead, thou Sea!

THE LANDING OF THE PILGRIM FATHERS.

THE breaking waves dashed high
On a stern and rock-bound coast.
And the woods against a stormy sky
Their giant branches tossed;
And the heavy night hung dark
The hills and waters o'er,
When a band of exiles moored their bark
On the wild New England shore.

Not as the conqueror comes,
They the true-hearted came;
Not with the roll of stirring drums
And the trumpet that sings of fame;
Not as the flying come,
In silence and in fear:—
They shook the depths of the desert gloom
With their hymns of lofty cheer.

Amid the storm they sang,
Till the stars heard and the sea;
And the sounding aisles of the dim woods rang
To the anthem of the free:
The ocean-eagle soared
From his nest by the white wave's foam,
And the rocking pines of the forest roared;
Such was their welcome home.

There were men with hoary hair
Amid that Pilgrim band;—
Why had they come to wither there,
Away from their childhood's land?
There was woman's fearless eye,
Lit by her deep love's truth;
There was manhood's brow serenely high,
And the fiery heart of youth.

What sought they thus afar?—
Bright jewels of the mine?
The wealth of seas, the spoils of war?—
They sought a faith's pure shrine!
Yes; call that holy ground,
The soil where first they trod.
They have left unstained what there they found,
Freedom to worship God.

THANATOPSIS.*

The following production is called the beginning of American poetry.
That a young man not yet 19 should have produced a poem so lofty in conception, so full of chaste language and delicate and striking imagery, and, above all, so pervaded by a noble and cheerful religious philosophy, may well be regarded as one of the most remarkable examples of early maturity in literary history.

TO him who, in the love of Nature, holds
Communion with her visible forms, she speaks
A various language; for his gayer hours
She has a voice of gladness, and a smile
And eloquence of beauty, and she glides
Into his darker musings with a mild
And healing sympathy, that steals away
Their sharpness, ere he is aware. When thoughts
Of the last bitter hour come like a blight
Over thy spirit, and sad images
Of the stern agony, and shroud, and pall,
And breathless darkness, and the narrow house,
Make thee to shudder, and grow sick at heart;—
Go forth, under the open sky, and list
To Nature's teachings, while from all around—
Earth and her waters, and the depths of air—
Comes a still voice.—Yet a few days, and thee
The all-beholding sun shall see no more
In all his course; nor yet in the cold ground,
Where thy pale form was laid, with many tears,
Nor in the embrace of ocean, shall exist
Thy image. Earth, that nourish'd thee, shall claim
Thy growth, to be resolved to earth again;
And, lost each human trace, surrendering up
Thine individual being, shalt thou go
To mix forever with the elements,
To be a brother to the insensible rock
And to the sluggish clod, which the rude swain
Turns with his share, and treads upon. The oak
Shall send his roots abroad, and pierce thy mould.
Yet not to thine eternal resting-place
Shalt thou retire alone,—nor couldst thou wish
Couch more magnificent. Thou shalt lie down
With patriarchs of the infant world,—with kings,
The powerful of the earth—the wise, the good,
Fair forms, and hoary seers of ages past,
All in one mighty sepulchre. The hills
Rock-ribb'd and ancient as the sun,—the vales
Stretching in pensive quietness between;
The venerable woods,—rivers that move
In majesty, and the complaining brooks
That make the meadows green; and, pour'd round all,
Old ocean's gray and melancholy waste,—
Are but the solemn decorations all
Of the great tomb of man. The golden sun,
The planets, all the infinite host of heaven,
Are shining on the sad abodes of death,
Through the still lapse of ages. All that tread
The globe are but a handful to the tribes
That slumber in its bosom. Take the wings
Of morning, traverse Barca's desert sands,
Or lose thyself in the continuous woods
Where rolls the Oregon, and hears no sound
Save its own dashings,—yet—the dead are there,
And millions in those solitudes, since first
The flight of years began, have laid them down
In their last sleep,—the dead reign there alone.
So shalt thou rest; and what if thou withdraw
In silence from the living, and no friend
Take note of thy departure? All that breathe
Will share thy destiny. The gay will laugh
When thou art gone, the solemn brood of care
Plod on, and each one, as before, will chase
His favorite phantom; yet all these shall leave
Their mirth and their employments, and shall come
And make their bed with thee. As the long train
Of ages glides away, the sons of men—
The youth in life's green spring, and he who goes
In the full strength of years, matron and maid,
And the sweet babe, and the gray-headed man—
Shall, one by one, be gather'd to thy side,
By those who in their turn shall follow them.
So live that, when thy summons comes to join
The innumerable caravan, which moves
To that mysterious realm where each shall take
His chamber in the silent halls of death,
Thou go not, like the quarry-slave at night,
Scourged to his dungeon; but, sustain'd and soothed
By an unfaltering trust, approach thy grave
Like one who wraps the drapery of his couch
About him, and lies down to pleasant dreams.

WAITING BY THE GATE.

BESIDES the massive gateway built up in years gone by,
Upon whose top the clouds in eternal shadow lie,
While streams the evening sunshine on the quiet wood and lea,
I stand and calmly wait until the hinges turn for me.

*The following copyrighted selections from Wm. Cullen Bryant are inserted by permission of D. Appleton & Co., the publishers of his works.

The tree tops faintly rustle beneath the breeze's flight,
A soft soothing sound, yet it whispers of the night;
I hear the woodthrush piping one mellow descant more,
And scent the flowers that blow when the heat of day is o'er.

Behold the portals open and o'er the threshold, now,
There steps a wearied one with pale and furrowed brow;
His count of years is full, his alloted task is wrought;
He passes to his rest from a place that needs him not.

In sadness, then, I ponder how quickly fleets the hour
Of human strength and action, man's courage and his power.
I muse while still the woodthrush sings down the golden day,
And as I look and listen the sadness wears away.

Again the hinges turn, and a youth, departing throws
A look of longing backward, and sorrowfully goes;
A blooming maid, unbinding the roses from her hair,
Moves wonderfully away from amid the young and fair.

Oh, glory of our race that so suddenly decays!
Oh, crimson flush of morning, that darkens as we gaze!
Oh, breath of summer blossoms that on the restless air
Scatters a moment's sweetness and flies we know not where.

I grieve for life's bright promise, just shown and then withdrawn;
But still the sun shines round me; the evening birds sing on;
And I again am soothed, and beside the ancient gate,
In this soft evening sunlight, I calmly stand and wait.

Once more the gates are opened, an infant group go out,
The sweet smile quenched forever, and stilled the sprightly shout.
Oh, frail, frail tree of life, that upon the greensward strews
Its fair young buds unopened, with every wind that blows!

So from every region, so enter side by side,
The strong and faint of spirit, the meek and men of pride,
Steps of earth's greatest, mightiest, between those pillars gray,
And prints of little feet, that mark the dust away.

And some approach the threshold whose looks are blank with fear,
And some whose temples brighten with joy are drawing near,
As if they saw dear faces, and caught the gracious eye
Of Him, the Sinless Teacher, who came for us to die.

I mark the joy, the terrors; yet these, within my heart,
Can neither wake the dread nor the longing to depart;
And, in the sunshine streaming of quiet wood and lea,
I stand and calmly wait until the hinges turn for me.

"BLESSED ARE THEY THAT MOURN."

DEEM not they are blest alone
Whose lives a peaceful tenor keep;
The Power who pities man has shown
A blessing for the eyes that weep.

The light of smiles shall fill again
The lids that overflow with tears;
And weary hours of woe and pain
Are promises of happier years.

There is a day of sunny rest
For every dark and troubled night;
And grief may bide an evening guest,
But joy shall come with early light.

And thou, who, o'er thy friend's low bier,
Sheddest the bitter drops like rain,
Hope that a brighter, happier sphere
Will give him to thy arms again.

Nor let the good man's trust depart,
Though life its common gifts deny,—
Though with a pierced and bleeding heart,
And spurned of men, he goes to die.

For God hath marked each sorrowing day,
And numbered every secret tear,
And heaven's long age of bliss shall pay
For all his children suffer here.

ROBERT OF LINCOLN.

MERRILY swinging on brier and weed,
Near to the nest of his little dame,
Over the mountain-side or mead,
Robert of Lincoln is telling his name:
Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,
Spink, spank, spink;
Snug and safe is that nest of ours,
Hidden among the summer flowers.
Chee, chee, chee.

Robert of Lincoln is gayly dressed,
Wearing a bright black wedding coat;
White are his shoulders and white his crest,
Hear him call in his merry note:
Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,
Spink, spank, spink;
Look what a nice new coat is mine,
Sure there was never a bird so fine.
Chee, chee, chee.

Robert of Lincoln's Quaker wife,
Pretty and quiet, with plain brown wings,
Passing at home a patient life,
Broods in the grass while her husband sings,
Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,
Spink, spank, spink;
Brood, kind creature; you need not fear
Thieves and robbers, while I am here.
Chee, chee, chee.

Modest and shy as a nun is she,
One weak chirp is her only note,
Braggart and prince of braggarts is he,
Pouring boasts from his little throat:
Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,
Spink, spank, spink;
Never was I afraid of man;
Catch me, cowardly knaves if you can.
Chee, chee, chee.

Six white eggs on a bed of hay,
Flecked with purple, a pretty sight
There as the mother sits all day,
Robert is singing with all his might:
Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,
Spink, spank, spink;
Nice good wife, that never goes out,
Keeping house while I frolic about.
Chee, chee, chee.

Soon as the little ones chip the shell
Six wide mouths are open for food;
Robert of Lincoln bestirs him well,
Gathering seed for the hungry brood.
Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,
Spink, spank, spink;
This new life is likely to be
Hard for a gay young fellow like me.
Chee, chee, chee.

Robert of Lincoln at length is made
Sober with work and silent with care;
Off is his holiday garment laid,
Half-forgotten that merry air,
Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,
Spink, spank, spink;
Nobody knows but my mate and I
Where our nest and our nestlings lie.
Chee, chee, chee.

Summer wanes; the children are grown;
Fun and frolic no more he knows;
Robert of Lincoln's a humdrum crone;
Off he flies, and we sing as he goes:
Bob-o'-link, bob-o'-link,
Spink, spank, spink;
When you can pipe that merry old strain,
Robert of Lincoln, come back again.
Chee, chee, chee.

DROUGHT.

PLUNGED amid the limpid waters,
Or the cooling shade beneath,
Let me fly the scorching sunbeams,
And the southwind's sickly breath!
Sirius burns the parching meadows,
Flames upon the embrowning hill,
Dries the foliage of the forest,
And evaporates the rill.

Scarce is seen the lonely floweret,
Save amid the embowering wood;
O'er the prospect dim and dreary,
Drought presides in sullen mood!

Murky vapours hung in ether,
Wrap in gloom, the sky serene;
Nature pants distressful—silence
Reigns o'er all the sultry scene.

Then amid the limpid waters,
Or beneath the cooling shade,
Let me shun the scorching sunbeams
And the sickly breeze evade.

THE PAST.

No poet, perhaps, in the world is so exquisite in rhythm, or classically pure and accurate in language, so appropriate in diction, phrase or metaphor as Bryant.

He dips his pen in words as an inspired painter his pencil in colors. The following poem is a fair specimen of his deep vein in his chosen serious themes. Pathos is pre-eminently his endowment but the tinge of melancholy in his treatment is always pleasing.

THOU unrelenting Past!
Strong are the barriers round thy dark domain,
And fetters, sure and fast,
Hold all that enter thy unbreathing reign.

Far in thy realm withdrawn
Old empires sit in sullenness and gloom,
And glorious ages gone
Lie deep within the shadow of thy womb.

Childhood, with all its mirth,
Youth, Manhood, Age that draws us to the ground,
And. last, Man's Life on earth,
Glide to thy dim dominions, and are bound.

Thou hast my better years,
Thou hast my earlier friends—the good—the kind,
Yielded to thee with tears.—
The venerable form—the exalted mind.

My spirit yearns to bring
The lost ones back:—yearns with desire intense,
And struggles hard to wring
Thy bolts apart, and pluck thy captives thence.

In vain:—thy gates deny
All passage save to those who hence depart;
Nor to the streaming eye
Thou giv'st them back,—nor to the broken heart.

In thy abysses hide
Beauty and excellence unknown:—to thee
Earth's wonder and her pride
Are gather'd, as the waters to the sea;

Labors of good to man,
Unpublish'd charity, unbroken faith,—
Love, that midst grief began,
And grew with years, and falter'd not in death.

Full many a mighty name
Lurks in thy depths, unutter'd, unrevered;
With thee are silent fame,
Forgotten arts, and wisdom disappear'd.

Thine for a space are they:—
Yet shalt thou yield thy treasures up at last;
Thy gates shall yet give way,
Thy bolts shall fall, inexorable Past!

All that of good and fair
Has gone into thy womb from earliest time,
Shall then come forth. to wear
The glory and the beauty of its prime.

They have not perish'd—no!
Kind words, remember'd voices once so sweet,
Smiles, radiant long ago,
And features, the great soul's apparent seat,

All shall come back; each tie
Of pure affection shall be knit again;
Alone shall Evil die,
And Sorrow dwell a prisoner in thy reign.

And then shall I behold
Him by whose kind paternal side I sprung,
And her who, still and cold,
Fills the next grave,—the beautiful and young.

OH, FAIREST OF THE RURAL MAIDS

Oh, fairest of the rural maids!
Thy birth was in the forest shades;
Green boughs, and glimpses of the sky,
Were all that met the infant eye.

Thy sports, thy wanderings when a child,
Were ever in the sylvan wild;
And all the beauty of the place
Is in thy heart and on thy face.

The twilight of the trees and rocks
Is in the light shade of thy locks;
Thy step is as the wind, that weaves
Its playful way among the leaves.

The forest depths, by foot unpress'd,
Are not more sinless than thy breast;
The holy peace that fills the air
Of those calm solitudes, is there.

A CORN-SHUCKING IN SOUTH CAROLINA.

From "The Letters of a Traveler."

In 1843, during Mr. Bryant's visit to the South, he had the pleasure of witnessing one of those ante-bellum southern institutions known as a Corn-Shucking—one of the ideal occasions of the colored man's life, to which both men and women were invited. They were free to tell all the jokes, sing all the songs and have all the fun they desired as they rapidly shucked the corn. Two leaders were usually chosen and the company divided into two parties which competed for a prize awarded to the first party which finished shucking the allotted pile of corn. Mr. Bryant thus graphically describes one of these novel occasions:

BARNWELL DISTRICT,
South Carolina, March 29, 1843.

BUT you must hear of the corn-shucking. The one at which I was present was given on purpose that I might witness the humors of the Carolina negroes. A huge fire of *light-wood* was made near the corn-house. Light-wood is the wood of the long-leaved pine, and is so called, not because it is light, for it is almost the heaviest wood in the world, but because it gives more light than any other fuel.

The light-wood-fire was made, and the negroes dropped in from the neighboring plantations, singing as they came The driver of the plantation, a colored man, brought out baskets of corn in the husk, and piled it in a heap; and the negroes began to strip the husks from the ears, singing with great glee as they worked, keeping time to the music, and now and then throwing in a joke and an extravagant burst of laughter. The songs were generally of a comic character; but one of them was set to a singularly wild and plaintive air, which some of our musicians would do well to reduce to notation. These are the words:

Johnny come down de hollow.
Oh hollow!
Johnny come down de hollow.
Oh hollow!
De nigger-trader got me.
Oh hollow!
De speculator bought me.
Oh hollow!
I'm sold for silver dollars.
Oh hollow!
Boys, go catch the pony.
Oh hollow!
Bring him round the corner.
Oh hollow!
I'm goin' away to Georgia.
Oh hollow!
Boys, good-by forever!
Oh hollow!

The song of "Jenny gone away," was also given, and another, called the monkey-song, probably of African origin, in which the principal singer personated a monkey, with all sorts of odd gesticulations, and the other negroes bore part in the chorus, "Dan, dan, who's the dandy?" One of the songs commonly sung on these occasions, represents the various animals of the woods as belonging to some profession or trade. For example—

De cooter is de boatman—

The cooter is the terrapin, and a very expert boatman he is.

De cooter is de boatman.
John John Crow.
De red-bird de soger.
John John Crow.
De mocking-bird de lawyer.
John John Crow.
De alligator sawyer
John John Crow.

The alligator's back is furnished with a toothed ridge, like the edge of a saw, which explains the last line.

When the work of the evening was over the negroes adjourned to a spacious kitchen. One of them took his place as musician, whistling, and beating time with two sticks upon the floor. Several of the men came forward and executed various dances, capering, prancing, and drumming with heel and toe upon the floor, with astonishing agility and perseverance, though all of them had performed their daily tasks and had worked all the evening, and some had walked from four to seven miles to attend the corn-shucking. From the dances a transition was made to a mock military parade, a sort of burlesque of our militia trainings, in which the words of command and the evolutions were extremely ludicrous. It became necessary for the commander to make a speech, and confessing his incapacity for public speaking, he called upon a huge black man named Toby to address the company in his stead. Toby, a man of powerful frame, six feet high, his face ornamented with a beard of fashionable cut, had hitherto stood leaning against the wall, looking upon the frolic with an air of superiority. He consented, came forward, demanded a bit of paper to hold in his hand, and harangued the soldiery. It was evident that Toby had listened to stump-speeches in his day. He spoke of "de majority of Sous Carolina," "de interests of de state," "de honor of ole Ba'nwell district," and these phrases he connected by various expletives, and sounds of which we could make nothing. At length he began to falter, when the captain with admirable presence of mind came to his relief, and interrupted and closed the harangue with an hurrah from the company. Toby was allowed by all the spectators, black and white, to have made an excellent speech.

CORN-SHUCKING IN SOUTH CAROLINA.

THOMAS HOOD.

HUMORIST AND POET

ALTHOUGH Thomas Hood is chiefly remembered by his three poems, "The Song of the Shirt," "The Bridge of Sighs," and "Eugene Aram," he was one of the most copious writers of his time. He was apprenticed in his youth to a wood-engraver, and had some success as a comic draughtsman. He began very early to write verses for periodicals, and, in 1822, became assistant editor of *The London Magazine*. He was now thrown into the company of a most brilliant circle of literary men, including DeQuincey, Hazlitt, and Lamb. He married in 1824, and, with the aid of his brother-in-law, published a small volume of "Odes and Addresses to Great People." A short time afterward he wrote a series of magazine articles called "Whims and Oddities," illustrated by himself, and soon became a very popular writer. In 1830 Hood began the publication of the *Comic Annual*, which continued for eleven years. The failure of a business house with which he was connected involved him in great financial difficulty, and, refusing to take advantage of legal bankruptcy, he resolved, in order to live with greater economy, to remove to Coblenz in Germany, and, like Sir Walter Scott, pay his indebtedness by the work of his pen. He resided abroad for five years, returning to London in 1840, where he was editor of the *New Monthly* for two or three years. A pension was granted him in 1844, but he lived to enjoy it only until the following year. Hood has been regarded too exclusively as a humorist. In his best poems the element of humor is entirely wanting, but in most of his work there is a wonderful blending of humor and pathos. "He tempts men to laugh, and then leads them to pity and relieve." Though his wit was caustic, it was never coarse, and no single suggestion of impurity can be found in any of his writings.

THE SONG OF THE SHIRT.

WITH fingers weary and worn,
With eyelids heavy and red,
A woman sat, in unwomanly rags,
Plying her needle and thread—
Stitch! stitch! stitch!
In poverty, hunger, and dirt,
And still, with a voice of dolorous pitch,
She sang the "Song of the Shirt!

"Work! work! work!
While the cock is crowing aloof!
And work—work—work!
Till the stars shine through the roof!
It's oh! to be a slave
Along with the barbarous Turk,
Where woman has never a soul to save,
If THIS is Christian work!

Work—work—work !
  Till the brain begins to swim ;
Work—work—work !
  Till the eyes are heavy and dim !
Seam, and gusset, and band,
  Band, and gusset, and seam,
Till over the buttons I fall asleep,
And sew them on in my dream !

"But why do I talk of death,
  That phantom of grisly bone ?
I hardly fear his terrible shape,
  It seems so like my own—
It seems so like my own,
  Because of the fast I keep :
Oh God ! that bread should be so dear,
  And flesh and blood so cheap !

"Oh God ! that bread should be so dear,
And flesh and blood so cheap !"

Oh ! men with sisters dear !
  Oh ! men with mothers and wives !
It is not linen you're wearing out,
  But human creatures' lives !
Stitch—stitch—stitch !
  In poverty, hunger, and dirt,
Sewing at once, with double thread,
  A SHROUD as well as a shirt !

"Work—work—work !
  My labor never flags ;
And what are its wages ? A bed of straw,
  A crust of bread—and rags :
A shatter'd roof—and this naked floor—
  A table—a broken chair—
And a wall so blank my shadow I thank
  For sometimes falling there !

Work—work—work!
From weary chime to chime;
Work—work—work!
As prisoners work for crime!
Band, and gusset, and seam,
Seam, and gusset, and band,
Till the heart is sick and the brain benumb'd,
As well as the weary hand!

"Work—work—work!
In the dull December light:
And work—work—work!
When the weather is warm and bright:
While underneath the eaves
The brooding swallows cling,
As if to show me their sunny backs,
And twit me with the spring.

"Oh! but to breathe the breath
Of the cowslip and primrose sweet;
With the sky above my head,
And the grass beneath my feet:
For only one short hour
To feel as I used to feel,
Before I knew the woes of want,
And the walk that costs a meal!

"Oh! but for one short hour!
A respite, however brief!
No blessed leisure for love or hope,
But only time for grief!
A little weeping would ease my heart,—
But in their briny bed
My tears must stop, for every drop
Hinders needle and thread!"

With fingers weary and worn,
With eyelids heavy and red,
A woman sat, in unwomanly rags,
Plying her needle and thread;
Stitch—stitch—stitch!
In poverty, hunger, and dirt;
And still with a voice of dolorous pitch,—
Would that its tone could reach the rich!—
She sung this "Song of the Shirt!"

THE BRIDGE OF SIGHS.

"Drown'd! Drown'd!"—HAMLET.

ONE more unfortunate,
Weary of breath,
Rashly importunate,
Gone to her death!

Take her up tenderly,
Lift her with care;
Fashion'd so slenderly,
Young, and so fair!

Look at her garments
Clinging like cerements;
While the wave constantly
Drips from her clothing;
Take her up instantly,
Loving, not loathing.—

Touch her not scornfully;
Think of her mournfully,
Gently and humanly;
Not of the stains of her,
All that remains of her
Now is pure womanly.

Make no deep scrutiny
Into her mutiny
Rash and undutiful:
Past all dishonor,
Death has left on her
Only the beautiful.

Still, for all slips of hers,
One of Eve's family,—
Wipe those poor lips of hers,
Oozing so clammily.

Loop up her tresses
Escaped from the comb,
Her fair auburn tresses;
Whilst wonderment guesses,
Where was her home?

Who was her father?
Who was her mother?
Had she a sister?
Had she a brother?
Or was there a dearer one
Still, and a nearer one
Yet, than all other?

Alas! for the rarity
Of Christian charity
Under the sun!

Oh! it was pitiful!
Near a whole city full,
Home had she none.

Sisterly, brotherly,
Fatherly, motherly,
Feelings had changed:
Love, by harsh evidence,

"Take her up tenderly;
Lift her with care."

Thrown from its eminence;
Even God's providence
Seeming estranged.

Where the lamps quiver
So far in the river,
With many a light
From window and casement,
From garret to basement,
She stood, with amazement,
Houseless by night.

The bleak wind of March
Made her tremble and shiver;
But not the dark arch,
Or the black flowing river:
Mad from life's history,
Glad to death's mystery,
Swift to be hurl'd—
Anywhere, anywhere,
Out of the world!

In she plunged boldly,
No matter how coldly
The rough river ran,—
Over the brink of it.
Picture it, think of it,
Dissolute Man!
Lave in it, drink of it,
Then, if you can!

Take her up tenderly,
Lift her with care;
Fashion'd so slenderly,
Young, and so fair!

Ere her limbs frigidly
Stiffen too rigidly,
Decently,—kindly,—
Smooth, and compose them;
And her eyes close them,
Staring so blindly!

Dreadfully staring
Thro' muddy impurity,
As when with the daring
Last look of despairing
Fix'd on futurity.

Perishing gloomily,
Spurr'd by contumely,
Cold inhumanity,
Burning insanity,
Into her rest,—
Cross her hands humbly,
As if praying dumbly,
Over her breast!

Owning her weakness,
Her evil behavior,
And leaving, with meekness,
Her sins to her Saviour.

While we class Emerson with the poets, he was, perhaps, even greater as a philosopher and essayist. No man in American literature is so distinguished for the subtlety or originality of his intellect, and everything he wrote, whether philosophy, biography or essay was surcharged with poetic imagery.

HYMN SUNG AT THE COMPLETION OF THE CONCORD MONUMENT, 1836.

BY the rude bridge that arched the flood,
Their flag to April's breeze unfurled,
Here once the embattled farmers stood,
And fired the shot heard round the world.

The foe long since in silence slept;
Alike the conqueror silent sleeps;
And Time the ruined bridge has swept
Down the dark stream which seaward creeps.

On this green bank, by this soft stream,
We set to day a votive stone,
That memory may their deed redeem
When, like our sires, our sons are gone.

Spirit that made those heroes dare
To die or leave their children free,
Bid Time and Nature gently spare
The shaft we raise to them and thee.

THE RHODORA.

IN May, when sea-winds pierced our solitudes,
I found the fresh Rhodora in the woods,
Spreading its leafless blooms in a damp nook,
To please the desert and the sluggish brook;
The purple petals fallen in the pool
Made the black waters with their beauty gay;
Young RAPHAEL might covet such a school;
The lively show beguiled me from my way.
Rhodora! if the sages ask thee why
This charm is wasted on the marsh and sky,
Dear tell them, that if eyes were made for seeing,
Then beauty is its own excuse for being.
Why, thou wert there, O, rival of the rose!
I never thought to ask, I never knew,
But in my simple ignorance suppose
The selfsame Power that brought me there, brought you.

THE TRUE HERO.

AN EXTRACT FROM "VOLUNTARIES."

The following story is told of the manner in which the poem, "Voluntaries," obtained its title. In 1863, Mr. Emerson came to Boston and took a room in the Parker House, bringing with him the unfinished sketch of a few verses which he wished Mr. Fields, his publisher, to hear. He drew a small table to the centre of the room and read aloud the lines he proposed giving to the press. They were written on separate slips of paper which were flying loosely about the room. (Mr. Emerson frequently wrote in such independent paragraphs, that many of his poems and essays might be rearranged without doing them serious violence.) The question arose as to title of the verses read, when Mr. Fields suggested "Voluntaires," which was cordially accepted by Mr. Emerson.

WELL for the fortunate soul
Which Music's wings unfold,
Stealing away the memory
Of sorrows new and old!
Yet happier he whose inward sight,
Stayed on his subtle thought,
Shuts his sense on toys of time,
To vacant bosoms brought;
But best befriended of the God
He who, in evil times,
Warned by an inward voice,
Heeds not the darkness and the dread,
Biding by his rule and choice,
Telling only the fiery thread,
Leading over heroic ground
Walled with immortal terror round,
To the aim which him allures,
And the sweet heaven his deed secures.
Peril around all else appalling,
Cannon in front and leaden rain,
Him duty through the clarion calling
To the van called not in vain.

Stainless soldier on the walls,
Knowing this,—and knows no more,—
Whoever fights, whoever falls,
Justice conquers evermore,
Justice after as before;—
And he who battles on her side,
God, though he were ten times slain,
Crowns him victor glorified,
Victor over death and pain
Forever: but his erring foe,
Self-assured that he prevails,
Looks from his victim lying low,
And sees aloft the red right arm
Redress the eternal scales.
He, the poor for whom angels foil,
Blind with pride and fooled by hate,
Writhes within the dragon coil,
Reserved to a speechless fate.

MOUNTAIN AND SQUIRREL.

THE mountain and the squirrel
Had a quarrel;
And the former called the latter "Little Prig."
Bun replied:
"You are doubtless very big;
But all sorts of things and weather
Must be taken in together,
To make up a year
And a sphere.
And I think it no disgrace
To occupy my place.
If I'm not so large as you,
You are not so small as I,
And not half so spry.
I'll not deny you make
A very pretty squirrel track;
Talents differ; all is well and wisely put;
If I cannot carry forests on my back,
Neither can you crack a nut."

THE SNOW STORM.

ANNOUNCED by all the trumpets of the sky
Arrives the snow, and driving o'er the fields,
Seems nowhere to alight: the whited air
Hides hills and woods, the river, and the heaven,
And veils the farm-house at the garden's end.
The sled and traveler stopp'd, the courier's feet
Delay'd, all friends shut out, the housemates sit
Around the radiant fire-place, enclosed
In a tumultuous privacy of storm.
Come see the north-wind's masonry.
Out of an unseen quarry evermore
Furnish'd with tile, the fierce artificer
Curves his white bastions with projected roof
Round every windward stake, or tree, or door.
Speeding, the myriad-handed, his wild work
So fanciful, so savage, nought cares he
For number or proportion. Mockingly
On coop or kennel he hangs Parian wreaths;
A swan-like form invests the hidden thorn;
Fills up the farmer's lane from wall to wall,
Maugre the farmer's sighs, and at the gate
A tapering turret overtops the work.
And when his hours are number'd, and the world
Is all his own, retiring, as he were not,
Leaves, when the sun appears, astonish'd Art
To mimic in slow structures, stone by stone,
Built in an age, the mad wind's night-work,
The frolic architecture of the snow.

DAVID'S LAMENT FOR ABSALOM.

THE waters slept. Night's silvery veil hung low
On Jordan's bosom, and the eddies curled
Their glassy rings beneath it, like the still,
Unbroken beating of the sleeper's pulse.
The reeds bent down the stream: the willow leaves
With a soft cheek upon the lulling tide,
Forgot the lifting winds; and the long stems
Whose flowers the water, like a gentle nurse
Bears on its bosom, quietly gave way,
And leaned, in graceful attitude, to rest.
How strikingly the course of nature tells
By its light heed of human suffering,
That it was fashioned for a happier world.

King David's limbs were weary. He had fled
From far Jerusalem: and now he stood
With his faint people, for a little space,
Upon the shore of Jordan. The light wind
Of morn was stirring, and he bared his brow,
To its refreshing breath; for he had worn
The mourner's covering, and had not felt
That he could see his people until now.
They gathered round him on the fresh green bank
And spoke their kindly words: and as the sun
Rose up in heaven, he knelt among them there,
And bowed his head upon his hands to pray.
Oh! when the heart is full,—when bitter thoughts
Come crowding thickly up for utterance,
And the poor common words of courtesy,
Are such a very mockery—how much
The bursting heart may pour itself in prayer!
He prayed for Israel: and his voice went up
Strongly and fervently. He prayed for those,
Whose love had been his shield: and his deep tones
Grew tremulous. But, oh! for Absalom,—
For his estranged, misguided Absalom,—
The proud bright being who had burst away
In all his princely beauty, to defy
The heart that cherished him—for him he poured
In agony that would not be controlled
Strong supplication, and forgave him there,
Before his God, for his deep sinfulness.

* * * * * *

The pall was settled. He who slept beneath
Was straightened for the grave: and as the folds
Sank to the still proportions, they betrayed
The matchless symmetry of Absalom.

His hair was yet unshorn, and silken curls
Were floating round the tassels as they swayed
To the admitted air, as glossy now
As when in hours of gentle dalliance, bathing
The snowy fingers of Judea's girls.
His helm was at his feet: his banner soiled
With trailing through Jerusalem, was laid,
Reversed, beside him; and the jewelled hilt
Whose diamonds lit the passage of his blade,
Rested like mockery on his covered brow.
The soldiers of the king trod to and fro,
Clad in the garb of battle; and their chief,
The mighty Joab, stood beside the bier,
And gazed upon the dark pall steadfastly,
As if he feared the slumberer might stir.
A slow step startled him. He grasped his blade
As if a trumpet rang: but the bent form
Of David entered, and he gave command
In a low tone to his few followers,
And left him with his dead. The King stood still
Till the last echo died: then, throwing off
The sackcloth from his brow, and laying back
The pall from the still features of his child,
He bowed his head upon him, and broke forth
In the resistless eloquence of woe:

"Alas! my noble boy! that thou should'st die,—
Thou who wert made so beautifully fair!
That death should settle in thy glorious eye,
And leave his stillness in this clustering hair—
How could he mark thee for the silent tomb;
My proud boy, Absalom!

"Cold is thy brow, my son! and I am chill
As to my bosom I have tried to press thee—
How was I wont to feel my pulses thrill,
Like a rich harp string, yearning to caress thee—
And hear thy sweet '*My father,*' from these dumb
And cold lips, Absalom!

"The grave hath won thee. I shall hear the gush
Of music, and the voices of the young:
And life will pass me in the mantling blush,
And the dark tresses to the soft winds flung,—
But thou no more with thy sweet voice shall come
To meet me, Absalom!

"And, oh! when I am stricken, and my heart
Like a bruised reed, is waiting to be broken,
How will its love for thee, as I depart,
Yearn for thine ear to drink its last deep token!
It were so sweet, amid death's gathering gloom,
To see thee, Absalom!

"And now farewell. 'Tis hard to give thee up,
With death so like a gentle slumber on thee;
And thy dark sin—oh! I could drink the cup
If from this woe its bitterness had won thee.
May God have called thee, like a wanderer, home,
My lost boy, Absalom!"

He covered up his face, and bowed himself
A moment on his child; then giving him
A look of melting tenderness, he clasped
His hands convulsively, as if in prayer:
And as if strength were given him of God,
He rose up calmly and composed the pall
Firmly and decently,—and left him there,
As if his rest had been a breathing sleep.

THE DYING ALCHEMIST.

THE night-wind with a desolate moan swept by,
And the old shutters of the turret swung
Creaking upon their hinges; and the moon,
As the torn edges of the clouds flew past,
Struggled aslant the stained and broken panes
So dimly, that the watchful eye of death
Scarcely was conscious when it went and came.
The fire beneath his crucible was low,
Yet still it burned: and ever, as his thoughts
Grew insupportable, he raised himself
Upon his wasted arm, and stirred the coals
With difficult energy; and when the rod
Fell from his nerveless fingers, and his eye
Felt faint within its socket, he shrank back
Upon his pallet, and, with unclosed lips,
Muttered a curse on death!

The silent room,
From its dim corners, mockingly gave back
His rattling breath; the humming in the fire
Had the distinctness of a knell; and when
Duly the antique horologe beat one,
He drew a phial from beneath his head,
And drank. And instantly his lips compressed,
And, with a shudder in his skeleton frame,
He rose with supernatural strength, and sat
Upright, and communed with himself:

"I did not think to die
Till I had finished what I had to do;
I thought to pierce th' eternal secret through
With this my mortal eye;
I felt,—Oh, God! it seemeth even now—
This cannot be the death-dew on my brow;
Grant me another year,
God of my spirit!—but a day,—to win
Something to satisfy this thirst within!
I would *know* something here!
Break for me but one seal that is unbroken!
Speak for me but one word that is unspoken!

"Vain,—vain,—my brain is turning
With a swift dizziness, and my heart grows sick,
And these hot temple-throbs come fast and thick,
And I am freezing,—burning,—
Dying! Oh, God! if I might only live!
My phial———Ha! it thrills me,—I revive.

"Aye,—were not man to die,
He were too mighty for this narrow sphere!
Had he but time to brood on knowledge here,—
Could he but train his eye,—
Might he but wait the mystic word and hour,—
Only his Maker would transcend his power!

"This were indeed to feel
The soul-thirst slacken at the living stream,—
To live, Oh, God! that life is but a dream!
And death———Aha! I reel,—
Dim,—dim,—I faint, darkness comes o'er my eye,—
Cover me! save me!———God of heaven! I die!"

'Twas morning, and the old man lay alone.
No friend had closed his eyelids, and his lips,
Open and ashy pale, th' expression wore
Of his death struggle. His long silvery hair
Lay on his hollow temples, thin and wild,
His frame was wasted, and his features wan
And haggard as with want, and in his palm
His nails were driven deep, as if the throe
Of the last agony had wrung him sore.

The storm was raging still. The shutter swung,
Creaking as harshly in the fitful wind,
And all without went on,—as aye it will,
Sunshine or tempest, reckless that a heart
Is breaking, or has broken, in its change.

The fire beneath the crucible was out.
The vessels of his mystic art lay round,
Useless and cold as the ambitious hand
That fashioned them, and the small rod,
Familiar to his touch for threescore years,
Lay on th' alembic's rim, as if it still
Might vex the elements at its master's will.

And thus had passed from its unequal frame
A soul of fire,—a sun-bent eagle stricken,
From his high soaring, down,—an instrument
Broken with its own compass. Oh, how poor
Seems the rich gift of genius, when it lies,
Like the adventurous bird that hath outflown
His strength upon the sea, ambition wrecked,—
A thing the thrush might pity, as she sits
Brooding in quiet on her lowly nest.

THE VILLAGE BLACKSMITH.

UNDER a spreading chestnut tree
The village smithy stands;
The smith, a mighty man is he,
With large and sinewy hands;
And the muscles of his brawny arms
Are strong as iron bands.

His hair is crisp, and black, and long;
His face is like the tan;
His brow is wet with honest sweat;
He earns whate'er he can,
And looks the whole world in the face,
For he owes not any man.

Week in, week out, from morn till night,
You can hear his bellows blow;
You can hear him swing his heavy sledge,
With measured beat and slow,
Like a sexton ringing the village bell
When the evening sun is low.

THEY LOVE TO SEE THE FLAMING FORGE,
AND HEAR THE BELLOWS ROAR,
AND CATCH THE BURNING SPARKS THAT FLY
LIKE CHAFF FROM THE THRESHING FLOOR.

And children coming home from school
Look in at the open door;
They love to see the flaming forge,
And hear the bellows roar,
And catch the burning sparks that fly
Like chaff from a threshing-floor.

He goes on Sunday to the church,
And sits among his boys;
He hears the parson pray and preach,
He hears his daughter's voice,
Singing in the village choir,
And it makes his heart rejoice.

It sounds to him like her mother's voice,
Singing in Paradise!
He needs must think of her once more,
How in the grave she lies;
And with his hard, rough hand he wipes
A tear out of his eyes.

Toiling—rejoicing—sorrowing—
Onward through life he goes:
Each morning sees some task begin,
Each evening sees it close;

Something attempted—something done,
Has earned a night's repose.

Thanks, thanks to thee, my worthy friend
For the lesson thou hast taught!

Thus at the flaming forge of Life
Our fortunes must be wrought,
Thus on its sounding anvil shaped
Each burning deed and thought.

THE BRIDGE.

A favorite haunt of Longfellow's was the bridge between Boston and Cambridge, over which he had to pass, almost daily. "I always stop on the bridge," he writes in his journal. "Tide waters are beautiful," and again, "We leaned for a while on the wooden rails and enjoyed the silvery reflections of the sea, making sundry comparisons." Among other thoughts, we have these cheering ones, that "The old sea was flashing with its heavenly light, though we saw it only in a single track; the dark waves are dark provinces of God; illuminous though not to us."

The following poem was the result of one of Longfellow's reflections, while standing on this bridge at midnight.

I STOOD on the bridge at midnight,
As the clocks were striking the hour,
And the moon rose o'er the city,
Behind the dark church tower;

And like the waters rushing
Among the wooden piers,
A flood of thought came o'er me,
That filled my eyes with tears.

How often, O how often,
In the days that had gone by,
I had stood on that bridge at midnight,
And gazed on that wave and sky!

How often, O how often,
I had wished that the ebbing tide
Would bear me away on its bosom
O'er the ocean wild and wide!

For my heart was hot and restless,
And my life was full of care,
And the burden laid upon me
Seemed greater than I could bear.

But now it has fallen from me,
It is buried in the sea;
And only the sorrow of others
Throws its shadow over me.

Yet whenever I cross the river
On its bridge with wooden piers,
Like the odor of brine from the ocean
Comes the thought of other years.

And I think how many thousands
Of care-encumbered men,
Each having his burden of sorrow,
Have crossed the bridge since then.

I see the long procession
Still passing to and fro,
The young heart hot and restless,
And the old, subdued and slow!

And forever and forever,
As long as the river flows,
As long as the heart has passions,
As long as life has woes;

The moon and its broken reflection
And its shadows shall appear,
As the symbol of love in heaven,
And its wavering image here.

RESIGNATION.

THERE is no flock, however watched and tended,
But one dead lamb is there!
There is no fireside, howsoe'r defended,
But has one vacant chair!

The air is full of farewells to the dying
And mournings for the dead;
The heart of Rachel, for her children crying,
Will not be comforted!

Let us be patient! These severe afflictions
Not from the ground arise,
But oftentimes celestial benedictions
Assume this dark disguise.

We see but dimly through the mists and vapors;
Amid these earthly damps
What seem to us but sad, funereal tapers
May be heaven's distant lamps.

There is no Death! What seems so is transition:
This life of mortal breath
Is but a suburb of the life elysian,
Whose portal we call Death.

She is not dead,—the child of our affection,—
But gone unto that school
Where she no longer needs our poor protection,
And Christ himself doth rule.

In that great cloister's stillnes and seclusion,
By guardian angels led,
Safe from temptation, safe from sin's pollution,
She lives whom we call dead.

Day after day we think what she is doing
In those bright realms of air;
Year after year, her tender steps pursuing,
Behold her grown more fair.

Thus do we walk with her, and keep unbroken
The bond which nature gives,
Thinking that our remembrance, though unspoken
May reach her where she lives.

Not as a child shall we again behold her;
For when with raptures wild
In our embraces we again enfold her,
She will not be a child:

But a fair maiden, in her Father's mansion,
Clothed with celestial grace;
And beautiful with all the soul's expansion
Shall we behold her face.

And though, at times, impetuous with emotion
And anguish long suppressed,
The swelling heart heaves moaning like the ocean,
That cannot be at rest,—

We will be patient, and assuage the feeling
We may not wholly stay;
By silence sanctifying, not concealing
The grief that must have way.

GOD'S ACRE.

I LIKE that ancient Saxon phrase which calls
The burial-ground God's acre! It is just;
It consecrates each grave within its walls,
And breathes a benison o'er the sleeping dust.

God's Acre! Yes, that blessed name imparts
Comfort to those who in the grave have sown
The seed that they had garnered in their hearts,
Their bread of life, alas! no more their own.

Into its furrows shall we all be cast,
In the sure faith that we shall rise again
At the great harvest, when the archangel's blast
Shall winnow, like a fan the chaff and grain.

Then shall the good stand in immortal bloom,
In the fair gardens of that second birth;
And each bright blossom mingle its perfume
With that of flowers which never bloomed on earth.

With thy rude ploughshare, Death, turn up the sod,
And spread the furrow for the seed we sow;
This is the field and Acre of our God!
This is the place where human harvests grow!

EXCELSIOR.

THE shades of night were falling fast,
As through an Alpine village passed
A youth, who bore, 'mid snow and ice,
A banner with the strange device,
Excelsior!

His brow was sad; his eye beneath,
Flashed like a falchion from its sheath,
And like a silver clarion rung
The accents of that unknown tongue,
Excelsior!

In happy homes he saw the light
Of household fires gleam warm and bright;
Above, the spectral glaciers shone,
And from his lips escaped a groan,
Excelsior!

"Try not to Pass!" the old man said;
"Dark lowers the tempest overhead,
The roaring torrent is deep and wide!"
And loud that clarion voice replied,
Excelsior!

"O, stay," the maiden said, "and rest
Thy weary head upon this breast!"
A tear stood in his bright blue eye,
But still he answered, with a sigh,
Excelsior!

"Beware the pine-tree's withered branch!
Beware the awful avalanche!"
This was the peasant's last Good-night;
A voice replied, far up the height,
Excelsior!

At break of day, as heavenward
The pious monks of Saint Bernard
Uttered the oft-repeated prayer,
A voice cried through the startled air,
Excelsior!

A traveler, by the faithful hound,
Half-buried in the snow was found,
Still grasping in his hand of ice
That banner with the strange device,
Excelsior!

There, in the twilight cold and gray,
Lifeless, but beautiful, he lay,
And from the sky, serene and far,
A voice fell, like a falling star,
Excelsior!

THE RAINY DAY.

THE day is cold, and dark and dreary;
It rains, and the wind is never weary;
The vine still clings to the mouldering wall,
But at every gust the dead leaves fall,
And the day is dark and dreary.

My life is cold, and dark, and dreary;
It rains, and the wind is never weary;
My thoughts still cling to the mouldering Past,
But the hopes of youth fall thick in the blast,
And the days are dark and dreary.

Be still, sad heart! and cease repining;
Behind the clouds is the sun still shining;
Thy fate is the common fate of all,
Into each life some rain must fall,
Some days must be dark dreary.

THE WRECK OF THE HESPERUS.

The writing of the following poem "The Wreck of the Hesperus," was occasioned by the news of a ship-wreck on the coast near Gloucester, and by the name of a reef—"Norman's Woe"—where many disasters occurred. It was written one night between twelve and three o'clock, and cost the poet, it is said, hardly an effort.

IT was the schooner Hesperus
That sailed the wintry sea;
And the skipper had taken his little daughter,
To bear him company.

Blue were her eyes as the fairy flax,
Her cheeks like the dawn of day,
And her bosom white as the hawthorn buds
That ope in the month of May.

The skipper he stood beside the helm,
His pipe was in his mouth,
And watched how the veering flaw did blow
The smoke now west, now south.

Then up and spake an old sailor,
Had sailed the Spanish main:
"I pray thee put into yonder port,
For I fear a hurricane.

"Last night the moon had a golden ring,
And to-night no moon we see!"
The skipper he blew a whiff from his pipe,
And a scornful laugh laughed he.

Colder and colder blew the wind,
A gale from the north-east;
The snow fell hissing in the brine,
And the billows frothed like yeast.

Down came the storm and smote amain
The vessel in its strength;
She shuddered and paused, like a frighted steed,
Then leaped her cable's length.

"Come hither! come hither! my little daughter,
And do not tremble so,
For I can weather the roughest gale
That ever wind did blow."

He wrapped her warm in his seaman's coat,
Against the stinging blast;
He cut a rope from a broken spar,
And bound her to the mast.

"Oh father! I hear the church-bells ring,
Oh say what may it be?"
"'Tis a fog-bell on a rock-bound coast;"
And he steered for the open sea.

"Oh father! I hear the sound of guns,
Oh, say, what may it be?"
"Some ship in distress, that cannot live
In such an angry sea."

"Oh, father! I see a gleaming light,
Oh, say, what may it be?
But the father answered never a word—
A frozen corpse was he.

Lashed to the helm, all stiff and stark,
With his face to the skies,
The lantern gleamed, through the gleaming snow,
On his fixed and glassy eyes.

Then the maiden clasped her hands, and prayed
That saved she might be;
And she thought of Christ, who stilled the waves
On the lake of Galilee.

And fast through the midnight dark and drear,
Through the whistling sleet and snow,
Like a sheeted ghost, the vessel swept,
Towards the reef of Norman's Woe.

And ever, the fitful gusts between,
A sound came from the land;
It was the sound of the trampling surf
On the rocks and hard sea-sand.

The breakers were right beneath her bows,
She drifted a dreary wreck,
And a whooping billow swept the crew
Like icicles from her deck.

She struck where the white and fleecy waves
Looked soft as carded wool,
But the cruel rocks, they gored her side
Like the horns of an angry bull.

Her rattling shrouds, all sheathed in ice,
With the masts, went by the board;
Like a vessel of glass she stove and sank—
Ho! ho! the breakers roared.

At daybreak on the bleak sea-beach,
A fisherman stood aghast,
To see the form of a maiden fair
Lashed close to a drifting mast.

The salt sea was frozen on her breast,
The salt tears in her eyes;
And he saw her hair, like the brown seaweed,
On the billows fall and rise.

Such was the wreck of the Hesperus,
In the midnight and the snow;
Christ save us all from a death like this,
On the reef of Norman's Woe.

THE OLD CLOCK ON THE STAIRS.

SOMEWHAT back from the village street
Stands the old-fashioned country seat;
Across its antique portico
Tall poplar trees their shadows throw;
And, from its station in the hall,
An ancient timepiece says to all,
"Forever—never!
Never—forever"

Half-way up the stairs it stands,
And points and beckons with its hands,
From its case of massive oak,
Like a monk who, under his cloak,
Crosses himself, and sighs, alas!
With sorrowful voice to all who pass,
"Forever—never!
Never—forever!"

By day its voice is low and light;
But in the silent dead of night,
Distinct as a passing footstep's fall,
It echoes along the vacant hall,
Along the ceiling, along the floor,
And seems to say at each chamber door,
"Forever—never!
Never—forever!"

Through days of sorrow and of mirth,
Through days of death and days of birth,
Through every swift vicissitude
Of changeful time, unchanged it has stood,
And as if, like God, it all things saw,
It calmly repeats those words of awe,
"Forever—never!
Never—forever!"

In that mansion used to be
Free-hearted Hospitality;
His great fires up the chimney roared;
The stranger feasted at his board;
But, like the skeleton at the feast,
That warning timepiece never ceased
"Forever—never!
Never—forever!"

There groups of merry children played;
There youths and maidens dreaming strayed;
Oh, precious hours! oh, golden prime
And affluence of love and time!
Even as a miser counts his gold,
Those hours the ancient timepiece told,—
"Forever—never!
Never—forever!"

From that chamber, clothed in white,
The bride came forth on her wedding night;
There, in that silent room below,
The dead lay, in his shroud of snow;
And, in the hush that followed the prayer,
Was heard the old clock on the stair,—
"Forever—never!
Never—forever!"

All are scattered now, and fled,—
Some are married, some are dead:
And when I ask, with throbs of pain,
"Ah!" when shall they all meet again?

As in the days long since gone by,
The ancient timepiece makes reply,
"Forever—never!
Never—forever!"

Never here, forever there,
Where all parting, pain, and care
And death, and time shall disappear,—
Forever there, but never here!
The horologe of Eternity
Sayeth this incessantly,
"Forever—never!
Never—forever!"

THE SKELETON IN ARMOR.

The writing of this famous ballad was suggested to Mr. Longfellow by the digging up of a mail-clad skeleton at Fall-River, Massachusetts—a circumstance which the poet linked with the traditions about the Round Tower at Newport, thus giving to it the spirit of a Norse Viking song of war and of the sea. It is written in the swift leaping meter employed by Drayton in his "Ode to the Cambro Britons on their Harp."

"SPEAK! speak! thou fearful guest!
Who, with thy hollow breast
Still in rude armor drest,
Comest to daunt me!
Wrapt not in Eastern balms,
But with thy fleshless palms
Stretch'd, as if asking alms,
Why dost thou haunt me?"

Then, from those cavernous eyes
Pale flashes seemed to rise,
As when the Northern skies
Gleam in December;
And, like the water's flow
Under December's snow,
Came a dull voice of woe
From the heart's chamber.

"I was a Viking old!
My deeds, though manifold,
No Skald in song has told,
No Saga taught thee!
Take heed, that in thy verse
Thou dost the tale rehearse,
Else dread a dead man's curse!
For this I sought thee.

"Far in the Northern Land,
By the wild Baltic's strand,
I, with my childish hand,
Tamed the ger-falcon;
And, with my skates fast-bound,
Skimm'd the half-frozen Sound,
That the poor whimpering hound
Trembled to walk on.

"Oft to his frozen lair
Track'd I the grizzly bear,
While from my path the hare
Fled like a shadow;
Oft through the forest dark
Followed the were-wolf's bark,
Until the soaring lark
Sang from the meadow.

"But when I older grew,
Joining a corsair's crew,
O'er the dark sea I flew
With the marauders.
Wild was the life we led;
Many the souls that sped,
Many the hearts that bled,
By our stern orders.

"Many a wassail-bout
Wore the long winter out;
Often our midnight shout
Set the cocks crowing,
As we the Berserk's tale
Measured in cups of ale,
Draining the oaken pail,
Fill'd to o'erflowing.

"Once as I told in glee
Tales of the stormy sea,
Soft eyes did gaze on me,
Burning out tender;
And as the white stars shine
On the dark Norway pine,
On that dark heart of mine
Fell their soft splendor.

"I woo'd the blue-eyed maid,
Yielding, yet half afraid,
And in the forest's shade
Our vows were plighted.
Under its loosen'd vest
Flutter'd her little breast,
Like birds within their nest
By the hawk frighted.

"Bright *in* her father's hall
Shields gleam'd upon the wall,
Loud sang the minstrels all,
Chanting his glory;
When of old Hildebrand
I ask'd his daughter's hand,
Mute did the minstrel stand
To hear my story.

"While the brown ale he quaff'd
Loud then the champion laugh'd,
And as the wind-gusts waft
The sea-foam brightly,
So the loud laugh of scorn,
Out of those lips unshorn,
From the deep drinking-horn
Blew the foam lightly.

"She was a Prince's child,
I but a Viking wild,
And though she blush'd and smiled,
I was discarded!
Should not the dove so white
Follow the sea-mew's flight,
Why did they leave that night
Her nest unguarded?

"Scarce had I put to sea,
Bearing the maid with me,—
Fairest of all was she
Among the Norsemen!—
When on the white sea-strand,
Waving his armed hand,
Saw we old Hildebrand,
With twenty horsemen.

"Then launch'd they to the blast,
Bent like a reed each mast,
Yet we were gaining fast,
When the wind fail'd us;
And with a sudden flaw
Came round the gusty Skaw,
So that our foe we saw
Laugh as he hail'd us.

"And as to catch the gale
Round veer'd the flapping sail,
Death! was the helmsman's hail,
Death without quarter!
Mid-ships with iron keel
Struck we her ribs of steel;
Down her black hulk did reel
Through the black water.

"As with his wings aslant,
Sails the fierce cormorant,
Seeking some rocky haunt,
With his prey laden,
So toward the open main,
Beating to sea again,
Through the wild hurricane,
Bore I the maiden.

"Three weeks we westward bore,
And when the storm was o'er,
Cloud-like we saw the shore
Stretching to lee-ward;
There for my lady's bower
Built I the lofty tower,
Which, to this very hour,
Stands looking sea-ward.

"There lived we many years;
Time dried the maiden's tears;
She had forgot her fears,
She was a mother;
Death closed her mild blue eyes,
Under that tower she lies:
Ne'er shall the sun arise
On such another!

"Still grew my bosom then,
Still as a stagnant fen!
Hateful to me were men,
The sun-light hateful!
In the vast forest here,
Clad in my warlike gear,
Fell I upon my spear,
O, death was grateful!

"Thus, seam'd with many scars
Bursting these prison bars,
Up to its native stars
My soul ascended!
There from the flowing bowl
Deep drinks the warrior's soul,
Skäl! to the Northland! *skäl!*"*
—Thus the tale ended

*Skäl! is the Swedish expression for "Your Health."

THE WORSHIP OF NATURE.

THE ocean looketh up to heaven,
As 'twere a living thing;
The homage of its waves is given
In ceaseless worshiping.

They kneel upon the sloping sand,
As bends the human knee,
A beautiful and tireless band,
The priesthood of the sea!

They pour the glittering treasures out
Which in the deep have birth,
And chant their awful hymns about
The watching hills of earth.

The green earth sends its incense up
From every mountain-shrine,
From every flower and dewy cup
That greeteth the sunshine.

The mists are lifted from the rills,
Like the white wing of prayer;
They lean above the ancient hills,
As doing homage there.

The forest-tops are lowly cast
O'er breezy hill and glen,
As if a prayerful spirit pass'd
On nature as on men.

The clouds weep o'er the fallen world,
E'en as repentant love;
Ere, to the blessed breeze unfurl'd,
They fade in light above.

The sky is as a temple's arch,
The blue and wavy air
Is glorious with the spirit-march
Of messengers at prayer.

The gentle moon, the kindling sun,
The many stars are given,
As shrines to burn earth's incense on,
The altar-fires of Heaven!

THE BAREFOOT BOY.

BLESSINGS on thee, little man,
Barefoot boy, with cheek of tan!
With thy turned up pantaloons,
And thy merry whistled tunes;
With thy red lip, redder still
Kissed by strawberries on the hill;
With the sunshine on thy face,
Through thy torn brim's jaunty grace!
From my heart I give thee joy;
I was once a barefoot boy.
Prince thou art—the grown-up man,
Only is republican.
Let the million-dollared ride!
Barefoot, trudging at his side,
Thou hast more than he can buy,
In the reach of ear and eye:
Outward sunshine, inward joy,
Blessings on the barefoot boy.

O! for boyhood's painless play,
Sleep that wakes in laughing day,
Health that mocks the doctor's rules,
Knowledge never learned of schools:
Of the wild bee's morning chase,
Of the wild flower's time and place,
Flight of fowl, and habitude
Of the tenants of the wood;
How the tortoise bears his shell,
How the woodchuck digs his cell,
And the ground-mole sinks his well;
How the robin feeds her young,
How the oriole's nest is hung;
Where the whitest lilies blow,
Where the freshest berries grow,
Where the ground-nut trails its vine,
Where the wood-grape's clusters shine;
Of the black wasp's cunning way,
Mason of his walls of clay,
And the architectural plans
Of gray hornet artisans!
For, eschewing books and tasks,
Nature answers all he asks;
Hand in hand with her he walks,
Part and parcel of her joy,
Blessings on the barefoot boy.

O for boyhood's time of June,
Crowding years in one brief moon,
When all things I heard or saw,
Me, their master, waited for!
I was rich in flowers and trees,
Humming-birds and honey-bees;
For my sport the squirrel played,
Plied the snouted mole his spade;
For my taste the blackberry cone
Purpled over hedge and stone;
Laughed the brook for my delight,
Through the day, and through the night;
Whispering at the garden wall,
Talked with me from fall to fall;
Mine the sand-rimmed pickerel pond,
Mine the walnut slopes beyond,

Mine, on bending orchard trees,
Apples of Hesperides!
Still, as my horizon grew,
Larger grew my riches too,
All the world I saw or knew
Seemed a complex Chinese toy,
Fashioned for a barefoot boy!

O, for festal dainties spread,
Like my bowl of milk and bread,
Pewter spoon and bowl of wood,
On the door-stone, gray and rude!
O'er me like a regal tent,
Cloudy ribbed, the sunset bent,
Purple-curtained, fringed with gold,
Looped in many a wind-swung fold;
While for music came the play
Of the pied frogs' orchestra;
And, to light the noisy choir,
Lit the fly his lamp of fire.
I was monarch; pomp and joy
Waited on the barefoot boy!

Cheerily, then, my little man!
Live and laugh as boyhood can;
Though the flinty slopes be hard,
Stubble-speared the new-mown sward,
Every morn shall lead thee through
Fresh baptisms of the dew;
Every evening from thy feet
Shall the cool wind kiss the heat;
All too soon these feet must hide
In the prison cells of pride,
Lose the freedom of the sod,
Like a colt's for work be shod,
Made to tread the mills of toil,
Up and down in ceaseless moil,
Happy if their track be found
Never on forbidden ground;
Happy if they sink not in
Quick and treacherous sands of sin.
Ah! that thou couldst know thy joy,
Ere it passes, barefoot boy!

MAUD MULLER.

MAUD MULLER, on a summer's day,
Raked the meadow sweet with hay.

Beneath her torn hat glowed the wealth
Of simple beauty and rustic health.

Singing, she wrought, and her merry glee
The mock-bird echoed from his tree.

But, when she glanced to the far off town,
White from its hill-slope looking down,

The sweet song died, and a vague unrest
And a nameless longing filled her breast—

A wish, that she hardly dared to own,
For something better than she had known.

The Judge rode slowly down the lane,
Smoothing his horse's chestnut mane.

He drew his bridle in the shade
Of the apple-trees, to greet the maid.

And ask a draught from the spring that flowed
Through the meadow across the road.

She stooped where the cool spring bubbled up,
And filled for him her small tin cup,

And blushed as she gave it, looking down
On her feet so bare, and her tattered gown.

"Thanks!" said the Judge, "a sweeter draught
From a fairer hand was never quaffed."

He spoke of the grass and flowers and trees,
Of the singing birds and the humming bees;

Then talked of the haying, and wondered whether
The cloud in the west would bring foul weather.

And Maud forgot her briar-torn gown,
And her graceful ankles bare and brown;

And listened, while a pleased surprise
Looked from her long-lashed hazel eyes.

At last, like one who for delay
Seeks a vain excuse, he rode away.

Maud Muller looked and sighed: "Ah me!
That I the Judge's bride might be!

"He would dress me up in silks so fine,
And praise and toast me at his wine.

"My father should wear a broadcloth coat;
My brother should sail a painted boat.

"I'd dress my mother so grand and gay,
And the baby should have a new toy each day.

"And I'd feed the hungry and clothe the poor,
And all should bless me who left our door."

The Judge looked back as he climbed the hill,
And saw Maud Muller standing still.

"A form more fair, a face more sweet,
Ne'er hath it been my lot to meet.

"And her modest answer and graceful air
Show her wise and good as she is fair.

"Would she were mine, and I to-day,
Like her, a harvester of hay:

"No doubtful balance of rights and wrongs,
Nor weary lawyers with endless tongues,

"But low of cattle, and song of birds,
And health, and quiet, and loving words."

But he thought of his sisters, proud and cold,
And his mother, vain of her rank and gold.

So, closing his heart, the Judge rode on,
And Maud was left in the field alone.

But the lawyers smiled that afternoon,
When he hummed in court an old love-tune;

And the young girl mused beside the well,
Till the rain on the unraked clover fell.

He wedded a wife of richest dower,
Who lived for fashion, as he for power.

Yet oft, in his marble hearth's bright glow,
He watched a picture come and go;

And sweet Maud Muller's hazel eyes
Looked out in their innocent surprise.

Oft when the wine in his glass was red,
He longed for the wayside well instead;

And closed his eyes on his garnished rooms,
To dream of meadows and clover-blooms.

And the proud man sighed, with a secret pain,
"Ah, that I were free again!

"Free as when I rode that day,
Where the barefoot maiden raked her hay."

She wedded a man unlearned and poor,
And many children played round her door.

But care and sorrow, and child-birth pain,
Left their traces on heart and brain.

And oft, when the summer sun shone hot
On the new mown hay in the meadow lot,

And she heard the little spring brook fall
Over the roadside, through the wall,

In the shade of the apple-tree again
She saw a rider draw his rein,

And gazing down with timid grace,
She felt his pleased eyes read her face.

Sometimes her narrow kitchen walls
Stretched away into stately halls;

The weary wheel to a spinnet turned,
The tallow candle an astral burned;

And for him who sat by the chimney lug,
Dozing and grumbling o'er pipe and mug,

A manly form at her side she saw,
And joy was duty and love was law.

Then she took up her burden of life again,
Saying only, "It might have been."

Alas for maiden, alas for Judge,
For rich repiner and household drudge!

God pity them both! and pity us all,
Who vainly the dreams of youth recall;

For of all sad words of tongue or pen,
The saddest are these: "It might have been!

Ah, well! for us all some sweet hope lies
Deeply buried from human eyes;

And, in the hereafter, angels may
Roll the stone from its grave away!

MEMORIES.

A BEAUTIFUL and happy girl
With step as soft as summer air,
And fresh young lip and brow of pearl
Shadow'd by many a careless curl
Of unconfined and flowing hair:

A seeming child in every thing
Save thoughtful brow, and ripening charms,
As nature wears the smile of spring
When sinking into summer's arms.

A mind rejoicing in the light
Which melted through its graceful bower,
Leaf after leaf serenely bright
And stainless in its holy white
Unfolding like a morning flower:
A heart, which, like a fine toned lute
With every breath of feeling woke,
And, even when the tongue was mute,
From eye and lip in music spoke.

How thrills once more the lengthening chain
Of memory at the thought of thee!—
Old hopes which long in dust have lain,
Old dreams come thronging back again,
And boyhood lives again in me;
I feel its glow upon my cheek,
Its fulness of the heart is mine,
As when I lean'd to hear thee speak,
Or raised my doubtful eye to thine.

I hear again thy low replies,
I feel thy arm within my own,
And timidly again uprise
The fringed lids of hazel eyes
With soft brown tresses overblown.
Ah! memories of sweet summer eves,
Of moonlit wave and willowy way,
Of stars and flowers and dewy leaves,
And smiles and tones more dear than they!

Ere this thy quiet eye hath smiled
My picture of thy youth to see,
When half a woman, half a child,
Thy very artlessness beguiled,
And folly's self seem'd wise in thee.
I too can smile, when o'er that hour
The lights of memory backward stream,
Yet feel the while that manhood's power
Is vainer than my boyhood's dream.

Years have pass'd on, and left their trace
Of graver care and deeper thought;
And unto me the calm, cold face
Of manhood, and to thee the grace
Of woman's pensive beauty brought,
On life's rough blasts for blame or praise
The schoolboy's name has widely flown;
Thine in the green and quiet ways
Of unobtrusive goodness known.

And wider yet in thought and deed
Our still diverging thoughts incline,
Thine the Genevan's sternest creed,
While answers to my spirit's need
The Yorkshire peasant's simple line.
For thee the priestly rite and prayer,
And holy day and solemn psalm,
For me the silent reverence where
My brethren gather, slow and calm.

Yet hath thy spirit left on me
An impress time has not worn out,
And something of myself in thee,
A shadow from the past, I see
Lingering even yet thy way about;
Not wholly can the heart unlearn
That lesson of its better hours,
Not yet has Time's dull footstep worn
To common dust that path of flowers.

Thus, while at times before our eye
The clouds about the present part,
And, smiling through them, round us lie
Soft hues of memory's morning sky—
The Indian summer of the heart,
In secret sympathies of mind,
In founts of feeling which retain
Their pure, fresh flow, we yet may find
Our early dreams not wholly vain!

THE PRISONER FOR DEBT.

LOOK on him—through his dungeon-grate,
Feebly and cold, the morning light
Comes stealing round him, dim and late,
As if it loathed the sight.
Reclining on his strawy bed,
His hand upholds his drooping head—
His bloodless cheek is seam'd and hard,
Unshorn his gray, neglected beard;
And o'er his bony fingers flow
His long, dishevell'd locks of snow.

No grateful fire before him glows,—
And yet the winter's breath is chill:
And o'er his half-clad person goes
The frequent ague-thrill!
Silent—save ever and anon,
A sound, half-murmur and half-groan,
Forces apart the painful grip
Of the old sufferer's bearded lip:
O, sad and crushing is the fate
Of old age chain'd and desolate!

Just GOD! why lies that old man there?
A murderer shares his prison-bed,
Whose eyeballs, through his horrid hair,
Gleam on him fierce and red;

And the rude oath and heartless jeer
Fall ever on his loathing ear,
And, or in wakefulness or sleep
Nerve, flesh, and fibre thrill and creep,
Whene'er that ruffian's tossing limb,
Crimson'd with murder, touches him!

What has the gray-hair'd prisoner done?
Has murder stain'd his hands with gore?
Not so: his crime's a fouler one:
God made the old man poor!
For this he shares a felon's cell—
The fittest earthly type of hell!
For this—the boon for which he pour'd
His young blood on the invader's sword,
And counted light the fearful cost—
His blood-gain'd liberty is lost!

And so, for such a place of rest,
Old prisoner, pour'd thy blood as rain
On Concord's field, and Bunker's crest,
And Saratoga's plain?
Look forth, thou man of many scars,
Through thy dim dungeon's iron bars!
It must be joy, in sooth, to see
Yon monument uprear'd to thee—
Piled granite and a prison cell—
The land repays thy service well!

Go, ring the bells and fire the guns,
And fling the starry banner out;
Shout "Freedom!" till your lisping ones
Give back their cradle-shout:
Let boasted eloquence declaim
Of honor, liberty, and fame;
Still let the poet's strain be heard,
With "glory" for each second word,
And everything with breath agree
To praise, "our glorious liberty!"

And when the patriot cannon jars
That prison's cold and gloomy wall,
And through its grates the stripes and stars
Rise on the wind, and fall—
Think ye that prisoner's aged ear
Rejoices in the general cheer!
Think ye his dim and failing eye
Is kindled at your pageantry?
Sorrowing of soul, and chain'd of limb,
What is your carnival to him?

Down with the law that binds him thus!
Unworthy freemen, let it find
No refuge from the withering curse
Of GOD and human kind!
Open the prisoner's living tomb,
And usher from its brooding gloom
The victims of your savage code,
To the free sun and air of GOD!
No longer dare as crime to brand
The chastening of the Almighty's hand!

THE STORM.

FROM "SNOW-BOUND."

Snow-bound is regarded as Whittier's master-piece, as a descriptive and reminiscent poem. It is a New England Fireside Idyl, which in its faithfulness recalls, "The Winter Evening," of Cowper, and Burns' "Cotter's Saturday Night"; but in sweetness and animation, it is superior to either of these. Snow-bound is a faithful description of a winter scene, familiar in the country surrounding Whittier's home in Connecticut. The complete poem is published in illustrated form by Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., by whose permisssion this extract is here inserted.

UNWARNED by any sunset light
The gray day darkened into night,
A night made hoary with the swarm
And whirl-dance of the blinding storm,
As zigzag wavering to and fro
Crossed and recrossed the winged snow;
And ere the early bedtime came
The white drift piled the window-frame,
And through the glass the clothes-line posts
Looked in like tall and sheeted ghosts.

So all night long the storm roared on:
The morning broke without a sun;
In tiny spherule traced with lines
Of Nature's geometric signs,
In starry flake, and pellicle,
All day the hoary meteor fell;
And, when the second morning shone,
We looked upon a world unknown,
On nothing we could call our own.
Around the glistening wonder bent
The blue walls of the firmament,
No cloud above, no earth below,—
A universe of sky and snow!
The old familiar sight of ours
Took marvelous shapes; strange domes and towers
Rose up where sty or corn-crib stood,
Or garden wall, or belt of wood;

A smooth white mound the brush-pile showed,
A fenceless drift what once was road;
The bridle-post an old man sat
With loose-flung coat and high cocked hat;
The well-curb had a Chinese roof;
And even the long sweep, high aloof,
In its slant splendor, seemed to tell
Of Pisa's leaning miracle.

A prompt, decisive man, no breath
Our father wasted: "Boys, a path!"
Well pleased, (for when did farmer boy
Count such a summons less than joy?)
Our buskins on our feet we drew;
With mittened hands, and caps drawn low,
To guard our necks and ears from snow,
We cut the solid whiteness through,
And, where the drift was deepest, made
A tunnel walled and overlaid
With dazzling crystal: we had read
Of rare Aladdin's wondrous cave,
And to our own his name we gave,
With many a wish the luck were ours
To test his lamp's supernal powers.

ICHABOD.

The following poem was written on hearing of Daniel Webster's course in supporting the "Compromise Measure," including the "Fugitive Slave Law". This speech was delivered in the United States Senate on the 7th of March, 1850, and greatly incensed the Abolitionists. Mr. Whittier, in common with many New Englanders, regarded it as the certain downfall of Mr. Webster. The lines are full of tender regret, deep grief and touching pathos.

SO fallen! so lost! the light withdrawn
Which once he wore!
The glory from his gray hairs gone
For evermore!

Revile him not.—the Tempter hath
A snare for all!
And pitying tears, not scorn and wrath,
Befit his fall.

Oh! dumb be passion's stormy rage,
When he who might
Have lighted up and led his age
Falls back in night.

Scorn! would the angels laugh to mark
A bright soul driven,
Fiend-goaded, down the endless dark,
From hope and heaven?

Let not the land, once proud of him,
Insult him now,
Nor brand with deeper shame his dim
Dishonor'd brow.

But let its humbled sons, instead,
From sea to lake,
A long lament, as for the dead,
In sadness make.

Of all we loved and honor'd, nought
Save power remains,—
A fallen angel's pride of thought
Still strong in chains.

All else is gone; from those great eyes
The soul has fled:
When faith is lost, when honor dies,
The man is dead!

Then pay the reverence of old days
To his dead fame;
Walk backward with averted gaze,
And hide the shame!

PRELUDE TO "IN MEMORIAM."

STRONG Son of God, immortal Love,
Whom we, that have not seen thy face,
By faith, and faith alone, embrace,
Believing where we can not prove;

Thine are these orbs of light and shade;
Thou madest life, man and brute;
Thou madest death; and lo, thy foot
Is on the skull which thou hast made.

Thou wilt not leave us in the dust;
Thou madest man, he knows not why;
He thinks he was not made to die;
And thou hast made him: thou art just.

Thou seemest human and divine,
The highest, holiest manhood thou:
Our wills are ours, we know not how;
Our wills are ours to make them thine.

Our little systems have their day;
They have their day and cease to be:
They are but broken lights of thee,
And thou, O Lord, art more than they,

We have but faith: we can not know;
For knowledge is of things we see;
And yet we trust it comes from thee,
A beam in darkness: let it grow.

Let knowledge grow from more to more,
But more of reverence in us dwell,
That mind and soul, according well,
May make one music as before,

But vaster. We are fools and slight;
We mock thee, when we do not fear;
But help thy foolish ones to bear;
Help thy vain world to bear thy light.

Forgive what seem'd my sin in me;
What seemed my worth since I began;
For merit lives from man to man,
And not from man, O Lord, to thee.

Forgive my grief for one removed,
Thy creature, whom I found so fair.
I trust he lives in thee, and there
I find him worthier to be loved.

Forgive these wild and wandering cries,
Confusions of a wasted youth;
Forgive them where they fail in truth,
And in thy wisdom make me wise.

RING OUT, WILD BELLS.

"IN MEMORIAM."

RING out, wild bells, to the wild sky,
The flying cloud, the frosty light;
The year is dying in the night;
Ring out, wild bells, and let him die.

Ring out the old, ring in the new,
Ring, happy bells, across the snow;
The year is going, let him go;
Ring out the false, ring in the true.

Ring out the grief that saps the mind,
For those that here we see no more;
Ring out the feud of rich and poor,
Ring in redress to all mankind.

Ring out a slowly dying cause,
And ancient forms of party strife;
Ring in the nobler modes of life,
With sweeter manners, purer laws.

Ring out the want, the care, the sin,
The faithless coldness of the time;
Ring out, ring out, my mournful rhymes,
But ring the fuller minstrel in.

Ring out false pride in place and blood,
The civic slander and the spite,
Ring in the love of truth and right,
Ring in the common love of good.

Ring out old shapes of foul disease;
Ring out the narrowing lust of gold;
Ring out the thousand wars of old,
Ring in the thousand years of peace.

Ring in the valiant man and free,
The larger heart, the kindlier hand;
Ring out the darkness of the land,
Ring in the Christ that is to be.

THE LADY OF SHALOTT.

ON either side the river lie
Long fields of barley and of rye,
That clothe the world and meet the sky;
And thro' the field the road runs by
To many-towered Camelot;
And up and down the people go,
Gazing where the lilies blow
Round an island there below,
The island of Shalott.

. . . . . .

Only reapers, reaping early
In among the bearded barley,
Hear a song that echoes cheerly
From the river winding clearly
Down to tower'd Camelot;

"Out flew the web and floated wide;
The mirror crack'd from side to side."

And by the moon the reaper weary,
Piling sheaves in uplands airy,
Listening, whispers, "'Tis the fairy
Lady of Shalott."

There she weaves by night and day
A magic web with colors gay.
She has heard a whisper say,
A curse is on her if she stay
To look down to Camelot.

She knows not what the curse may be,
And so she weaveth steadily,
And little other care hath she,
The Lady of Shalott.

. . . . . .

Sometimes a troop of damsels glad,
An abbot on an ambling pad,
Sometimes a curly shepherd-lad,
Or long-hair'd page in crimson clad,
Goes by to tower'd Camelot;
And sometimes thro' the mirror blue
The knights come riding two and two;
She hath no royal knight and true,
The Lady of Shalott.

. . . . . .

A bow-shot from her bower-eaves,
He rode between the barley sheaves,
The sun came dazzling through the leaves
And flamed upon the brazen greaves
Of bold Sir Lancelot.
A redcross knight forever kneeled
To a lady in his shield,
That sparkled on the yellow field,
Beside remote Shalott.

. . . . . .

His broad, clear brow in sunlight glow'd;
On burnish'd hooves his war-horse trode;
From underneath his helmet flow'd
His coal-black curls as on he rode,
As he rode down to Camelot.
From the bank and from the river
He flashed into the crystal mirror,
"Tirra lirra," by the river
Sang Sir Lancelot.

She left the web, she left the loom,
She made three paces thro' the room,
She saw the water-lily bloom,
She saw the helmet and the plume,
She look'd down to Camelot.
Out flew the web and floated wide;
The mirror crack'd from side to side;
"The curse is come upon me," cried
The Lady of Shalott.

In the stormy east-wind straining,
The pale yellow woods are waning,
The broad stream in his banks complaining,
Heavily the low sky raining
Over tower'd Camelot;

Down she came and found a boat
Beneath a willow left afloat,
And round about the prow she wrote
The Lady of Shalott.

. . . . . .

Under tower and balcony,
By garden-wall and gallery,
A gleaming shape she floated by,
A corse between the houses high,
Silent into Camelot.
Out upon the wharves they came,
Knight and burgher, lord and dame,
And round the prow they read her name,
The Lady of Shalott.

Who is this? and what is here?
And in the lighted palace near
Died the sound of royal cheer:
And they cross'd themselves for fear,
All the knights of Camelot:
But Lancelot mused a little space:
He said, "She has a lovely face:
God in his mercy lend her grace,
The Lady of Shalott."

SWEET AND LOW.

A Lullaby.

SWEET and low, sweet and low,
Wind of the western sea,
Low, low, breathe and blow,
Wind of the western sea!
Over the rolling waters go,
Come from the dying moon, and blow,
Blow him again to me,
While my little one, while my pretty one, sleeps.

Sleep and rest, sleep and rest,
Father will come to thee soon;
Rest, rest, on mother's breast,
Father will come to thee soon;
Father will come to his babe in the nest,
Silver sails all out of the west
Under the silver moon;
Sleep, my little one, sleep, my pretty one, sleep.

THE HERE AND THE HEREAFTER.

"In Memoriam."

YET we trust that somehow good
Will be the final goal of ill,
To pangs of nature, sins of will,
Defects of doubt, and taints of blood;

That nothing walks with aimless feet,
That not one life shall be destroy'd,
Or cast as rubbish to the void,
When God hath made the pile complete;

That not a worm is cloven in vain;
That not a moth with vain desire
Is shrivell'd in a fruitless fire,
Or but subserves another's gain.

Behold, we know not anything,
I can but trust that good shall fall
At last—far off—at last to all,
And every Winter change to Spring.

So runs my dream: but what am I?
An infant crying in the night;
An infant crying for the light,
And with no language but a cry.

The wish that of the living whole
No life may fail beyond the grave,
Derives it not from what we have
The likest God within the soul?

Are God and Nature then at strife?
That Nature tends such evil dreams?
So careful of the type she seems,
So careless of the single life;

That I considering everywhere
Her secret meaning in her deeds,
And finding that of fifty seeds
She often brings but one to bear,

I falter where I firmly trod,
And falling with my weight of cares
Upon the great world's altar-stairs
That slope through darkness up to God,

I stretch lame hands of faith, and grope
And gather dust and chaff, and call
To what I feel is Lord of all,
And faintly trust the larger hope.

LENORE.

Mrs. Whitman, in her reminiscences of Poe, tells us the following incident which gave rise to the writing of these touching lines. While Poe was in the Academy at Richmond, Virginia,—as yet a boy of about sixteen years,—he was invited by a friend to visit his home. The mother of this friend was a singularly beautiful and withal a most kindly and sympathetic woman. Having learned that Poe was an orphan she greeted him with the motherly tenderness and affection shown toward her own son. The boy was so overcome that it is said he stood for a minute unable to speak and finally with tears he declared he had never before known his loss in the love of a true and devoted mother. From that time forward he was frequently a visitor, and the attachment between him and this kind-hearted woman continued to grow. On Poe's return from Europe when he was about twenty years of age, he learned that she had died a few days before his arrival, and was so overcome with grief that he went nightly to her grave, even when it was dark and rainy, spending hours in fancied communion with her spirit. Later he idealized in his musings the embodiment of such a spirit in a young and beautiful woman, whom he made his lover and whose untimely death he imagined and used as the inspiration of this poem.

AH, broken is the golden bowl,
The spirit flown forever!
Let the bell toll!
A saintly soul
Floats on the Stygian river;
And, GUY DE VERE,
Hast *thou* no tear?
Weep now or never more!
See, on yon drear
And rigid bier
Low lies thy love, LENORE!
Come, let the burial-rite be read—
The funeral-song be sung!—
An anthem for the queenliest dead
That ever died so young—
A dirge for her the doubly dead,
In that she died so young!

"Wretches! ye loved her for her wealth,
And hated her for her pride;
And when she fell in feeble health,
Ye blessed her—that she died!
How *shall* the ritual, then, be read?
The requiem how be sung
By you—by yours, the evil eye—
By yours the slanderous tongue
That did to death the innocence
That died, and died so young?"

Peccavimus;
But rave not thus!
And let a sabbath song
Go up to God so solemnly, the dead may feel no wrong!

The sweet LENORE
Hath "gone before,"
With Hope, that flew beside,
Leaving thee wild
For the dear child
That should have been thy bride—
For her, the fair
And *debonair*,
That now so lowly lies,
The life upon her yellow hair
But not within her eyes—
The life still there,
Upon her hair—
The death upon her eyes.

"Avaunt! to-night
My heart is light.
No dirge will I upraise,
But waft the angel on her flight
With a pæan of old days!
Let *no* bell toll!—
Lest her sweet soul,
Amid its hallow'd mirth,
Should catch the note,
As it doth float—
Up from the damned earth.
To friends above, from fiends below,
The indignant ghost is riven—
From hell unto a high estate
Far up within the heaven—
From grief and groan,
To a golden throne,
Beside the King of Heaven."

THE BELLS.

This selection is a favorite with reciters. It is an excellent piece for voice culture. The musical flow of the metre and happy selection of the words make it possible for the skilled speaker to closely imitate the sounds of the ringing bells.

HEAR the sledges with the bells—
Silver bells!
What a world of merriment their melody foretells!
How they tinkle, tinkle, tinkle,
In the icy air of night!
While the stars that oversprinkle
All the heavens, seem to twinkle

With a crystalline delight;
Keeping time, time, time,
In a sort of Runic rhyme,
To the tintinnabulation that so musically wells
From the bells, bells, bells, bells,
Bells, bells, bells—
From the jingling and the tinkling of the bells.

Hear the mellow wedding bells—
Golden bells!
What a world of happiness their harmony foretells!
Through the balmy air of night
How they ring out their delight!
From the molten-golden notes,
And all in tune,
What a liquid ditty floats
To the turtle-dove that listens, while she gloats
On the moon!
Oh, from out the sounding cells,
What a gush of euphony voluminously wells!
How it swells!
How it dwells.

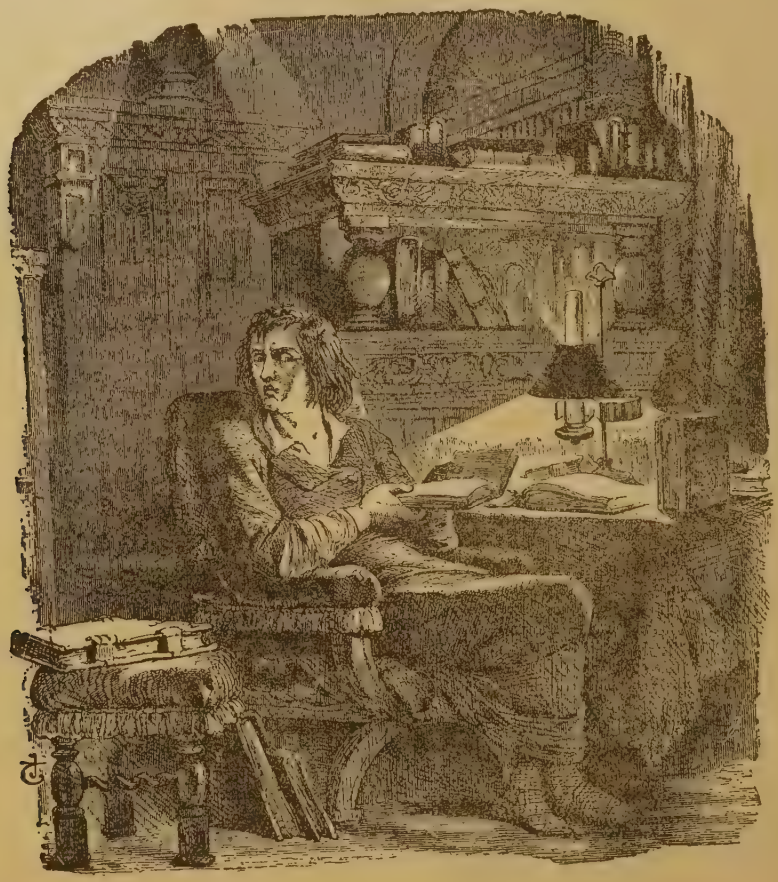
On the future! how it tells
Of the rapture that impels
To the swinging and the ringing
Of the bells, bells, bells.—
Of the bells, bells, bells, bells,
Bells, bells, bells—
To the rhyming and the chiming of the bells!

Hear the loud alarum bells—
Brazen bells!
What a tale of terror, now, their turbulency tells
In the startled ear of night
How they scream out their affright!
Too much horrified to speak,
They can only shriek, shriek,
Out of tune,
In a clamorous appealing to the mercy of the fire,
In a mad expostulation with the deaf and frantic fire
Leaping higher, higher, higher,
With a desperate desire,
And a resolute endeavor,
Now—now to sit or never,
By the side of the pale-faced moon.
Oh, the bells, bells, bells!
What a tale their terror tells
Of despair!
How they clang, and clash, and roar!
What a horror they outpour
On the bosom of the palpitating air!
Yet the ear it fully knows,
By the twanging,
And the clanging,
How the danger ebbs and flows;
Yet the ear distinctly tells,
In the jangling
And the wrangling,
How the danger sinks and swells,
By the sinking or the swelling in the anger of the bells—
Of the bells—
Of the bells, bells, bells, bells,
Bells, bells, bells—
In the clamor and the clangor of the bells!

Hear the tolling of the bells—
Iron bells!
What a world of solemn thought their monody compels!
In the silence of the night,
How we shiver with affright,
At the melancholy menace of their tone!
For every sound that floats
From the rust within their throats
Is a groan.
And the people—ah, the people—
They that dwell up in the steeple,
All alone,
And who tolling, tolling, tolling,
In that muffled monotone,
Feel a glory in so rolling
On the human heart a stone—
They are neither man nor woman—
They are neither brute nor human—
They are ghouls:
And their king it is who tolls;
And he rolls, rolls, rolls, rolls,
A pæan from the bells!
And his merry bosom swells
With the pæan of the bells!
And he dances and he yells;
Keeping time, time, time,
In a sort of Runic rhyme,
To the pæan of the bells—
Of the bells;
Keeping time, time, time,
In a sort of Runic rhyme,
To the throbbing of the bells—
Of the bells, bells, bells,
To the sobbing of the bells;
Keeping time, time, time.
As he knells, knells, knells,
In a happy Runic rhyme,
To the rolling of the bells,—
Of the bells, bells, bells,—
To the tolling of the bells,
Of the bells, bells, bells, bells,—
Bells, bells, bells,—
To the moaning and the groaning of the bells.

THE RAVEN.

This poem is generally allowed to be one of the most remarkable examples of a harmony of sentiment with rhythmical expression to be found in any language. While the poet sits musing in his study, endeavoring to win from books "surcease of sorrow for the lost Lenore," a raven—the symbol of despair—enters the room and perches upon a bust of Pallas. A colloquy follows between the poet and the bird of ill omen with its haunting croak of "Nevermore."



THE RAVEN.

ONCE upon a midnight dreary, while I pondered, weak and weary,
Over many a quaint and curious volume of forgotton lore,—
While I nodded, nearly napping, suddenly there came a tapping,
As of some one gently rapping, rapping at my chamber-door.
"'Tis some visitor," I mutter'd, "tapping at my chamber-door—
Only this and nothing more."

Ah, distinctly I remember, it was in the bleak December,
And each separate dying ember wrought its ghost upon the floor.
Eagerly I wished the morrow; vainly I had sought to borrow
From my books surcease of sorrow—sorrow for the lost Lenore.—
For the rare and raidant maiden whom the angels name Lenore.—
Nameless here forevermore.

And the silken, sad, uncertain rustling of each purple curtain,
Thrilled me.—filled me with fantastic terrors never felt before;

So that now, to still the beating of my heart, I stood repeating,
"'Tis some visitor entreating entrance at my chamber-door.—
Some late visitor entreating entrance at my chamber-door;
That it is, and nothing more."

Presently my soul grew stronger: hesitating then no longer,
"Sir," said I, "or Madam, truly your forgiveness I implore;
But the fact is, I was napping, and so gently you came rapping,
And so faintly you came tapping, tapping at my chamber-door,
That I scarce was sure I heard you"—here I opened wide the door:
Darkness there, and nothing more.

Deep into that darkness peering, long I stood there, wondering, fearing,
Doubting, dreaming dreams no mortals ever dared to dream before;
But the silence was unbroken, and the stillness gave no token,
And the only word there spoken was the whispered word, "Lenore!"
This *I* whispered, and an echo murmured back the word, "Lenore!"
Merely this, and nothing more.

Back into the chamber turning, all my soul within me burning,
Soon again I heard a tapping, something louder than before.
"Surely," said I, "surely that is something at my window-lattice:
Let me see then what thereat is and this mystery explore.—
Let my heart be still a moment, and this mystery explore;—
'Tis the wind, and nothing more."

Open here I flung the shutter, when, with many a flirt and flutter,
In there stepped a stately raven of the saintly days of yore.
Not the least obeisance made he; not a minute stopped or stayed he;
But, with mien of lord or lady, perched above my chamber-door,—
Perched upon a bust of Pallas, just above my chamber-door—
Perched, and sat, and nothing more.

Then this ebon bird beguiling my sad fancy into smiling,
By the grave and stern decorum of the countenance it wore,
"Though thy crest be shorn and shaven, thou," I said, "art sure no craven;
Ghastly, grim, and ancient raven, wandering from the nightly shore,
Tell me what thy lordly name is on the night's Plutonian shore?"
Quoth the raven, "Nevermore!"

Much I marveled this ungainly fowl to hear discourse so plainly,
Though its answer little meaning, little relevancy bore;
For we cannot help agreeing that no living human being
Ever yet was blessed with seeing bird above his chamber-door,
Bird or beast upon the sculptured bust above his chamber-door
With such name as "Nevermore!"

But the raven, sitting lonely on that placid bust, spoke only
That one word, as if his soul in that one word he did outpour.
Nothing further then he uttered; not a feather then he fluttered—
Till I scarcely more than muttered, "Other friends have flown before,
On the morrow he will leave me, as my hopes have flown before."
Then the bird said, "Nevermore!"

Startled at the stillness broken by reply so aptly spoken,
"Doubtless," said I, "what it utters is its only stock and store,
Caught from some unhappy master, whom unmerciful disaster
Follow'd fast and follow'd faster, till his songs one burden bore,
Till the dirges of his hope that melancholy burden bore,
Of—'Never—nevermore!'"

But the raven still beguiling all my sad soul into smiling,
Straight I wheeled a cushioned seat in front of bird and bust and door,
Then, upon the velvet sinking, I betook myself to linking
Fancy unto fancy, thinking what this ominous bird of yore—
What this grim, ungainly, ghastly, gaunt, and ominous bird of yore
Meant in croaking "Nevermore!"

This I sat engaged in guessing, but no syllable expressing
To the fowl whose fiery eyes now burned into my bosom's core,
This and more I sat divining, with my head at ease reclining
On the cushion's velvet lining that the lamp-light gloated o'er,
But whose velvet violet lining with the lamp-light gloating o'er
She shall press—ah! nevermore!

Then methought the air grew denser, perfumed from an unseen censer
Swung by seraphim, whose foot-falls tinkled on the tufted floor,
"Wretch," I cried, "thy God hath lent thee,—by these angels he hath sent thee
Respite—respite and nepenthe from thy memories of Lenore!
Quaff, oh, quaff this kind nepenthe, and forget the lost Lenore!"
Quoth the raven, "Nevermore!"

Prophet!" cried I, "thing of evil!—prophet still, if bird or devil!
Whether tempter sent, or whether tempest tossed thee here ashore,
Desolate, yet all undaunted, on this desert land enchanted—
On this home by horror haunted—tell me truly, I implore,—
Is there—is there balm in Gilead?—tell me—tell me, I implore!"
Quoth the raven, "Nevermore!"

"Prophet!" cried I, "thing of evil!—prophet still, if bird or devil!
By that heaven that bends above us, by that God we both adore,
Tell this soul, with sorrow laden, if within the distant Aidenn,
It shall clasp a sainted maiden, whom the angels name Lenore,
Clasp a rare and radiant maiden, whom the angels name Lenore!"
Quoth the raven, "Nevermore!"

"Be that word our sign of parting, bird or fiend!" I shrieked, upstarting,—
"Get thee back into the tempest and the night's Plutonian shore!
Leave no black plume as a token of that lie thy soul hath spoken!
Leave my loneliness unbroken!—quit the bust above my door!
Take thy beak from out my heart, and take thy form from off my door!"
Quoth the raven, "Nevermore!"

And the raven, never flitting, still is sitting, still is sitting
On the pallid bust of Pallas, just above my chamber-door,
And his eyes have all the seeming of a demon's that is dreaming,
And the lamp-light o'er him streaming throws his shadow on the floor,
And my soul from out that shadow that lies floating on the floor
Shall be lifted—nevermore!

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

BILL AND JOE.

COME, dear old comrade, you and I
Will steal an hour from days gone by—
The shining days when life was new,
And all was bright as morning dew,
The lusty days of long ago,
When you were Bill and I was Joe.

Your name may flaunt a titled trail,
Proud as a cockerel's rainbow tail:
And mine as brief appendix wear
As Tam O'Shanter's luckless mare;
To-day, old friend, remember still
That I am Joe and you are Bill.

You've won the great world's envied prize,
And grand yo look in people's eyes,
With HON. an LL.D.,
In big brave letters, fair to see—
Your fist, old fe.ow! off they go!—
How are you, Bill? How are you, Joe?

You've worn the judge's ermined robe;
You've taught your name to half the globe;
You've sung mankind a deathless strain;
You've made the dead past live again;
The world may call you what it will,
But you and I are Joe and Bill.

The chaffing young folks stare and say,
"See those old buffers, bent and gray;
They talk like fellows in their teens!
Mad, poor old boys! That's what it means"—
And shake their heads, they little know
The throbbing hearts of Bill and Joe—

How Bill forgets his hour of pride,
While Joe sits smiling at his side;
How Joe, in spite of time's disguise,
Finds the old schoolmate in his eyes—
Those calm, stern eyes that melt and fill
As Joe looks fondly up at Bill.

Ah, pensive scholar! what is fame?
A fitful tongue of leaping flame;
A giddy whirlwind's fickle gust,
That lifts a pinch of mortal dust;
A few swift years, and who can show
Which dust was Bill, and which was Joe?

The weary idol takes his stand,
Holds out his bruised and aching hand,
While gaping thousands come and go—
How vain it seems, this empty show—
Till all at once his pulses thrill:
'Tis poor old Joe's "God bless you, Bill!"

And shall we breathe in happier spheres
The names that pleased our mortal ears,—
In some sweet lull of harp and song,
For earth-born spirits none to long,
Just whispering of the world below,
Where this was Bill, and that was Joe?

No matter; while our home is here
No sounding name is half so dear;
When fades at length our lingering day,
Who cares what pompous tombstones say?
Read on the hearts that love us still
Hic jacet Joe. *Hic jacet* Bill.

UNION AND LIBERTY.

FLAG of the heroes who left us their glory,
Borne through their battle-fields' thunder and flame,
Blazoned in song and illuminated in story,
Wave o'er us all who inherit their fame.
Up with our banner bright,
Sprinkled with starry light,
Spread its fair emblems from mountain to shore,
While through the sounding sky
Loud rings the Nation's cry—
UNION AND LIBERTY! ONE EVERMORE!

Light of our firmament, guide of our Nation,
Pride of her children, and honored afar,
Let the wide beams of thy full constellation
Scatter each cloud that would darken a star!
Empire unsceptred! What foe shall assail thee
Bearing the standard of Liberty's van?

Think not the God of thy fathers shall fail thee,
Striving with men for the birthright of man!
Yet if, by madness and treachery blighted,
Dawns the dark hour when the sword thou must draw,
Then with the arms to thy million united,
Smite the bold traitors to Freedom and Law!

Lord of the universe! shield us and guide us,
Trusting Thee always, through shadow and sun
Thou hast united us, who shall divide us?
Keep us, O keep us the MANY IN ONE!
Up with our banner bright,
Sprinkled with starry light,
Spread its fair emblems from mountain to shore,
While through the sounding sky
Loud rings the Nation's cry—
UNION AND LIBERTY! ONE EVERMORE!

OLD IRON SIDES.

The following poem has become a National Lyric. It was first printed in the "Boston Daily Advertiser," when the Frigate "Constitution" lay in the navy-yard at Charlestown. The department had resolved upon breaking her up; but she was preserved from this fate by the following verses, which ran through the newspapers with universal applause; and, according to "Benjamin's American Monthly Magazine," of January, 1830, it was printed in the form of hand-bills, and circulated in the city of Washington.

AY, tear her tatter'd ensign down!
Long has it waved on high,
And many an eye has danced to see
That banner in the sky;
Beneath it rung the battle-shout,
And burst the cannon's roar;
The meteor of the ocean air
Shall sweep the clouds no more!

Her deck, once red with heroes' blood,
Where knelt the vanquish'd foe,
When winds were hurrying o'er the flood,
And waves were white below,
No more shall feel the victor's tread,
Or know the conquer'd knee;
The harpies of the shore shall pluck
The eagle of the sea!

O, better that her shatter'd hulk
Should sink beneath the wave;
Her thunders shook the mighty deep,
And there should be her grave;
Nail to the mast her holy flag,
Set every threadbare sail,
And give her to the god of storms,—
The lightning and the gale!

MY AUNT.

MY aunt! my dear unmarried aunt!
Long years have o'er her flown;
Yet still she strains the aching clasp
That binds her virgin zone;
I know it hurts her,—though she looks
As cheerful as she can:
Her waist is ampler than her life,
For life is but a span.

My aunt, my poor deluded aunt!
Her hair is almost gray;
Why will she train that winter curl
In such a spring-like way?
How can she lay her glasses down,
And say she reads as well,
When, through a double convex lens,
She just makes out to spell?

Her father—grandpapa! forgive
This erring lip its smiles—
Vow'd she would make the finest girl
Within a hundred miles.
He sent her to a stylish school;
'Twas in her thirteenth June;
And with her, as the rules required,
"Two towels and a spoon."

They braced my aunt against a board,
To make her straight and tall;
They laced her up, they starved her down,
To make her light and small;
They pinch'd her feet, they singed her hair,
They screw'd it up with pins,—
Oh, never mortal suffer'd more
In penance for her sins.

So, when my precious aunt was done,
My grandsire brought her back
(By daylight, lest some rabid youth
Might follow on the track);
"Ah!" said my grandsire, as he shook
Some powder in his pan,
"What could this lovely creature do
Against a desperate man!"

Alas! nor chariot, nor barouche,
Nor bandit cavalcade
Tore from the trembling father's arms
His all-accomplish'd maid.
For her how happy had it been!
And Heaven had spared to me
To see one sad, ungather'd rose
On my ancestral tree.

THE GOTHIC GENIUS.

FROM "THE CATHEDRAL."

I SEEM to have heard it said by learned folk,
Who drench you with æsthetics till you feel
As if all beauty were a ghastly bore,
The faucet to let loose a wash of words,
That Gothic is not Grecian, therefore worse;
But, being convinced by much experiment
How little inventiveness there is in man,
Grave copier of copies, I give thanks
For a new relish, careless to inquire
My pleasure's pedigree, if so it please—
Nobly I mean, nor renegade to art.
The Grecian gluts me with its perfectness,
Unanswerable as Euclid, self-contained,
The one thing finished in this hasty world—
For ever finished, though the barbarous pit,
Fanatical on hearsay, stamp and shout
As if a miracle could be encored.

But ah! this other, this that never ends,
Still climbing, luring Fancy still to climb,
As full of morals half divined as life,
Graceful, grotesque, with ever-new surprise
Of hazardous caprices sure to please;
Heavy as nightmare, airy-light as fern,
Imagination's very self in stone!
With one long sigh of infinite release
From pedantries past, present, or to come,
I looked, and owned myself a happy Goth.
Your blood is mine, ye architects of dream,
Builders of aspiration incomplete,
So more consummate, souls self-confident,
Who felt your own thought worthy of record
In monumental pomp! No Grecian drop
Rebukes these veins that leap with kindred thrill,
After long exile, to the mother tongue.

THE ROSE.

I.

IN his tower sat the poet
Gazing on the roaring sea,
"Take this rose," he sighed, "and throw it
Where there's none that loveth me.
On the rock the billow bursteth,
And sinks back into the seas,
But in vain my spirit thirsteth
So to burst and be at ease.

Take, O sea! the tender blossom
That hath lain against my breast;
On thy black and angry bosom
It will find a surer rest,
Life is vain, and love is hollow,
Ugly death stands there behind,
Hate, and scorn, and hunger follow
Him that toileth for his kind."

Forth into the night he hurled it,
And with bitter smile did mark
How the surly tempest whirled it
Swift into the hungry dark.
Foam and spray drive back to leeward,
And the gale, with dreary moan,
Drifts the helpless blossom seaward,
Through the breaking, all alone.

II.

Stands a maiden, on the morrow,
Musing by the wave-beat strand,
Half in hope, and half in sorrow
Tracing words upon the sand:
"Shall I ever then behold him
Who hath been my life so long,—
Ever to this sick heart fold him,—
Be the spirit of his song?

"Touch not, sea, the blessed letters
I have traced upon thy shore,
Spare his name whose spirit fetters
Mine with love forever more!"
Swells the tide and overflows it,
But with omen pure and meet,
Brings a little rose and throws it
Humbly at the maiden's feet.

Full of bliss she takes the token,
And, upon her snowy breast,
Soothes the ruffled petals broken
With the ocean's fierce unrest.
"Love is thine, O heart! and surely
Peace shall also be thine own,
For the heart that trusteth purely
Never long can pine alone."

III.

In his tower sits the poet,
Blisses new, and strange to him
Fill his heart and overflow it
With a wonder sweet and dim.

Up the beach the ocean slideth
With a whisper of delight,
And the moon in silence glideth
Through the peaceful blue of night.

Rippling o'er the poet's shoulder
Flows a maiden's golden hair,
Maiden lips, with love grown bolder,
Kiss his moonlit forehead bare.
"Life is joy, and love is power,
Death all fetters doth unbind,
Strength and wisdom only flower
When we toil for all our kind.

Hope is truth, the future giveth
More than present takes away,
And the soul forever liveth
Nearer God from day to day."
Not a word the maiden muttered,
Fullest hearts are slow to speak,
But a withered rose-leaf fluttered
Down upon the poet's cheek.

THE HERITAGE.

THE rich man's son inherits lands,
And piles of brick, and stone, and gold,
And he inherits soft white hands,
And tender flesh that fears the cold,
Nor dares to wear a garment old;
A heritage, it seems to me,
One scarce would wish to hold in fee.

The rich man's son inherits cares;
The bank may break, the factory burn,
A breath may burst his bubble shares,
And soft, white hands could hardly earn
A living that would serve his turn;
A heritage, it seems to me,
One scarce would wish to hold in fee.

The rich man's son inherits wants,
His stomach craves for dainty fare;
With sated heart he hears the pants
Of toiling hinds with brown arms bare,
And wearies in his easy chair;
A heritage, it seems to me,
One scarce would wish to hold in fee.

What doth the poor man's son inherit?
Stout muscles and a sinewy heart,
A hardy frame, a hardier spirit;
King of two hands, he does his part
In every useful toil and art;
A heritage, it seems to me,
A king might wish to hold in fee.

What doth the poor man's son inherit?
Wishes o'erjoy'd with humble things,
A rank adjudged by toil-worn merit,
Content that from employment springs,
A heart that in his labor sings;
A heritage, it seems to me,
A king might wish to hold in fee.

What doth the poor man's son inherit?
A patience learn'd of being poor,
Courage, if sorrow come, to bear it,
A fellow-feeling that is sure
To make the outcast bless his door;
A heritage, it seems to me,
A king might wish to hold in fee.

O rich man's son! there is a toil,
That with all others level stands;
Large charity doth never soil,
But only whiten, soft, white hands,—
This is the best crop from thy lands;
A heritage, it seems to me,
Worth being rich to hold in fee.

O poor man's son! scorn not thy state;
There is worse weariness than thine,
In merely being rich and great;
Toil only gives the soul to shine,
And makes rest fragrant and benign;
A heritage, it seems to me,
Worth being poor to hold in fee.

Both, heirs to some six feet of sod,
Are equal in the earth at last;
Both, children of the same dear God,
Prove title to your heirship vast
By record of a well-fill'd past;
A heritage, it seems to me,
Well worth a life to hold in fee.

THE ALPINE SHEEP.

It is proper, in connection with the writings of Lowell, to insert the following poem by his wife, Maria White Lowell, a singularly accomplished and beautiful woman, born July 8, 1821, married to the poet Lowell in 1844, died on the 22d of October, 1853. In 1855 her husband had a volume of her poetry privately printed, the character of which may be judged from the following touching lines addressed to a friend after the loss of a child.

WHEN on my ear your loss was knell'd,
And tender sympathy upburst,
A little spring from memory well'd,
Which once had quench'd my bitter thirst,

And I was fain to bear to you
A portion of its mild relief,
That it might be a healing dew,
To steal some fever from your grief.

After our child's untroubled breath
Up to the Father took its way,
And on our home the shade of Death
Like a long twilight haunting lay,

And friends came round, with us to weep
Her little spirit's swift remove,
The story of the Alpine sheep
Was told to us by one we love.

They, in the valley's sheltering care,
Soon crop the meadow's tender prime,
And when the sod grows brown and bare,
The shepherd strives to make them climb

To airy shelves of pasture green,
That hang along the mountain's side,
Where grass and flowers together lean,
And down through mists the sunbeams slide.

But naught can tempt the timid things
The steep and rugged path to try,
Though sweet the shepherds calls and sings,
And sear'd below the pastures lie,

Till in his arms his lambs he takes,
Along the dizzy verge to go:
Then, heedless of the rifts and breaks,
They follow on o'er rock and snow.

And in these pastures, lifted fair,
More dewy-soft than lowland mead,
The shepherd drops his tender care,
And sheep and lambs together feed.

This parable, by Nature breathed,
Blew on me as the south wind free
O'er frozen brooks that flow unsheathed
From icy thraldom to the sea.

A blissful vision through the night
Would all my happy senses sway
Of the Good Shepherd on the height,
Or climbing up the starry way,

Holding our little lamb asleep,
While, like the murmur of the sea,
Sounded that voice along the deep,
Saying, "Arise and follow me."

DAREST THOU NOW, O SOUL.

The following poems are from "Leaves of Grass" and are published by special permission of Mr. Horace L. Traubel, Mr. Whitman's literary executor.

DAREST thou now, O soul,
Walk out with me toward the unknown region,
Where neither ground is for the feet nor any path to follow?

No map there, nor guide,
Nor voice sounding, nor touch of human hand,
Nor face with blooming flesh, nor lips, nor eyes, are in that land.

I know it not, O soul,
Nor dost thou, all is a blank before us,
All waits undream'd of in that region, that inaccessible land.

Till when the ties loosen,
All but the ties eternal, Time and Space,
Nor darkness, gravitation, sense, nor any bounds bounding us.

Then we burst forth, we float,
In Time and Space, O soul, prepared for them,
Equal, equipt at last, (O joy! O fruit of all!) them to fulfil, O soul.

O CAPTAIN! MY CAPTAIN!

O CAPTAIN! my Captain! our fearful trip is done,
The ship has weather'd every rack, the prize we sought is won,
The port is near, the bells I hear, the people all exulting,
While follow eyes the steady keel, the vessel grim and daring;
But O heart! heart! heart!
O the bleeding drops of red,
Where on the deck my Captain lies,
Fallen cold and dead.

O Captain! my Captain! rise up and hear the bells;
Rise up—for you the flag is flung—for you the bugle trills,
For you bouquets and ribbon'd wreaths—for you the shores a-crowding,
For you they call, the swaying mass, their eager faces turning;
Here Captain! dear father!
This arm beneath your head!
It is some dream that on the deck,
You've fallen cold and dead.

My Captain does not answer, his lips are pale and still,
My father does not feel my arm, he has no pulse nor will,
The ship is anchor'd safe and sound, its voyage closed and done,
From fearful trip the victor ship comes in with object won;
Exult O shores, and ring O bells!
But I with mournful tread,
Walk the deck my Captain lies,
Fallen cold and dead.

IN ALL, MYSELF.

FROM "SONG OF MYSELF."

The following lines have been commented upon as presenting a strange and erratic combination of the most commonplace prose with passionate and sublime poetic sentiment.

I AM the poet of the Body and I am the poet of the Soul,
The pleasures of heaven are with me and the pains of hell are with me;
The first I graft and increase upon myself, the latter I translate into a new tongue.
I am the poet of the woman the same as the man,
And I say it is as great to be a woman as to be a man,
And I say there is nothing greater than the mother of men.

I chant the chant of dilation or pride,
We have had ducking and deprecation about enough,
I show that size is only development.

Have you outstript the rest? are you the President?
It is a trifle, they will more than arrive there every-one, and still pass on.
I am he that walks with the tender and growing night,
I call to the earth and sea, half-held by the night.

Press close bare-blossom'd night—press close magnetic nourishing night!
Night of the South winds—night of the large few stars!
Still nodding night—mad naked summer night.

Smile, O voluptuous cool-breath'd earth!
Earth of the slumbering and liquid trees!
Earth of the departed sunset—earth of the mountain misty-topt!
Earth of the vitreous pour of the full moon just tinged with blue!
Earth of the shine and dark mottling the tide of the river!
Earth of the limpid gray of clouds brighter and clearer for my sake!
Far-swooping elbow'd earth—rich apple-blossom'd earth!
Smile, for your lover comes.
Prodigal, you have given me love—therefore I to you give love!
O unspeakable, passionate love.

OLD IRELAND.

FAR hence amid an isle of wondrous beauty,
Crouching over a grave an ancient sorrowful mother,
Once a queen, now lean and tatter'd seated on the ground,
Her old white hair drooping dishevel'd round her shoulders,
At her feet fallen an unused royal harp,
Long silent, she too long silent, mourning her shrouded hope and heir,
Of all the earth her heart most full of sorrow because most full of love.

Yet a word, ancient mother,
You need crouch there no longer on the cold ground with forehead between your knees;
O you need not sit there veil'd in your old white hair so dishevel'd,
For know you the one you mourn is not in that grave;
It was an illusion, the son you love was not really dead;
The Lord is not dead, he is risen again, young and strong, in another country,
Even while you wept there by your fallen harp by the grave,
What you wept for was translated, pass'd from the grave;
The winds favor'd and the sea sail'd it;
And now, with rosy and new blood,
Moves to-day in a new country.

PÆAN OF JOY.

FROM "THE MYSTIC TRUMPETER."

Reference has been made to the similarity in style manifested in some of Whitman's poems to the style of the Psalmist. Certain parts of "In all, myself," and the following justify the criticism.

NOW trumpeter for thy close,
Vouchsafe a higher strain than any yet,
Sing to my soul, renew its languishing faith and hope,
Rouse up my slow belief, give me some vision of the future,
Give me for once its prophecy and joy.

O glad, exulting, culminating song!
A vigor more than earth's is in thy notes,
Marches of victory—man disenthral'd—the conqueror at last,
Hymns to the universal God from universal man—all joy!
A reborn race appears—a perfect world, all joy!
Women and men in wisdom, innocence and health—all joy!
Riotous, laughing bacchanals fill'd with joy!
War, sorrow, suffering gone—the rank earth purged—nothing but joy left!
The ocean fill'd with joy—the atmosphere all joy!
Joy! joy! in freedom, worship, love! joy in the ecstasy of life!
Enough to merely be! enough to breathe!
Joy! joy! all over joy!

THE SONG OF THE CAMP.

"GIVE us a song!" the soldiers cried,
The outer trenches guarding,
When the heated guns of the camps allied
Grew weary of bombarding.

The dark Redan, in silent scoff,
Lay, grim and threatening, under;
And the tawny mound of the Malakoff
No longer belched its thunder.

There was a pause. A guardsman said,
"We storm the forts to-morrow,
Sing while we may, another day
Will bring enough of sorrow."

There lay along the battery's side,
Below the smoking cannon,
Brave hearts, from Severn and from Clyde,
And from the banks of Shannon.

They sang of love, and not of fame;
Forgot was Britain's glory;
Each heart recalled a different name
But all sang "Annie Lawrie."

Voice after voice caught up the song,
Until its tender passion
Rose like an anthem, rich and strong,—
Their battle-eve confession.

Dear girl, her name he dared not speak,
But, as the song grew louder,
Something on the soldier's cheek
Washed off the stains of powder.

Beyond the darkening ocean burned
The bloody sunset's embers,
While the Crimean valleys learned
How English love remembers.

And once again a fire of hell
Rained on the Russian quarters,
With scream of shot, and burst of shell,
And bellowing of the mortars!

And Irish Nora's eyes are dim
For a singer, dumb and gory;
And English Mary mourns for him
Who sang of "Annie Lawrie."

Sleep, soldier! still in honored rest
Your truth and valor wearing;
The bravest are the tenderest,—
The loving are the daring.

BEDOUIN SONG.

FROM the Desert I come to thee
On a stallion shod with fire;
And the winds are left behind
In the speed of my desire.
Under thy window I stand,
And the midnight hears my cry:
I love thee, I love but thee,
With a love that shall not die
Till the sun grows cold,
And the stars are old,
And the leaves of the Judgment
Book unfold!

Look from thy window and see
My passion and my pain;
I lie on the sands below,
And I faint in thy disdain.
Let the night-winds touch thy brow
With the heat of my burning sigh,
And melt thee to hear the vow
Of a love that shall not die
Till the sun grows cold,
And the stars are old,
And the leaves of the Judgment
Book unfold!

My steps are nightly driven,
By the fever in my breast,
To hear from thy lattice breathed
The word that shall give me rest.
Open the door of thy heart,
And open thy chamber door,
And my kisses shall teach thy lips
The love that shall fade no more
Till the sun grows cold,
And the stars are old,
And the leaves of the Judgment
Book unfold!

SONGS OF SEVEN.

SEVEN TIMES ONE.

EXULTATION.

THERE'S no dew left on the daisies and clover,
There's no rain left in heaven:
I've said my "seven times" over and over,
Seven times one are seven.

I am old, so old, I can write a letter;
My birthday lessons are done;
The lambs play always, they know no better;
They are only one times one.

O moon! in the night I have seen you sailing
And shining so round and low;
You were bright! ah bright! but your light is failing,—
You are nothing now but a bow.

You moon, have you done something wrong in heaven
That God has hidden your face?
I hope if you have you will soon be forgiven,
And shine again in your place.

O columbine, open your folded wrapper,
Where two twin turtle-doves dwell!
O cuckoopint, toll me the purple clapper
That hangs in your clear green bell!

And show me your nest with the young ones in it;
I will not steal them away;
I am old! you may trust me, linnet, linnet,—
I am seven times one to-day.

SEVEN TIMES TWO.

ROMANCE.

You bells in the steeple, ring, ring out your changes,
How many soever they be,
And let the brown meadow-lark's note as he ranges
Come over, come over to me.

Yet bird's clearest carol by fall or by swelling
No magical sense conveys,
And the bells have forgotten their old art of telling
The fortune of future days.

Poor bells! I forgive you; your good days are over,
And mine, they are yet to be;
No listening, no longing shall aught, aught discover;
You leave the story to me.

I wish, and I wish that the spring would go faster,
Nor long summer bide so late;
And I could grow on like the foxglove and aster,
For some things are ill to wait.

I wait for the day when dear hearts shall discover,
While dear hands are laid on my head;
"The child is a woman, the book may close over,
For all the lessons are said."

I wait for my story—the birds can not sing it,
Not one, as he sits on the tree;
The bells can not ring it, but long years, oh bring it,
Such as I wish it to be.

SEVEN TIMES THREE.

LOVE.

I lean'd out of window, I smelt the white clover,
Dark, dark was the garden, I saw not the gate;
"Now, if there be footsteps, he comes, my one lover—
Hush, nightingale, hush! O sweet nightingale, wait
Till I listen and hear
If a step draweth near,
For my love he is late!

"The skies in the darkness stoop nearer and nearer,
A cluster of stars hang like fruit in the tree,
The fall of the river comes sweeter, comes clearer:
To what art thou listening, and what dost thou see?
Let the star-clusters glow,
Let the sweet waters flow,
And cross quickly to me.

"You night-moths that hover where honey brims over
From sycamore blossoms, or settle or sleep;
You glow-worms, shine out, and the pathway discover

To him that comes darkling along the rough steep.
Ah, my sailor, make haste,
For the time runs to waste,
And my love lieth deep—

"Too deep for swift telling; and yet, my one lover,
I've conn'd thee an answer, it waits thee to-night."
By the sycamore pass'd he, and through the white clover,
Then all the sweet speech I had fashioned took flight;
But I'll love him more, more
Than e'er wife loved before,
Be the days dark or bright.

SEVEN TIMES FIVE.

Widowhood.

I sleep and rest, my heart makes moan
Before I am well awake;
"Let me bleed! O let me alone,
Since I must not break!"

For children wake, though fathers sleep
With a stone at foot and head;
O sleepless God, forever keep,
Keep both living and dead!

I lift mine eyes and what to see,
But a world happy and fair?
I have not wished it to mourn with me—
Comfort is not there.

Oh, what anear but golden brooms,
And a waste of reedy rills!
Oh, what afar but the fine glooms
On the rare blue hills!

I shall not die, but live forlorn;
How bitter it is to part!
Oh, to meet thee, my love, once more!
Oh, my heart, my heart!

No more to hear, no more to see;
Oh, that an echo might wake,
And waft one note of thy psalm to me
Ere my heart-strings break!

I should know it how faint soe'er,
And with angel-voices blent;
Oh, once to feel thy spirit anear,
I could be content!

Or once between the gates of gold,
While an angel entering trod,
But once—thee sitting to behold
On the hills of God!

BETROTHED ANEW.

"The sunshine of the outer world beautifully illustrates the sunshine of the heart in the 'Betrothed Anew' of Edmund Clarence Stedman."—*Morris.*

THE sunlight fills the trembling air,
And balmy days their guerdons bring;
The Earth again is young and fair,
And amorous with musky spring.

The golden nurslings of the May
In splendor strew the spangled green,
And hues of tender beauty play,
Entangled where the willows lean.

Mark how the rippled currents flow;
What lustres on the meadows lie!
And, hark! the songsters come and go,
And trill between the earth and sky.

Who told us that the years had fled,
Or borne afar our blissful youth?
Such joys are all about us spread,
We know the whisper was not truth.

The birds that break from grass and grove
Sing every carol that they sung
When first our veins were rich with love
And May her mantle round us flung.

O fresh-lit dawn! immortal life!
O Earth's betrothal, sweet and true,
With whose delights our souls are rife!
And aye their vernal vows renew!

Then, darling, walk with me this morn;
Let your brown tresses drink its sheen;
These violets, within them worn,
Of floral fays shall make you queen.

What though there comes a time of pain
When autumn winds forebode decay?
The days of love are born again;
That fabled time is far away!

And never seemed the land so fair
As now, nor birds such notes to sing,
Since first within your shining hair
I wove the blossoms of the spring.

THE DOOR-STEP.

THE conference meeting through at last,
We boys around the vestry waited,
To see the girls come tripping past
Like snow-birds willing to be mated.

Not braver he that leaps the wall,
By level musket-flashes litten,
Than I, who stepped before them all
Who longed to see me get the mitten.

But no, she blushed and took my arm!
We let the old folks have the highway,
And started toward the Maple Farm,
Along a kind of lovers' by-way.

I can't remember what we said,
'Twas nothing worth a song or story,
Yet that rude path by which we sped
Seemed all transformed and in a glory.

The snow was crisp beneath our feet,
The moon was full, the fields were gleaming;
By hood and tippet sheltered sweet
Her face with youth and health was beaming.

The little hand outside her muff—
O sculptor, if you could but mould it!
So slightly touched my jacket-cuff,
To keep it warm I had to hold it.

To have her with me there alone,
'Twas love and fear and triumph blended:
At last we reached the foot-worn stone
Where that delicious journey ended.

She shook her ringlets from her hood,
And with a "Thank you Ned," dissembled,
But yet I knew she understood
With what a daring wish I trembled.

A cloud passed kindly overhead,
The moon was slyly peeping through it,
Yet hid its face, as if it said,
"Come, now or never, do it, do it!"

My lips till then had only known
The kiss of mother and of sister,
But somehow full upon her own
Sweet, rosy, darling mouth—I kissed her!

Perhaps 'twas boyish love, yet still,
O listless woman! weary lover!
To feel once more that fresh wild thrill,
I'd give—But who can live youth over!

THE LAST GOOD-BYE.*

HOW shall we know it is the last good-bye?
The skies will not be darkened in that hour,
No sudden light will fall on leaf or flower,
No single bird will hush its careless cry,
And you will hold my hands, and smile or sigh
Just as before. Perchance the sudden tears
In your dear eyes will answer to my fears;
But there will come no voice of prophecy:
No voice to whisper, "Now, and not again,
Space for last words, last kisses, and last prayer,
For all the wild, unmitigated pain
Of those who, parting clasp hands with despair."
"Who knows?" we say, but doubt and fear remain,
Would any *choose* to part thus unaware?

NEXT YEAR.

THE lark is singing gaily in the meadow, the sun is rising o'er the dark blue hills;
But she is gone, the music of whose talking was sweeter than the voice of summer rills.
Sometimes I see the bluebells of the forest, and think of her blue eyes;
Sometimes I seem to hear the rustle of her garments: 'tis but the wind's low sighs.

I see the sunbeams trail along the orchard, and fall in thought to tangling up her hair;
And sometimes round the sinless lips of childhood breaks forth a smile, such as she used to wear;
But never any pleasant thing, around, above us, seems to me like her love—
More lofty than the skies that bend and brighten o'er us, more constant than the dove.

She walks no more beside me in the morning; she meets me not on any summer eve;
But once at night I heard a low voice calling—"Oh, faithful friend, thou hast not long to grieve!"
Next year, when larks are singing gaily in the meadow, I shall not hear their tone;
But she in the dim, far-off country of the stranger, will walk no more alone.

MY MOTHER'S PICTURE.

(FROM "IN THE GARDEN OF DREAMS.")

HOW shall I here her placid picture paint
With touch that shall be delicate, yet sure?
Soft hair above a brow so high and pure
Years have not soiled it with an earthly taint,
Needing no aureole to prove her saint;
Firm mind that no temptation could allure;
Soul strong to do, heart stronger to endure;
And calm, sweet lips that uttered no complaint.
So have I seen her, in my darkest days
And when her own most sacred ties were riven,
Walk tranquilly in self-denying ways,
Asking for strength, and sure it would be given;
Filling her life with lowly prayer, high praise—
So shall I see her, if we meet in heaven.

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DICKENS IN CAMP.

ABOVE the pines the moon was slowly drifting,
The river sang below;
The dim Sierras, far beyond, uplifting
Their minarets of snow.

The roaring camp-fire, with rude humor, painted
The ruddy tints of health
On haggard face and form, that drooped and fainted
In the fierce race for wealth

'Till one arose, and from his pack's scant treasure
A hoarded volume drew,
And cards were dropped from hands of listless leisure
To hear the tale anew.

And then, while shadows 'round them gathered faster,
And as the firelight fell,
He read aloud the book wherein the Master
Had writ of "Little Nell."

Perhaps 'twas boyish fancy,—for the reader
Was the youngest of them all,—
But, as he read, from clustering pine and cedar
A silence seemed to fall.

The fir-trees, gathering closer in the shadows,
Listened in every spray,
While the whole camp with "Nell" on English meadows
Wandered and lost their way.

And so, in mountain solitudes, o'ertaken
As by some spell divine,
Their cares drop from them like the needles shaken
From out the gusty pine.

Lost is that camp, and wasted all its fire,
And he who wrought that spell;
Ah! towering pine and stately Kentish spire,
Ye have one tale to tell!

Lost is that camp! but let its fragrant story
Blend with the breath that thrills
With hop-vines' incense, all the pensive glory
That thrills the Kentish hills;

And on that grave, where English oak and holly,
And laurel-wreaths entwine,
Deem it not all a too presumptuous folly,
This spray of Western pine!

KIT CARSON'S RIDE.

RUN? Now you bet you; I rather guess so.
But he's blind as a badger. Whoa, Paché, boy, whoa.
No, you wouldn't think so to look at his eyes,
But he is badger blind, and it happened this wise;—

We lay low in the grass on the broad plain levels,
Old Revels and I, and my stolen brown bride.
"Forty full miles if a foot to ride,
Forty full miles if a foot and the devils
Of red Camanches are hot on the track
When once they strike it. Let the sun go down
Soon, very soon," muttered bearded old Revels
As he peered at the sun, lying low on his back,
Holding fast to his lasso; then he jerked at his steed,
And sprang to his feet, and glanced swiftly around,
And then dropped, as if shot, with his ear to the ground,—
Then again to his feet and to me, to my bride,
While his eyes were like fire, his face like a shroud,
His form like a king, and his beard like a cloud,
And his voice loud and shrill, as if blown from a reed,—
"Pull, pull in your lassos, and bridle to steed,
And speed, if ever for life you would speed;
And ride for your lives, for your lives you must ride,
For the plain is aflame, the prairie on fire,
And feet of wild horses, hard flying before
I hear like a sea breaking hard on the shore;
While the buffalo come like the surge of the sea,
Driven far by the flame, driving fast on us three
As a hurricane comes, crushing palms in his ire."

We drew in the lassos, seized saddle and rein,
Threw them on, sinched them on, sinched them over again,
And again drew the girth, cast aside the macheer,
Cut away tapidaros, loosed the sash from its fold,
Cast aside the catenas red and spangled with gold,
And gold-mounted Colts, true companions for years,
Cast the red silk serapes to the wind in a breath
And so bared to the skin sprang all haste to the horse.

Not a word, not a wail from a lip was let fall,
Not a kiss from my bride, not a look or low call
Of love-note or courage, but on o'er the plain
So steady and still, leaning low to the mane,
With the heel to the flank and the hand to the rein,
Rode we on, rode we three, rode we gray nose and nose,
Reaching long, breathing loud, like a creviced wind blows,
Yet we spoke not a whisper, we breathed not a prayer,
There was work to be done, there was death in the air,
And the chance was as one to a thousand for all.

Gray nose to gray nose and each steady mustang
Stretched neck and stretched nerve till the hollow earth rang
And the foam from the flank and the croup and the neck
Flew around like the spray on a storm-driven deck.
Twenty miles! thirty miles—a dim distant speck—
Then a long reaching line and the Brazos in sight.
And I rose in my seat with a shout of delight.
I stood in my stirrup and looked to my right,
But Revels was gone; I glanced by my shoulder
And saw his horse stagger; I saw his head drooping
Hard on his breast, and his naked breast stooping
Low down to the mane as so swifter and bolder
Ran reaching out for us the red-footed fire.
To right and to left the black buffalo came,
In miles and in millions, rolling on in despair,
With their beards to the dust and black tails in the air.

As a terrible surf on a red sea of flame
Rushing on in the rear, reaching high, reaching higher,
And he rode neck to neck to a buffalo bull,
The monarch of millions, with shaggy mane full
Of smoke and of dust, and it shook with desire
Of battle, with rage and with bellowings loud
And unearthly and up through its lowering cloud
Came the flash of his eyes like a half-hidden fire,
While his keen crooked horns through the storm of his mane
Like black lances lifted and lifted again;
And I looked but this once, for the fire licked through,
And he fell and was lost, as we rode two and two.

I looked to my left then, and nose, neck, and shoulder
Sank slowly, sank surely, till back to my thighs;
And up through the black blowing veil of her hair
Did beam full in mine her two marvelous eyes
With a longing and love, yet look of despair,
And a pity for me, as she felt the smoke fold her,
And flames reaching far for her glorious hair.
Her sinking steed faltered, his eager ears fell
To and fro and unsteady, and all the neck's swell
Did subside and recede, and the nerves fell as dead.
Then she saw that my own steed still lorded his head
With a look of delight, for this Paché, you see,
Was her father's and once at the South Santafee
Had won a whole herd, sweeping everything down
In a race where the world came to run for the crown
And so when I won the true heart of my bride,—

My neighbor's and deadliest enemy's child,
And child of the kingly war-chief of his tribe.—
She brought me this steed to the border of the night
She met Revels and me in her perilous flight,
From the lodge of the chief to the north Brazos side;
And said, so half guessing of ill as she smiled,
As if jesting, that I, and I only, should ride
The fleet-footed Paché, so if kin should pursue
I should surely escape without other ado
Than to ride, without blood, to the north Brazos side,
And await her,—and wait till the next hollow moon
Hung her horn in the palms, when surely and soon
And swift she would join me, and all would be well
Without bloodshed or word. And now as she fell
From the front, and went down in the ocean of fire,
The last that I saw was a look of delight
That I should escape,—a love,—a desire.—
Yet never a word, not a look of appeal—
Lest I should reach hand, should stay hand or stay heel
One instant for her in my terrible flight.

Then the rushing of fire rose around me and under,
And the howling of beast like the sound of thunder—
Beasts burning and blind and forced onward and over.
As the passionate flame reached around them and
wove her
Hands in their hair, and kissed hot till they died,—
Till they died with a wild and a desolate moan,
As a sea heart-broken on the hard brown stone
And into the Brazos I rode all alone—
All alone, save only a horse long-limbed,
And blind and bare and burnt to the skin.
Then just as the terrible sea came in
And tumbled its thousands hot into the tide,
Till the tide blocked up and the swift stream brimmed
In eddies, we struck on the opposite side.

"Sell Paché—blind Paché? Now, mister! look here
You have slept in my tent and partook of my cheer
Many days, many days, on this rugged frontier,"
For the ways they were rough and Comanches were
near;
"But you'd better pack up, sir! That tent is too small
For us two after this! Has an old mountaineer,
Do you book-men believe, got no tum-tum at all?
Sell Paché! You buy him! a bag full of gold!
You show him! Tell of him the tale I have told!
Why he bore me through fire, and is blind and is old!
. . . Now pack up your papers, and get up and spin
To them cities you tell of. . . . Blast you and your
tin!"

JOAQUIN MILLER'S ALASKA LETTER.

As a specimen of this author's prose writing and style, we present the following extract from a syndicate letter clipped from the *Philadelphia Inquirer*.

Head of Lake Bennett, Alaska, August 2, 1897.

I WRITE by the bank of what is already a big river, and at the fountain head of the mighty Yukon, the second if not the first of American rivers. We have crossed the summit, passed the terrible Chilkoot Pass and Crater Lake and Long Lake and Lideman Lake, and now I sit down to tell the story of the past, while the man who is to take me up the river six hundred miles to the Klondike rows his big scow, full of cattle, brought from Seattle.

* * * * *

THE BEAUTY AND GRANDEUR OF CHILKOOT PASS.

All the pictures that had been painted by word, all on easel, or even in imagination of Napoleon and his men climbing up the Alps, are but childish playthings in comparison with the grandeur of Chilkoot Pass. Starting up the steep ascent, we raised a shout and it ran the long, steep and tortuous line that reached from a bluff above us, and over and up till it lost itself in the clouds. And down to us from the clouds, the shout and cry of exultation of those brave conquerors came back, and only died away when the distance made it possible to be heard no longer. And now we began to ascend.

It was not so hard as it seemed. The stupendous granite mountain, the home of the avalance and the father of glaciers, melted away before us as we ascended, and in a single hour of brisk climbing we stood against the summit or rather between the big granite blocks that marked the summit. As I said before, the path is not so formidable as it looked, and it is not half so formidable as represented, but mark you, it is no boy's play, no man's play. It is a man's and a big strong man's honest work, and takes strength of body and nerve of soul.

Right in the path and within ten feet of a snow bank that has not perished for a thousand years, I picked and ate a little strawberry, and as I rested and roamed about a bit, looking down into the brightly blue lake that made the head waters of the Yukon, I gathered a little sun flower, a wild hyacinth and a wild tea blossom for my buttonhole.

SUNSET FROM THE TRAIN.*

From "Five Books of Song" (1894).

BUT then the sunset smiled,
Smiled once and turned toward dark,
Above the distant, wavering line of trees that filed
Along the horizon's edge;
Like hooded monks that hark
Through evening air
The call to prayer;—
Smiled once, and faded slow, slow, slow away;
When, like a changing dream, the long cloud-wedge,
Brown-gray,
Grew saffron underneath and, ere I knew,
The interspace, green-blue—
The whole, illimitable, western, skyey shore,
The tender, human, silent sunset smiled once more.

Thee, absent loved one, did I think on now,
Wondering if thy deep brow
In dreams of me were lifted to the skies,
Where, by our far sea-home, the sunlight dies;
If thou didst stand alone,
Watching the day pass slowly, slow, as here,
But closer and more dear,
Beyond the meadow and the long, familiar line
Of blackening pine;
When lo! that second smile;—dear heart, it was thine own.

"O SILVER RIVER FLOWING TO THE SEA."*

From "Five Books of Song" (1894)

O SILVER river flowing to the sea,
Strong, calm, and solemn as thy mountains be!
Poets have sung thy ever-living power,
Thy wintry day, and summer sunset hour;
Have told how rich thou art, how broad, how deep,
What commerce thine, how many myriads reap
The harvest of thy waters. They have sung
Thy moony nights, when every shadow flung
From cliff or pine is peopled with dim ghosts
Of settlers, old-world fairies, or the hosts
Of savage warriors that once plowed thy waves—
Now hurrying to the dance from hidden graves;
The waving outline of thy wooded mountains,
Thy populous towns that stretch from forest fountains
On either side, far to the salty main,
Like golden coins alternate on a chain.
Thou pathway of the empire of the North,
Thy praises through the earth have traveled forth!
I hear thee praised as one who hears the shout
That follows when a hero from the rout
Of battle issues, "Lo, how brave is he,
How noble, proud, and beautiful!" But she
Who knows him best—"How tender!" So thou art
The river of love to me!
—Heart of my heart,
Dear love and bride—is it not so indeed?—
Among your treasures keep this new-plucked reed.

"THERE IS NOTHING NEW UNDER THE SUN."*

From "Five Books of Song" (1894).

THERE is nothing new under the sun;
There is no new hope or despair;
The agony just begun
Is as old as the earth and the air.
My secret soul of bliss
Is one with the singing stars,
And the ancient mountains miss
No hurt that my being mars.

I know as I know my life,
I know as I know my pain,
That there is no lonely strife,
That he is mad who would gain
A separate balm for his woe,
A single pity and cover;
The one great God I know
Hears the same prayer over and over.

I know it because at the portal
Of Heaven I bowed and cried,
And I said: "Was ever a mortal
Thus crowned and crucified!

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My praise thou hast made my blame;
My best thou hast made my worst;
My good thou hast turned to shame;
My drink is a flaming thirst."

But scarce my prayer was said
Ere from that place I turned;
I trembled, I hung my head,
My cheek, shame-smitten, burned;
For there where I bowed down
In my boastful agony,
I thought of thy cross and crown—
O Christ! I remembered thee.

MEMORIAL DAY.*

From "Five Books of Song" (1894).

SHE saw the bayonets flashing in the sun,
The flags that proudly waved; she heard the bugles calling;
She saw the tattered banners falling
About the broken staffs, as one by one
The remnant of the mighty army passed;
And at the last
Flowers for the graves of those whose fight was done.

She heard the tramping of ten thousand feet
As the long line swept round the crowded square;
She heard the incessant hum
That filled the warm and blossom-scented air—
The shrilling fife, the roll and throb of drum,
The happy laugh, the cheer. Oh glorious and meet
To honor thus the dead,
Who chose the better part,
Who for their country bled!
—The dead! Great God! she stood there in the street,
Living, yet dead in soul and mind and heart—
While far away
His grave was decked with flowers by strangers' hands to-day.

A WOMAN'S THOUGHT.*

From "Five Books of Song" (1894).

I AM a woman—therefore I may not
Call him, cry to him,
Fly to him,
Bid him delay not!

And when he comes to me, I must sit quiet;
Still as a stone—
All silent and cold.
If my heart riot—
Crush and defy it!
Should I grow bold,
Say one dear thing to him,
All my life fling to him,
Cling to him—
What to atone
Is enough for my sinning!
This were the cost to me,
This were my winning—
That he were lost to me.

Not as a lover
At last if he part from me,
Tearing my heart from me,
Hurt beyond cure—
Calm and demure
Then must I hold me,
In myself fold me,
Lest he discover;
Showing no sign to him
By look of mine to him
What he has been to me—
How my heart turns to him,
Follows him, yearns to him,
Prays him to love me.

Pity me, lean to me,
Thou God above me!

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OUR TWO OPINIONS.*

'S two wuz boys when we fell out—
Nigh to the age uv my youngest now;
Don't rec'lect what 'twuz about,
Some small diff'rence, I'll allow,
Lived next neighbors twenty years,
A-hatin' each other, me 'nd Jim—
He havin' his opinyin uv me
'Nd I havin' my opinyin uv him!

Grew up together, 'nd wouldn't speak,
Courted sisters, and marr'd 'em, too
'Tended same meetin' house oncet a week,
A-hatin each other, through 'nd through.
But when Abe Linkern asked the West
F'r soldiers, we answered—me 'nd Jim—
He havin' his opinyin uv me
'Nd I havin' my opinyin uv him!

Down in Tennessee one night,
Ther was sound uv firin' fur away,
'Nd the sergeant allowed ther'd be a fight
With the Johnnie Rebs some time next day;
'Nd as I was thinkin' of Lizzie 'nd home,
Jim stood afore me, long 'nd slim—
He havin' his opinyin uv me
'Nd I havin' my opinyin uv him!

Seemed like we knew there wuz goin' to be
Serious trouble f'r me 'nd him—
Us two shuck hands, did Jim 'nd me,
But never a word from me or Jim!
He went his way, and I went mine,
'Nd into the battle's roar went we—
I havin' my opinyin uv Jim
'Nd he havin' his opinyin uv me!

Jim never come back from the war again,
But I haint forgot that last, last night
When waitin' f'r orders, us two men
Made up and shuck hands, afore the fight;
'Nd, after it all, it's soothin' to know
That here I be, 'nd yonder's Jim—
He havin' his opinyin uv me
'Nd I havin' my opinyin uv him!

LULLABY.*

AIR is the castle up on the hill—
Hushaby, sweet my own!
The night is fair and the waves are still,
And the wind is singing to you and me
In this lowly home beside the sea—
Hushaby, sweet my own!

On yonder hill is store of wealth—
Hushaby, sweet my own!
And revellers drink to a little one's health;
But you and I bide night and day
For the other love that has sailed away—
Hushaby, sweet my own!

See not, dear eyes, the forms that creep
Ghostlike, O my own!
Out of the mists of the murmuring deep;
Oh, see them not and make no cry,
'Till the angels of death have passed us by—
Hushaby, sweet my own!

Ah, little they reck of you and me—
Hushaby, sweet my own!
In our lonely home beside the sea;
They seek the castle up on the hill,
And there they will do their ghostly will—
Hushaby, O my own!

Here by the sea, a mother croons
"Hushaby, sweet my own;"
In yonder castle a mother swoons
While the angels go down to the misty deep,
Bearing a little one fast asleep—
Hushaby, sweet my own!

A DUTCH LULLABY.*

YNKEN, Blynken, and Nod one night
Sailed off in a wooden shoe—
Sailed on a river of misty light
Into a sea of dew.

"Where are you going, and what do you wish?"
The old moon asked the three.
"We have to come to fish for the herring-fish
That live in this beautiful sea:

* From "A Little Book of Western Verse" (1889). Copyrighted by Eugene Field, and published by Charles Scribner's Sons.

Nets of silver and gold have we,
Said Wynken,
Blynken,
And Nod.

The old moon laughed and sung a song,
And they rocked in the wooden shoe,
And the wind that sped them all night long
Ruffled the waves of dew;
The little stars were the herring-fish
That lived in the beautiful sea;
"Now cast your nets wherever you wish,
But never afeared are we"—
So cried the stars to the fishermen three,
Wynken,
Blynken,
And Nod.

All night long their nets they threw
For the fish in the twinkling foam,
Then down from the sky came the wooden shoe,
Bringing the fishermen home.
'Twas all so pretty a sail, it seemed
As if it could not be;
And some folks thought 'twas a dream they'd dreamed
Of sailing that beautiful sea.
But I shall name you the fishermen three:
Wynken,
Blynken,
And Nod.

Wynken and Blynken are two little eyes,
And Nod is a little head,
And the wooden shoe that sailed the skies
Is a wee one's trundle-bed;
So shut your eyes while mother sings
Of wonderful sights that be,
And you shall see the beautiful things
As you rock in the misty sea,
Where the old shoe rocked the fishermen three—
Wynken,
Blynken,
And Nod.

THE NORSE LULLABY.*

From "A Little Book of Western Verse" (1889).

THE sky is dark and the hills are white
As the storm-king speeds from the north to-night,
And this is the song the storm-king sings,
As over the world his cloak he flings:
"Sleep, sleep, little one, sleep!"
He rustles his wings and gruffly sings:
"Sleep, little one, sleep!"

On yonder mountain-side a vine
Clings at the foot of a mother pine;
The tree bends over the trembling thing
And only the vine can hear her sing:
"Sleep, sleep, little one, sleep—
What shall you fear when I am here?
Sleep, little one, sleep."

The king may sing in his bitter flight,
The tree may croon to the vine to-night,
But the little snowflake at my breast
Liketh the song I sing the best:
"Sleep, sleep, little one, sleep;
Weary thou art, anext my heart,
Sleep, little one, sleep."

* Copyright, Charles Scribner's Sons.

James Whitcomb Riley, popularly called "the Hoosier poet," has been more widely read than any poet of recent years. His homely dialectic verse strikes the heartchord of humanity with a sympathetic touch.

OUR HIRED GIRL.*

FROM "POEMS HERE AT HOME."

OUR hired girl, she's 'Lizabuth Ann;
An' she can cook best things to eat!
She ist puts dough in our pie-pan,
An' pours in somepin' 'at 's good an' sweet;
An' nen she salts it all on top
With cinnamon; an' nen she 'll stop
An' stoop an' slide it, ist as slow,
In th' old cook-stove, so 's 't wont slop
An' git all spilled; nen bakes it, so
It 's custard-pie, first thing you know!
An' nen she 'll say,
"Clear out o' my way!
They 's time fer work, an' time fer play!
Take yer dough, an' run, child, run!
Er I cain't git no cookin' done!"

When our hired girl 'tends like she 's mad,
An' says folks got to walk the chalk
When *she's* around, er wisht they had!
I play out on our porch an' talk
To th' Raggedy Man 't mows our lawn;
An' he says, "*Whew!*" an' nen leans on
His old crook-scythe, and blinks his eyes,
An' sniffs all 'round an' says, "I swawn!
Ef my old nose don't tell me lies,
It 'pears like I smell custard-pies!"
An' nen *he 'll* say,
"Clear out o' my way!
They 's time fer work, an' time fer play!
Take yer dough, an' run, child, run!
Er she cain't git no cookin' done!"

Wunst our hired girl, when she
Got the supper, an' we all et,
An' it wuz night, an' Ma an' me
An' Pa went wher' the "Social" met,—
An' nen when we come home, an' see
A light in the kitchen-door, an' we
Heerd a maccordeun, Pa says, "Lan'-
O'-Gracious! who can *her* beau be?"
An' I marched in, an' 'Lizabuth Ann
Wuz parchin' corn fer the Raggedy Man!
Better say,
"Clear out o' the way!
They 's time fer work, an' time fer play!
Take the hint, an' run, child, run!
Er we cain't git no courtin' done!"

THE RAGGEDY MAN.*

FROM "POEMS HERE AT HOME."

THE Raggedy Man! He works fer Pa;
An' he's the goodest man ever you saw!
He comes to our house every day,
An' waters the horses, an' feeds 'em hay;
An' he opens the shed—an' we all ist laugh
When he drives out our little old wobble-ly calf;
An' nen—ef our hired girl says he can—
He milks the cow fer 'Lizabuth Ann.—
Ain't he a' awful good Raggedy Man?
Raggedy! Raggedy! Raggedy Man!

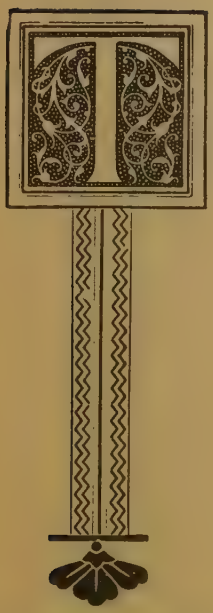
W'y, the Raggedy Man—he 's ist so good,
He splits the kindlin' an' chops the wood;
An' nen he spades in our garden, too,
An' does most things 't *boys* can't do.—
He clumbed clean up in our big tree
An' shooked a' apple down fer me—
An' 'nother 'n', too, fer 'Lizabuth Ann—
An' 'nother 'n', too, fer the Raggedy Man.—
Ain't he a' awful kind Raggedy Man?
Raggedy! Raggedy! Raggedy Man!

An' the Raggedy Man, he knows most rhymes,
An' tells 'em, ef I be good, sometimes:
Knows 'bout Giunts, an' Griffuns, an' Elves,
An' the Squidgeum-Squees 'at swallers therselves!
An', wite by the pump in our pasture-lot,
He showed me the hole 'at the Wunks is got,
'At lives 'way deep in the ground, an' can
Turn into me, er 'Lizabuth Ann!
Ain't he a funny old Raggedy Man?
Raggedy! Raggedy! Raggedy Man!

The Raggedy Man—one time, when he
Wuz makin' a little bow'-n'-orry fer me,
Says, "When you 're big like your Pa is,
Air *you* go' to keep a fine store like his—
An' be a rich merchunt—an' wear fine clothes?—
Er what *air* you go' to be, goodness knows?"
An' nen he laughed at 'Lizabuth Ann,
An' I says, "'M go' to be a Raggedy Man!—
I 'm ist go' to be a nice Raggedy Man!"
Raggedy! Raggedy! Raggedy Man!

* By permission of The Century Co.

BOOK II



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THE CHILDREN

WHEN the lessons and tasks are all ended,
And the school for the day is dismissed,
And the little ones gather around me,
To bid me "good-night" and be kissed;
Oh, the little white arms that encircle
My neck in a tender embrace;
Oh, the smiles that are halos of heaven,
Shedding sunshine of love on my face.

And when they are gone I sit dreaming
Of my childhood too lovely to last;
Of love that my heart will remember,
While it wakes to the pulse of the past,
Ere the world and its wickedness made me
A partner of sorrow and sin;
When the glory of God was about me,
And the glory of gladness within.

Oh, my heart grows weak as a woman's,
And the fountains of feeling will flow,
When I think of the paths steep and stony,
Where the feet of the dear ones must go;
Of the mountains of sin hanging o'er them,
Of the tempest of fate blowing wild;
Oh, there is nothing on earth half so holy
As the innocent heart of a child.

They are idols of hearts and of households;
They are angels of God in disguise;
His sunlight still sleeps in their tresses;
His glory still gleams in their eyes.
Oh, those truants from home and from heaven,
They have made me more manly and mild,
And I know now how Jesus could liken
The Kingdom of God to a child.

I ask not a life for the dear ones,
All radiant, as others have done;
But that life may have just enough shadow
To temper the glare of the sun;
I would pray God to guard them from evil,
But my prayer would bound back to myself;
Ah! a seraph may pray for a sinner,
But a sinner must pray for himself.

The twig is so easily bended,
I have banished the rule and the rod;
I have taught them the goodness of knowledge,
They have taught me the wisdom of God
My heart is a dungeon of darkness,
Where I shut them from breaking a rule;
My frown is sufficient correction;
My love is the law of the school.

I shall leave the old house in the autumn,
To traverse its threshold no more;
Ah! how I shall sigh for the dear ones
That mustered each morn at the door!
I shall miss the "good-nights" and the kisses,
And the gush of their innocent glee,
The group on the green, and the flowers
That are brought every morning to me.

I shall miss them at morn and at eve,
Their song in the school and the street;
I shall miss the low hum of their voices,
And the tramp of their delicate feet.
When the lessons and tasks are all ended,
And Death says "The school is dismissed!"
May the little ones gather around me,
To bid me "good-night" and be kissed.

—DICKENS.

LULU'S COMPLAINT.

I'SE a poor 'ittle sorrowful baby,
For B'idget is 'way down 'tairs:
My titten has scatched my fin'er,
And Dolly won't say her p'ayers.

I hain't seen my bootiful mamma
Since ever so long ado;
An' I ain't her tunninest baby
No londer, for B'idget says so.

Mamma dot anoder *new baby*,
Dod dived it—He did—yes'erday;
An' it kies, it kies—oh! so defful!
I wis' He would take it away.

I don't want no "sweet 'ittle sister;"
I want my dood mamma, I do;
I want her to tiss me and tiss me,
An' tall me her p'ecious Lulu.

I dess my dear papa will bin' me
A 'ittle dood titten some day;
Here's nurse wid my mamma's new baby;
I wis' she would tate it away.

Oh! oh! what tunnin' red fin'ers!
It sees me 'ite out of its eyes;
I dess we will teep it and dive it
Some can'y whenever it kies.

I dess I will dive it my dolly
To play wid 'mos' every day;
An' I dess, I dess—Say, B'idget,
Ask Dod not to tate it away.

LITTLE TOMMIE'S FIRST SMOKE.

I'VE been sick.

Mamma said 'mokin' was a nasty, dirty, disgraceful habit, and bad for the window curtains.

Papa said it wasn't. He said all wise men 'moked, and that it was good for rheumatism, and that he didn't care for the window curtains, not a—that thing what busts and drowns people; I forgot its name. And he said women didn't know much anyway, and that they couldn't reason like men.

So next day papa wasn't nice a bit—that day I frew over the accawarium, and papa 'panked me—and I felt as if I had the rheumatism ever' time I went to sit down, and so I just got papa's pipe and loaded it and 'moked it, to cure rheumatism where papa 'panked me.

And they put mustard plaster on my tummick till they most burned a hole in it, I guess.

I fink they fought I was going to die.

I fought so too.

Mamma said I was goin' to be a little cherub, but I fought I was goin' to be awful sick. Nurse said I was goin' to be a cherub, too—then she went to put a nuzzar mustard plaster on. I didn't want her to, and she called me somefing else. I guess that was 'cause I frew the mustard plaster in her face.

I don't want to be a cherub, anyway; I ruther be little Tommie a while yet. But I won't 'moke any more. I guess mamma was right. Maybe I'm sumfin' like a window curtain. 'Mokin' isn't good for me.

A LITTLE BOY'S WONDER.

For a Bright Little Fellow of Five Years—in Frock.

I WONDER, oh! I wonder what makes ve sun go wound;
I wonder what can make ve fowers tum popin' from ve gwound.
I wonder if my mamma loves Billy morn'n me;
I wonder if I'd beat a bear a-climbin' up a tree;
I wonder how ve angels 'member everybody's pwayers,
I wonder if I didn't leave my sandwich on ve stairs,
I wonder what my teacher meant about "a twuthful heart":
I guess 'tis finkin' untul Jack will surely bring my cart.
I wonder what I'd do if I should hear a lion woar;
I bet I'd knock 'im on ve head, and lay him on ve floor.
I wonder if our Farver knew how awful I did feel
When Tom's pie was in my pottet, and I wead, "You shall not steal."
I wonder if, when boys get big, it's dreadful in ve dark;
I wonder what my doggie thinks when he begins to bark.

I wonder what vat birdie says who hollers
so and sings;
I wonder, oh! I wonder lots and lots of
over fings.

CHRISTMAS HAS COME.

Suitabel for Sunday school or other Christmas entertainment where a tree is a feature of the occasion. Should be recited just before presents are distributed, by a bright little girl of 6 or 7 years.

CHRISTMAS day has come at last,
And I am glad 'tis here;
For, don't you think, for *this one day*,
I've waited just a year.
I'm sure it should have come before,
As sure as I'm alive;
Fifty-two Sundays make a year,
And I've counted *seventy-five.*
There's one thing makes me very glad,
As glad as I can be;
The years grow *short* as we grow *old*,
And that will just suit me.
I wish 'twas Christmas every month—
That's long enough to wait—
For all the presents that I want,
A year is very late.
We'd have a tree, then, every month,
And presents nice and new:
(*A voice in the audience says, "Where would the money come from?"*)
Do Christmas trees cost anything?
(*A voice, "I guess they do!"*)
Then one a year will do.
And now I'll take my seat, dear friends,
And wait to hear my call;
For I've a present on the tree,
And I hope it is a doll.

LITTLE KITTY.

For a little girl of 6 or 7 years. To be recited in a happy child-manner.

ONCE there was a little kitty,
Whiter than snow:
In the barn she used to frolic,
Long time ago.

In the barn a little mousie
Ran to and fro;
For she heard the kitty coming,
Long time ago.

Two black eyes had little kitty,
Black as a sloe;
And they spied the little mousie,
Long time ago.

Nine pearl teeth had little kittie,
All in a row;
And they bit the little mousie,
Long time ago.

When the teeth bit little mousie,
Little mousie cried "Oh!"
But she got away from kitty,
Long time ago.

Kitty White so shyly comes,
To catch the mousie Gray;
But mousie hears her softly step,
And quickly runs away.

AMONG THE ANIMALS.

The boy who recites this speech should be a jolly looking fellow, who can smile as he speaks, and will talk right out and pronounce his words very distinctly.

ONE rainy morning, just for a lark,
I jumped and stamped on my new
Noah's ark:
I crushed an elephant, smashed a gnu,
And snapped a camel clean in two;

I finished the wolf without half tryin',
The wild hyena and roaring lion;
I knocked down Ham, and Japheth, too,
And cracked the legs of the kangaroo.

I finished, besides, two pigs and a donkey,
A polar bear, opossum and monkey;
Also the lions, tigers and cats,
And dromedaries and tiny rats.

There wasn't a thing that didn't feel,
Sooner or later, the weight o' my heel;
I felt as grand, as grand could be,
But oh, the whipping my mammy gave me!

MARY AND THE SWALLOW.

A Dialogue for two Little Girls.

Mary is on the stage, but the girl impersonating the swallow should be out of sight of the audience. An imitative twittering may be heard before the dialogue commences.

M. The lilacs are in blossom, the
cherry flowers are white;
I hear a sound above me, a twitter
of delight;
It is my friend the swallow, as sure as
I'm alive!

I'm very glad to see you! Pray, when did you arrive?

S. I'm very glad to get here; I only came to-day:
I was this very morning a hundred miles away.

M. It was a weary journey; how tired you must be!

S. Oh no! I'm used to traveling, and it agrees with me.

M. You left us last September, and pray where did you go?

S. I went South for the winter, I always do, you know.

M. The South? How do you like it!

S. I like its sunny skies;
And round the orange-blossoms I caught the nicest flies.
But when the spring had opened, I wanted to come back.

M. You're still the same old swallow! Your wings are just as black.

S. I always wear dark colors; I,m ever on the wing;
A sober suit for traveling I think the proper thing.

M. Your little last year's nestlings, do tell me how they grow.

S. My nestlings are great swallows, and mated long ago.

M. And shall you build this summer among the flowers and leaves?

S. No. I have taken lodgings beneath the stable eaves.
You'll hear each night and morning my twitter in the sky.

M. That sound is always welcome. And now good-bye!

S. Good-bye.

MARIAN DOUGLAS.

THEY SAY.

THE subject of my speech is one
We hear of every day—
'Tis simply all about the fear
We have of what "*they say*."

How happy all of us could be,
If, as we go our way,
We did not stop to think and care
So much for what "*they say*."

We never dress to go outside,
To church, to ball, or play,
But everything we wear or do
Is ruled by what "*they say*."

Half of the struggles we each make
To keep up a display,
Might be avoided, were it not
For dread of what "*they say*."

The half of those who leave their homes
For Long Branch and Cape may
Would never go, if it were not
For fear of what "*they say*."

One reason why I'm now so scared
(Pardon the weakness, pray!)
Is that I'm thinking all the while,
"Ot *me* what will '*they say*.'"

But so 'twill be, I judge, as long
As on the earth folks stay—
There'll always be, with wise and fools,
That dread of what "*they say*."

TIME ENOUGH.

Appropriate for Thanksgiving or Harvest Entertainment.

TWO little squirrels, out in the sun—
One gathered nuts, the other had none;
"Time enough yet," his constant refrain,
"Summer is still just on the wane."

Listen, my child, while I tell you his fate;
He roused him at last, but he roused him too late.
Down fell the snow from a pitiless cloud,
And gave little squirrel a spotless white shroud.

Two little boys in a school-room were placed;
One always perfect, the other disgraced;
"Time enough yet for learning," he said,
"I will climb, by and by, from the foot to the head."

Listen, my friends; their locks are turned gray;
One, as a governor, sitteth to-day;
The other, a pauper, looks out at the door

Of the almshouse, and idles his days as of yore.

Two kinds of people we meet every day;
One is at work, the other at play,
Living uncared for, dying unknown,
The busiest hive hath ever a drone.

THE BLUE AND THE GRAY.

Decoration Day Entertainment.

THEY sat together, side by side,
In the shade of an orange tree;
One had followed the flag of Grant,
The other had fought with Lee.

The boy in blue had an empty sleeve.
A crutch had the boy in gray;
They talked of the long and weary march,
They talked of the bloody fray.

"My chief is dead," the Johnny said,
"A leader brave was he;
And sheathed fore'er at Lexington,
Doth hang the sword of Lee."

"My leader dead,"—the boy in blue
Spoke low and with a sigh—
"And all the country mourning lay
The day that Grant did die."

"God bless both our Lee and Grant!"
The vet'ran said, and then
In heartfelt tones the answer came,
From the Southern heart—"*Amen.*"

A LITTLE BOY'S LECTURE.

The Boy Should Speak in a Loud, Oratorical Style and Look Very Dignified.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN: Nearly four hundred years ago the mighty mind of Columbus, traversing unknown seas, clasped this new continent in its embrace.

A few centuries later arose one here who now lives in all our hearts as the Father of his Country. An able warrior, a sagacious statesman, a noble gentleman. Yes, Christopher Columbus was *great.* George Washington was *great.* But here, my friends, in this glorious twentieth century is—a *grater!*

(At this point the boy should pause, and without cracking a smile, take from his pocket a large, bright tin grater, and hold it for a few seconds in full view. The large kind used for horseradish could be most easily distinguished by the audience.)

DIALOGUE FOR TWO BOYS.

Jack Frost and Tom Ruddy.

A large boy, dressed in white, looking very cold, may represent Jack Frost. A small boy, with ruddy cheeks, warm clothes and gloves, and a pair of skates slung over his arms, should represent Tom Ruddy.

Jack Frost:

WHO are you, little boy, on your way to the meadow,
This cold winter day with your skates and your sled—O?

Tom Ruddy:

My name is Tom Ruddy; and though it is snowing,
To the meadow, to skate and to coast, I am going.

Jack Frost:

You had better turn back now, my little friend Tommy,
For the ground it is stiff, and the day it is stormy.

Tom Ruddy:

No, sir, if you please; I do love this cold weather,
And my coat is of wool, and my shoes are of leather.

Jack Frost:

To nip you and pinch you and chill you I'll study,
Unless you turn back and run home, Thomas Ruddy.

Tom Ruddy:

And who may you be sir, to talk to me thus, sir?
And what have I done, you should make such a fuss, sir.

Jack Frost:

My name and my calling I will not dissemble:
JACK FROST is my name, Tom! so hear that and tremble!

Tom Ruddy:

Oh, you are that Frost, then, whose touch is so bitter;

Who makes all our window-panes sparkle and glitter!

Jack Fross:

Yes, I am Jack Frost, and now, Tom, I'm coming
To chill you all over, your finger tips numbing.

Tom Ruddy:

My fingers lie snug in my gay little mittens,
And the fur on my cap is as warm as a kitten's.

Jack Frost:

I will breathe on your ears till they tingle; so fear me,
And scamper; Tom, scamper! Boo-hoo! Do you hear me?

Tom Ruddy:

I hear you, I know you, and if you can match me
In sliding and coating, come catch me, Jack, catch me! (*Runs.*)

Jack Frost:

Stop! stop! He is gone, all my terrors defying;
To scare boys like Tom I had better stop trying

A SCHOOL GIRL'S PRESENTATION SPEECH.

DEAR TEACHER:—I have been requested by the girls of this school (or institution) to offer you a slight token of our affection and regard. I cannot tell you how delighted I am to be the means of conveying to you the expression of our united love. What we offer you is a poor symbol of our feelings, but we know you will receive it kindly, as a simple indication of the attachment which each one of us cherishes for you in her heart of hearts. You have made our lessons pleasant to us—so pleasant that it would be ungrateful to call them tasks. We know that we have often tried your temper and forbearance, but you have dealt gently with us in our waywardness, teaching us, by example as well as precept, the advantages of kindness and self control. We will never forget you We shall look back to this school (or institution) in after life, not as a place of penance, but as a scene of mental enjoyment, where the paths of learning were strewn with flowers; and whenever memory recalls our school-days, our hearts will warm toward you as they do to day. I have been requested by my school-mates not to address you formally, but as a beloved and respected friend. In that light, dear teacher, we all regard you. Please accept, with our little present, our earnest good wishes. May you always be as happy as you have endeavored to make your pupils, and may they—nothing better could be wished for them—be always as faithful to their duties to others as you have been in your duties to them.

CHILDREN'S DAY.

Suitable salutatory at a Sunday school or missionary occasion in which the children are the entertainers.

DEAR friends and teachers, kind and true,
You're welcome—one and all;
We think it very kind that you
Have heard the children's call.

Some little songs we have to sing,
Some little words to say—
We pray you listen patiently,
For this is *Children's Day.*

Great things have we to tell to you,
Of children far away,
Who have no parents, good like ours—
No happy homes have they.

They never heard of God's dear Son,
Who left His home above,
And suffered on the cruel cross,
That all might know His love.

We want to bear the news to them,
But we are weak and small;
Unless encouragement we have
Naught can we do at all.

And so, dear friends, we welcome you,
Your presence, courage brings;
We hope to prove, before you leave,
The strength in *little* things.

WORDS ON WELCOME.

An Opening Address for School or Sunday School Entertainment.

KIND friends and dear parents, we welcome you here
To our nice pleasant school-room, and teacher so dear;
We wish but to show how much we have learned,
And how to our lessons our hearts have been turned.

But hope you'll remember we all are quite young,
And when we have spoken, recited and sung,
You will pardon our blunders, which, as all are aware,
May even extend to the President's chair.

Our life is a school-time, and till that shall end,
With our Father in heaven for teacher and friend,
Oh, let us perform well each task that is given,
Till our time of probation is ended in heaven.

THE FIRST PAIR OF BREECHES.

For a Bright Little Boy of 5 Years.

I'VE got a pair of breeches now,
And I'll have to be a man;
I know I can if just I try,
My mamma says I can!

I'm going to school now very soon,
And learn my A, B, C;
My mamma says I'm too young yet,
But I am 'way past three.

And I've got pockets in my pants,
To put my pencil in;
For mamma says that I must write
In school when I begin.

I'll soon be tall as papa—now
I'll grow as fast as I can,
And don't you think that very soon
I'll be a full-grown man?

WHEN MAMMA WAS A LITTLE GIRL.

For a Girl of 7 or 8 Years with a Saucy Air.

WHEN mamma was a little girl
(Or so they say to me)
She never used to romp and run,
Nor shout and scream with noisy fun,
Nor climb an apple tree.
She always kept her hair in curl,—
When mamma was a little girl.

When mamma was a little girl
(It seems to her, you see)
She never used to tumble down,
Nor break her doll, nor tear her gown,
Nor drink her papa's tea.
She learned to knit, "plain," "seam," and "purl,"—
When mamma was a little girl.

But grandma says—it must be true—
"How fast the seasons o'er us whirl!
Your mamma, dear, was just like you,
When she was grandma's little girl."

THE WATERMILLION.

THERE were a watermillion
Growing on a vine,
And there were a pickaninny
A-watching it all the time.

And when that watermillion
Were a-ripening in the sun,
And the stripes along its jacket
Were coming one by one,

That pickaninny hooked it,
And toting it away,
He ate that entire million
Within a single day.

He ate the rind and pieces
And finished it with vim,
And then that watermillion
Just up and finished him.

AN OPENING ADDRESS.

Speak in a Half-Embarrassed and Conversational Tone.

I AM a very little boy (or girl), and I suppose that is why the teacher puts me first to-day. But I am big enough to tell you that we are very glad to see you.

I hope you will like this school very much. We will sing our best songs, and say our prettiest verses, and be just as good as we can all the time you stay, for we want you to come again.

(*Straighten up with dignity and speak loud and strong.*)

And now I'll say my speech. This is it:

Kind friends, we welcome you to-day
With songs of merry glee;
Your loving smiles we strive to win,
Each face we love to see.

Sweet welcomes then to one and all,
And may your smiles approve;
And may we never miss the light
Of faces that we love.

CLOSING ADDRESS.

KIND friends who have listened to our efforts to-day, I thank you in the name of the whole school for your presence and your attention. We hope we have not disappointed you. With many of us it has been our first attempt at public speaking. Long ago, a boy declaimed—before much such an audience, I dare say, as this—who said: "Tall oaks from little acorns grow;" and it is just as true to-day as then. We are fitting ourselves, little by little, to fill the places of the men and women of to-day. Years hence, you may hear from us mingling with the great world, helping forward, in one way and another, life's good work.

Teacher, we thank you for all your kind endeavors to do us good. May your good wishes for us be all fulfilled in years to come.

Schoolmates, we part companionship to-day to go to our several homes, our various amusements, and our separate work. We part friends, and carry with us pleasant memories of the happy faces here. May our future lives be as useful as our term has been pleasant. And may the world, the great school in which we are all scholars, find us faithful in all the good lessons we have to learn;—in short, may we make our lives a grand success, and be admitted to a higher school in the life to come.

And now, friends all, with thanks for the past, and good wishes for the future, it is mine to say good-bye.

AN ADDRESS TO A TEACHER.

Choose a manly boy who will look the teacher in the eye and speak distinctly.

DEAR TEACHER: The pleasant duty has been assigned me by my schoolmates of presenting you this token as an evidence of our lasting esteem, friendship, and love. We could not consent to part with you without leaving in your hands some memorial, however trifling, of deep and abiding gratitude for your unceasing efforts to benefit us. When in future days you look upon this memento, let it be a pleasant token of the deepest love and reverence of our young hearts.

VALEDICTORY.

IT now, kind friends, devolves on me
To speak our Val-e-dic-to-ry;
You've seen our exhibition through,
We've tried to please each one of you—
And if we've failed in any part,
Lay it to *head* and not to *heart;*

We thank you for your presence here,
With kindly smiles our work to cheer,
Our youthful zeal you do inspire
To set our mark a little higer—
But there's much more than words can tell,—
So thanking you we'll say—*farewell.*

THE BEST OF MENAGERIES.

MY pa's the best menagerie
That ever any one did see;
I need no pets when he is by
To make the days and hours fly,
For any bird or beast or fish
I want, he'll be whene'er I wish.

For instance, if I chance to want
A safe and gentle elephant,
He'll fasten on his own big nose
One of my long black woolen hose,
And on his hands and bended knees
Is elephantine as you please,

And truly seems to like the sport
Of eating peanuts by the quart.

Then, when I want the lion's roar,
He'll go behind my bedroom door,
And growl until I sometimes fear
The king of beasts is really near;
But when he finds my courage dim
He peeps out, and I know it's him.

And he can "meow" just like a cat—
No Tom can beat my pa at that—
And when he yowls, and dabs, and spits,
It sends us all off into fits,
So like it seems that every mouse
Packs up his things and leaves the house.

Then, when he barks, the passers-by
Look all about with fearsome eye,
And hurry off with scurrying feet
To walk upon some other street,
Because they think some dog is there,
To rush out at 'em from his lair.

And, oh, 'twould make you children laugh
When papa plays the big giraffe.
He'll take his collar off, you know,
And stretch his neck an inch or so,
And look down on you from above,
His eyes so soft and full of love,
That, as you watched them, you would think
From a giraffe he'd learned to blink.

'Tis as a dolphin, though, that he
Is strongest, as it seems to me,
And I don't know much finer fun
Than sitting in the noonday sun
Upon the beach and watching pop,
As in the ocean he goes flop,
And makes us children think that he's
A porpoise from across the seas.
And when he takes a tin tube out,
And blows up water through the spout,
The stupidest can hardly fail
To think they see a great big whale!

And that is why I say to you
My Pa's a perfect dandy zoo,
The very best menagerie
That ever you or I did see.
And what is finest let me say,
There never is a cent to pay!

G. V. DRAKE.

VACATION TIME.

Droll Speech for a Boy of 10 Years at Closing Exercises of School.

VACATION time at last is here,
The jolliest time in all the year;
Away with books, pencil and pens,
Now is the time to visit our friends.
We always to the country go—
Me and my youngest brother Joe—
We jump the fences, climb the trees,
Run through the medders chasin' bees;
Eat peaches and apples, plums and grapes,
And get in an orful lot of scrapes!
But then it's vacation time, you know,
I don't think folks ought to mind things so.

One day last summer Joe and me
Went down to the medder the bull to see.
We couldn't git a very good look at him.
So we let down the bars and walked right in.
Oh, you oughter seen his shiny eyes—
Joe said "he's takin in our size!"
And he frightened us so,—Oh, good stars!
We clean forgot to put up the bars.
And that mean old bull, as shore's you're born,
Walked right through them bars into grandpa's corn,
And Joe and me didn't know what to do,
As ear after ear we seen him chew.
Grandpa made an awful fuss,
And 'lowed it happened all through us;
But then 'twas vacation time, you know,
I don't think he ought to minded it so.

I tell you my grandma knows how to bake—
You never tasted such pies and cake.
One day we wuz hungry and wanted a bite,
But grandma she wuz nowhere in sight,
So we thought we'd just help ourself.
The things were on a high up shelf,
So we got a chair and had to tip-toe;
And that clumsy feller—my brother Joe—
I just give him a little bit of a tilt,
An' he set down flat in a pan of milk.
Grandma had an orful time makin' his clothes clean,
And said we spoiled every bit of her cream—
But then, 'twas vacation time, you know,
I don't think grandma got mad at Joe.

Grandma's dog Rover's a nice old chap,
But he likes to take his afternoon nap.
Joe and me spied him asleep one day,
And thought we'd make him git up and play,
So we slipped in the milk house and got a tin pail,
And tied it fast to old Rover's tail,
And then we skeered him, and he runn'd like sin,
And he rattled and banged and spoiled the tin.
Grandma came out, and all the rest,
And she said, "*You boys must be persessed!*"
And, if we didn't leave the animals and things alone,
She'd pack our clothes and send us home.
But then at vacation time, you know—
I don't think folks ought to mind things so.

MARY B. RHEINFELDT.

THE BLUEBELL'S REWARD.

Two little bluebells, growing side by side,
Talked to a sunbeam, out for a ride;
One thought the sunbeam rude in his way,
While the other one listened, but little to say.

The floweret complained that the sunbeam did wrong
In making his calls so exceptionally long,
Declared: 'If he dared stay as long next day,
She would close up her house, and go far, far away.'

The dear little floweret which silently stood,
And quietly fastened her quaint dainty hood,
Was wooed by the sunbeam and changed to a flower
Of exquisite beauty high up on a bower.

So children beware of the bluebell's complaint,
And let your retorts to your elders be faint;
Thus gain by your silence the bower so bright,
And thank the dear Father who leads you aright.

He'll bid every cloud from your sky to depart
And smiles in good pleasure at each kind, patient heart;
Thro' sunshine and showers be brave and be strong,
Remembering ever, right conquers all wrong.

ANNA T. HACKMAN

THE BOY WHO DID NOT PASS.

This selection may be made more attractive by introducing an elderly gentleman to represent the boy's father. Let the father recite the first stanza, and John, a manly boy, reply with the remainder. At the close, the father, clasping John's hand, says: "I believe you will, my boy," and they leave the stage arm-in-arm.

"So, John, I hear you did not pass;
You were the lowest in your class—
Got not a prize of merit.
But grumbling now is no avail;
Just tell me how you came to fail,
With all your sense and spirit?"

"Well, sir, I missed 'mong other things,
The list of Egypt's shepherd kings
(I wonder who does know it).
An error of three years I made
In dating England's first crusade;
And, as I am no poet,

"I got Euripides all wrong,
And could not write a Latin song;
And as for Roman history,
With Hun and Vandal, Goth and Gaul,
And Gibbon's weary 'Rise and Fall,'
'Twas all a hopeless mystery.

"But, father, do not fear or sigh
If Cram' does proudly pass me by,
And pedagogues ignore me;
I've common sense, I've will and health,
I'll win my way to honest wealth;
The world is all before me.

"And though I'll never be a Grecian,
Know Roman laws or art Phœnician,
Or sing of love and beauty,
I'll plow, or build, or sail, or trade,
And you need never be afraid
But that I'll do my duty."

THE QUEER LITTLE HOUSE.

Suitable for a bright little girl to recite. She should be taught proper modulation and expression of face

There's a queer little house,
And it stands in the sun.
When the good mother calls,

The children all run.
While under her roof,
They are cozy and warm,
Though the cold wind may whistle
And bluster and storm.

In the daytime, this queer
Little house moves away,
And the children run after it,
Happy and gay;
But it comes back at night,
And the children are fed,
And tucked up to sleep
In a soft feather-bed.

This queer little house
Has no windows nor doors—
The roof has no shingles,
The rooms have no floors—
No fire-place, chimney,
Nor stove can you see,
Yet the children are cozy
And warm as can be.

The story of this
Funny house is all true,
I have seen it myself,
And I think you have, too,
You can see it to-day,
If you watch the old hen,
When her downy wings cover
Her chickens again.

A BOY'S LECTURE ON "KNIVES."

This lecture will be most effective, delivered in a boy's natural style. Try to imitate the boy's actions. The real art of rendering this selection is in being artlessly natural.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN: My subject is knives. There are two kinds of knives. I will mention them—eating-knives and jack-knives. You must not put eating-knives in your mouth, you can a jack-knife, because then you do not have any fork—I mean when you are eating raw sweet potatoes or raw turnips, or any raw things out of doors. You can do nineteen things with a jack-knife. I will mention them—whittle, sharpen pencils, clip off finger-nails and thumb ones, play mum'l-ti-peg, cut knots, punch holes, shock out clams and oysters, clean fishes, cut your name on anything, eat apples and pumpkin pi'—seeds and other things, make whistles, whet it on a whet-stone, cut your fingers with it, break it, swap it, lose it, find it, give it away. Every fellow that borrows a jack-knife ought to give it right back again. I don't mean before he is done with it.

A jack-knife is made of two parts. I will mention them—the handle and the blade. You can have a knife with six blades, if anybody will give you one. Your father and mother hardly ever give you a six-blader. They do not think it is best. Some little fellows have numb jack-knives. Numb jack-knives are made not to cut; my little brother has a numb jack-knife. Jack-knives are very easy to lose. A fellow almost always loses his knife. He feels very sorry when he first finds out he cannot find his knife. He does not believe that knife is lost. He keeps feeling in his pocket, for he believes it is there somewhere under his ball or his jews-harp, or his pocket-handkerchief, or amongst the crumbles. Then he begins and empties out all these things, and turns his pocket inside out, and shakes it, and stands up, and shakes his trousers leg, and looks down on the floor, and puts them all in again, and then he begins to hunt.

One day I lost my knife, and I hunted for it in ninety-seven different places. I will mention them—in my mother's work-basket, in her other work-basket, in her darn-stocking bag, in eight of her bureau drawers, in six cracks of the floor, up garret, in the ash-pail, all over eight floors crawling, in the cookie-pot, in my mother's pocket, in the baby's cradle, in the apple-barrel, on four top shelves, on seventeen other shelves, in the spoon-holder, in ten of my father's pockets, in fourteen of my big brother's pockets, in four of my pockets, on six mantelpieces, in the waste-basket, in my sister's doll-house, in her bureau drawer, in the bed-clothes chest, in my mother's trunk, in four of my sister's pockets, and all the time my knife was in my trousers-leg, inside of the outside part of the trousers-leg, back of the lining of it.

Ladies and gentlemen: Many thanks for your kind attention. My next lecture will be on "Swapping."

MRS. ABBY MORTON DIAS,
in Wide Awake.

GEORGE WASHINGTON.

For Washington's birthday entertainment. Select five small boys. Let each boy hold a card with date in view of audience during his recitation.

1732.—In seventeen hundred thirty-two
George Washington was born;
Truth, goodness, skill, and glory high,
His whole life did adorn.

1775.—In seventeen hundred seventy-five,
The chief command he took
Of all the army in the State,
And ne'er his flag forsook.

1783.—In seventeen hundred eighty-three,
Retired to private life,
He saw his much-loved country free
From battle and from strife.

1789.—In seventeen hundred eighty-nine
The country with one voice,
Proclaimed him President to shine,
Blessed by the peoples choice.

1799.—In seventeen hundred ninety-nine
The Nation's thears were shed,
To see the Patriot life resign,
And sleep among the dead.

All.—As "first in war, and first in peace,"
As patriot, father, friend,
He will be blessed till time shall cease,
And earthly life shall end.

BOYS WANTED.

"Wanted, a boy." How often we
These very common words may see,
Wanted—a boy to errands run,
Wanted for everything under the sun.
All that the men to-day can do
To-morrow the boys will be doing too,
For the time is ever coming when
The boys must stand in place of men.

Wanted—the world wants boys to-day,
And she offers them all she has for pay.
Honor, wealth, position, fame,
A useful life and a deathless name.
Boys to shape the paths for men,
Boys to guide the plow and pen,
Boys to forward the tasks begun.

The world is axious to employ
Not Just one, but every boy
Whose heart and brain will e'er be true
To work his hands shall find to do,
Honest, faithful, earnest, kind;
To good awake, to evil blind;
Heart of gold without alloy.
Wanted: The world wants such a boy.

WHAT A BOY CAN DO.

These are some of the things that a boy can do:
He can whistle so loud the air turns blue;
He can make all the sounds of beast and bird,
And a thousand noises never heard.

He can crow or cackle, or he can cluck
As well as a rooster, hen, or duck;
He can bark like a dog, he can low like a cow,
And a cat itself can't beat his "me-ow."

He has sounds that are ruffled, striped and plain;
He can thunder by as a railway train,
Stop at the stations a breath, and then
Apply the steam and be off again.

He has all his powers in such command
He can turn right into a full brass band,
With all of the instruments ever played,
As he makes of himself a street parade.

You can tell that a boy is very ill
If he's wide awake and keeping still.
But earth would be—God bless their noise!—
A dull old place if there were no boys.

BABY'S LOGIC.

Catchy Encore Selection.

She was ironing her dolly's new gown
Maid Marian, four years old,
With her brows puckered down
In a painstaking frown
Under her tresses of gold.

RESIGNATION.

DRAMATIC RECITATION.
Second Position

WONDER. AWE.

SOLEMN APPEAL.
Suggestion also for Tableau.

THE PALLET OF STRAW.
Suggestion for Tableau.

THE SHEPHERDESS.

"'TIS BETTER TO DIE THAN TO ENDURE."
A Pose showing Tragedy.

A POSE WHEN DESCRIBING A LIVELY SCENE.

DRAMATIC RECITATION.
First Position

DISAPPOINTMENT.

APPEALING.

SCORNFUL DISMISSAL.

THE ARCHER.

SORROWFUL MEDITATION.

INDEPENDENT DEFIANCE.
An Expression showing Passion.

THE WATER-CARRIER.
Greek Pose.

'Twas Sunday, and nurse coming in
Exclaimed in a tone of surprise:
"Don't you know it's a sin
Any work to begin
On the day that the Lord sanctifies?"

Then, lifting her face like a rose,
Thus answered this wise little tot:
"Now, don't you suppose
The good Lord he knows
This little iron ain't hot?"

ELIZABETH W. BELLAMY.

A SCHOOL IDYL.

RAM it in, cram it in;
Children's heads are hollow,
Slam it in, jam it in;
Still there's more to follow—
Hygiene and history,
Astronomic mystery,
Algebra, histology,
Latin, etymology,
Botany, geometry,
Greek and trigonometry.
Ram it in, cram it in;
Children's heads are hollow.

Rap it in, tap it in;
What are teachers paid for?
Bang it in, slam it in:
What are children made for;
Ancient archaeology,
Aryan philology,
Prosody, zoology,
Physics, clinictology
Calculus and mathematics,
Rhetoric and hydrostatics
Hoax it in, coax it in;
Children's head's are hollow.

Scold it in, mould it in;
All that they can swallow.
Fold it in, mould it in;
Still there's more to follow.
Faces pinched, and sad, and pale,
Tell the same undying tale—
Tell of moments robbed from sleep,
Meals untasted, studies deep.
Those who've passed the furnace through,
With aching brow, will tell to you
How the teacher crammed it in,
Rammed it in jammed it in,
Crunched it in, punched it in,
Rubbed it in, clubbed it in,
Pressed it in, caressed it in,
Rapped it in and slapped it in—
When their heads were hollow.

"REHOBOTH SUNDAY HERALD."

A FOURTH OF JULY RECORD.

Suitable to Fourth of July Entertainment.

I was a wide-awake little boy
Who rose with the break of day;

2 were the minutes he took to dress,
Then he was off and away.

3 were his leaps when he cleared the stairs,
Although they were steep and high;

4 was the number which caused his haste,
Because it was Fourth of July!

5 were his pennies which went to buy
A package of crackers red;

6 were the matches which touched them off
And then—he was back in bed.

7 big plasters he had to wear
To cure his fractures sore;

8 were the visits the doctor made,
Before he was whole once more.

9 were the dolorous days he spent
In sorrow and pain; but then

10 are seconds he'll stop to think
Before he does it again.

LILIAN DYNEVOR RICE.

DAYS OF THE WEEK.

For Seven Little Boys and Girls. Teacher or some Large Boy or Girl Should Speak.

THE days of the week once talking together
About their housekeeping, their friends and the weather,
Agreed in their talk it would be a nice thing
For all to march, and dance, and sing;
So they all stood up in a very straight row,
And this is the way they decided to go:

(*Let seven children stand up, and as day of week is called, take places, each one equipped with the things the speaker mentions.*)

First came little Sunday, so sweet and good,
With a book in her hand, at the head she stood.
Monday skipped in with soap and a tub,
Scrubbing away with a rub-a-dub-dub,
With board and iron came Tuesday bright,
Talking to Monday in great delight.
Then Wednesday—the dear little cook—came in,
Riding cock horse on his rolling-pin.
Thursday followed, with broom and brush,
Her hair in a towel, and she in a rush.
Friday appeared, gayly tripping along;
He scoured the knives, and then he was gone.
Saturday last, with a great big tub,
Into which we all jump for a very good rub.

(*The children march and sing to the tune of "Good Morning, Merry Sunshine."*)

Children of the week are we,
Happy, busy, full of glee.
Often do we come this way,
And you meet us every day.
Hand in hand we trip along,
Singing as we go, a song.
Each one may a duty bring,
Though it be a little thing.

(*All bow, and taking up the articles retire from the stage in order, Sunday, Monday, etc.*

MARY ELY PAGE.

IF I WERE YOU.

If I were you, and went to school
I'd never break the smallest rule,
And it should be my teacher's joy
To say she had no better boy.
And 'twould be true,
If I were you.

If I were you, I'd always tell
The truth, no matter what befell;
For two things only I despise,
A coward heart and telling lies;
And you would, too,
If I were you.

WHAT TO DRINK.

I THINK that every mother's son
And every father's daughter,
Should drink at least till twenty-one,
Just nothing but cold water.
And after that, they might drink tea,
But nothing any stronger;
If all folks would agree with me,
They'd live a great deal longer.

THE BLESSED ONES.

Sunday School Entertainment. Select nine Children, stand them in line, and one by one step forward and speak.

BLESSED are the poor in spirit: for theirs is the kingdom of heaven.

Blessed are they that mourn: for they shall be comforted.

Blessed are the meek: for they shall inherit the earth.

Blessed are they which do hunger and thirst after righteousness: for they shall be filled.

Blessed are the merciful: for they shall obtain mercy.

Blessed are the pure in heart: for they shall see God.

Blessed are the peacemakers: for they shall be called the children of God.

Blessed are they that are persecuted for righteousness' sake: for theirs is the kingdom of heaven.

Blessed are ye when men shall revile you, and persecute you, and shall say all manner of evil against you falsely, for my sake.

(*All stand in line and repeat together:*)

Rejoice, and be exceeding glad: for great is your reward in heaven; for so persecuted they the prophets which were before you.

FROM MATTHEW, 5. 2–12.

TWENTY-THIRD PSALM.

Suited for Church or Sunday school. Arranged for five little boys or girls. May be repeated at entertainment or before Sunday school. Speakers should stand in line and recite one after the other.

FIRST SPEAKER.

THE Lord is my shepherd;
I shall not want.

SECOND SPEAKER.

He maketh me to lie down in green pastures;
He leadeth me beside the still waters;

THIRD SPEAKER.

He restoreth my soul;
He leadeth me in the path of righteousness
for His name's sake.

FOURTH SPEAKER.

Yea, though I walk through the valley of
the shadow of death,
I fear no evil; for Thou art with me;
Thy rod and Thy staff they comfort me.

FIFTH SPEAKER.

Thou preparest a table before me in the
presence of mine enemies;
Thou anointest my head with oil;
My cup runneth over.

ALLTOGETHER.

Surely goodness and mercy shall follow (me)
us all the days of (my) *our* (life)
lives:
And (I) *we* will dwell in the house of the
Lord for ever.

REMEMBER, BOYS MAKE MEN.

WHEN you see a ragged urchin
Standing wistful in the street,
With torn hat and kneeless trousers,
Dirty face and bare red feet;
Pass not by the child unheeding,
Smile upon him. Mark me, when
He's grown he'll not forget it,
For, remember, boys make men.

When the buoyant youthful spirits
Overflow in boyish freak,
Chide your child in gentle accents,
Do not in your anger speak;
You must sow in youthful bosoms
Seeds of tender mercies; then
Plants will grow and bear good fruitage,
When the erring boys are men.

Have you never seen a grandsire,
With his eyes aglow with joy,
Bring to mind some act of kindness
Something said to him a boy?
Or relate some slight or coldness,
With a brow all clouded, when
He said they were too thoughtless
To remember boys make men?

Let us try to add some pleasures
To the life of every boy,
For each child needs tender interest
In its sorrows and its joys;
Call your boys home by your brightness,
They'll avoid a gloomy den,
And seek for comfort elsewhere—
And remember, boys make men.

TALE OF A DOG AND A BEE.

GREAT big dog,
Head upon his toes;
Tiny little bee
Settles on his nose.

Great big dog
Thinks it is a fly,
Never says a word,
Winks mighty sly.

Tiny little bee
Tickles doggie's nose—
Thinks like as not
'Tis a blooming rose.

Dog smiles a smile,
Winks his other eye,
Chuckles to himself
How he'll catch a fly.

Then he makes a snap
Mighty quick and spry,
Gets the little bug
But doesn't catch the fly.

Tiny little bee,
Alive and looking well,
Great big dog,
Mostly gone to swell.

Moral:

Dear friends and brothers all
Don't be too fast and free,
And when you catch a fly,
Be sure it ain't a bee.

WHEN FATHER CARVES THE DUCK.

WE all look on with anxious eyes
When father carves the duck,
And mother almost always sighs
When father carves the duck;
Then all of us prepare to rise,

And hold our bibs before our eyes,
And be prepared for some surprise,
When father carves the duck.

He braces up and grabs a fork
Whene'er he carves a duck,
And won't allow a soul to talk,
Until he's carved the duck.
The fork is jabbed into the sides,
Across the breast the knife he slides,
While every careful person hides
From flying chips of duck.

The platter's always sure to slip
When father carves a duck,
And how it makes the dishes skip!
Potatoes fly amuck!
The squash and cabbage leap in space,
We get some gravy in our face,
And father mutters Hindoo grace
Whene'er he carves a duck.

We then have learned to walk around
The dining-room and pluck
From off the window-sills and walls
Our share of father's duck.
While father growls and blows and jaws,
And swears the knife was full of flaws,
And mother laughs at him because
He couldn't carve a duck.

E. V. WRIGHT.

QUESTIONS ABOUT WOMEN.

For Sunday School Entertainments, suited to a class of girls. The teacher asks questions, and scholars should repeat the verse and give the reference in answer to every question.

WHAT two men were hidden in a well by a woman? 2 Sam. xvii. 18, 19.

2. What man asked his servant to kill him after he had been mortally wounded by a woman? Judges ix. 53, 54.

3. What man owed his own life and that of his countrymen to a woman? Esther iv. 15, 16.

4. What king caused a good man to be slain because he loved the man's wife? 2 Sam. xi. 14, 15.

5. What man made a vow which involved the life of his own daughter? Judges xi. 30, 31, 34.

6. What man once received most hospitable treatment from a woman whom he sought, though she knew him not? Gen. xxiv. 17–19.

7. What man was deceived by a woman, and then treacherously slain by her? Judges iv. 18, 21.

8. What man once refused to go to battle unless the woman he was addressing would conduct it? Judges iv. 8, 9.

9. What man was saved from death by his wife's pretending he was sick? 1 Sam. xix. 12–14.

10. What man was twice betrayed by his wife through avowal of love? Judges xiv. 16, 17, and xv. 15-17.

11. What woman judged Israel? Judges iv. 4, 5.

12. What woman reigned over Israel six years? 2 Chron. xxii. 10, 12.

AN EASTER BONNET.

LITTLE Miss Violet, blooming and sweet,
Has her new Easter bonnet all trimmed and complete;
The brim is rich purple with hair-lines of black
It flares at the front and fits close at the back,
There's a bow-knot of yellow and strings of pea green—
A prettier bonnet has never been seen.

But Miss Violet's careful, and keeps it well hid
In her underground bandbox, and holds fast the lid;
If Easter is early, and March winds are cold,
You'll not have a glimpse of the purple and gold,
But when Easter comes late, you will see the whole place
Grow bright with Miss Violet's beauty and grace.

THE MISSIONARY HEN.

Good for Church or Sunday School Entertainment.

I KNOW a funny little lad—
We call him careful Ben—
Who has among his many pets
A missionary hen.

"A missionary hen!" you say;
"What sort of fowl is that?"

Just listen, and you'll all agree
That she is called just right.

Now Benny went to Sunday school,
And there he heard them tell
About the children far away
Who hear no Sabbath bell;

Who never heard of Jesus' name
Nor how He came to earth,
And gave His life upon the cross
To save their souls from death.

He knew they had no pleasant homes,
No teachers kind and true
To tell them of a Saviour's love,
Or what they ought to do.

Ben's pocketbook was very lean,
The pennies there were few;
But Bennie's mother helped him out—
She gave him work to do.

He climbed the mow to hunt the eggs,
He crawled beneath the barn;
And his reward was one old hen
That he might call his own.

Dear me! the way that old hen laid
Was wonderful to view!
She seemed to know her business well,
And sought to mind it too.

She was a missionary hen,
For all her eggs he sold
For pennies for the mission-box—
They were as good as gold.

Ben's pennies now were never scarce
He did not have to beg;
For this old hen was like the goose
That laid the golden egg.

She raised a brood of ten fine chicks,
Ben drafted them all in
To swell the ranks and revenue,
Of his missionary hen.

SONG OF THE RYE.

At a Temperance or Thanksgiving entertainment, a shock of rye may be placed on the stage near a door or curtain, and the teacher or director of ceremonies might walk out and say, "What is this rye, which we see here, good for? I understand it is the choicest grain for making whiskey, which destroys so many thousand lives and ruins so many homes each year. Why is it here on such an occasion as this?"

Then the boy or girl, with a clear strong voice, speaks from behind the scene, so near the shock that it seems as if the voice came from the rye itself: "I come here, friends, to defend myself. Man has made me his destroyer, when I am really his friend."

I was made to be eaten
And not to be drank;
To be thrashed in a barn,
Not soaked in a tank.
I come as a blessing
When put through a mill,
As a blight and a curse
When run through a still.

Make me up into loaves,
And the children are fed;
But if into drink,
I'll starve them instead.
In bread I'm a servant,
The eater shall rule;
In drink I am master,
The drinker a fool.

A ROUGH RIDER AT HOME.

My pa's a great Rough Rider,
He was one of Teddy's men,
And he fought before
El Caney
In the trenches and the fen.
He came home sore and wounded,
And I wish you'd see him eat;
He's got an appetite, I guess,
Is pretty hard to beat:

It's eat, and eat, and eat,
And it's sleep, and sleep, and sleep.
For ma won't let us make no noise,
And so we creep, and creep.
O, we bade him welcome home.
And we're glad, he wasn't killed—
But gee! he's got an appetite
That never will be filled.

He says he caught the fever,
And he had the ague, too;
And he kind o'got the homesicks,
And the waitin' made him blue.
But when he reached the station,
And we saw him from the gate,
We were the happiest little kids
You could find in any state.

HER PAPA.

My papa's all dressed up to-day;
He never looked so fine;
I thought when first I looked at him,
My papa wasn't mine.

He's got a beautiful new suit—
The old one was so old—
It's blue, with buttons, oh, so bright
I guess they must be gold.

And papa's sort o' glad and sort
O' sad—I wonder why;
And ev'ry time she looks at him
It makes my mamma cry.

Who's Uncle Sam? My papa says
That he belongs to him;
But papa's joking, 'cause he knows
My uncle's name is Jim.

My papa just belongs to me
And mamma. And I guess
The folks are blind who cannot see
His buttons marked U. S.

U. S. spells us. He's ours—and yet
My mamma can't help cry.
And papa tries to smile at me
And can't—I wonder why?

ARMY DIET.

My father says 'at sojers is
The braves' mens 'at ever was;
'At when they hears the shots go
"Whiz!"
They don't mind it a bit bekuz
The whiz means 'at you ain't got hit,
An' so they ist don't keer a bit.

Pa says 'at sojers knows a lot,
An' they can walk "ist like one man,"
An' aim so well 'at every shot
Will hit a sneakin' Spaniard, an'
He says they have to eat "hard tacks"
An' carry "raccoons" on their backs.

But when I ast him why they do
He ist busts out a-laughin', nen
He says, "You know a thing or two,
My son!" an' laughs an' laughs again,
An' says, "'At's ist the very thing—
The sojers eats the tax, i' 'ing!"

THE SPANISH WAR ALPHABET

The following alphabetical arrangement of facts, persons and places connected with the Spanish American war may be used as a recitation for one, or it may be pleasingly presented by twenty-six youngsters each holding the large letter which he represents cut out of pasteboard fastened on a staff for carrying. Let each speaker step out of line to recite the verse relating to the letter in hand. When standing in line the letters should be held plainly in view of the audience forming a complete alphabet.

A is for Admiral, impassionate, cold,
Who waits for instructions, and does as he's told.

B stands for Brooklyn, commanded by Schley;
The hottest of liners he takes on the fly.

C is for Cuba, a tight little isle;
To get which we may have to fight quite a while.

D is—yes, Dewey, a teacher of Spanish;
The first lesson caused all his pupils to vanish.

E stands for Evans, who's never so happy
As when there's a chance to get in something "scrappy."

F is for Freedom, which means a great deal
When your neck has been under a vile Spanish heel.

G is for Germany, whose rude employees
Should learn better manners; be taught to say please.

H stands for Heroes, on land and on sea,
Who laid down their lives for their friends' liberty.

I's for Insurgents, who holler for aid;
Then eat up the rations and loaf in the shade.

J is for Jones, Davy Jones, if you will,
Whose lockers we've twice had occasion to fill.

K stands for King, the young King of Spain,
Who's been led to regret what happened the "Maine"

L is for Long, who has great common-sense,
And in whom the people place all confidence.

M's for McKinley, we welcome the fact
That he's handling this matter with very great tact.

N is for Nelson, Nelson A. Miles,
On whom we depend to o'ercome Spanish wiles.

O's the Oquendo, a powerful cruiser;
But on a long pig-hunt they managed to lose her.

P's Porto Rico, the place had some forts,
But, no doubt, ere this they've been knocked out of sorts.
Q is for Queen, most unhappy of ladies,
Who fears, perhaps rightly, our visit to Cadiz.
R's for Reporters; they're well to the fore,
But they mustn't imagine they're running this war.
S is for Shafter, a man of great girth,
In spite of which fact he is proving his worth.
T stands for Toral, whose acted campaign
Was played for the gallery over in Spain.
U is for Union, the only cement
To strengthen a State and disruptions prevent.
V's for Vizcaya; she made a great show,
But proving a nuisance, we sent her below.
W is for Wainwright, whose motto must be
"The greater the odds, the better for me."
X is the cross that is put against Spain,
And means that she's out of the Blue Book again.
Y's for the youngsters that sneaked to the front.
And gave their poor mammas no end of a hunt.
Z's for the zeal that has hall-marked this fight;
This quality wins when stamped upon right.

A. C. NEEDHAM.

THE PRICE HE PAID.

TEDDY came to tell his playmate
Of a most successful trade.
"Ive got just the best knife this time—
Corkscrew, big and little blade,
Real pearl handle—cost a dollar
At the store a week ago;
But," and here he winked at Tommy,
"Didn't cost me that, you know.

"No, sir; what I traded for it
Wasn't worth a dime, I guess.
You have seen the chain Bob gave me—
Brass all through and nothing less.
Well, he took a fancy to it,
When I hinted it was gold,
And he swapped his jack-knife for it.
My, but didn't he get sold?"

"Yes, perhaps," was Tommy's answer,
In a grave and thoughtful way;
"But I think the knife has cost you
More than I would like to pay."
"You don't think that I got cheated?"
"Yes," was Tommy's quick reply,
"You could not afford to do it,
For you had to tell a lie."

"BROOKLYN EAGLE."

JOHNNY'S OPINION OF GRANDMOTHERS.

A speech for a droll boy, should be spoken in a deliberate and thoughtful tone as if reflecting.

GRANDMOTHERS are very nice folks;
They beat all the aunts in creation;
They let a chap do as he likes
And don't worry about education.

I'm sure I can't see it at all,
What a poor fellow ever could do
For apples and pennies and cakes,
Without a grandmother or two.

Grandmothers speak softly to ma'e,
To let a boy have a good time;
Sometimes they will whisper, 'tis true,
T'other way when a boy wants to climb.

Grandmothers have muffins for tea,
And pies, a whole row, in the cellar.
And they're apt (if they know it in time)
To make chicken-pies for a feller.

And if he is bad now and then,
And makes a great racketing noise,
They only look over their specs
And say, "Ah, these boys will be boys!

"Life is only so short at the best:
Let the children be happy to-day."
Then they look for a while at the sky,
And the hills that are far, far away.

Quite often, as twilight comes on,
Grandmothers sing hymns very low
To themselves, as they rock by the fire,
About heaven, and when they shall go.

And then a boy, stopping to tnink,
Will find a hot tear in his eye,
To know what must come at the last,
For grandmothers all have to die.

I wish they could stay here and pray,
For a boy needs their prayers every night.
Some boys more than others, I s'pose;
Such fellers as me need a sight.

THE FAIRY PEOPLE'S SPINNING.

FOR little men and little maids,
When night is just beginning,
Oh, then, on quiet hills and glades
The fairies start their spinning.

And fast each silver shuttle goes,
In summer darkness chilly,
To weave the redness of the rose,
The whiteness of the lily.

To count the cunning little elves
Would surely make you dizzy,
They do not know their host themselves,
These wee folk quaint and busy.

By brook and creek, by isle and shoal,
By velvet field and valley,
Dame Nature keeps their muster roll,
So often as they rally.

And when the little children wake
In sunny mornings early,
They see the lace the fairies make,
A cobweb tissue pearly.

It lightly folds o'er branch and stem,
It shakes with dews a twinkle,
And flings its cloth of gold and gem
In many a filmy wrinkle.

So little men and maids may dream
While trolls and elves are playing
Their looms beneath the starlight's gleam,
And silent hours are flying.

MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

TRUE BRAVERY.

Dialogue for Boy and Girl of 10 and 12 Years.

RALPH. Good-morning, Cousin Laura! I have a word to say to you.

Laura. Only a word! It is yet half an hour to school-time, and I can listen.

R. I saw you yesterday speaking to that fellow Sterling—Frank Sterling.

L. Of course I spoke to Frank. What then? Is he too good to be spoken to?

R. Far from it. You must give up his acquaintance.

L. Indeed, Cousin Ralph! I must give up his acquaintance? On what compulsion *must* I?

R. If you do not wish to be cut by all the boys of the academy, you must cut Frank.

L. Cut! What do you mean by *cut*?

R. By cutting, I mean not recognizing an individual. When a boy who knows you passes you without speaking or bowing, he cuts you.

L. I thank you for the explanation. And I am to understand that I must either give up the acquaintance of my friend Frank, or submit to the terrible mortification of being "cut" by Mr. Ralph Burton and his companions!

R. Certainly. Frank is a boy of no spirit—in short, a coward.

L. How has he shown it?

R. Why, a dozen boys have dared him to fight, and he refuses to do it.

L. And is your test of courage a willingness to fight? If so, a bull-dog is the most courageous of gentlemen.

R. I am serious, Laura; you must give him up. Why, the other day Tom Harding put a chip on a fellow's hat, and dared Frank Sterling to knock it off. But Sterling folded his arms and walked off, while we all groaned and hissed.

L. You did? You groaned and hissed? Oh, Ralph, I did not believe you had so little of the true gentlemen about you!

R. What do you mean? Come, now, I do not like that.

L. Were you at the great fire last night?

R. Yes; Tom Harding and I helped work one of the engines.

L. Did you see that boy go up the ladder?

R. Yes; wouldn't I like to be in his shoes! They say the Humane Society are going to give him a medal; for he saved a baby's life and no mistake—at the risk of his own, too; everybody said so; for the ladder he went up was all charred and

weakened, and it broke short off before he got to the ground.

L. What boy was it?

R. Nobody could find out, but I suppose the morning paper will tell us all about it.

L. I have a copy. Here's the account: "Great fire; house tenanted by poor families; baby left in one of the upper rooms; ladder much charred; fireman too heavy to go up; boy came forward, ran up; seized an infant; descended safely; gave it into 'arms of frantic mother."

R. Is the boys name mentioned?

L. Ay! Here it is! Here it is! And who do you think he is?

R. Do not keep me in suspense.

L. Well, then, he's the boy who was so afraid of knocking a chip off your hat—Frank Sterling—the coward, as *you* called him.

R. No! Let me see the paper for myself. There's the name, sure enough, printed in capital letters.

L. But, cousin, how much more illustrious an achievement it would have been for him to have knocked a chip off your hat! Risking his life to save a chip of a baby was a small matter compared with that. Can the gratitude of a mother for saving her baby make amends for the ignominy of being cut by Mr. Tom Harding and Mr. Ralph Burton?

R. Don't laugh at me any more, Cousin Laura. I see I've been stupidly in the wrong. Frank Sterling is no coward. I'll ask his pardon this very day.

L. Will you? My dear Ralph, you will in that case show that you are not without courage.

GRANDPA'S AVERSION TO SLANG.

It wasn't so when I was young—
We used plain language then;
We didn't speak of "them galoots,"
Meanin' boys or men.

When speaking of the nice hand-write
Of Joe, or Tom, or Bill,
We did it plain—we didn't say,
"He slings a nasty quill."

An' when we saw a girl we liked,
Who never failed to please,
We called her pretty, neat and good,
But not "about the cheese."

Well, when we met a good old friend
We hadn't lately seen,
We greeted him, but didn't say,
"Hello, you old sardine!"

The boys sometimes got mad an' fit;
We spoke of kicks and blows;
But now they "whack him on the snoot,"
Or "paste him on the nose."

Once when a youth was turned away
By her he held most dear.
He walked upon his feet—but now
He "walks off on his ear."

We used to dance when I was young,
And used to call it so;
But now they don't—they only "sling
The light fantastic toe."

Of death we spoke in language plain
That no one did perplex;
But in these days one dosen't die—
He "passes in his checks."

We praised the man of common sense;
"His judgment's good," we said
But now they say: "Well, that old plum
Has he got a level head."

It's rather sad the children now
Are learnin' all such talk;
They've learned to "chin" instead of chat,
An' "waltz" instead of walk.

To little Harry yesterday—
My grandchild, aged two—
I said, "You love grandpa?" said he,
"You bet your boots I do."

The children bowed to a stranger once;
It is no longer so—
The little girl, as well as boys,
Now greets you with "Helloa!"

Oh, give me back the good old days,
When both the old and young
Conversed in plain, old-fashioned words,
And slang was never "slung."

B. TAYLOR.

MEASURING HIS GENEROSITY.

(See illustration for suggestion as to how to arrange a tableau for this selection.)

TOMMY BLACK had three cents
Which he spent at the candy shop,
And when he came out he saw two friends
Whom he invited to stop.

"Take a good mouthful," said Tommy,
As he opened his candy bag,
And handed it to Billy Maloney,
A big-mouthed, greedy wag.

When Billy got his great mouth full,
But one stick of candy was left.
"I'll not trust the other," thought Tommy,
"Lest I should be bereft."
So measuring the stick in the middle,
And clasping it quite tight—
"Don't go over that mark," said Tommy,
"*And I'll hold it while you bite!*"

SHEPPARD

TIDDLE-DE-WINK'S RIDE.

(See illustration for tableau suggestion.)

TIDDLE-DE-WINK was little Billy's sister,
So good that she never cried;
And Billy said she was a baby queen,
And like a queen should ride.

"But what shall we do for horses?
And where can I get a chaise?
And who will be the footman?
Cried Billy with amaze!

"Mother's watering cans shall be horses,
With a feather and a broom for tails;
And I will make a carriage
With these boards, my hammer and nails."

So Tiddle-de-Wink went riding
With her doll-baby by her side,
While Billy himself, her footman,
Sat behind her filled with pride.

Part II.

NARRATIVE AND DESCRIPTIVE SELECTIONS

IN reciting descriptive selections care must be taken to so modulate the voice, govern the gestures, and time the rapidity or slowness of speech, to bring the picture—and the character portrayed, the thing described—vividly and clearly before the imagination of the listener. To do this the reciter should see, feel and act the scene in the most natural manner possible.

BILL MASON'S BRIDE.

An incident in pioneer life. Bret Harte, the author of this poem, more than any other writer has interpreted the early life of the far West and embalmed the language and customs of the mining camp in literature.

HALF an hour till train time, sir,
An' a fearful dark time, too;
Take a look at the switch lights,
Fetch in a stick when you're through.
"On time?" well, yes, I guess so—
Left the last station all right—
She'll come round the curve a flyin';
Bill Mason comes up to-night.

You know Bill? No! He's engineer,
Been on the road all his life—
I'll never forget the morning
He married his chuck of a wife.
'Twas the summer the mill hands struck—
Just off work, every one;
They kicked up a row in the village
And killed old Donevan's son.

Bill hadn't been married mor'n an hour,
Up comes the message from Kress,
Orderin' Bill to go up there,
And bring down the night express.
He left his gal in a hurry,
And went up on number one,
Thinking of nothing but Mary,
And the train he had to run.

And Mary sat down by the window
To wait for the night express;
And, sir, if she hadn't a' done so,
She'd been a widow, I guess.

For it must a' been nigh midnight
When the mill hands left the Ridge—
They come down—the drunken devils!
Tore up a rail from the bridge.
But Mary heard 'em a workin'
And guessed there was something wrong
And in less than fifteen minutes,
Bill's train it would be along.

She couldn't come here to tell *us*,
A mile—it wouldn't a' done—
So she jest grabbed up a lantern,
And made for the bridge alone.
Then down came the night express, sir,
And Bill was makin' her climb!
But Mary held the lantern,
A-swingin' it all the time.

Well! by Jove! Bill saw the signal,
And he stopped the night express,
And he found his Mary cryin',
On the track, in her weddin' dress;
Cryin' and laughin' for joy, sir,
An' holdin' on to the light—
Hello! here's the train—good-bye, sir,
Bill Mason's on time to-night.

BRET HARTE.

LITTLE BREECHES.

This famous poem was a great surprise to its author. Mr Hay deprecated the slang-poems of Bret Harte and wrote this in imitation of the latter's style with a hope of causing a laugh at the California poet, and reversing the public favor for his work. But instead of turning the literary appetite against Harte's productions, Hay was himself made famous and installed in popular esteem as a second Bret Harte.

I DON'T go much on religion,
I never ain't had no show;
But I've got a middlin' tight grip, sir,
On the handful o' things I know.
I don't pan out on the prophets
And free-will, and that sort of thing—
But I b'lieve in God and the angels,
Ever since one night last spring.

I come into town with some turnips,
And my little Gabe come along—
No four-year-old in the county
Could beat him for pretty and strong,
Peart and chipper and sassy,
Always ready to swear and fight—
And I'd learnt him to chaw terbacker
Jest to keep his milk-teeth white.

The snow come down like a blanket
As I passed by Taggart's store;
I went in for a jug of molasses
And left the team at the door.
They scared at something and started—
I heard one little squall
And hell-to-split over the prairie
Went team, Little Breeches and all.

Hell-to-split over the prairie;
I was almost froze with skeer;
But we rousted up some torches,
And searched for 'em far and near.
At last we struck hosses and wagon,
Snowed under a soft white mound,
Upsot—dead beat—but of little Gabe
No hide nor hair was found.

And here all hope soured on me,
Of my fellow-critters' aid,
I jest flopped down on my marrow bones,
Crotch deep in the snow, and prayed.
. . . . . .
By this, the torches was played out,
And me and Isrul Parr
Went off for some wood to a sheepfold
That he said was somewhar thar.

We found it at last, and a little shed
Where they shut up the lambs at night,
We looked in and seen them huddled thar,
So warm and sleepy and white;
And thar sot Little Breeches and chirped,
As peart as ever you see,
"I want a chaw of terbacker,
An' that's what's the matter of me."

How did he get thar? Angels!
He could never have walked in that storm;
They jest scooped down and toted him
To whar it was safe and warm.
And I think that saving a little child,
An' fotching him to his own,
Is a derned sight better business
Than loafing around the Throne.

JOHN HAY.

DANIEL PERITON'S RIDE.

On the 31st day of May, 1889, one of the greatest disasters which ever happened in America was caused by the breaking of a dam in the Allegheny mountains, throwing the waters of a large lake into the Conemaugh River causing a wall of water to rush down the valley sweeping everything in its course. The city of Johnstown, Pa., was literally washed away and a thousand of people drowned. The following poem describes the ride of a daring horseman to warn the fated city of its coming doom,

ALL day long the river flowed,
Down by the winding mountain road,
Leaping and roaring in angry mood,
At stubborn rocks in its way that stood;
Sullen the gleam of its rippled crest,
Dark was the foam on its yellow breast;
The dripping bank on either side
But half-imprisoned the turgid tide.
By farm and village it quickly sped,—
The weeping skies bent low overhead,—
Foaming and rushing and tumbling down
Into the streets of pent Johnstown,
Down through the valley of Conemaugh,
Down from the dam of shale and straw,
To the granite bridge, where its waters pour,
Through the arches wide, with a dismal roar.

All day long the pitiful tide,
Babbled of death on the mountain side;
And all day long with jest and sigh,
They who were doomed that day to die
Turned deafened ears to the warning roar
They had heard so oft and despised before.

Yet women trembled—the mother's eyes
Turned oft to the lowering, woeful skies—
And shuddered to think what might befall

Should the flood burst over the earthen wall.
So all day long they went up and down,
Heedless of peril in doomed Johnstown.

And all day long in the chilly gloom
Of a thrifty merchant's counting room,
O'er the ledger bent with anxious care
Old Periton's only son and heir.
A commonplace, plodding, industrious youth,
Counting debit and credit the highest truth,
And profit and loss a more honored game
Than searching for laurels or fighting for fame.
He saw the dark tide as it swept by the door,
But heeded it not till his task was o'er;
Then saddled his horse,—a black-pointed bay,
High-stepping, high-blooded, grandson of Dismay;
Raw-boned and deep-chested, his eyes full of fire;
The temper of Satan—Magog was his sire;
Arched fetlocks, strong quarters, low knees,
And lean, bony head—his dam gave him these;
The foal of a racer transformed to a cob
For the son of the merchant when out of a job.
"Now I'll see," said Dan Periton, mounting the bay,
"What danger there is of the dam giving way!"

A marvelous sight young Periton saw
When he rode up the valley of Conemaugh.
Seventy feet the water fell
With a roar like angry ocean's swell!
Seventy feet from the crumbling crest
To the rock on which the foundations rest!
Seventy feet fell the ceasless flow
Into the boiling gulf below!

Dan Periton's cheek grew pale with fear,
As the echoes fell on his startled ear,
And he thought of the weight of the pent-up tide,
That hung on the rifted mountain-side,
Held by that heap of stone and straw
O'er the swarming valley of Conemaugh!
The raw-boned bay with quivering ears
Displayed a brute's instinctive fears,
Snorted and pawed with flashing eye,
Seized on the curb and turned to fly!

Dan Periton tightened his grip on the rein,
Sat close to the saddle, glanced backward again,
Touched the bay with the spur, then gave him his head,
And down the steep valley they clattering sped.
Then the horse showed his breeding—the close gripping knees
Felt the strong shoulders working with unflagging ease
As mile after mile, 'neath the high-blooded bay,
The steep mountain turnpike flew backward away,
While with outstretched neck he went galloping down
With the message of warning to perilled Johnstown,
Past farmhouse and village, while shrilly outrang,
O'er the river's deep roar and the hoof's iron clang,
His gallant young rider's premonitant shout,
"Fly! Fly to the hills! The waters are out!"
Past Mineral Point there came such a roar
As never had shaken those mountains before!
Dan urged the good horse then with word and caress:
'Twould be his last race, what mattered distress?
A mile farther on and behind him he spied
The wreck-laden crest of the death-dealing tide!
Then he plied whip and spur and redoubled the shout,
"To the hills! To the hills! The waters are out!"
Thus horseman and flood-tide came racing it down
The cinder-paved streets of doomed Johnstown!

Daniel Periton knew that his doom was nigh,
Yet never once faltered his clarion cry;

The blood ran off from his good steed's side;
Over him hung the white crest of the tide;
His hair felt the touch of the eygre's breath;
The spray on his cheek was the cold kiss of death;
Beneath him the horse 'gan to tremble and droop—
He saw the pale rider who sat on the croup!
But clear over all rang his last warning shout,
"To the hills! To the hills! For the waters are out!"
Then the tide reared its head and leaped vengefully down
On the horse and his rider in fated Johnstown!

That horse was a hero, so poets still say,
That brought the good news of the treaty to Aix;
And the steed is immortal, which carried Revere
Through the echoing night with his message of fear;
And the one that bore Sheridan into the fray,
From Winchester town, "twenty miles away;"
But none of these merits a nobler lay
Than young Daniel Periton's raw-boned bay
That raced down the valley of Conemaugh,
With the tide that rushed through the dam of straw,
Roaring and rushing and tearing down
On the fated thousands in doomed Johnstown!
In the very track of the eygre's swoop,
With Dan in the saddle and Death on the croup,
The foam of his nostrils flew back on the wind,
And mixed with the foam of the billow behind.

A terrible vision the morrow saw
In the desolate valley of Conemaugh!
The river had shrunk to its narrow bed,
But its way was choked with heaped-up dead.
'Gainst the granite bridge with its arches four
Lay the wreck of a city that delves no more;
And under it all, so the searchers say,
Stood the sprawling limbs of the gallant bay,
Stiff-cased in the drift of the Conemaugh.
A goodlier statue man never saw,—
Dan's foot on the stirrup his hand on the rein!
So they shall live in white marble again;
And ages shall tell, as they gaze on the group,
Of the race that he ran while Death sat on the croup.

ALBION W. TOURGÉE.

AUNT POLLY GREEN.

By permission of the Author.

At last the cottage was rented
That vacant had stood so long,
And the silent gloom of its chambers
Gave way to mirth and song,
Ever since the Sheriff sold it,
And poor Dobson moved away,
Not a sould had crossed the threshold
Till the strangers came in May;
Then the mould on the steps of marble
Was scoured and well rinsed off,
And the packed dead leaves of autumn
Were thrown from the dry pump trough;
And the windows were washed and polished,
And the paints and floors were scrubbed,
While the knobs and the hearthstone brasses
Were cleaned and brightly rubbed.

Now right across the turnpike
Lived old Aunt Polly Green,
And through the window lattice
The cottage could be seen.
There wasn't a bed or mattress,
There wasn't a thing untied,
Not a box, a trunk, or a bundle,
But what Aunt Polly spied.
Such high-toned, stylish neighbors
The village had never known;
And the family had no children—
The folks were all full-grown;
That is, there were two young ladies,
The husband and his wife,
"And she," said old Aunt Polly,
"Hain't seen a bit of life."

And so Aunt Polly watched them,
Oft heard the husband say,
"Good-bye, my love," when leaving
His wife but for the day;
And when he came at sunset
She saw them eager run,
Striving the wife and daughters
To be the favored one;
And as Aunt Polly, peeping,
Beheld his warm embrace,
And noted well the love-light
That lit the mother's face,
She shook her head and muttered,
"Them two hain't long been wed,
A pity for his first wife,
Who's sleepin' cold and dead.

"The poor thing died heart-broken,
Neglected by that brute,
Who, soon as she was buried,
Began his new love-suit,
I know it," said Aunt Polly,
"I see the hull thing through;
How kin he so forget her,
Who always loved him true?"
And tears of woman's pity
Streamed down Aunt Polly's face,
As in her mind she pictured
The dead wife's resting-place.
"To think," sobbed good Aunt Polly,
"How the daughters, too, behave,
When their poor and sainted mother
Fills a lone, forgotten grave."

One day when old Aunt Polly
Sat knitting, almost asleep,
When the shadows under the woodbine
Eastward began to creep,
A rosy-cheeked, brown-eyed maiden
Walked up to the kitchen door,
Where never a soul from the cottage
Had dared to walk before:
'Tis true that she walked on tip-toe,
And cautiously peered around;
But she smiled and courtesied sweetly
When the one she sought was found:
"I rapped on the front door knocker,
And wondered where you could be,
So I hope you will pardon my boldness
In walking around to see."

"Boldness," said Polly, rising,
And fixing her glasses straight,
"Boldness ain't nothin' now'-days,
To some, at any rate.
Sit down in that chair and tell me
Who 'twas that sent you here;
And tell me how long ago, Miss,
You lost your mother dear."
The girl stood still, astonished,
She knew not what to say,
She wished herself in the cottage
That stood across the way.
"Now don't stand there a sulkin',
Have a little Christian shame,
Even if she is a bold one
That bears your father's name."

"Madam, or Miss," said the maiden,
"There's surely a great mistake,
Or else I must be dreaming—"
"No you hain't, you're wide awake;
I blame your bold stepmother
For learnin' you this deceit;
Now answer me true the question
Which again I must repeat—
When did you lose your mother,
And of what did the poor child die,
And wasn't her pale face pinched like,
And didn't she often sigh?
Horrors! jist look at the heathen,
A laughin' right in my face,
When speakin' about her mother,
In her last lone restin' place.'
"You say you were sent to invite me
To the cottage over the way,
That to-night's the celebration
Of your mother's marriage day,
And this is the silver weddin'
Of that young and frisky thing,
That for five and twenty summers
She's wore her plain gold ring?
Well, looks they are deceivin',
Why her hair's not one mite gray,
And her cheek is like a lily
Gathered for Easter day.
An' will I come? Yes, dearie!
But let me your pardon crave,
For I've been like an old fool weepin',
A-mournin' an empty grave."

GEO. M. VICKERS.

POMPEII.

AND lo, a voice from Italy! It comes like the stirring of the breeze from the mountains! It floats in majesty like

the echo of the thunder! It breathes solemnity like a sound from the tombs! Let the nations hearken; for the slumber of ages is broken, and the buried voice of antiquity speaks again from the gray ruins of Pompeii.

Roll back the tide of eighteen hundred years. At the foot of the vine-clad Vesuvius stands a royal city; the stately Roman walks its lordly streets, or banquets in the palaces of its splendor. The bustle of busied thousands is there; you may hear it along thronged quays; it raises from the amphitheatre and the forum. It is the home of luxury, of gayety and of joy. There toged royalty drowns itself in dissipation; the lion roars over the martyred Christian; and the bleeding gladiator dies at the beck of applauding spectators. It is a careless, a dreaming, a devoted city.

There is a blackness in the horizon, and the earthquake is rioting in the bowels of the mountain! Hark! a roar, a crash! and the very foundations of the eternal hills are belched forth in a sea of fire! Woe for that fated city! The torrent comes surging like the mad ocean; it boils above wall and tower, palace and fountain, and Pompeii is a city of tombs!

Ages roll on; silence, darkness, and desolation are in the halls of buried grandeur. The forum is voiceless; and the pompous mansions are tenanted by skeletons! Lo! other generations live above the dust of long lost glory; and the slumber of the dreamless city is forgotten.

Pompeii beholds a resurrection! As summoned by the blast of the first trumpet, she hath shaken from her beauty the ashes of centuries, and once more looks forth upon the world, sullied and sombre, but interesting still. Again upon her arches, her courts, and her colonnades the sun lingers in splendor, but not as erst, when the reflected lustre from her marbles dazzled like the glory of his own true beam.

There, in their gloomy boldness, stand her palaces, but the song of carousal is hushed forever. You may behold the places of her fountains, but you will hear no murmur; they are as the water-courses of the desert. There, too, are her gardens; but the barrenness of long antiquity is theirs. You may stand in her amphitheater, and you shall read utter desolation on its bare and dilapidated walls.

Pompeii! moldering relic of a former world! Strange redemption from the sepulcher! How vivid are the classic memories that cluster around thee! Thy loneliness is rife with tongues; for the shadows of the mighty are thy sojourners! Man walks thy desolated and forsaken streets, and is lost in his dreams of other days.

He converses with the genius of the past, and the Roman stands as freshly recalled as before the billow of lava had stiffened above him. A Pliny, a Sallust, a Trajan, are in his musing, and he visits their very homes. Venerable and eternal city! The storied urn to a nation's memory! A disentombed and risen witness for the dead! Every stone of thee is consecrated and immortal. Rome was; Thebes was; Sparta was; thou wast, and art still. No Goth or Vandal thundered at thy gates, or reveled in thy spoil.

Man marred not thy magnificence. Thou wast scathed by the finger of Him who alone knew the depth of thy violence and crime. Babylon of Italy! Thy doom was not revealed to thee. No prophet was there, when thy towers were tottering and the ashy darkness obscured thy horizon, to construe the warning. The wrath of God was upon thee heavily; in the volcano was the "hiding of His power;" and, like thine ancient sisters of the plain, thy judgment was sealed in fire!

THE FIRE-FIEND.

This dramatic selection affords rare opportunity for manifesting changing and excited emotion. In the description of the fire the delivery should be rapid.

HARK! hark! o'er the city, alarm bells ring out,
Cling, clang! "fire, fire!" each tone seems to shout.
"Come on," cries a voice, "there is work to be done,"
So forth for our steamer and horse-cart we run!
Here they are! Roll them out! now quick, let us fly!
"Clear the track! turn out! fire! fire!" is our cry.
"Ha! ha! here we are! Yes, the Fire-Fiend is out!

Just see the smoke roll, while the flames leap about;
Unroll the hose, quick: pull to the tank, boys;
Make fast the steamer now! listen to its noise!
There go the water-jets high in the air!
Dash them on! higher! higher! flames everywhere."

But stay! a wild cry rises loud o'er the din,
A woman is shrieking, "my child sleeps within,
Help! help! can ye stand, oh men, here and see
A little child die, yet do nothing for me?
She burns! she is lost!" shrieks the mother, half wild,
"Are ye men? have ye hearts? then help my poor child."

"Be calm," cried a fireman, young, sturdy and brave,
"I die in yon flames, or your child I will save!
Ho! ladders, quick! quick! hoist them up to the wall,—
Now, steady! God help me! Oh, what if I fall?"
One glance up to heaven, one short prayer he spoke,
Sprang up, and was hidden by darkness and smoke.

On her knees sank the mother, lips moving in prayer,
While fear sent a thrill through the crowd gathered there.
Breathless silence prevailed, none speaking a word,
While puffs from the engine alone could be heard.
All eyes remained fixed on the window above,
Where last stood a hero whom angels might love.

"Will he ever come back?" No sound in reply
Save the Fire-Fiend's laugh, as he leaps up so high,
Catching windows and doors, woodwork, lintel and all,
While "burn with all speed," seems his conquering call,

"Spare nothing, speed onward! In this I delight!
Two victims are mine! I am king here to-night."

Not so! Oh, not so! for 'mid joy-speaking cheers,
A fireman with child on the ladder appears;
Blackened, yet safe, he descends to the ground,
Gives the babe to its mother, then looks calmly round,
"Thank God, that he gave me the strength *this* to do!"
"We will," cried a voice, "but we also thank *you!*"
The Fire-Fiend rushed by on his merciless path;
At losing his victims he seemed full of wrath;
He sputtered and hissed his unceasing reproof,
Until with a crash, inward tumbled the roof.
Then, 'mid water and work, 'mid laughter and shout,
The Fiend slunk away, and the fire was out.

JESSIE GLENN.

CHANGING COLOR.

Suitable to home, Sunday school or church entertainment.

OH, every one was sorry for Ned!
"It's a perfect shame," so the people said;
"And who was Ned?" Why, don't you know?
Ned was the deacon's daughter's beau,—
Honest and manly, hard to beat,
Five foot ten in his stocking feet.

Bess was the sweetest girl in the place,
With a soul as fair as her winsome face;
The deacon's daughter, kind and gay,
And used to having her own sweet way.
Now, *two* good people *may* agree,—
The deacon, Bess, and Ned make *three*.

Old Deacon Green was a "moneyed man;"
His motto was: "Get and keep if you can."
"Honest in all his dealings?" Yes,
Honest as you, or Ned, or Bess;
But charity had left his creed,
And he was stingy in thought and deed.

"I tell you no man borrows from me;
If he wants any help let him find it," said he;
"And Bess, my girl, hear what I say,
You send that shiftless Ned away!
I have no use for the lazy dunce,
I heard that he borrowed a dollar once.

"Now when *I* borrow—you hear me, Bess?—
Then you may purchase your wedding-dress.
Until that time Ned Brown, you see,
Must be a minus quantity."
And Bessie murmured soft and low:
"That's something Ned would like to know."

That night the moon and the silent stars
Saw two young heads near the meadow bars,
And heard Bess say: "I think to-morrow
Some one will really have to borrow!"
Two hearts were happier, I know,
Because the new moon told me so.

Next morn, Bess seized her shopping-bag,
Harnessed the deacon's corpulent nag,
And drove to town; I wonder why
She chose that early hour to buy!

A small boy with a freckled face
Was standing near the market-place;
He waved his cap when he saw sweet Bess,
As fair as a flower, in her muslin dress.
"Good-morning, Cousin Bob," said she;
"You're just the boy I want to see!

"I'll give all you ask, and more,
If you will ride to father's door,
And say to him, 'Bess is in town,
Going to marry that Ned Brown.'
After you tell him, drive away,
No matter what he has to say."

Imagine the deacon, if you can!
Poor Bob ne'er saw an uglier man
Than Deacon Green, that summer day
He watched his old nag trot away;
The words he used are hard to spell,
And really wouldn't do to tell.

"There is Bess in Blickingham town,
Ready to marry that scamp, Brown;
I can reach her as best I may—
Even my old nag's gone to-day!
The parson would lend me—I must borrow,
For Bess may not be there to-morrow."

The parson lent him his dapple gray,
And he made for the town without delay
There stood Bess in the market-place,
And near her the determined face
Of our friend Brown was plainly seen—
A sight to madden Deacon Green.

The young folks entered the old town-hall,
The scene of many a county ball,
And Bessie's father walked in, too;
I wonder what he meant to do?
This much I know—the words then said
Came chiefly from the lips of Ned.

"Deacon Green, did you borrow the gray
That brought you to Blickingham town to-day?
You did? Then Bess shall be my wife,
And here's an end to all our strife!"
Said Bess: "I knew dear father meant
To give his full and free consent."

"But," gasped the deacon, "I never said
My daughter could marry you, Ned!"
"I heard you say," cried blue-eyed Bess,
"That I might purchase my wedding-dress
When you borrowed from any one.
And now, you see, the deed is done!

"It can't be helped; and, father dear,
Forgive us, won't you, now and here?"
The deacon frowned, but chuckled too:
"That's all you've left for me to do!
You're full of business, and I guess
Your head is pretty level, Bess;
You took your father's nag away,
And made him toe the mark to-day;
And though I'm *Green*, ere we leave town,
My only daughter shall be *Brown!*"

HATTIE G. CANFIELD.

LITTLE MEG AND I.

A sailor's story. Imitate the sailor style of speech and manner.

You asked me, mates, to spin a yarn,
before we go below;
Well, as the night is calm and fair,
and no chance for a blow,
I'll give one,— a story true as ever yet was told—
For, mates, I wouldn't lie about the dead; no, not for gold.

The story's of a maid and lad, who loved in days gone by:
The maiden was Meg Anderson, the lad, messmates, was I.

A neater, trimmer craft than Meg was very hard to find;
Why, she could climb a hill and make five knots agin the wind;
And as for larnin', hulks and spars! I've often heard it said
That she could give the scholars points and then come out ahead.
The old school-master used to say, and, mates, it made me cry,
That the smartest there was little Meg; the greatest dunce was I.

But what cared I for larnin' then, while she was by my side;
For, though a lad, I loved her, mates, and for her would have died;
And she loved me, the little lass, and often have I smiled
When she said, "I'll be your little wife," 'twas the prattle of a child.
For there lay a gulf between us, mates, with the waters running high;
On one side stood Meg Anderson, on the other side stood I.

Meg's fortune was twelve ships at sea and houses on the land;
While mine—why, mates, you might have held my fortune in your hand.
Her father owned a vast domain for miles along the shore;
My father owned a fishing-smack, a hut, and nothing more;
I knew that Meg I ne'er could win, no matter how I'd try,
For on a couch of down lay she, on a bed of straw lay I.

I never thought of leaving Meg, or Meg of leaving me,
For we were young, and never dreamed that I should go to sea,
Till one bright morning father said: "There's a whale-ship in the bay:
I want you, Bill, to make a cruise—you go aboard to-day."
Well, mates, in two weeks from that time I bade them all good-bye,
While on the dock stood little Meg, and on the deck stood I.

I saw her oft before we sailed, whene'er I came on shore,
And she would say: "Bill, when you're gone, I'll love you more and more;
And I promise to be true to you through all the coming years."
But while she spoke her bright blue eyes were filled with pearly tears.
Then, as I whispered words of hope and kissed her eyelids dry,
Her last words were: "God speed you, Bill!" so parted Meg and I.

Well, mates, we cruised for four long years, till at last, one summer's day,
Our good ship, the "Minerva," cast anchor in the bay
Oh, how my heart beat high with hope, as I saw her home once more,
And on the pier stood hundreds, to welcome us ashore;
But my heart sank down within me as I gazed with anxious eye—
No little Meg stood on the dock, as on the deck stood I.

Why, mates, it nearly broke my heart when I went ashore that day,
For they told me little Meg had wed, while I was far away.
They told me, too, they forced her to't—and wrecked her fair young life—
Just think, messmates, a child in years, to be an old man's wife.
But her father said it must be so, and what could she reply?
For she was only just sixteen—just twenty-one was I.

Well, mates, a few short years from then—perhaps it may be four—
One blustering night Jack Glinn and I were rowing to the shore,
When right ahead we saw a sight that made us hold our breath—
There floating in the pale moonlight was a woman cold in death.
I raised her up: oh, God, messmates, that I had passed her by!
For in the bay lay little Meg, and over her stood I.

C. T. MURPHY.

Part III.

PATHETIC SELECTIONS

PATHOS is that quality, attribute, or element of the human mind which awakens the gentle emotions of compassion and sympathy, producing a fellow feeling both tender and sorrowful. It is a question, as to which affords mankind the greater pleasure, pathos or mirth. Poe declared, that "all true pleasure must have in it the vein of sadness." There is no doubt that it is sometimes "better to go to the house of mourning, than to the house of feasting."

POOR LITTLE JIM.

Suitable for Church Entertainment.

This selection may be made very effective by having two or three tableaux scenes presented in the back ground during the recitation (1. mother sitting by the bed of sick child; 2. kneeling beside the bed in attitude of prayer and then looking at the child as he is supposed to speak; 3. father by bed with candle; 4. mother and father kneeling by bed).

THE cottage was a thatched one, the outside old and mean,
But all within that little cot was wondrous neat and clean.
The night was dark and stormy, the wind was howling wild,
As a patient mother sat beside the death-bed of her child:
A little worn-out creature, his once bright eyes grown dim:
It was a collier's wife and child, they called him little Jim.

And oh! to see the briny tears fast hurrying down her cheek,
As she offered up the prayer, in thought, she was afraid to speak,
Lest she might waken one she loved far better than her life;
For she had all a mother's heart, had that poor collier's wife.
With hands uplifted, see, she kneels beside the sufferer's bed,
And prays that He would spare her boy, and take herself instead.

She gets her answer from the child: soft fall the words from him:
"Mother, the angels do so smile, and beckon little Jim,
I have no pain, dear mother, now, but oh! I am so dry,
Just moisten poor Jim's lips again, and, mother, don't you cry,
With gentle, trembling haste she held the liquid to his lip;
He smiled to thank her as he took each little, tiny sip;
"Tell father, when he comes from work, I said good-night to him,
And, mother, now I'll go to sleep." Alas! poor little Jim!
She knew that he was dying; that the child she loved so dear
He uttered the last words she might ever hope to hear:
The cottage door is opened, the collier's step is heard,
The father and the mother meet, yet neither speaks a word.

He felt that all was over, he knew his child was dead,
He took the candle in his hand and walked toward the bed;
His quivering lips gave token of the grief he'd fain conceal,
And see, his wife has joined him—the stricken couple kneel:
With hearts bowed down by sadness, they humbly ask of Him,
In heaven once more to meet again their own poor little Jim.

"LIMPY TIM."

A Pathetic Selection Easy to Recite.

ABOUT the big post-office door
Some boys were selling news,
While others earned their slender store
By shining people's shoes.

They were surprised the other day
By seeing "Limpy Tim"
Approach in such a solemn way
That they all stared at him.

"Say, boys, I want to sell my kit;
Two brushes, blacking-pot
And good stout box—the whole outfit;
A quarter buys the lot."

"Goin' away?" cried one. "O no,"
Tim answered, "not to-day;
But I do want a quarter so,
And I want it right away."

The kit was sold, the price was paid,
When Tim an office sought
For daily papers; down he laid
The money he had brought.

"I guess, if you'll lend me a pen,
I'll write myself," he sighed;
With slowly moving fingers then
He wrote this notice, "DIED—

Of scarlet fever—Litul Ted—
Aged three—gon up to heven—
One brother left to mourn him dead—
Funeral to-morrow—eleven."

"Was it *your* brother?" asked the man
Who took the notice in;
Tim tried to hide it, but began
To quiver at the chin.

The more he sought himself to brace
The stronger grew his grief;
Big tears came rolling down his face,
To give his heart relief.

"By selling out—my kit—I found—
That quarter—" he replied;
"B—but he had his arms around
My neck—when he d—died."

Im hurried home, but soon the news
Among the boys was spread;
They held short, quiet interviews
Which straight to action led.

He had been home an hour, not more,
When one with naked feet
Laid down Tim's kit outside his door,
With flowers white and sweet.

Each little fellow took a part,
His penny freely gave
To soothe the burdened brother's heart,
And deck the baby's grave.

Those flowers have faded since that day,
The boys are growing men,
But the good God will yet repay
The deed He witnessed then.

The light which blessed poor "Limpy Tim"
Decended from above—
A ladder leading back to Him
Whose Christian name is LOVE.

T. HARLEY.

TO MARY IN HEAVEN.

Composed by Burns, in September, 1789, on the anniversary of the day on which he heard of the death of his early love, Mary Campbell.

THOU lingering star, with lessening ray,
That lov'st to greet the early morn,
Again thou usher'st in the day
My Mary from my soul was torn.
O Mary! dear departed shade!
Where is thy place of blissful rest?
See'st thou thy lover lowly laid?
Hear'st thou the groans that rend his breast?

That sacred hour can I forget—
Can I forget the hallowed grove,
Where by the winding Ayr we met
To live one day of parting love?
Eternity will not efface
Those records dear of transports past;
Thy image at our last embrace;
Ah! little thought we 't was our last!

Ayr, gurgling, kissed his pebbled shore,
O'erhung with wild woods, thickening green;
The fragrant birch, and hawthorn hoar,
Twined amorous round the raptured scene;

The flowers sprang wanton to be prest,
The birds sang love on every spray—
Till soon, too soon, the glowing west
Proclaimed the speed of winged day.

Still o'er these scenes my memory wakes,
And fondly broods with miser care!
Time but the impression stronger makes,
As streams their channels deeper wear.
My Mary! dear departed shade!
Where is thy place of blissful rest?
See'st thou thy lover lowly laid?
Hears't thou the groans that rend his breast?

ROBERT BURNS.

THE DYING BOY.

To be delivered in a natural sympathetic manner.

A FRIEND of mine, seeking for objects of charity, reached the upper room of a tenement house. It was vacant. He saw a ladder pushed through a hole in the ceiling. Thinking that perhaps some poor creature had crept up there, he climbed the ladder, drew himself through the hole, and found himself under the rafters. There was no light but that which came through a bull's eye in the place of a tile, Soon he saw a heap of chips and shavings, and on them lay a boy about ten years old.

"Boy, what are you doing here?"

"Hush, don't tell anybody, please, sir."

"What are you doing here?"

"Hush, please don't tell anybody, sir; I'm a-hiding."

"What are you hiding for?"

"Don't tell anybody, please, sir."

"Where's your mother?"

"Please, sir, mother's dead."

"Where's your father?"

"Hush, don't tell him. But look here." He turned himself on his face, and through the rags of his jacket and shirt my friend saw that the boy's flesh was terribly bruised, and his skin was broken.

"Why, my boy, who beat you like that?"

"Father did, sir."

"What did he beat you for?"

"Father got drunk, sir, and beat me 'cos I wouldn't steal."

"Did you ever steal?"

"Yes, sir; I was a street-thief once."

"And why won't you steal anymore?"

"Please, sir, I went to the mission school, and they told me there of God and of heaven, and of Jesus, and they taught me, 'Thou shalt not steal,' and I'll never steal again, if my father kills me for it. But please don't tell him."

"My boy, you musn't stay here. You'll die. Now you wait patiently here for a little time, I'm going away to see a lady. We will get a better place for you than this."

"Thank you; sir; but please, sir, would you like to hear me sing my little hymn"?

Bruised, battered, forlorn, friendless, motherless, hiding from an infuriated father, he had a little hymn to sing.

"Yes, I will hear you sing your little hymn."

He raised himself on his elbow and then sang:

"Gent'le Jesus, meek and mild,
Look upon a little child,
Pity my simplicity,
Suffer me to come to Thee.

"Fain would I to Thee be brought
Gracious Lord, forbid it not:
In the kingdom of Thy grace,
Give a little child a place."

"That's the little hymn, sir. Goodbye."

The gentleman hurried away for restoratives and help, came back again in less than two hours, and climbed the ladder. There were the chips, there were the shavings, and there was the little motherless boy with one hand by his side and the other tucked in his bosom—*dead*. Oh, I thank God that He who said, "Suffer little children to come unto Me," did not say "respectable children," or "well-educated children." No, He sends His angels into the homes of poverty and sin and crime, where you do not like to go, and brings out His redeemed ones, and they are as stars in the crown of rejoicing to those who have been instrumental in enlightening their darkness.

JOHN B. GOUGH.

THE SINGER'S CLIMAX.

"IF you want to hear 'Annie Laurie' sung come to my house to-night," said a man to his friend. "We have a love-lorn fellow in the village who

was sadly wrecked by the refusal of a young girl to whom he had been paying attention for a year or more. It is seldom he will attempt the song, but when he does I tell you he draws tears from eyes unused to weeping."

A small select party had assembled in a pleasant parlor, and were gayly chatting and laughing when a tall young man entered whose peculiar face and air instantly arrested attention. He was very pale, with that clear, vivid complexion which dark haired consumptives so often have; his locks were as black as jet, and hung profusely upon a square white collar; his eyes were very large and spiritual, and his brow was such a one as a poet should have. But for a certain wandering look, a casual observer would have pronounced him a man of uncommon intellectual powers. The words "poor fellow," and "how sad he looks" went the rounds, as he came forward, bowed to the company, and took his seat. One or two thoughtless girls laughed as they whispered that he was "love-cracked," but the rest of the company treated him with respectful deference.

It was late in the evening when singing was proposed, and to ask him to sing "Annie Laurie" was a task of uncommon delicacy. One song after another was sung, and at last that one was named. At its mention the young man grew deadly pale, but he did not speak; he seemed instantly to be lost in reverie

"The name of the girl who treated him so badly was Annie" said a lady, whispering to the new guest, "but oh! I wish he would sing it; nobody else can do it justice."

"No one dares to sing 'Annie Laurie' before you Charles," said an elderly lady. "Would it be too much for me to ask you to favor the company with it?" she added, timidly.

He did not reply for a moment; his lip quivered, and then looking up as if he saw a spiritual presence, he began. Every soul was hushed,—it seemed as if his voice were the voice of an angel. The tones vibrated through nerve and pulse and heart, and made one shiver with the pathos of his feeling; never was heard melody in a human voice like that—so plaintive, so soulful, so tender and earnest.

He sat with his head thrown back his eyes half closed, the locks of dark hair glistening against his pale temple, his fine throat swelling with the rich tones, his hands lightly folded before him, and as he sung

> 'And 'twas there that Annie Laurie
> Gave me her promise true."

it seemed as if he shook from head to foot with emotion. Many a lip trembled, and there was no jesting, no laughing, but instead, tears in more than one eye.

And on he sung and on, holding every one in rapt attention, till he came to the last verse:

> "Like dew on the gowan lying
> Is the fa' of her fairy feet,
> And like winds in summer sighing
> Her voice is low and sweet,
> Her voice is low and sweet,
> And she's a' the world to me—"

He paused before he added,

> "And for bonnie Annie Laurie
> I'll lay me down and die,"

There was a long and solemn pause. The black locks seemed to grow blacker—the white temples whiter—almost imperceptibly the head kept falling back—the eyes were close shut. One glanced at another—all seemed awe-struck—till the same person who had urged him to sing laid her hand gently on his shoulder, saying:

"Charles! Charles!"

Then came a hush—a thrill of horror crept through every frame—the poor, tried heart had ceased to beat. Charles, the love-betrayed, was dead.

THE PROGRESS OF MADNESS.

The pathos of this selection must appear in the hopeless grief of the raving woman. The moods must be carefully studied and portrayed by the speaker.

STAY, jailer, stay, and hear my woe!
He is not mad who kneels to thee;
For what I'm now too well I know,
And what I was—and what should be!
I'll rave no more in proud despair—
My language shall be mild, though sad;
But yet I'll firmly, truly swear,
I am not mad! I am not mad!

My tyrant foes have forged the tale,
Which chains me in this dismal cell!
My fate unknown my friends bewail—

O! jailer, haste that fate to tell!
O! haste my father's heart to cheer;
His heart at once 't will grieve and glad,
To know, though chained a captive here,
I am not mad! I am not mad!

He smiles in scorn—he turns the key—
He quits the grate—I knelt in vain!
His glimmering lamp still, still I see—
'T is gone—and all is gloom again!
Cold, bitter cold!—no warmth, no light!
Life, all thy comforts once I had!
Yet here I'm chained, this freezing night,
Although not mad! no, no—not mad!

'T is sure some dream—some vision vain!
What! I—the child of rank and wealth—
Am I the wretch who clanks this chain,
Bereft of freedom, friends, and health?
Ah! while I dwell on blessings fled,
Which never more my heart must glad,
How aches my heart, how burns my head!
But 't is not mad! it is not mad!

Hast thou, my child, forgot e'er this
A parent's face, a parent's tongue?
I ll ne'er forget thy parting kiss,
Nor round my neck how fast you clung!
Nor how with me you sued to stay,
Nor how that suit my foes forbade;
Nor how—I'll drive such thoughts away—
They'll make me mad! they'll make me mad!

Thy rosy lips, how sweet they smiled!
Thy mild blue eyes, how bright they shone!
None ever saw a lovelier child!
And art thou now for ever gone?
And must I never see thee more,
My pretty, gracious, noble lad?—
I *will* be free! Unbar the door!
I am not mad! I am not mad!

O, hark! what mean those yells and cries?
His chain some furious madman breaks!
He comes! I see his glaring eyes!
Now, now, my dungeon grate he shakes!
Help! help!—he's gone! O, fearful woe,
Such screams to hear, such sights to see!
My brain, my brain! I know, I know,
I am not mad—but soon shall be!

Yes, soon; for, lo! now, while I speak,
Mark how yon demon's eyeballs glare!
He sees me—now, with dreadful shriek,
He whirls a serpent high in air!
Horror! the reptile strikes his tooth
Deep in my heart, so crushed and sad!
Ay, laugh, ye fiends! I feel the truth!
Your task is done—I'm mad! I'm mad!

M. G. LEWIS.

ON THE OTHER TRAIN.

"THERE Simmons, you blockhead! Why didn't you trot that old woman aboard her train? She'll have to wait here now until 1.05 A. M."

"You didn't tell me."

"Yes, I did tell you. 'Twas only your confounded stupid carelessness."

"*She!* you fool! What else could you expect of her? Probably she hasn't any wit; besides, she isn't bound on a very jolly journey—got a pass up the road to the poor-house. I'll go and tell her, and if you forget her to-night, see if I don't make mince-meat of you!"

"You've missed your train, marm."

A trembling hand raised a faded black veil and revealed the sweetest old face I ever saw.

"Never mind," said a quivering voice.

"'Tis only three o'clock now, you'll have to wait until the night train, which doesn't go up until 1.05."

"Very well, sir, I can wait."

"Wouldn't you like to go to some hotel? Simmons will show you the way."

"No, thank you, sir. One place is as good as another to me. Besides, I haven't any money."

"Very well," said the agent, turning away indifferently. "Simmons will tell you when it's time."

All the afternoon she sat there so quiet that I thought sometimes she must be asleep, but when I looked more closely I could see every once in a while a great tear rolling down her cheek, which she would wipe away hastily with her cotton handkerchief.

The depot was crowded, and all was bustle and hurry until the 9.50 train going east; then every passenger left except the old lady. It is very rare, indeed, that any

one takes the night express, and almost always after I have struck ten, the depot becomes silent and empty.

The fire had gone down—it was a cold night, and the wind howled dismally outside. The lamps grew dim and flared, casting weird shadows upon the wall. By and by I heard a smothered sob from the corner, then another. I looked in that direction. She had risen from her seat, and oh! the look of agony on the poor, pinched face!

"I can't believe it," she sobbed, wringing her thin, white hands. "Oh! I can't believe it! My babies! my babies! how often have I held them in my arms and kissed them; and how often they used to say back to me, 'Ise love you mamma,' and now, oh God, they're against me. Where am I going? To the poor-house! No! no! no! I cannot! I will not! Oh, the disgrace!" and sinking upon her knees she sobbed out in prayer: "O, God, spare me this disgrace—spare me! take me to thyself, dear Lord!"

The wind rose higher and swept through the crevices, icy cold. How it moaned and seemed to sob like something human that is hurt! I began to shake, but the kneeling figure never stirred. The thin shawl had dropped from her shoulders unheeded. Simmons turned over and drew his heavy blanket more closely about him.

Oh, how cold! Only one lamp remained burning dimly; the other two had gone out for want of oil. I could hardly see it was so dark.

At last she became quieter and ceased to moan. Then I grew drowsy, and kind of lost the run of things after I had struck twelve, when some one entered the depot with a bright light. I started up. It was the brightest light I ever saw, and seemed to fill the room full of glory. I could see 'twas a man. He walked to the kneeling figure and touched her upon the shoulder. She started up and turned her face wildly around. I heard him say:

"'Tis train time, ma'am. Come!"

"I'm ready," she whispered.

"Then give me your pass, ma'am."

She reached him a worn old book, which he took and from it read aloud; "Come unto Me all ye that labor and are heavy laden and I will give you rest."

"That's the pass over our road, ma'am. Are you ready?"

The light died away and darkness fell in its place. My hand touched the stroke of one. Simmons awoke with a start and snatched his lantern. The whistle shouted down brakes; the train was due. He ran to the corner and shook the old woman.

"Wake up, marm; 'tis train time."

But she never heeded. He gave one look at the white, set face, and, dropping the lantern, fled.

The up-train halted, the conductor shouted, "All aboard," but no one made a move that way.

The next morning, when the ticket agent came, he found her frozen to death. They whispered among themselves, and the coroner made out the verdict "apoplexy," and it was in some way hushed up.

They laid her out in the depot, and advertised for her friends, but no one came. So, after the second day, they buried her.

The last look on the sweet old face, lit up with a smile so unearthly, I keep with me yet; and when I think of the strange occurrence of that night, I know she went out on the other train, that never stopped at the poor-house.

THE GAMBLER'S WIFE.

DARK is the night! How dark! No light; no fire!
Cold, on the earth, the last faint sparks expire!
Shivering, she watches by the cradle-side,
For him, who pledged her love—last year a bride!

"Hark! 'tis his foststep! No! 'tis past!—'tis gone!"
Tick!—tick!—"How wearily the time crawls on!
Why should he leave me thus?—He once was kind!
And I believed 'twould last!—How mad!—How blind!

"Rest thee, my babe!—Rest on!—'Tis hunger's cry!

Sleep!—for there is no food!—the fount is dry!
Famine and cold their wearying work have done.
My heart must break! And thou!" The clock strikes one.

"Hush! 'tis the dice-box! Yes! he's there! he's there!
For this!—for this he leaves me to despair!
Leaves love! leaves truth! his wife! his child! for what?
The wanton's smile—the villain—and the sot!

"Yet I'll not curse him. No! 'tis all in vain!
'Tis long to wait, but sure he'll come again!
And I could starve, and bless him, but for *you*,
My child! his child! Oh, fiend!" The clock strikes two.

"Hark! how the sign-board creaks! The blast howls by,
Moan! Moan! a dirge swells through the cloudy sky!
Ha! 'tis his knock! he comes! he comes once more!"
'Tis but the lattice flaps! Thy hope is o'er!

"Can he desert us thus? He knows I stay,
Night after night, in loneliness to pray,
For his return—and yet he sees no tear!
No! no! it cannot be! He will be here!

"Nestle more closely, dear one, to my heart!
Thou'rt cold! thou'rt freezing! But we will not part!
Husband!—I die!—Father! It is not he!
O God? protect my child!" The clock strikes three.

They're gone, they're gone! the glimmering spark hath fled!
The wife and child are numbered with the dead.
On the cold hearth, outstretched in solemn rest,
The babe lay, frozen on its mother's breast;
The gambler came at last—but all was o'er—
Dread silence reigned around;—the clock struck four!

REYNELL COATES.

THE OLD SPINSTER.

By Permission of the Author.

No, she never was married, but was to have been—
At the time she was running the loom—
But the fact'ry burned down, some were mangled and scarred,
And her lover was never her groom,
As he wedded a handsomer girl.

To the stranger, old Rachel was ugly indeed,
For her features were grim and distorted;
Tho' in years long gone by she was lovely and fair,
As the hopes of her life that were thwarted
By the dreadful mishap in the mill.

But beneath the plain calico gown that she wore,
Beat a heart that was loving and tender—
As the villagers knew—and man, woman or child
'Gainst the merest rude speech would defend her,
So well was the poor woman loved.

And right many's the maid, who, bewailing her woe,
Has told Rachel the slight that distressed her,
Only soon to trip on with a happier look,
While the silly goose inwardly blessed her,
For her comforting words and advice.

Then the urchins have gone to her, covered with mud,
Afraid to go home—perhaps crying—
But old Rachel (the remedy) washed out the stains,
And they laughed while their garments were drying,
In the yard at the back of her cot.

When the villagers slept and the cricket and owl,
And the rustling of leaves were unheeded,

In the room of the sick, by the flickering light
Was she seen, where her presence was needed,
While her gaunt shadow danced on the wall.

And the outcasts who begged at her door for a crust,
Ere they went on their wearisome ways,
Felt that one thought them human and pitied their fate,
Who recalled the remembrance of earlier days,
And who reckoned them not by their rags.

But the weight of her grief which was never revealed,—
Save to Jesus—the friend of the lowly—
Bore her down—and the sands of her desolate life,
Which for years had been ebbing out slowly,
Ceased to run—and her spirit was freed.

When the villagers stood at the side of her grave,
When the gray-headed preacher's voice faltered,
When the tears trickeled down the bronzed cheeks of the men—
Oh! her beauty seemed fresh and unaltered
As when happy she worked in the mill.

And oft where she lies a bent form can be seen
When the twilight is deepening its shadows:
And the sweetest of flow'rets are found on her tomb,
All fresh from the dew-gleaming meadows;
Yet who gathers them no one can tell.

GEO. M. VICKERS.

NOBODY'S CHILD.

The following poem by Miss Phila H. Case, originally appeared, 1867. It has been noticed and copied and sung and spoken almost everywhere, even finding its way into more than one English publication, and has really become a little "nobody's child," so far as its authorship and due credit are concerned.

ALONE, in the dreary, pitiless street,
With my torn old dress and bare cold feet,
All day I wandered to and fro,
Hungry and shivering and nowhere to go;
The night's coming on in darkness and dread,
And the chill sleet beating upon my bare head;
Oh! why does the wind blow upon me so wild?
It is because I'm nobody's child?

Just over the way there's a flood of light,
And warmth and beauty, and all things bright;
Beautiful children, in robes so fair,
Are caroling songs in rapture there.
I wonder if they, in their blissful glee,
Would pity a poor little beggar like me,
Wandering alone in the merciless street,
Naked and shivering and nothing to eat.

Oh! what shall I do when the night comes down
In its terrible blackness all over the town?
Shall I lay me down 'neath the angry sky,
On the cold hard pavements alone to die?
When the beautiful children their prayers have said,
And mammas have tucked them up snugly in bed.
No dear mother ever upon me smiled—
Why is it, I wonder, that I'm nobody's child!

No father, no mother, no sister, not one
In all the world loves me; e'en the little dogs run
When I wander too near them; 'tis wondrous to see,
How everything shrinks from a beggar like me!
Perhaps 'tis a dream; but, sometimes, when I lie
Gazing far up in the dark blue sky,
Watching for hours some large bright star,
I fancy the beautiful gates are ajar,

And a host of white-robed, nameless things,
Come fluttering o'er me in gilded wings;
A hand that is strangely soft and fair
Caresses gently my tangled hair,
And a voice like the carol of some wild bird
The sweetest voice that was ever heard—
Calls me many a dear pet name,
Till my heart and spirits are all aflame;

And tells me of such unbounded love,
And bids me come up to their home above,
And then, with such pitiful, sad surprise,
They look at me with their sweet blue eyes,
And it seems to me out of the dreary night,
I am going up to the world of light,
And away from the hunger and storms so wild—
I am sure, I shall then be somebody's child.

PHILA H. CASE.

IN THE BOTTOM DRAWER.

Suitable to be read at a family party or homecoming.

I SAW wife pull out the bottom drawer of the old family bureau this evening, and went softly out, and wandered up and down, until I knew that she had shut it up and gone to her sewing. We have some things laid away in that drawer which the gold of kings could not buy, and yet they are relics which grieve us until both our hearts are sore. I haven't dared look at them for a year, but I remember each article.

There are two worn shoes, a little chip-hat with part of the brim gone, some stockings, pants, a coat, two or three spools, bits of broken crockery, a whip, and several toys. Wife—poor thing—goes to that drawer every day of her life, and prays over it, and lets her tears fall upon the precious articles, but I dare not go.

Sometimes we speak of little Jack, but not often. It has been a long time, but somehow we can't get over grieving. He was such a burst of sunshine into our lives that his going away has been like covering our every-day existence with a pall. Sometimes, when we sit alone of an evening, I writing and she sewing, a child on the street will call out as our boy used to, and we will both start up with beating hearts and a wild hope, only to find the darkness more of a burden than ever.

It is so still and quiet now. I look up at the window where his blue eyes used to sparkle at my coming, but he is not there. I listen for his pattering feet, his merry shout, and his ringing laugh; but there is no sound. There is no one to climb over my knees, no one to search my pockets and tease for presents; and I never find the chairs turned over, the broom down, or ropes tied to the door-knobs.

I want some one to tease me for my knife; to ride on my shoulder; to lose my axe; to follow me to the gate when I go, and be there to meet me when I come; to call "good-night" from the little bed, now empty. And wife, she misses him still more; there are no little feet to wash, no prayers to say; no voice teasing for lumps of sugar, or sobbing with the pain of a hurt toe; and she would give her own life, almost, to awake at midnight, and look across to the crib to see our boy there as he used to be.

So we preserve our relics; and when we are dead we hope that strangers will handle them tenderly, even if they shed no tears over them.

PART IV.

HUMOROUS READINGS AND RECITATIONS

HUMOR is an element in the human mind that must not be depreciated. Its field is not alone that of amusement. Coupled with it is one of the most powerful forces employed by the tongue of man for the enforcing of strong arguments and truths. Many a rascal and incompetent has been laughed out of business, and thousands of visionary schemes, false theories and fads have been literally tickled out of the people. And the men and women who make their fellows shake their sides in genuine mirthfulness, or provoke the merry laugh with pungent joke or sparkling wit are benefactors. Diversion is necessary, laughing is healthy, and humorous literature is the best relief for the overburdened mind.

WAS IT JOB THAT HAD WARTS ON HIM?

Practice to imitate the three voices distinctly.

Represent the boy as calling from an adjoining room. The wife engaged near her husband speaks in a low but rebuking tone.

"PA," said young Mulkittle, "Was it Job that had warts on him?"

"Didn't I tell you," exclaimed the father, "that I would punish you if you ever again attempted to question me in regard to the Bible?"

"But I want to know."

"Why don't you instruct the child?" asked Mrs. Mulkittle.

"Because he's too foolish to be taught anything. He doesn't really want to know he merely wants to talk."

After remaining silent for a few moments, Mr. Mulkittle suddenly remembered that he had not answered the boy's question in regard to Job, and not wishing to leave the child under the impression that the biblical example of patience was afflicted with warts, he exclaimed, "No!"

"No what?" asked the boy in surprise.

"I say that Job did not have warts."

"What was the matter with him?"

"He had boils."

"Did God make the boils come on him?"

"Yes."

"What for?"

"To test his patience."

"How?"

"Why, to see—that is—to determine the extent of Job's fidelity."

"Job didn't want the boils, did he?"

"I suppose not."

"But God wanted him to have 'em, didn't he?"

"Yes, I suppose so."

"And if God wanted you to have boils you'd have 'em wouldn't you?"

"I think so."

"But you don't want 'em, do you?"

"No."

"But if God wanted you to have 'em, you'd have to have 'em, wouldn't you?"

"Yes."

"But you don't want God to want you to have to have 'em—"

"Dry up, sir! You never will have any sense. I am ashamed of you, and don't want to associate with you," and the good man went into his study and composed a sermon on the "Early Instruction of Children."

BABY IN CHURCH.

Amusing at Sunday School or Church Entertainment.

AUNT NELLIE had fashioned a dainty thing,
Of Hamburg and ribbon and lace.
And mamma had said, as she settled it round

Our beautiful baby's face,
Where the dimples play and the laughter lies
Like sunbeams hid in her violet eyes;
"If the day is pleasant and baby is good,
She may go to church and wear her new hood."

Then Ben, aged six, began to tell,
In elder-brotherly way,
How very, very good she must be
If she went to church next day.
He told of the church, the choir, and the crowd,
And the man up in front who talked so loud;
But she must not talk, nor laugh, nor sing,
But just sit as quiet as anything.

And so, on a beautiful Sabbath in May,
When the fruit-buds burst into flowers,
(There wasn't a blossom on bush or tree
So fair as this blossom of ours,)
All in her white dress, dainty and new,
Our baby sat in the family pew.
The grand, sweet music, reverent air,
The solemn hush, and the voice of prayer

Filled all her baby soul with awe,
As she sat in her little place,
And the holy look that the angels wear
Seemed pictured upon her face.
And the sweet words uttered so long ago
Come into my mind with a rhythmic flow;
"Of such is the kingdom of heaven," said He,
And I knew that He spake of such as she.

The sweet-voiced organ pealed forth again,
The collection-box came round,
And baby dropped her penny in,
And smiled at the clinking sound.
Alone in the choir Aunt Nellie stood,
Waiting the close of the soft prelude,
To begin her solo. High and strong,
She struck the first note; clear and long

She held it, and all were charmed but one,
Who, with all the might she had,
Sprang to her little feet and cried:
"*Aunt Nellie, yous being bad!*"
The audience smiled, the minister coughed,
The little boys in the corner laughed,
The tenor man shook like an aspen leaf,
And hid his face in his handkerchief.

And poor Aunt Nellie never could tell
How she finished that terrible strain,
But says that nothing on earth would tempt
Her to go through the scene again.
So, we have decided perhaps 'tis best,
For her sake, ours, and all the rest,
That we wait, maybe, for a year or two,
Ere our baby re-enter the family pew.

DE CAMPANE OB NINETEEN—HUNDRED.

Brother Gardner Firing the First Gun.

"FELLER Citizens ob Dis Limekiln Club an' de United State—I hev no doubt da in yo'r minds yo' am axin why dis when enes an what has become ob degoneness which has heretofo' greeted yo' in dis hall. Look about yo' an' read de signs. I hev had my ear to de ground an' heard de boom ob de open'g gun. (Cheers.)

"Bend yo'r ear to de east, an' yo' h'ar a whoopin' an' a shoutin'. It's de millyons gittin' ready to jine in de campaign. Bend yo'r ear to de west, an' yo' h'ar a screechin' an' a yellin'. It's de millyons gittin' ready fur a row. (Whoop.) It's de same in de no'th an' de south. Fo' y'ars has rolled around ag'in, an' ebery man from Maine to California feels dat de fate of de United Staits rests upon his vote. (Howls of enthusiasm.) Ober dar on de wall is a sign readin' 'Whar Do yo' Stand?' Dat's what each an' ebery man ob yo' wants to keep axin' hisself till yo' feel as firmly settled as a cow in de quickstands. Don't make no mistake about it. In religun yo' kin wobble about from Baptist to Methodist an' back ebery five or six weeks an' be saved in de eand, but de man who sots out to save No'th America can't do no wobblin'. (Cries of 'No, no!') He's got to find out whar he stands an' stick to it.

"Havin' opened dis campaign wid a whoop, we hev got to stick right to it an' close wid a yell. ('We will!') De man who starts in to save his kentry has no time to go fishin' or roost on a rail fence. He's got to keep right at work day an' night, an' he's got to keep his enthoosiasum up to de b'ilin' pint eben if de watermillyon crap am a failure an' all de possums go ober to de opposition. (Whoops.)

"I spoke to yo' ob liberty an' freedom. Dem ar' our guidin' principles, but dar will be other principles to fit in wid dem to make up a glorious whole. (Agitation.) Fur instance, it has bin diskivered dat a pusson kin hold office an' save de United Staits from a collapse at de same time. (Cheers.)

"Fur instance, ag'in, I hev taken a two-foot rule an' measured it off an' satisfied myself dat de mo' de salary attached to de office de greater de patriotism ob de man who holds it. (Shouts for George Washington and Patrick Henry).

"Lettin' go ob No'th America fur a moment an' speakin' fur de cull-d race alone, we hev hitherto gone on de principle dat de office should seek de man. It has allus happened, howeber, dat when de office cum seekin' de man he wasn't home, an' it passed on to the Caucasian. (Groans.) I reckon we shall make a change in dat principle. It's quite likely dat de cull-d man will start out to seek office, instead of waitin', an' dat he'll find it, too. (Applause which extinguished two lamps and wabbled the stovepipe.)

"In dis, de openin' ob de campaign, it may be as well dat we announce our platform. Experience in yellin' fur candidates all day an' carryin' a torchlight around all de evenin' has taught me dat nobody kin start out widout a platform. It's like puttin' on a suit ob clothes. Yo' am gwine to judge a man by de looks of de cloth. Nobody ever sticks to de platform after he's got de crowd follerin' him around, but it's got to be dar to begin wid.

"An we shall take as our emblem an' as our mascot a possum hangin' from de limb ob a tree by its tail. We shall be known as the Possum Party. De possum, he lays low. When yo' reckon he's dead, he's foolin' yo'. He represents patience an perseverance. He'll git dar when de b'ar an' de coon won't stand no show. In dis hall at our next meetin' will hang our emblem, an' ebery man who am fur honest guberment will wear de Possum badge on his breast. (Tremendous and long-continued yells for possums, liberty and our side.)

"An' now let us march for'ard to victory. We hev sot our faces to de front, an' dere will be no turnin' back. Liberty fust, den principle; den liberty an' principle an' office, all bolted together an' handed out widout any string attached. Let us now sing de 'Star Spangled Banner,' followed by 'Yankee Doodle,' an' disperse to meet ag'in at de call ob de bugle of liberty."

C. B. LEWIS.

MAN AND THE MOSQUITO.

This humorously absurd serio-comic selection should be recited in a dignified manner with a learned look on the face. No matter how much the audience laughs; no trace of a smile must appear on the speaker's countenance.

GENTLEMEN, Mr. President, and Ladies: I rise before this augustus body with feelings more easily described than imagined. I come to address you upon a subject in which you are all concerned—a subject upon the decision of which depends the destiny of a nation. And I wish to speak in language so simple that even the women and children may be able to understand me.

What is man? Man is an amphibious, plantigrade, hyporetted quadruped of the *genus felix* or *genus rana*, carniverous in some respects, herbivorous in some respects and jubiverous in the rest. He lives principally on goats, herrings, kerosene oil and common whiskey. He does not live alone, but usually has another man living with him called the *wo*-man.

But let us proceed to define mosquito. The mosquito is a high-bred, carniverous, digitigrade indentate biped animal of the *genus homo*, closely allied to the Armadillo. Habits precarious, similar to those of man. His food is chiefly rare meats, but he is also, like man, fond of ham and eggs, ice cream and oysters on the half shell.

Another point, man sings. Ditto the mosquito. What music is more charming or so touches the feelings, or so arouses a man from drowsiness as the sweet-toned and melodious voice of a mosquito. Who on hearing this sweet gentle voice will not instinctively reach forth and try to gather the singer in that he may come in closer contact with him?

Picture to yourselves a poor, innocent, harmless mosquito on a cold winter's night singing for something to eat. That man's heart must indeed be as hard as the rock

of Niagara or the Falls of Gibraltar who is not touched with the profoundest and most sympathetic feeling as he looks out upon such a scene as this. But I will not dwell longer, as I already see the tears trickling down your cheeks. I have only one practical remark to make in winding up, the extreme force of which you will all see. Shakespeare said that John Milton told Lord Byron and Ben Johnson that Beaumont and Fletcher were heard to whisper that Sir Walter Raleigh and John Ford had said that Lord Bacon and Edmund Spenser had responded to a question which Sir Philip Sydney had been supposed to propound to Thomas Sackville, who seemed to be satisfied that John Lyly had never thought that Robert Green and George Peele would be surprised if Edmund Waller and Francis Quarles had heard that Sir Thomas Brown and Thomas Fuller were under the impression that Jeremy Taylor had remarked to Samuel Butler that John Dryden was heard talking to William Congreve about the remark of John Locke to a friend in which Sir Isaac Newton was believed to have imagined that Sir Humphrey Davy had suggested that Liebig might have known that Edgar Poe had said that Alexander Pope and George Washington had told Henry Clay that President Arthur was heard talking about a report in which the Honorable Zebedee Simpkins was heard to repeat the fact that mosquitos are related to the human family.

W. J. E. Cox.

REVERIE IN CHURCH.

Young lady should be dresed in the height of fashion and walk on the stage as if coming into church, without appearing to notice the audience, sit down and begin.

Too early of course! How provoking!
I told ma just how it would be.
I might as well have on a wrapper,
For there's not a soul here yet to see.

There! Sue Delaplaine's pew is empty,—
I declare if it isn't too bad!
I know my suit cost more than her's did,
And I wanted to see her look mad.

I do think that sexton's too stupid—
He's put some one else in our pew—
And the girl's dress just kills mine completely;
Now what am I going to do?

The psalter, and Sue isn't here yet!
I don't care, I think it's a sin
For people to get late to service,
Just to make a great show coming in.

Perhaps she is sick, and can't get here—
She said she'd a headache last night.
How mad she'll be after fussing!
I declare it would serve her just right.

Oh, you've got there at last, my dear, have you?
Well, I don't think you need be so proud
Of that bonnet if Virot did make it,
It's horrid, fast-looking and loud.

What a dress!—for a girl in her senses
To go on the street in light blue!—
And those coat-sleeves—they wore them last summer—
Don't doubt, though, that she thinks they're new.

Mrs. Gray's polonaise was imported—
So dreadful!—a minister's wife,
And thinking so much about fashion!—
A pretty example of life!

The altar's dressed sweetly—I wonder
Who sent those white flowers for the font!—
Some girl who's gone on the assistant—
Don't doubt it was Bessie Lamont.

Just look at her now, little humbug!—
So devout—I suppose she don't know
That she's bending her head too far over
And the ends of her switches all show.

What a sight Mrs. Ward is this morning!
That woman will kill me some day,
With her horrible lilacs and crimsons,
Why will these old things dress so gay?

And there's Jenny Wells with Fred Tracy—
She's engaged to him now—horrid thing!
Dear me! I'd keep on my glove sometimes,
If I did have a solitaire ring!

How *can* this girl next to me act so—
The way that she turns round and stares,

And then makes remarks about people :—
She'd better be saying her prayers.

Oh, dear, what a dreadful long sermon !
He must love to hear himself talk !
And it's after twelve now,—how provoking !
I wanted to have a nice walk.

Through at last ! Well, it isn't so dreadful
After all, for we don't dine till one :
How can people say church is poky !—
So wicked !—I think its real fun.

GEORGE A. BAKER, JR.

"HELEN'S BABIES" ON NOAH'S ARK.

Humorous Child Sketch.

THAT afternoon I devoted to making a bouquet for Miss Mayton, and a most delightful occupation I found it. It was no florist's bouquet, composed of only a few kinds of flowers wired upon sticks, and arranged according to geometric pattern. I used many a rare flower, too shy of bloom to reccommend itself to florists ; I combined tints almost as numerous as the flowers were, and perfumes to which city bouquets are utter strangers.

At length it was finished, but my delight suddenly became clouded by the dreadful thought, "What will people say ?" Ah ! I had it. I had seen in one of the library drawers a small pasteboard box, shaped like a bandbox ; doubtless *that* would hold it. I found the box ; it was of just the size I needed. I dropped my card into the bottom—no danger of a lady not finding the card accompanying a gift of flowers—neatly fitted the bouquet in the center of the box, and went in search of Mike. He winked cheeringly as I explained the nature of his errand, and he whispered :

"I'll do it clane as a whistle, yer honor. Mistress Clarkson's cook an' mesilf understhand each other, an' I'm used to goin' up the back way. Niver a man can see but the angels, an' they won't tell."

"Very well, Mike ; here's a dollar for you ; you'll find the box on the hat-rack, in the hall."

Toddie disappeared somewhere after supper, and came back very disconsolate.

"Can't find my dolly's k'adle," he whined.

"Never mind, old pet," said I soothingly. "Uncle will ride you on his foot."

"But I *want* my dolly's k'adle," said he piteously rolling out his lower lip,

"Don't you want me to tell you a story ?"

For a moment Toddie's face indicated a terrible internal conflict between old Adam and mother Eve ; but curiosity finally overpowered natural depravity, and Toddie murmured :

"Yesh."

"What shall I tell you about ?"

"Bout Nawndeark."

"About *what ?*"

"He means Noah an' the ark," exclaimed Budge.

"Datsh what *I* say—Nawndeark," declared Toddie.

"Well," said I, hastily refreshing my memory by picking up the Bible—for Helen, like most people, is pretty sure to forget to pack her Bible when she runs away from home for a few days—"well; once it rained forty days and nights, and everybody was drowned from the face of the earth, excepting Noah, a righteous man, who was saved with all his family in an ark which the Lord commanded him to build.

"Uncle Harry," said Budge, after contemplating me with open eyes and mouth for at least two minutes after I had finished, "do you think that's Noah ?"

"Certainly, Budge ; here's the whole story in the Bible."

"Well, *I* don't think it's Noah one single bit," said he, with increasing emphasis.

"I'm beginning to think we read different Bibles, Budge ; but let's hear *your* version."

"Huh ?"

"Tell *me* about Noah, if you know so much about him."

"I will, if you want me to. Once the Lord felt so uncomfortable cos folks was bad that he was sorry he ever made anybody, or any world or anything. But Noah wasn't bad ; the Lord liked him first-rate, so he told Noah to build a big ark, and then the Lord would make it rain so everybody should be drownded but Noah an' his little boys an' girls, an' doggies an' pussies an' mamma-cows an' little boy-cows

an' little girl-cows an' hosses an' everything; they'd go in the ark and wouldn't get wetted a bit when it rained. An' Noah took lots of things to eat in the ark—cookies an' milk an' oatmeal an' strawberries an' porgies an'—oh yes; an' plum-puddin's an' pumpkin-pies. But Noah didn't want everybody to get drownded, so he talked to folks an' said, 'It's goin' to rain *awful* pretty soon; You'd better be good, an' then the Lord'll let you come into my ark.' An' they jus' said, 'Oh! if it rains we'll go in the house till it stops;' an' other folks said, '*We* ain't afraid of rain; we've got an umbrella.' An' some more said they wasn't goin' to be afraid of just a rain. But it *did* rain though, an' folks went in their houses, an' the water came in, an' they went upstairs, an' the water came up there, an' they got on the tops of the houses, an' up in big trees, an' up in mountains, an' the water went after 'em everywhere, an' drownded everybody, only just except Noah an' the people in the ark. An' it rained forty days an' nights, an' then it stopped, an' Noah got out of the ark, an' he an' his little boys an' girls went wherever they wanted to, an' everything in the world was all theirs; there wasn't anybody to tell 'em to go home, nor no kindergarten schools to go to, nor no bad boys to fight 'em, nor nothin.' Now tell us 'nother story."

"An' I want my dolly's k'adle. Ocken Hawwy, I wants my dolly's k'adle, tause my dolly's in it, an' I wan to shee her," interrupted Toddie.

Just then came a knock at the door. "Come in!" I shouted.

In stepped Mike, with an air of the greatest secrecy, handed me a letter and the identical box in which I had sent the flowers to Miss Mayton. What *could* it mean? I hastily opened the envelope, and and at the same time Toddie skrieked:

"Oh! darsh my dolly's k'adle—dare tizh!" snatched and opened the box, and displayed—his doll! My heart sickened, and did *not* regain its strength during the perusal of the following note:

> "Miss Mayton herewith returns to Mr. Burton the package which just arrived with his card. She recognizes the contents as a portion of the apparent property of one of Mr. Burton's nephews, but is unable to understand why it should have been sent to her.
>
> "JUNE 20, 1875."

"Toddie," I roared, as my younger nephew caressed his loathsome doll, and murmured endearing words to it, "where did you get that box?"

"On the hat-wack," replied the youth, with perfect fearlessness. "I keeps it in ze book-case djawer, an' somebody took it 'way an' put nasty ole flowers in it."

"Where are those flowers?" I demanded.

Toddie looked up with considerable surprise, but promptly replied:

"I froed 'em away—don't want no ole flowers in my dolly's k'adle. That's ze way she wocks—see!"

JOHN HABBERTON.

KENTUCKY PHILOSOPHY.

This recitation may be used as an amusing scene in an entertainment by the reciter, dressing as a negro woman—calico dress, black face, red bandana handkerchief on head. William departing from stage as mammy enters and halts as she hails him. The green watermelon, Mirandy etc., introduced at proper points

You Wiyum, come'ere, suh, dis instunce,
Wut dat you got under dat box?
I do' want no foolin'—you hear me?
Wut you say? Ain't nothin' but rocks?
Pears ter me you's owdashus p'ticler.
S'posin dey's uv a new kine.
I'll des take a look at dem rocks.
Hi-yi! der you tink dat I's bline?

I calls dat a plain watermillion,
You scamp; an' I knows whar it growed?
It cum fum de Jimmerson cawn fiel',
Dar on ter side er de road.
You stole it, you rascal—you stole it.
I watched you fum down in de lot,
En time I gits th'ough wid you, nigger,
You wont eb'n be a grease spot.

I'll fix you. Mirandy! Mirandy!
Go cut me a hick'ry—make 'ase,
En cut me de toughes' en keenes'
You c'n fine anywhah on de place.
I'll larn you, Mr. Wiyum Joe Vetters
Ter lie en ter steal, you young sinner!
Disgracin' yo' ole Christian mammy,
En makin' her leave cookin' dinner!

Now, ain't you ashamed er yo'se'f, sur?
I is. I's 'shamed youse my son!
En de holy accorgian angel
He's 'shamed er wut youse done.
En he's tuk it down up yander,
I coal-black, blood-red letters—
"One watermillion stoled
By Wiyum Josephus Vetters."

En whut you s'posen Br'er Bascom,
You' teacher at Sunday-School,
'Ud say if he knowed how youse broke
De good Lawd's Gol'n Rule?
Boy, whah's de raisin' I gib you?
Is you boun fuh ter be a black villiun?
I's s 'prised dat a chile er you mammy
'Ud steal any man's watermillion.

En I's now gwine ter cut it right open,
En you shian't have nary bite,
Fuh a boy who'll steal watermillions—
En dat in de day's broad light—
Ain't—Lawdy! it's green! Mirandy!
Mirandy! come on wi' dat switch!
Well, stealin' a g-r-e-e-n watermillion!
Who ebber heered tell er sich?

Cain't tell w'en dey's ripe? W'y you thump um,
En w'en they go *pank* dey is green;
But w'en dey go *punk*, now you mine me,
Dey's ripe—en dats des' wut I mean.
En nex' time you hook watermillions—
You heered me, you *ig-namp*, you *hunk*,
Ef you do' want a lickin' all over,
Be sho' dat dey allers go "*punk!*"

HOW "RUBY" PLAYED.

The gentleman who recites this piece should be attired as a country gentleman of the wealthier sort, and should be a good comedian. The selection is very humorous when well rendered.

WELL, sir, he had the blamedest, biggest, cattycornedest pianner you ever laid eyes on; somethin' like a distracted billiard table on three legs. The lid was hoisted, and mighty well it was. If it hadn't been, he'd a tore the entire inside clean out, and scattered 'em to the four winds of heaven.

Played well? You bet he did; but don't interrupt me. When he first sit down, he 'peared to keer mighty little 'bout playin', and wisht he hadn't come. He tweedle-leedled a little on the treble, and twoodle-oodled some on the bass—just foolin' and boxin' the thing's jaws for bein' in the way. And I says to a man settin' next to me, says I, "What sort of fool playin' is that?" And he says, "Hush!" But presently his hands commenced chasin' one another up and down the keys like a parcel of rats scamperin' through a garret very swift. Parts of it were sweet, though, and reminded me of a sugar squirrel turnin' the wheel of a candy cage.

"Now," I says to my neighbor, "he's showin' off. He thinks he's a doin' of it; but he ain't got no idee, no plan of nothin'. If he'd play me a tune of some kind or other, I'd"—

But my neighbor says, "Hush!" very impatient.

I was just about to get up and go home, bein' tired of that foolishness, when I heard a little bird waking up away off in the woods, and call sleepy-like to his mate; and looked up, and see that Ruby was beginning to take some interest in his business, and I sit down again. It was the peep of day. The light came faint from the east, the breezes blowed gentle and fresh; some more birds waked up in the orchard, then some more in the trees near the house, and all begun singin' together. People began to stir, and the gal opened the shutters. Just then the first beam of the sun fell upon the blossoms a little more, and it teched the roses on the bushes, and the next thing it was broad day. The sun fairly blazed, the birds sung like they'd split their little throats; all the leaves was movin', and flashin' diamonds of dew, and the whole wide world was bright and happy as a king. Seemed to me like there was a good breakfast in every house in the land, and not a sick child or woman anywhere. It was a fine mornin'.

And I says to my neighbor, "That's music, that is."

But he glared at me like he'd like to cut my throat.

Presently the wind turned; it began to thicken up, and a kind of gray mist came over things. I got lowspirited directly. Then a silver rain began to fall. I could see the drops touch the ground; some

flashed up like long pearl earrings, and the rest rolled away like round rubies. It was pretty, but melancholy. Then the pearls gathered themselves into long strands and necklaces; and then they melted into thin silver streams, running between golden gravels; and then the streams joined each other at the bottom of the hill, and made a brook that flowed silent, except that you could kinder see the music, specially when the bushes on the banks moved as the music went along down the valley. I could smell the flowers in the meadow. But the sun didn't shine, nor the birds sing; it was a foggy day, but not cold.

The most curious thing was the little white angle boy, like you see in pictures, that run ahead of the music brook, and led it on and on, away out of the world, where no man ever was, certain. I could see that boy just as plain as I see you. Then the moonlight came, without any sunset, and shone on the grave-yards, where some few ghosts lifted their hands and went over the wall; and between the black, sharp-top trees splendid marble houses rose up, with fine ladies in the lit up windows, and men that loved 'em, but could never get a-nigh 'em, who played on guitars under the trees, and made me that miserable I could have cried, because I wanted to love somebody, I don't know who, better than the men with the guitars did.

Then the sun went down, it got dark, the wind moaned and wept like a lost child for its dead mother; and I could a got up then and there and preached a better sermon than any I ever listened to. There wasn't a thing in the world left to live for, not a blame thing; and yet I didn't want the music to stop one bit. It was happier to be miserable than to be happy without being miserable. I couldn't understand it. I hung my head, and pulled out my handkerchief, and blowed my nose loud to keep me from cryin'. My eyes is weak, anyway. I didn't want anybody to be a-gazin' at me a-snivelin', and it's nobody's business what I do with my nose. It's mine. But some several glared at me, mad as blazes. Then, all of a sudden, old Rubin changed his tune. He ripped out and he reared, he tipped and he tared, he pranced and he charged, like the grand entry at a circus. 'Peared to me that all the gas in the house was turned on at once, things got so bright; and I hilt up my head, ready to look any man in the face, and not afraid of nothin'. It was a circus and a brass band and a big ball all a-goin' on at the same time. He lit into them keys like a thousand of brick; he gave 'em no rest day or night; he set every livin' joint in me a-goin'; and, not bein' able to stand it no longer, I jumped, sprang onto my seat and jest holered,—

"*Go it, Rube!*"

Every blamed man, woman, and child in the house riz on me, and shouted, "Put him out!" "Put him out.!"

"Put your great-grandmother's grizzly-gray-greenish cat into the middle of next month!" I says. "Tech me if you dare! I paid my money, and you just come a-nigh me!"

With that some several policeman run up, and I had to simmer down. But I could a fit any fool that laid hands on me; for I was bound to hear Ruby out, or die.

He had changed his tune again. He hop-light ladies and tip-toed fine from end to end of the key-board. He played soft and low and solemn. I heard the church bells over the hills. The candles of heaven was lit one by one. I saw the stars rise. The great organ of eternity began to play from the world's end to the world's end, and all the angels went to prayers . . . Then the music changed to water, full of feeling that couldn't be thought, and began to drop—drip, drop—drip, drop, clear and sweet, like tears of joy falling into a lake of glory. It was sweeter than that. It was as sweetheart sweetened with white sugar, mixt with powdered silver and seed diamonds. It was too sweet. I tell you the audience cheered. Rubin he kinder bowed, like he wanted to say, "Much obleeged, but I'd rather you wouldn't interrup' me."

He stopt a moment or two to ketch breath. Then he got mad. He run his fingers through his hair, he shoved up his sleeve, he opened his coat-tails a leetle further, he drug up his stool, he leaned over, and, sir, he just went for that old pianner. He slapt her face, he boxed her jaws, he pulled her nose, he pinched her ears, and he

scratched her cheeks, until she fairly yelled. He knockt her down, and he stamped on her shameful. She bellowed, she bleated like a calf, she howled like a hound, she squealed like a pig, she shrieked like a rat, and *then* he wouldn't let her up. He ran a quarter-stretch down the low grounds of the bass, till he got clean in the bowels of the earth, and you heard thunder galloping after thunder, through the hollows and caves of perdition; and then he fox-chased his right hand with his left, till he got way out of the treble into the clouds, whar the notes was finer than the pints of cambric needles, and you couldn't hear nothin' but the shadders of 'em. And *then* he wouldn't let the old pianner go. He for'ard two'd, he crost over first gentleman, he chassade right and left, back to your places, he all hands'd aroun', ladies to the right, promenade all, in and out, here and there, back and forth, up and down, perpetual motion, double-twisted and turned and tacked and tangled into forty-eleven thousand doubledow knots.

By jinks it was a mixtery. And then he wouldn't let the old pianner go. He fecht up his right wing, he fecht up his left wing, he fecht up his center, he fecht up his reserves. He fired by file, he fired by platoons, by company, by regiments, and by brigades. He opened his cannon,—siege guns down thar, Napoleons here, twelve-pounders yonder; big guns, little guns, middle-sized guns, round shot, shell, shrapnels, grape, canister, mortar, mines and magazines,—every livin' battery and bomb a-goin at the same time. The house trembled, the lights danced, the walls shuk, the floor come up, the ceilin' come down, the sky split, the ground rokt; heavens and earth, creation, sweet potatoes, Moses, ninepences, glory, ten-penny nails, Samson in a 'simmon tree, Tump Tompson in a tumbler-cart, roodle-oodle-oodle-oodle—ruddle-uddle-uddle-uddle—raddle-addle-addle-addle—riddle-iddle-iddle-iddle—reedle-eedle-eedle-eedle—p-r-r r-r--rlang! Bang!!!! lang! per-lang! p-r-r-r-r-r!! Bang!!!

With that bang, he lifted himself bodily into the air; and he came down with his knees, his ten fingers, his ten toes, his elbows, and his nose, striking every single, solitary key on the pianner at the same time. The thing busted, and went off into seventeen hundred and fifty-seven thousand five hundred and forty-two hemi-demi-semi quavers; and I know'd no mo'.

When I come to, I was under ground about twenty foot, in a place they call Oyster Bay, a treatin' a Yankee, that I never laid eyes on before, and never expect to again. Day was breakin' by the time I got to St. Nicholas Hotel, and I pledge you my word I did not know my name. The man asked me the number of my room; and I told him, "Hot music on the half-shell, for two!"

WHEN WE GET THERE.

On the thirty-second day of thirteenth month, or the eighth day of the week,
On the twenty-fifth hour of the sixty-first minute we'll find all things that we seek,
They are there in the limbo of Lollipop land, a cloud island resting in air,
On the Nowhere side of the Mountain of Mist in the Valley of Overthere.

On the Nowhere side of the Mountain of Mist in the Valley of Overthere,
On a solid vapor foundation of cloud are palaces grand and fair;
And there is where our dreams will come true and the seeds of our hope will grow,
On the thitherward side of the Hills of Hope in the hamlet of Hocus Po.

On the thitherward side of the Hills of Hope, in the hamlet of Hocus Po,
We shall see all the things that we want to see, and know all we care to know,
For there the old men will never lament, the babies will never squeak,
In the Cross Road Corners of Chaosville, in the County of Hideangoseek.

In the Cross Road Corners of Chaosville, in the County of Hideangoseek.
On the thirty-second day of the thirteenth month, on the eighth day of the week,
We shall do all the things that we please to do, and accomplish all we try.
On the sunset shore of Sometimeorother, by the beautiful Bay of Bimeby.

YANKEE BLADE.

THE OWL-CRITIC.

The manner of the know-all-braggart should be assumed, and his part spoken in confident pedantic manner.

"WHO stuffed that white owl?" No one spoke in the shop;
The barber was busy, and he couldn't stop;
The customers, waiting their turns, were all reading
The *Daily*, the *Herald*, the *Post*, little heeding
The young man who blurted out such a blunt question;
Not one raised a head, or even made a suggestion;
And the barber kept on shaving.

"Don't you see, Mister Brown,"
Cried the youth, with a frown,
"How wrong the whole thing is,
How preposterous each wing is,
How flattened the head is, how jammed down the neck is—
In short, the whole owl, what an ignorant wreck 'tis!

"I make no apology;
I've learned owl-eology.
I've passed days and nights in a hundred collections,
And cannot be blinded to any deflections
Arising from unskilful fingers that fail
To stuff a bird right, from his beak to his tail.
Mister Brown! Mister Brown!
Do take that bird down,
Or you'll soon be the laughing-stock all over town!"
And the barber kept on shaving.

"I've studied owls,
And other night fowls
And I tell you
What I know to be true;
An owl cannot roost
With his limbs so unloosed;
No owl in this world
Ever had his claw curled,
Ever had his legs slanted,
Ever had his bill canted,
Ever had his neck screwed
Into that attitude.
He can't *do* it, because
'Tis against all bird laws.
Anatomy teaches,
Ornithology preaches,
An owl has a toe
That *can't* turn out so!
I've made the white owl my study for years,
And to see such a job almost moves me to tears!
Mister Brown, I'm amazed
You should be so gone crazed
As to put up a bird
In that posture absurd!
To *look* at that owl really brings on a dizziness;
The man who stuffed him don't half know his business!"
And the barber kept on shaving.

"Examine those eyes.
I'm filled with surprise
Taxidermists should pass
Off on you such poor glass;
So unnatural they seem
They'd make Audubon scream,
And John Burroughs laugh
To encounter such chaff.
Do take that bird down;
Have him stuffed again, Brown!"
And the barber kept on shaving.

"With some sawdust and bark
I could stuff in the dark
An owl better than that.
I could make an old hat
Look more like an owl
Than that horrid fowl,
Stuck up there so stiff like a side of coarse leather.
In fact, about *him* there's not one natural feather."

Just then, with a wink and a sly normal lurch,
The owl, very gravely, got down from his perch,
Walked round, and regarded his fault-finding critic
(Who thought he was stuffed) with a glance analytic,
And then fairly hooted, as if he should say:
"Your learning's at fault this time, anyway;
Don't waste it again on a live bird, I pray.
I'm an owl; you're another. Sir Critic, good-day!"
And the barber kept on shaving.

JAMES T. FIELD.

THE CASE OF GUNN vs. BARCLAY.

To be read or recited in a plain homespun manner.

A GOOD deal of interest was felt in the case of Gunn *vs.* Barclay, which was tried recently in the Odell County Court. It involved the question of the ownership of Gunn's right leg. Gunn related the facts of the case as follows:

You see, one day last winter, while I was shoveling snow off the roof of my house, I slipped and fell over on the pavement below. When they picked me up they found that my right leg was fractured. Dr. Barclay examined it and gave it as his opinion that mortification would be certain to set in unless that leg came off. So I told him he'd better chop it away. And he went round to his office, and presently he came back with a butcher knife and a cross-cut saw and a lot of rags. Then they chloroformed me, and while I was asleep they removed that leg. When I came to I felt pretty comfortable, and the doctor, after writing some prescriptions, began wrapping my leg up in an old newspaper; then he tucked the bundle under his arm and began to move towards the door. I was watching him all the time and I hallooed at him:

"Where in the mischief are you going with that leg of mine?"

"I'm not going anywhere with that leg of yours," he said. "But I am going home with my leg."

"Well, you'd better drop it", said I. "It belongs to me, and I want it for a keepsake."

And you know he faced me down about it,—said when a doctor sawed a man apart, he always took the amputated member as one of his perquisites; and he said that, as it was his legal right to take something on such occasions, it was merely optional with him whether he took the leg, or left the leg and took me; but he preferred the leg. And when I asked him what he wanted with it, anyway, he said he was going to put it in a glass jar, full of alcohol, and stand it in his office. Then I told him it shocked my modesty to think of a bare leg of mine being put on exhibition in that maner, with no pantaloon on; but he said he thought he could stand it.

But I protested. I said I had had that leg a good many years, and I felt sort of attached to it. I knew all its little ways. I would feel lonely without it. Who would tend to the corns that I had cared for so long? Who would treat the bunion with the proper degree of delicacy? Who would rub the toes with liniment when they got frosted? And who would keep the shins from being kicked? No one could do it as well as I could, because I felt an interest in the leg; felt sociable and friendly, and acquainted with it. But Barclay said he thought he could attend to it, and it would do the corns good to be soaked in alcohol.

And I told him I'd heard that even after a man lost a limb, if any one hurt that limb the original owner felt it, and I told Barclay I would not trust him not to tread on my toes, and stick pins in my calf, and make me suffer every time he had a grudge against me; and he said he didn't know, maybe he would if I didn't use him right.

And I wanted to know what was to hinder him, if he felt like it, taking the bone out of the leg and making part of it up into knife-handles and suspender buttons, and working the rest up into some kind of a clarionet with finger holes punched in the sides. I could stand a good deal, I said, even if I had only one leg; but I couldn't bear to think of a man going around the community serenading girls with tunes played on one of my bones—a bone, too, that I felt a good deal of affection for. If he couldn't touch a girl's heart without serenading her with one of my bones, why he better remain single.

We blathered away for about an hour, and at last he said he was disgusted with so much bosh about a ridiculous bit of meat and muscle, and he wrapped the paper around the leg again and rushed out of the door for home.

When I sued him, and the case came up in court, the judge instructed the jury that the evidence that a leg belonged to a man was that he had it, and as Barclay had this leg, the presumption was that it was his. But no man was ever known to have three legs and as Barclay thus had three the second presumption was that it was not his. But as Gunn did not have it, the law could

not accept the theory that it was Gunn's leg, and consequently the law couldn't tell who under the sun the leg belonged to, and the jury would have to guess at it. So the jury brought in a verdict against both of us, and recommended that, in the uncertainty that existed, the leg should be buried. The leg was lying during the trial out in the vestibule of the court room, and we found afterward that during the trial Bill Wood's dog had run off with it and that settled the thing. Queer, wasn't it?

CASEY AT THE BAT.

This selection was made famous by DeWolf Hopper, who when called before the curtain between the acts of his comic opera performances recited it hundreds of times.

THERE was ease in Casey's manner as he stepped into his place,
There was pride in Casey's bearing, and a smile on Casey's face;
And when responding to the cheers he lightly doffed his hat,
No stranger in the crowd could doubt 'twas Casey at the bat.

Ten thousand eyes were on him as he rubbed his hands with dirt,
Five thousand tongues applauded when he wiped them on his shirt;
Then while the writhing pitcher ground the ball into his hip.
Defiance glanced in Casey's eye, a sneer curled Casey's lip.

And now the leather-covered sphere came whirling thro' the air,
And Casey stood a-whatching it in haughty grandeur there;
Close by the sturdy batsman the ball unheeded sped.
"That ain't my style," said Casey, "Strike one," the umpire said.

From the benches, black with people, there went up a muffled roar,
Like the beating of storm waves on a stern and distant shore;
"Kill him! kill the umpire!" shouted some one on the stand.
And it's likely they'd have killed him had not Casey raised his hand.

With a smile of Christian charity great Casey's visage shone,
He stilled the rising tumult, he bade the game go on;
He signalled to the pitcher, and once more the spheroid flew,
But Casey still ignored it, and the umpire said "Strike two."

"Fraud!" cried the maddened thousands, and the echo answered, "Fraud!"
But the scornful look from Casey, and the audience was awed;
They saw his face grow stern and cold, they saw his muscles strain,
And they knew that Casey wouldn't let that ball go by again.

The sneer is gone from Casey's lips, his teeth are clenched in hate,
He pounds with cruel violence his bat upon the plate;
And now the pitcher holds the ball, and now he let's it go.
And now the air is shattered by the force of Casey's blow.

Oh! somewhere in this favored land the sun is shining bright,
The band is playing somewhere and somewhere hearts are light;
And somewhere men are laughing and somewhere children shout
But there's no joy in Mudville—mighty Casey has struck out.

"WHEN HULDY 'SPECTS HER BEAU."

I TELL you its mysterious
At our house once a week—
We know there's somethin' in the wind,
But we don't dare to speak,
For Sis just bosses ev'rything
And says how it shall go.
Oh, we all have so stan' around
When Huldy 'spects her beau!

She crimps her hair an awful lot,
And lights the parlor fire,
And she's so 'fraid we'll spoil her dress
She won't let us come nigh her.
Pa kinder chuckles to himself,
And winks at me an' Joe;
But ma looks pretty serious
When Huldy 'spects her beau.

At supper she's "no appetite,"
But fixes up a plate
Of apples, nuts and gingerbread—
(She must eat awful late!)
She does the dishes with a whew,
And thinks the clock is slow.
Things always have to hustle some,
When Huldy 'spects her beau.

She whisks us youngsters off to bed
In strict big-sister style:
On other evenin's we sit up
And play for quite a while.
And we ain't s'posed to see nor hear,
Nor even want to know
A single thing that's goin' on
When Huldy 'spects her beau.

But on the mornin' after that,
She's always good as pie;
She helps ma with the cleanin' up,
She fastens gran'pa's tie,
She gives us lots of bread and jam,
And sings so sweet and low,
That on the whole we're rather glad
When Huldy 'spects her beau.

ANNIE PRESCOTT BULL.

DER DRUMMER.

German Dialect.

WHO puts oup at der pest hotel,
Und dakes his oysders on der schell,
Und mit der frauleins cuts a schwell?
Der drummer.

Who vas it gomes indo mine schtore,
Drows down his pundles on de vloor,
Und nefer schtops to shut der door?
Der drummer.

Who dakes me py der handt, und say,
"Hans Pfeiffer, how you vas to-day?"
Und goes vor peeseness righdt avay?
Der drummer.

Who shpreads his zamples in a trice,
Und dells me, "Look, und see how nice?"
Und says I gets "der bottom price?"
Der drummer.

Who dells how sheap der goods vas bought,
Mooch less as vot I gould imbort,
But lets dem go as he vas "short?"
Der drummer.

Who says der tings vas eggstra vine,—
"Vrom Sharmany, ubon der Rhine,"—
Und sheats me den dimes oudt off nine?
Der drummer.

Who varrants all der goots to suit
Der gustomers ubon his *route*,
Und ven day gomes dey vas no goot?
Der drummer.

Who comes aroundt ven I been oudt,
Drinks oup mine bier, and eats mine kraut,
Und kiss Katrina in der mout'?
Der drummer.

Who, ven he gomes again dis vay,
Vill hear vot Pfeiffer has to say,
Und mit a plack eye goes avay?
Der drummer.

CHAS. F. ADAMS.

PADDY'S REFLECTIONS ON CLEOPATRA'S NEEDLE.

(*Irish Dialect.*)

SO that's Cleopathera's Naadle, bedad,
An' a quare lookin' naadle it is, I'll be bound;
What a powerful muscle the queen must have had
That could grasp such a weapon an' wind it around!

Imagine her sittin' there stichin' like mad
With a naadle like that in her hand! I declare
It's as big as the Round Tower of Slane, an', bedad,
It would pass for a round tower, only it's square!

The taste of her, ordherin' a naadle of granite!
Begorra, the sight of it shtrikes me quite dumb!
And look at the quare sort of figures upon it;
I wondher can these be the thracks of her thumb?

I once was astonished to hear of the faste
Cleopathera made upon pearls; but now
I declare, I would not be surprised in the laste

If ye told me the woman had swallowed
a cow!

It's easy to see why bould Cæsar should
quail
In her presence an' meekly submit to her
rule;
Wid a weapon like that in her fist I'll go bail
She could frighten the soul out of big
Finn MacCool!

But, Lord, what poor pigmies the women
are now,
Compared with the monsthers they must
have been then!
Whin the darlin's in those days would kick
up a row,
Holy smoke, but it must have been hot
for the men.

Just think how a chap that goes courtin'
would start
If his girl was to prod him with that in
the shins!
I have often seen naadles, but bouldly
assart
That the naadle in front of me there takes
the pins!

O, sweet Cleopathera! I'm sorry you're
dead;
An' whin lavin' this wonderful naadle
behind,
Had ye thought of bequeathin' a spool of
yer thread
And yer thimble an' scissors, it would
have been kind.

But pace to your ashes, ye plague o' great
men.
Yer strength is departed, yer glory is past;
Ye'll never wield sceptre nor naadle again,
And a poor little asp did yer bizness at
last.

CORMAC O'LEARY.

BUCK FANSHAW'S FUNERAL.

THERE was a grand time over Buck Fanshaw when he died. He was a representative citizen. On the inquest it was shown that, in the delirium of a wasting typhoid fever, he had taken arsenic, shot himself through the body, cut his throat, and jumped out of a four-story window and broken his neck, and, after due deliberation, the jury, sad and tearful, but with intelligence unblinded by its sorrow, brought in a verdict of "death by the visitation of Providence." What could the world do without jûries!

Prodigious preparations were made for the funeral. All the vehicles in town were hired, all the saloons were put in mourning, all the municipal fire company flags were hung at half-mast and all the firemen ordered to muster in uniform, and bring their machines duly draped in black

Regretful resolutions were passed and various committees appointed; among others, a committee of one was deputed to call on the minister—a fragile, gentle, spiritual new fledgling from an eastern theological seminary, and as yet unacquainted with the ways of the mines. The committeeman, "Scotty" Briggs, made his visit.

Being admitted to his presence, he sat down before the clergyman, placed his fire-hat on an unfinished manuscript sermon under the minister's nose, took from it a red silk handkerchief, wiped his brow and heaved a sigh of dismal impressiveness, explanatory of business. He choked and even shed tears, but with an effort he mastered his voice, and said, in lugubrious tones:

"Are you the duck that runs the gospel-mill next door?"

"Am I the—pardon me, I believe I do not understand."

With another sigh and a half sob, Scotty rejoined:

"Why you see we are in a bit of trouble, and the boys thought maybe you'd give us a lift, if we'd tackle you, that is, if I've got the rights of it, and you're the head clerk of the doxology works next door."

"I am the shepherd in charge of the flock whose fold is next door."

"The which!"

"The spiritual adviser of the little company of believers whose sanctuary adjoins these premises."

Scotty scratched his head, reflected a moment, and then said:

"You ruther hold over me, pard. I reckon I can't call that card. Ante and pass the buck."

"How? I beg your pardon. What did I understand you to say?"

"Well, you've ruther got the bulge on me. Or maybe we've both got the bulge, somehow. You don't smoke me and I don't smoke you. You see one of the boys has passed in his checks, and we want to give him a good send off, and so the thing I'm on now is to roust out somebody to jerk a little chin-music for us, and waltz him through handsome."

"My friend, I seem to grow more and more bewildered. Your observations are wholly incomprehensible to me. Can you not simplify them some way? At first I thought perhaps I understood you, but I grope now. Would it not expedite matters if you restricted yourself to the categorical statements of fact unincumbered with obstructing accumulations of metaphor and allegory?"

Another pause and more reflection. Then Scotty said: "I'll have to pass, I judge."

"How?"

"You've raised me out, pard."

"I still fail to catch your meaning."

"Why, that last lead of your'n is too many for me—that's the idea. I can't neither trump nor follow suit."

The clergyman sank back in his chair perplexed. Scotty leaned his head on his hand, and gave himself up to reflection. Presently his face came up, sorrowful, but confident.

"I've got it now, so's you can savvy," said he. "What we want is a gospel-sharp. See?"

"A what?"

"Gospel-sharp. Parson."

"Oh! Why did you not say so before? I am a clergyman—a parson."

"Now you talk! You see my blind, and straddle it like a man. Put it there!"—extending a brawny paw, which closed over the minister's small hand and gave it a shake indicative of fraternal sympathy and fervent gratification.

"Take him all round, pard, there never was a bullier man in the mines. No man ever know'd Buck Fanshaw to go back on a friend. But it's all up now, you know; it's all up. It ain't no use. They've scooped him!"

"Scooped him?"

"Yes—death has. Well, well, well, we've got to give him up. Yes, indeed. It's a kind of a hard world after all, ain't it? But, pard, he was a rustler. You ought to see him get started once. He was a bully boy with a glass eye! Just spit in his face, and give him room according to his strength, and it was just beautiful to see him peel and go in. He was the worst son of a thief that ever draw'd breath. Pard, he was on it. He was on it bigger than an injun."

"On it? On what?"

"On the shoot. On the shoulder. On the fight. Understand? *He* didn't give a continental for *any*body. *Beg* your pardon, friend, for coming so near saying a cuss word—but you see I'm on an awful strain in this palaver, on account of having to cramp down and draw everything so mild. But we've got to give him up. There ain't any getting around that, I don't reckon. Now if we can get you to help plant him—"

"Preach the funeral discourse? Assist at the obsequies?"

"Obs'quies is good. Yes. That's it; that's our little game. We are going to get up the thing regardless, you know. He was always nifty himself, and so you bet you his funeral ain't going to be no slouch; solid silver door-plate on his coffin, six plumes on the hearse, and a nigger on the box, with a biled shirt and a plug hat on—how's that for high? And we'll take care of *you*, pard. We'll fix you all right. There will be a kerridge for you; and whatever you want you just 'scape out, and we'll tend to it. We've got a shebang fixed up for you to stand behind in No. 1's house, and don't you be afraid. Just go in and toot your horn, if you don't sell a clam. Put Buck through as bully as you can, pard, for anybody that know'd him will tell you that he was one of the whitest men that was ever in the mines. You can't draw it too strong to do him justice. Here once when the Micks got to throwing stones through the Methodist Sunday-school windows, Buck Fanshaw, all of his own notion, shut up

his saloon, and took a couple of six-shooters and mounted guard over the Sunday school. Says he, 'No Irish need apply.' And they didn't. He was the bulliest man in the mountains, pard; he could run faster, jump higher, hit harder, and hold more tangle-foot whiskey without spilling it than any man in seventeen counties.—Put that in, pard; it'll please the boys more than anything you could say. And you can say, pard, that he never shook his mother."

"Never shook his mother?"

"That's it—any of the boys will tell you so."

"Well, but why *should* he shake her?"

"That's what I say—but some people does."

"Not people of any repute?"

"Well, some that averages pretty so-so."

"In my opinion a man that would offer personal violence to his mother, ought to—"

"Cheese it, pard; you've banked your ball clean outside the string. What I was a-drivin' at was that he never *throwed off* on his mother—don't you see? No indeedy! He give her a house to live in, and town lots, and plenty of money; and he looked after her and took care of her all the time; and when she was down with the small-pox, I'm cuss'd if he didn't set up nights and nuss her himself! *Beg* your pardon for saying it, but it hopped out too quick for yours truly. You've treated me like a gentleman, and I ain't the man to hurt your feelings intentional. I think you're white. I think you're a square man, pard. I like you, and I'll lick any man that don't. I'll lick him till he can't tell himself from a last year's corpse. Put it there!"

[Another fraternal handshake—and exit.]

S. L. CLEMENS.

LEEDLE YAWCOB STRAUSS

German Dialect.

I HAF von funny leedle poy,
Vot gomes schust to mine knee;
Der queerest schap, der greatest rogue;
As efer you did see.
He runs, und schumps, und schmashes tings
In all barts off der house:
But vot off dot? he vas mine son,
Mine leedle Yawcob Strauss.

He get der measles und der mumbs,
Und eferyding dot's oudt;
He sbills mine glass off lager bier,
Poots schnuff into mine kraut.
He fills mine pipe mit Limburg cheese,—
Dot was der roughest chouse:
I'd dake dot vrom no oder poy
But leedle Yawcob Strauss.

He dakes der milk-ban for a dhrum,
Und cuts mine cane in dwo,
To make der schticks to beat it mit,—
Mine cracious, dot vas drue!
I dinks mine hed vas schplit abart,
He kicks oup sooch a touse:
But nefer mind; der poys vas few
Like dot young Yawcob Strauss.

He asks me questions such as dese:
Who baints mine nose so red?
Who vas it cut dot schmoodth blace oudt
Vrom der hair ubon mine hed?
Und vhere der plaze goes vrom der lamp
Vene'er der glim I douse.
How gan I all dose dings eggsblain
To dot schmall Yawcob Strauss?

I somedimes dink I schall go vild
Mit sooch a grazy poy,
Und vish vonce more I gould haf rest,
Und beaceful dimes enshoy;
But ven he was ashleep in bed,
So guiet as a mouse,
I prays der Lord, "Dake anyding,
But leaf dot Yawcob Strauss."

CHARLES F. ADAMS.

HANS AND FRITZ.

German Dialect.

HANS and Fritz were two Deutschers who lived side by side,
Remote from the world, its deceit and its pride:
With their pretzels and beer the spare moments were spent,
And the fruits of their labor were peace and content.

Hans purchased a horse of a neighbor one day,
And, lacking a part of the *Geld*,—as they say,—
Made a call upon Fritz to solicit a loan
To help him to pay for his beautiful roan.

Fritz kindly consented the money to lend,
And gave the required amount to his friend;
Remarking—his own simple language to quote—
"Berhaps it vas bedder ve make us a note."

The note was drawn up in their primitive way,—
"I Hans, gets from Fritz feefty tollars to-day;
When the question arose, the note being made,
"Vich von holds dot baper until it vas baid?"

"You geeps dot," says Fritz, "und den you vill know
You owes me dot money." Says Hans, "Dot ish so:
Dot makes me remempers I haf dot to bay,
Und I prings you der note und der money some day."

A month had expired, when Hans, as agreed,
Paid back the amount, and from debt he was freed,
Says Fritz, "Now dot settles us." Hans replies, "Yaw:
Now who dakes dot baper accordings by law?'

"I geeps dot now, aind't it?" says Fritz; "den you see,
I alvays remempers you paid dot to me."
Says Hans, "Dot ish so: it was now shust so blain,
Dot I knows vot to do ven I porrows again."

CHARLES F. ADAMS.

THE DYING CONFESSION OF PADDY McCABE.

Irish Dialect.

PADDY McCABE was dying one day,
And Father Molloy he came to confess him;
Paddy prayed hard he would make no delay,
But forgive him his sins and make haste for to bless him.
"First tell me your sins," says Father Molloy,
"For I'm thinking you've not been a very good boy."

"Oh," says Paddy, "so late in the evenin' I fear
'Twould trouble you such a long story to hear,
For you've ten long miles o'er the mountain to go,
While the road *I've* to travel's much longer, you know:
So give us your blessin' and get in the saddle;
To tell all my sins my poor brain would addle;

And the docthor gave orthers to keep me so quiet—
'Twould disturb me to tell all my sins, if I'd thry it—
And your Reverence has towld us unless we tell *all*
'Tis worse than not making' confession at all:
So I'll say, in a word, I'm no very good boy,
And therefore your blessin', sweet Father Molloy."

"Well, I'll read from a book," says Father Molloy,
"The manifold sins that humanity's heir to;
And when you hear those that your conscience annoy,
You'll just squeeze my hand, as acknowledging thereto."
Then the Father began the dark roll of iniquity,
And Paddy, thereat, felt his conscience grow rickety,

And he gave such a squeeze that the priest gave a roar.
"Oh, murther," says Paddy, "don't read any more;
For if you keep readin', by all that is thrue,

Your Reverence's fist will be soon black and blue ;
Besides, to be troubled my conscience begins,
That your Reverence should have any hand in *my* sins.

So you'd better suppose I committed them all—
For whether they're great ones, or whether they're small,
Or if they're a dozen, or if they're four-score,
'Tis your Reverence knows how to absolve them, asthore.
So I'll say, in a word, I'm no very good boy,
And therefore your blessin', sweet Father Molloy."

"Well," says Father Molloy, "your sins I forgive,
So you must forgive all your enemies truly,
And promise me also that, if you should live,
You'll leave off your old tricks, and begin to live newly."
"I forgive ev'rybody," says Pat, with a groan,
"Except that big vagabone, Micky Malone;
And him I will murdher if ever I can—"
"Tut, tut!" says the priest, "you're a very bad man ;
For without your forgiveness, and also repentance,
You'll ne'er go to heaven, and that is my sentence."
"Pooh!" says Paddy McCabe, "that's a very hard case,
With your Reverence in heaven I'm content to make peace ;
But with heaven and your Reverence I wonder— *och hone*,
You would think of comparin' that blackguard Malone.
But since I'm hard pressed, and that I *must* forgive,
I forgive—if I die ; but as sure as I live
That ugly blackguard I will surely desthroy !—
So *now* for your blessin', sweet Father Molloy!"

SAMUEL LOVER.

MOLLIE'S LITTLE RAM.

Parody on "Mary's Little Lamb."

MOLLIE had a little ram as black as a rubber shoe, and everywhere that Mollie went he emigrated too.

He went with her to church one day—the folks hilarious grew, to see him walk demurely into Deacon Allen's pew.

The worthy deacon quickly let his angry passions rise, and gave it an un-Christian kick between the sad brown eyes.

This landed rammy in the aisle ; the deacon followed fast, and raised his foot again ; alas ! that first kick was his last.

For Mr. Sheep walked slowly back, about a rod 'tis said, and ere the deacon could retreat, it stood him on his head.

The congregation then arose, and went for that ere sheep. Several well directed butts just piled them in a heap.

Then rushed they all straight for the door with curses long and loud, while rammy struck the hindmost man, and shoved him through the crowd.

The minister had often heard that kindness would subdue the fiercest beast. "Aha!" he said, I'll try that game on you."

And so he gently, kindly called : "Come Rammy, Rammy, Ram ; to see the folks abuse you so, I grieved and sorry am!"

With kind and gentle words he came from that tall pulpit down, saying, "Rammy, Rammy, Ram—best sheep in the town."

The ram quite dropped his humble air, and rose from off his feet, and the parson lit, he was beneath the hindmost seat.

As he shot out the door, and closed it with a slam, he named a California town. I think 'twas Yuba-Dam.

MANIFEST DESTINY.

MANIFEST destiny iz the science ov going tew bust, or enny other place before yu git thare. I may be rong in this centiment, but that iz the way it strikes me; and i am so put together that when enny thing strikes me i immejiately strike back. Manifest destiny mite perhaps be blocked out agin as the condishun that man and things find themselfs in with a ring in their nozes and sumboddy hold ov the ring. I

may be rong agin, but if i am, awl i have got tew sa iz, I don't kno it, and what a man don't kno ain't no damage tew enny boddy else. The tru way that manifess destiny had better be sot down iz, the exact distance that a frog kan jump down hill with a striped snake after him; i don't kno but i may be rong onst more, but if the frog don't git ketched the destiny iz jist what he iz a looking for.

When a man falls into the bottom ov a well and makes up hiz minde tew stay thar, that ain't manifess destiny enny more than having yure hair cut short iz; but if he almoste gits out and then falls down in agin sixteen foot deeper and brakes off hiz neck twice in the same plase and dies and iz buried thare at low water, that iz manifess destiny on the square. Standing behind a cow in fly time and gitting kicked twice at one time, must feel a good deal like manifess destiny. Being about ten seckunds tew late tew git an express train, and then chasing the train with yure wife, and an umbreller in yure hands, in a hot day, and not getting az near tew the train az you waz when started, looks a leetle like manifess destiny on a rale rode trak. Going into a tempranse house and calling for a little old Bourbon on ice, and being told in a mild way that "the Bourbon iz jist out, but they hav got sum gin that cost seventy-two cents a gallon in Paris," sounds tew me like the manifess destiny ov moste tempranse houses.

Mi dear hearers, don't beleave in manifess destiny until you see it. Thar is such a thing az manifess destiny, but when it occurs it iz like the number ov rings on the rakoon's tale, ov no great consequense only for ornament. Manifess destiny iz a disseaze, but it iz eazy tew heal; i have seen it in its wust stages cured bi sawing a cord ov dri hickory wood. I thought i had it onse, it broke out in the shape ov poetry; i sent a speciment ov the disseaze tew a magazine, the magazine man wrote me next day az follers,

"*Dear Sir:* Yu may be a phule, but you are no poeck. Yures, in haste.

the Edetur."

JOSH BILLINGS.

THE COMET.

AMONG professors of astronomy,
Adepts in the celestial economy,
The name of Herschel's very often cited;
And justly so, for he is hand in glove
With every bright intelligence above,
Indeed, it was his custom so to stop,
Watching the stars, upon the house's top;
That once upon a time he got benighted.

In his observatory thus coquetting
With Venus or with Juno gone astray,
All sublunary matters quite forgetting
In his flirtations with the winking stars,
Acting the spy, it might be, upon Mars,—
A new Andre;
Or, like a Tom of Coventry, sly peeping
At Dian sleeping;
Or ogling through his glass
Some heavenly lass,
Tripping with pails along the Milky way;
Or looking at that wain of Charles, the Martyr's.
Thus was he sitting, watchman of the sky,
When lo! a something with a tail of flame
Made him exclaim,
My stars!"—he always puts that stress on *my*,—
"*My* stars and garters!

"A comet, sure as I'm alive!
A noble one as I should wish to view;
It can't be Halley's though, *that* is not due
Till eighteen thirty-five.
Magnificent! How fine his fiery trail!
Zounds! 'tis a pity, though, he comes unsought,
Unasked, unreckoned,—in no human thought;
He ought—he ought—he ought
To have been caught
With scientific salt upon his tail.
"I looked no more for it, I do declare,
Than the Great Bear!
As sure as Tycho Brahe is dead,
It really entered in my head
No more than Berenice's hair!"
Thus musing, heaven's grand inquisitor
Sat gazing on the uninvited visitor,
Till John, the serving man, came to the upper

Regions, with "Please your honor, come
to supper."

"Supper! good John, to-night I shall not
sup,
Except on that phenomenon—look up."
"Not sup!" cried John, thinking with
consternation
That supping on a *star* must be *star*-vation,
Or even to batten
On *ignes fatui* would never fatten.
His visage seemed to say, "that very odd is,"
But still his master the same tune ran on,
"I can't come down; go to the parlor,
John,
And say I'm supping with the heavenly
bodies."

"The heavenly bodies!" echoed John,
"ahem!"
His mind still full of famishing alarms,
"Zounds! if your honor sups with *them*,
In helping, somebody must make long
arms."
He thought his master's stomach was in
danger,
But still in the same tone replied the
knight,
"Go down, John, go, I have no appetite;
Say I'm engaged with a celestial stranger."
Quoth John, not much *au fait* in such
affairs,
"Wouldn't the stranger take a bit down
stairs?"

"No," said the master, smiling, and no
wonder,
At such a blunder,
"The stranger is not quite the thing you
think;
He wants no meat or drink;
And one may doubt quite reasonably whether
He has a mouth,
Seeing his head and tail are joined together.
Behold him! there he is, John, in the
south."
John looked up with his portentous eyes,
Each rolling like a marble in its socket;
At last the fiery tadpole spies,
And, full of Vauxhall reminiscence, cries,
"A rare good rocket!"

"A what? A rocket, John! Far from it!
What you behold, John, is a comet;
One of those most eccentric things
That in all ages
Have puzzled sages
And frightened kings;
With fear of change, that flaming meteor,
John,
Perplexes sovereigns throughout its
range."
"Do he?" cried John;
"Well, let him flare on,
I haven't got no sovereigns to change!"

THOMAS HOOD.

OL' PICKETT'S NELL.

This poem should be recited by a young man dressed in the roughest kind of farmer's clothing. He should manage to convey to his audience through a very awkward exterior an air of deep sincerity.

FEEL more 'an ever like a fool
Sence Pickett's Nell come back from
school,
She oncet wuz twelve 'nd me eighteen
('Nd better friends you never seen);
But now—oh, my!
She's dressed so fine, 'nd growed so tall,
'Nd l'arnin'—she jes knows it all,
She's eighteen now, but I'm so slow
I'm whar I wuz six year ago.

Six year! Waal, waal! doan't seem a
week
Sence we rode Dolly to th' creek,
'Nd fetched th' cattle home at night,
Her hangin' to my jacket tight.
But now—oh, my!
She rides in Pickett's new coopay
Jes like she'd be'n brung up thet way,
'Nd lookin' like a reg'lar queen—
Th' mostest like *I* ever seen.

She uster tease 'nd tease 'nd tease
Me fer to take her on my knees;
Then tired me out 'ith Marge'y Daw,
'Nd laffin tell my throat wuz raw.
But now—oh, my!
She sets up this way—kinder proud,
'Nd never noways laughs out loud.
You w'u'dn't hardly think thet she
Hed ever see-sawed on *my* knee.

'Nd sometimes, ef at noon I'd choose
To find a shady place 'nd snooze,
I'd wake with burdocks in my hair

'Nd elderberries in my ear.
But now—oh, my!
Somebody said ('twuz yesterday):
"Let's hev some fun w'ile Ned's away;
Let's turn his jacket inside out!"
But Nell—she'd jes turn red 'nd pout.

'Nd oncet when I wuz dreamin'-like,
A-throwin' akerns in th' dike,
She put her arms clean round my head,
'Nd whispered soft, "I like you, Ned;"
But now—oh, my!
She curteseyed so stiff 'nd grand,
'Nd never oncet held out her hand,
'Nd called me "Mister Edward!" Laws!
Thet ain't my name 'nd never wuz.

'Nd them 'at knowed 'er years ago
Jes laughed to see 'er put on so;
Coz it wuz often talked, 'nd said
"Nell Pickett's jes cut out fer Ned."
But now—oh, my!
She held her purty hed so high,
'Nd skasely saw me goin' by—
I wu'd'nt dast (afore last night)
A-purposely come near her sight.

Last night!—Ez I wuz startin' out
To git th' cows, I heerd a shout;
'Nd sure ez ghostses, she wuz thar,
A-settin' on ol' Pickett's mar';
'Nd then—oh, my!
She said she'd cried fer all th' week
To take th' ol' ride to th' creek;
Then talked about ol' times, 'nd said,
"Them days wuz happy, wa'nt they, Ned?"

Th' folks wuz talkin' ev'rywhars
'Bout her a-puttin' on sech airs,
'Nd seemed t' me like they wuz right,
A-fore th' cows come home last night.
But now—oh, my!

MATHER DEAN KIMBALL.

ADMIRAL VON DIEDERICHS.

German Dialect.

During the Spanish American war while Admiral, then Commodore, Dewey was blockading the city of Manila, the German Admiral, von Diederichs, on more than one occasion manifested acts of discourtesy and threatened hostility. Finally Dewey sent him a peremtory message, warning against further manifestations of an unfriendly character and closing with the sentence: "If you want a fight you can get it in five minutes." The following admonitory lines were inspired by the event:

ACH, Admiral von Diederichs,
I van to sbeak mit you;
Yust lisden fer a leedle und
I'll tell you vot to do;
Sail from dem Philypeanuts isles
A thousand miles aboud—
Fer dot Dewey man vill got you
Uf you doan'd vatch ouid!

Ach, Admiral von Diederichs,
Der Kaiser was a peach,
I'm villing to atmit id, bud
Dare's udders on der beach.
So, darefore, dot's der reason vy,
Doan'd let your head get stoud,
Fer dot Dewey man vill got you
Uf you doan'd vatch ouid!

Ach, Admiral von Diederichs,
Vot pitzness haf you got
In loafing py Manila ven
Der heat-vaves are so hot?
Vy doan'd you yust oxcoos yourself
Und durn your shibs aboud—
Fer dot Dewey man vill got you
Uf you doan'd vatch ouid!

Ach, Admiral von Diederichs,
Vy vill you be a clams?
Go ged some udder islands vich
Are not old Uncle Sam's,
Yust wrote to Kaiser Wilhelm, yet,
Und dell him dare's no douid,
Fer dot Dewey man vill got you
Uf you doan'd vatch ouid!

G. V. HOBART.

AN APOSTROPHE TO AGUINALDO.

The author of the following lines was one of the many who warned Aguinaldo of the futility of his resistance to the United States. This selection may easily be converted into an amusing scene by having the reciter dressed as a U. S. soldier to the Philippines and another much smaller painted brown and dressed to represent Aguinaldo. The speaker should be very positive and sarcastic in his tone and Aguinaldo appear stolidly indifferent.

SAY, Aguinaldo,
You little measly
Malay moke,
What's the matter with you?
Don't you know enough
To know
That when you don't see
Freedom,
Inalienable rights,
The American Eagle,
The Fourth of July,
The Star Spangled Banner,
And the Palladium of your Liberties,

All you've got to do is to ask for them?
Are you a natural born chump
Or did you catch it from the Spaniards?
You ain't bigger
Than a piece of soap
After a day's washing
But, by gravy, you
Seem to think
You're a bigger man
Than Uncle Sam.
You ought to be shrunk
Young fellow;
And if you don't
Demalayize yourself
At an early date,
And catch on
To your golden, glorious opportunities,
Something's going to happen to you
Like a Himalaya
Sitting down kerswot
On a gnat.
If you ain't
A yellow dog
You'll take in your sign
And scatter
Some Red, White and Blue
Disinfectant
Over yourself.
What you need, Aggie,
Is civilizing.
And goldarn
Your yaller percoon-skin,
We'll civilize you
Dead or alive.
You'd better
Fall into the
Procession of Progress
And go marching on to glory,
Before you fall
Into a hole in the ground.
Understand?
That's us—
U. S.

THE DRUMMER.

Amusing reading when Drummers are present. Read in a plain deliberate style.

THE drummer inhabits railroad trains. He is always at home on the cars.

He is usually swung to a satchel containing a comb and brush, another shirt, a clean celluloid collar and a pair of cuffs; also a railroad guide, and a newspaper wrapped around a suspicious-looking bottle. That is about all the personal baggage he carries, except a "Seaside Library" novel and a pocket-knife with a corkscrew at the back of it. He has a two-story, iron-bound trunk, containing "sambles of dem goots," which he checks through to the next town. He always travels for a first-class house—the largest firm in their line of business in the United States, a firm that sells more goods, and sells them cheaper, than any two houses in the country. He is very modest about stating these facts, and blushes when he makes the statement; but he makes it nevertheless, probably as a matter of duty.

He can talk on any subject, although he may not know much about it, but what little he knows he knows, and he lets you know that he knows it. He may be giving his views on the financial policy of the British government, or he may only be telling you of what, in his opinion, is good for a boil, but he will do it with an air and a tone that leaves the matter beyond dispute.

When the drummer gets into a railroad train, if alone, he occupies only two seats. One he sits on, and on the other he piles up his baggage and overcoat and tries to look as if they didn't belong to him, but to another man who has just stepped into the smoking-car and would be back directly.

Drummers are usually found in pairs or quartettes on the cars. They sit together in a double seat, with a valise on end between them, on which they play euchre and other sinful games. When they get tired of playing they go into the smoking-car, where the man who is traveling for a distillery "sets 'em up" out of his sample-case, and for an hour or two they swop lies about the big bills of goods they have sold in the last town they were in, tell highly-seasoned stories about their personal adventures and exhibit to each other the photograph of the last girl they made impressions on.

While the drummer is not ostentatiously bashful, neither does he assume any outward show of religion. His great love of truth is, however, one of his strong points, and he is never known to go beyond actual facts, except in the matter of excessive baggage.

The drummer always gets the best room in the hotel. He is the most popular man with the waiters in the dining room though he finds most fault with them. He flirts with the chamber maids, teases the boot blacks and shows an utterely sublime contempt for the regnlar boarders. He goes to bed at a late hour, and sleeps so soundly that the porter wakes up the people for two blocks around and shakes the plaster off the wall in trying to communicate to him the fact that the 'bus for the 4.20 A. M. train will start in ten minutes.

The drummer has much to worry and fret him. Traveling at night to save time. sleeping in a baggage-car or the caboose of a freight train, with nothing but his ear for a pillow, bumping over rough roads on stages and buck-boards, living on corn-bread and coffee dinners in cross-road hotels, yet under all these vexatious circumstances he is usually good-humored and in the best of spirits, although he sometimes expresses his feelings regarding the discomforts of travel, and the toughness of a beef-steak, or the solidity of a biscuit, in language that one would never think of attributing to the author of Watts' hymns.

All kinds of improbable stories are told about drummers, some of them being almost as improbable as the stories they themselves tell. For instance, we once heard that a man saw a drummer in the piny woods of North Carolina camping out under an umbrella.

"What are you doing here?"

"I am camping and living on spruce-gum to save expenses," replied the drummer.

"What are you doing that for?"

"To bring up the average."

It seems that the firm allowed him a certain sum per day for expenses, and by riotous living he had gone far beyond his daily allowance. By camping out under an umbrella and living on spruce-gum for a few days the expense would be so small as to offset the previous excess he had been guilty of. This story is probably a fabrication.

The chief end and aim of the drummer is to sell goods, tell anecdotes and circulate the latest fashionable slang phrase. If he understands his business, the country merchant may as well capitulate at once. There is no hope too forlorn, nor any country merchant too surly or taciturn for the drummer to tackle. A merchant not long ago loaded up a double-barreled shotgun with nails, with the intention of vaccinating the first drummer who entered his store. The commercial emissary has been talking to him only fifteen minutes. In that time he has told the old man four good jokes, paid him five compliments on his business and shrewdness, propounded two conundrums and came very near telling the truth once. As a result, the sanguinary old man is in excellent humor, and just about to make out an order for $500 worth of goods that he doesn't actually need, and then will go out and take a drink with the drummer.

The drummer is the growth of this fast age. Without him the car of commerce would creak slowly along.

He is an energetic and genial cuss, and we hope that he will appreciate this notice and the fact that we have suppressed an almost uncontrollable impulse to say something about his cheek.

"TEXAS SIFTINGS."

THEN AG'IN—

Droll reflections. To be spoken in a countryman's philosophic, meditative way. The speaker might have a stick in his hand and whittle it with a knife, pausing as if in deep reflection before beginning the last four lines in each stanza.

JIM Bowker, he said ef he'd had a fair show,
And a big enough town for his talents to grow,
And the least bit of assistance in hoin' his row,
Jim Bowker, he said,
He'd fill the world full of the sound of his name,
An' clime the top round in the ladder of fame.
It may have been so,
I dunno:
Jest so, it might a-been!
Then ag'in——

But he had dreadful luck; everythin' went ag'in him,
The arrers ef fortune, they allus 'ud pin him;

So he didn't get a chance to show what was in him.
Jim Bowker, he said,
Ef he'd had a fair show, you couldn't tell where he'd come,
An' the feats he'd a-done, and the heights he'd a—clumb.
It may have been so,
I dunno:
Jest so, it might a-been;
Then ag'in——

But we're all like Jim Bowker, thinks I, more or less,
Charge fate for our bad luck, ourselves for success,
An' give fortune the blame for all our distress.
As Jim Bowker, he said,
Ef it hadn't been for luck and misfortune and sich,
We might a-been famous, and might a-been rich.
It might be jest so;
I dunno,
Jest so, it might a-been;
Then ag'in——

MARC ANTHONY'S ORIGINAL ORATION.

A burlesque parody on Shakespeare. The speaker should assume the solemn style of Marc Anthony in his funeral oration.

Friends, Romans, countrymen! Lend me your ears;—
I will return them next Saturday, I come
To bury Cæsar,—because the times are hard,
And his folks can't afford to hire an undertaker.
The evil that men do lives after them,—
In the shape of progeny who reap the
Benefit of their life insurance,—
So let it be with the deceased.
Brutus hath told you Cæsar was ambitious.
What does Brutus know about it?
It is none of his funeral. Would that it were!
Here under leave of you I come to
Make a speech at Cæsar's funeral.
He was my friend, faithful and just to me,—
He loaned me $5 once when I was in a pinch,
And signed my petition for a post-office,—
But Brutus says he was ambitious.
Brutus should wipe off his chin.
Cæsar hath brought many captives home to Rome,—
Who broke rocks on the streets until their ransoms
Did the general coffers fill.
When that the poor hath cried, Cæsar hath wept—
Because it didn't cost anything and
Made him solid with the masses.
Ambition should be made of sterner stuff;
Yet Brutus says he was ambitious.
Brutus is a liar, and I can prove it.
You all did see that on the Lupercal
I thrice presented him a kingly crown,
Which he did thrice refuse, because it did not fit him quite.
Was this ambition? Yet Brutus says he was ambitious.
Brutus is not only the biggest liar in the country,
But he is a horse thief of the deepest dye.
If you have any tears, prepare to shed them now.
You all do know this ulster.
I remember the first time Cæsar put it on;
It was on a summer evening in his tent,
With the thermometer registering 90 in the shade
But it was an ulster to be proud of,
And cost him $7 at Marcaius Swartzmeyer's
Corner of Broad and Ferry streets, sign of the red flag.
Old Swartz wanted $40 for it,
But finally came down to $7, because it was Cæsar
Was this ambitious? If Brutus says it was
He is a greater liar—than any one present.
Look! in this place ran Cassius' dagger through,
Through this the son of a gun of a Brutus stabbed,
And when he plucked his cursed steel away,
Marc Anthony, how the blood of Cæsar followed it!
I come not, friends, to steal away your hearts;
I am no thief, as Brutus is.
Brutus has a monopoly on all that business,
And if he had his deserts he would be
In the penitentiary, and don't you forget it.

Kind friends, sweet friends, I do not wish
to stir you up
To such a flood of mutiny.
And as it looks like rain,
The pall bearers will please place the coffin
in the hearse,
And we will proceed to bury Cæsar,
Not to praise him.

COUNTING EGGS.

Read or recite in a deliberate, conventional style, observing to imitate the voice and manner proper to the lady and the old negro in their respective parts.

OLD Moses, who sells eggs and chickens on the streets of Austin for a living, is as honest an old negro as ever lived; but he has the habit of chatting familiarly with his customers, hence he frequently makes mistakes in counting out the eggs they buy. He carries his wares around in a small cart drawn by a diminutive donkey. He stopped in front of the residence of Mrs. Samuel Burton. The old lady herself came out to the gate to make the purchase, and the following conversation ensued:

"Have you any eggs this morning, Uncle Moses?" she asked.

"Yes, indeed, I has. Jess got in ten dosen from de kentry."

"Are they fresh?"

"Fresh? Yas, indeed! I guarantees 'em, an'—an'—de hen guarantees 'm."

"I'll take nine dozen. You can count them into this basket."

"All right, mum;" he counts, "One, two, free, foah, five, six, seben, eight, nine, ten. You can rely on them bein' fresh. How's your son comin' on de school? He must be mos' grown."

"Yes, Uncle Moses; he is a clerk in a bank in Galveston."

"Why, how ole am de boy?'

"He is eighteen."

"You don't tole me so! Eighteen, and getting a salary already! Eighteen (*counting*,) nineteen, twenty, twenty-one, twenty-two, twenty-three, twenty-foah, twenty-five. And how's your gal comin' on? She was most growed up de last time I seed her."

"She is married and living in Dallas."

"Wall' I declar'; how time shoots away. And you say she has childruns? Why how ole am de gal? She must be jest about—"

"Thirty-three."

"Am dat so?" (*Counting.*) "Firty-free, firty-foah, firty-five, firty-six, firty-seben, firty-eight, firty-nine, forty, forty-one, forty-two, forty-free. Hit am singular dat you has such ole childruns. You don't look more den forty years old yerseff."

"Nonsense, old man; I see you want to flatter me. When a person gets to be fifty-three years old—"

"Fifty-free! I jess dun gwinter bleeve hit; fifty-free, fifty-foah, fifty-five, fifty six—I want you to pay 'tenshun when I count de eggs, so dar'll be no mistake—fifty-nine, sixty, sixty-one, sixty-two, sixty-free, sixty-foah. Whew! Dis am a warm day. Dis am de time ob year when I feels I'se gettin' ole myself; I ain't long fur dis world. You comes from an ole family. When your fadder died he was sebenty years ole."

"Seventy-two."

"Dat's old, suah. Sebenty-two, sebenty-free, sebenty-foah, sebenty-five, sebenty-six, sebenty-seben, sebendy-eight, sebenty-nine. And your mudder? she was one ob de noblest lookin' ladies I ebber see. You remind me ob her so much! She libed to mos' a hundred. I bleeves she was done past a centurion when she died."

"No, Uncle Moses; she was only ninety-six when she died."

"Den she wan't no chicken when she died, I know dat. Ninety-six, ninety-seben, ninety-eight, ninety-nine, one hundred, one, two, free, foah, five, six, seben, eight—dar, one hundred and eight nice fresh eggs—jess nine dozen, and here am foah moah eggs in case I have discounted myself."

Old Moses went on his way rejoicing. A few days afterward Mrs. Burton said to her husband:

"I am afraid we will have to discharge Matilda. I am satisfied that she steals the milk and eggs. I am positive about the eggs, for I bought them day before yesterday, and now about half of them are gone. I stood right there, and heard Moses count them myself, and there were nine dozen,"

"TEXAS SIFTINGS."

THE BABY'S FIRST TOOTH.

MR. AND MRS. JONES had just finished their breakfast. Mr. Jones had pushed back his chair and was

looking under the lounge for his boots. Mrs. Jones sat at the table holding the infant Jones and mechanically working her forefinger in its mouth. Suddenly she paused in the motion, threw the astonished child on its back, turned as white as a sheet, pried open its mouth, and immediately gasped "Ephraim!" Mr. Jones, who was yet on his knees with his head under the lounge, at once came forth, rapping his head sharply on the side of the lounge as she did so, and, getting on his feet, inquired what was the matter. "O Ephraim," said she, the tears rolling down her cheeks and the smiles coursing up. "Why, what is it, Aramathea?" said the astonished Mr. Jones, smartly rubbing his head where it had come in contact with the lounge. "Baby!" she gasped. Mr. Jones turned pale and commenced to sweat. "Baby! O, O, O Ephraim! Baby has—baby has got—a little toothey, oh! oh!" "No!" screamed Mr. Jones, spreading his legs apart, dropping his chin and staring at the struggling heir with all his might. "I tell you it is," persisted Mrs. Jones, with a slight evidence of hysteria. "Oh, it can't be!" protested Mr. Jones, preparing to swear if it wasn't. "Come here and see for yourself," said Mrs. Jones. "Open its 'ittle mousy-wousy for its own muzzer; that's a toody-woody; that's a blessed 'ittle 'ump o' sugar." Thus conjured, the heir opened its mouth sufficiently for the father to thrust in his finger, and that gentleman having convinced himself by the most unmistakable evidence that a tooth was there, immediately kicked his hat across the room, buried his fist in the lounge, and declared with much feeling that he could lick the individual who would dare to intimate that he was not the happiest man on the face of the earth. Then he gave Mrs. Jones a hearty smack on the mouth and snatched up the heir, while that lady rushed tremblingly forth after Mrs. Simmons, who lived next door. In a moment Mrs. Simmons came tearing in as if she had been shot out of a gun, and right behind her came Miss Simmons at a speed that indicated that she had been ejected from two guns. Mrs. Simmons at once snatched the heir from the arms of Mr. Jones and hurried it to the window, where she made a careful and critical examination of its mouth, while Mrs. Jones held its head and Mr. Jones danced up and down the room, and snapped his fingers to show how calm he was. It having been ascertained by Mrs. Simmons that the tooth was a sound one, and also that the strongest hopes for its future could be entertained on account of its coming in the new of the moon, Mrs. Jones got out the necessary material and Mr. Jones at once proceeded to write seven different letters to as many persons, unfolding to them the event of the morning and inviting them to come on as soon as possible.—

"DANBURY NEWS MAN."

A SERENADE TO SPRING.

Negro Dialect.

Imitate the voice of the frog and cricket, and the swishing hiss of the snake, where they are made to speak.

"DE fus' spring frog blow de mud fum his eyes.
En peep fum de daid leaf mol';
He stretch his legs en squat crosswise,
En croak: 'Fuh de lan', ain't it col'!'
'Fuh de lan', ain't it col'!' croak de pea-green frog,
En he stahts, en sneeze, en sneeze;
En he hop two feet to de cypress log—
En croak: 'Ah'll hop or freeze!'

"De fus' spring cricket wuk his long-laig saw,
En saw fro de coocoon pill;
He sun hisself on a las' yea's straw,
En squeak: 'Fuh de lan', what a chill!'
'Fuh de lan', what a chill!' de brown cricket squeak,
En he heah mistah frog's deep chune;
En togeddah dey squat on the moss log bleak,
En pine fuh de bref of June.

"De fus' spring snake keek de roof fum his hole,
En up fum de erf he sneak;
He twine hisself 'roun' de swamp-fence pole,
En hiss: 'Fuh de lan', ain't it bleak!'
'Fuh de lan', ain't it bleak!' hiss de bal' haid snake,
En he heah de cricket en de frog;

En he staht away wid a wriggle en a shake,
En jine dem bofe on de log.

"So de cricket en de frog en de bal' haid snake,
Staht up a sahanade wail;
De snake cudn't sing, so he start in to shake,
En beat de time wid his tail,
En de frog cum in wid his bazoo deep
En de cricket's sharp notes ring:
En dey wake up de meddah en vale fum sleep,
Wid a sahanade to spring."

"THE CHICAGO NEWS."

THEOLOGY IN THE QUARTERS.

Negro Dialect.

Now. I's got a notion in my head dat when you come to die,
An' stan' de 'zamination in de Cote-house in de sky,
You'll be 'stonished at de questions dat de angel's gwine to ax
When he gits you on de witness-stan' an' pin you to de fac's;
'Cause he'll ax you mighty closely 'bout your doin's in de night,
An' de water-milion question's gwine to bodder you a sight!
Den your eyes'll open wider dan dey ebber done befo',
When he chats you 'bout a chicken-scrape dat happened long ago!
De angels on de picket-line erlong de Milky Way
Keeps a-watchin' what you're dribin' at, an' hearin' what you say;
No matter what you want to do, no matter whar you's gwine,
Dey's mighty ap' to find it out an' pass it 'long de line;
An' of'en at de meetin', when you make a fuss an' laugh,
Why, dey send de news a-kitin' by de golden telegraph;
Den, de angel in de orfis, what's a-settin' by de gate,
Jes' reads de message wid a look an' claps it on de slate!
Den you better do your juty well an' keep your conscience clear,
An' keep a-lookin' straight ahead an' watchin' whar you steer;
'Cause arter while de time'll come to journey fum de lan',
An' dey'll take you way up in de a'r an' put you on de stan';
Den you'll hab to listen to de clerk an' answer mighty straight,
Ef you ebber 'spec' to trabble froo de alaplaster gate!

J. A. MACON.

WHAT THE LITTLE GIRL SAID.

Very amusing when recited at a Church Entertainment.

"MA'S up-stairs changing her dress," said the freckle-faced little girl, tying her doll's bonnet strings and casting her eye about for a tidy large enough to serve as a shawl for that double-jointed young person.

"Oh, your mother needn't dress up for me," replied the female agent of the missionary society, taking a self-satisfied view of herself in the mirror. "Run up and tell her to come down just as she is in her every-day clothes, and not stand on ceremony."

"Oh, but she hasn't got on her every-day clothes. Ma was all dressed up in her new brown silk dress, 'cause she expected Miss Dimmond to-day. Miss Dimmond always comes over here to show off her nice things, and ma doesn't mean to get left. When ma saw you coming she said, 'the dickens!' and I guess she was mad about something. Ma said if you saw her new dress, she'd have to hear all about the poor heathen, who don't have silk, and you'd ask her for money to buy hymn-books to send 'em. Say, do the nigger ladies use hymn-book leaves to do their hair up on and make it frizzy? Ma says she guesses that's all the good the books do 'em, if they ever get any books. I wish my doll was a heathen."

"Why, you wicked little girl! what do you want of a heathen doll?" inquired the missionary lady, taking a mental inventory of the new things in the parlor to get

material for a homily on worldy extravagance.

"So folks would send her lots of nice things to wear, and feel sorry to have her going about naked. Then she'd have her hair to frizz, and I want a doll with truly hair and eyes that roll up like Deacon Silderback's when he says amen on Sunday. I ain't a wicked girl, either, 'cause Uncle Dick—you know Uncle Dick, he's been out West and swears awful and smokes in the house—he says I'm a holy terror, and he hopes I'll be an angel pretty soon. Ma 'll be down in a minute, so you needn't take your cloak off. She said she'd box my ears if I asked you to.

"Ma's putting on that old dress she had last year, 'cause she didn't want you to think she was able to give much this time, and she needed a muff worse than the queen of the cannon-ball islands needed religion. Uncle Dick says you oughter get to the islands, 'cause you'd be safe there, and the natives would be sorry they was such sinners anybody would send you to 'em. He says he never seen a heathen hungry enough to eat you, 'less 'twas a blind one, an' you'd set a blind pagan's teeth on edge so he'd never hanker after any more missionary. Uncle Dick's awful funny, and makes ma and pa die laughing sometimes."

"Your Uncle Richard is a bad, depraved wretch, and ought to have remained out West, where his style is appreciated. He sets a horrid example for little girls like you."

"Oh, I think he's nice. He showed me how to slide down the banisters, and he's teaching me to whistle when ma ain't around. That's a pretty cloak you've got, ain't it? Do you buy all your clothes with missionary money? Ma says you do."

Just then the freckle-faced little girl's ma came into the parlor and kissed the missionary lady on the cheek and said she was delighted to see her, and they proceeded to have a real sociable chat. The little girl's ma cannot understand why a person who professes to be so charitable as the missionary agent does should go right over to Miss Dimmond's and say such ill-natured things as she did, and she thinks the missionary is a double-faced gossip. The little girl understands it better than her ma does.

THE BELL-WETHER AND THE DEACON.

Humorous Reading for a Church Entertainment.

"You see," said Sam Lawson, "there was old Dick Ike's bell-wether, he wuz the fightenest old critter that ever you see. Many a time he's chased me and Lem Ludoc on our way to see the Larkin gals; but, as I was a sayin', what I want to tell yer is about him and the Deacon. Ike let his sheep graze in the churchyard—wrong of course, but then he done it; and that's what got the Deacon in trouble. The weather was sizzlin' hot and the Deacon was the tithin' man and used to keep himself awake in meetin' by runnin' around wakin' up everybody else, and crackin' the boys with his stick whenever he ketched one in mischief. Nothin' escaped him. He seemed like one of them beasts in Revelation that was full of eyes behind and before. Well, folks that is chipper and high-steppin' has their come-downs, and the Deacon had to hev his.

Well, that Sunday the parson give us a great sermon, and the Deacon run around and keep everything straight till it was most through, and then he sot down right by the door, and the hot weather overcome him so he fell asleep just before the sermon closed.

"Wal, Parson Morrell had a way o' prayin' with his eyes open. Folks said it wa'n't the best way, but it was Parson Morrell's anyhow, and so as he was prayin' he couldn't help seein' that Deacon Titkins was a noddin' and a bobbin' out towards the place where old Dick was feedin' with the sheep, front o' the meetin'-house door.

"Lem and me was sittin' where we could look out and we could jest see old Dick stop feedin' and look at the Deacon. The Deacon had a little round head as smooth as an apple, with a nice powdered wig on it, and he sot there makin' bobs and bows, and Dick begun to think it was suthin' sort o' pussonel. Lem and me was sittin' jest where we could look out and see the whole picter, and Lem was fit to split.

"'Good, now,' says he, 'that crittur 'll pay the Deacon off lively, pretty soon.'

"The Deacon bobbed his head a spell, and old Dick he shook his horns and stamped at him sort o'thretnin'. Finally,

the Deacon he gave a great bow and brought his head right down at him, and old Dick he sot out full tilt and come down on him ker chunk, and knocked him head over heels into the broad aisle, and his wig flew one way and he t' other, and Dick made a lunge at it as it flew, and carried it off on his horns.

"Wal, you may believe, that broke up the meetin' for one while, for Parson Morrell laughed out, and all the girls and boys they stamped and roared, and the old Deacon he got up and begun rubbing his shins 'cause he didn't see the joke on't.

"'You don't orter laugh,' says he, 'it's no laughin' matter—it's a solemn thing,' says he, 'I might have been sent into 'tarnity by that darned crittur,' says he. Then they all roared and haw-hawed the more to see the Deacon dancin' round with his little shiny head, so smooth a fly would trip up on't. 'I believe, on my soul, you'd laugh to see me in my grave,' says he!

"Wal, the truth on't was, 't was just one of them bustin' up times that natur' has, when there ain't nothin' for it but to give in; 't was jest like the ice breakin' up in the Charles River—it all come at once and no whoa to 't. Sunday or no Sunday, sin or no sin, the most on 'em laughed till they cried, and couldn't help it.

"But the Deacon he went home feelin' pretty sore about it. Lem Ludoc he picked up his wig and handed it to him. Says he, 'Old Dick was playing tithing-man, wa'n't he, Deacon? Teach you to make allowance for other folks that get sleepy.'

"Then Mrs. Titkins she went over to Aunt Jerushy Scran's and Aunt Polly Hokum's, and they had a pot o' tea over it, and 'greed it was awful of Parson Morrell to set sich an example, and suthin' had got to be done about it. Miss Hokum said she allers knew that Parson Morrell hadn't no spiritooality, and now it had broke out into open sin, and led all the rest of 'em into it; and Mrs. Titkins, she said such a man wa'n't fit to preach; and Miss Hokum said she could n't never hear him ag'in, and the next Sunday the Deacon and his wife they hitched up and driv eight miles over to Parson Lothrop's, and took Aunt Polly on the back seat.

"Wal, the thing growed and growed till it seemed as if there war n't nothing else talked about, 'cause Aunt Polly and Mrs. Titkins and Jerushy Scran they didn't do nothin' but talk about it, and that sot everybody else a talkin.'

"Finally, it was 'greed they must hev a council to settle the hash. So all the wimmen they went to chopping mince, and making up punkin pies and cranberry tarts, and bilin' doughnuts, gettin' reddy for the ministers and delegates—'cause councils always eats powerful—and they had quite a stir, like a gineral trainin'. The hosses, they was hitched all up and down the stalls, a-stompin' and switchin' their tails, and all the wimmen was a-talkin', and they hed up everybody round for witnesses, and finally Parson Morrell he says, 'Brethren,' says he, 'jest let me tell you the story jest as it happened, and if you don't every one of you laugh as hard as I did, why, then I'll give up.'

"The parson, he was a master hand at setting off a story, and afore he'd done he got 'em all in sich a roar they didn't know where to leave off. Finally, they give sentence that there hadn't no temptation took him but such as is common to man; but they advised him afterward allers to pray with his eyes shut, and the parson he confessed he orter 'a done it, and meant to do better in future, and so they settled it.

"So, boys," said Sam, who always drew a moral, "ye see it larns you you must take care what ye look at, ef ye want to keep from laughin' in meetin'."

MRS. H. B. STOWE.

A MOST OBLIGING LITTLE SISTER.

Humorous Child Character Sketch.

In this recitation a very demure and simple looking young man should be standing looking foolishly and expectantly at the door way—to whom should enter in a romping irrepressible mood, a girl of apparently about twelve years of age.

"My sister'll be down in a minute, and
says you're to wait, if you please;
And says I might stay till she came,
if I'd promise her never to tease,
Nor speak till you spoke to me first. But
that's nonsense; for how w'ld you know
What she told me to say, if I didn't.
Don't you really and truly think so?

"And then you'd feel strange here alone.
And you wouldn't know just where to sit;
For that chair isn't strong on its legs, and we never use it a bit:
We keep it to match with the sofa; but Jack says it would be like you,
To flop yourself right down upon it, and knock out the very last screw.

"Suppose you try! I won't tell. You're afraid to! Oh! you're afraid they would think it was mean!
Well, then, there's the album: that's pretty, if you're sure that you're fingers are clean.
For sister says sometimes I daub it; but she only says that when she's cross.
There's her picture. You know it? It's like her; but she ain't as good-looking, of course.

"This is *Me*. I'ts the best of 'em all.
Now, tell me, you'd never have thought
That once I was little as that? It's the only one that could be bought;
For that was the message to Pa from the photograph-man where I sat,—
That he wouldn't print off any more till he first got his money for that.

"What? Maybe you're tired of waiting. Why, often she's longer than this.
There's all her back hair to do up, and all of her front curls to friz.
But it's nice to be sitting here talking like grown people, just you and me!
Do you think you'll be coming here often? Oh, do! But don't come like Tom Lee,—

"Tom Lee, her last beau. Why, my goodness! he used to be here day and night,
Till the folks thought he'd be her husband; and Jack says that gave him a fright.
You won't run away then, as he did? For you're not a rich man, they say!
Pa says you're poor as a church-mouse. Now, are you? and how poor are they?

"Ain't you glad that you met me? Well, I am; for I know now your hair isn't red;
But what there is left of it's mousy, and not what that naughty Jack said.
But there! I must go: sister's coming! But I wish I could wait, just to see
If she ran up to you, and she kissed you in the way she used to kiss Lee."

BRET HARTE.

BABY'S SOLILOQUY.

The following selection can be made very humorous if the person reading it assumes the tones of a very little child, and in appropriate places imitates the cry of a baby.

I AM here. And if this is what they call the world, I don't think much of it. It's a very flannelly world, and smells of paregoric awfully. It's a dreadful light world, too. and makes me blink, I tell you. And I don't know what to do with my hands. I think I'll dig my fists in my eyes. No, I won't. I'll scratch at the corner of my blanket and chew it up, and then I'll holler; whatever happens, I'll holler. And the more paregoric they give me, the louder I'll yell. That old nurse puts the spoon in the corner of my mouth, sidewise like, and keeps tasting my milk herself all the while. She spilt snuff in it last night, and when I hollered, she trotted me. That comes of being a two-days-old baby.

Never mind; when I'm a man, I'll pay her back good. There's a pin sticking in me now, and if I say a word about it, I'll be trotted or fed; and I would rather have catnip-tea. I'll tell you who I am. I found out to-day. I heard folks say, "Hush don't wake up Emeline's baby;" and I suppose that pretty, white-faced woman over on the pillow is Emeline.

No, I was mistaken; for a chap was in here just now and wanted to see Bob's baby; and looked at me and said I was a funny little toad, and looked just like Bob. He smelt of cigars. I wonder who else I belong to! Yes, there's another one—that "Gamma." "It was Gamma's baby, so it was." I declare, I do not know who I belong to; but I'll holler, and maybe I'll find out, There comes snuffy with catnip-tea. I'm going to sleep. I wonder why my hands won't go where I want them to!

Part V.

TEMPERANCE SELECTIONS

IN almost every community there are Temperance Societies, and Temperance Entertainments are often made the object of neighborhood gatherings. The following readings and recitations will prove valuable to the cause, while they enhance the general enjoyment of such occasions.

THE COST OF THE FIRST DRINK.

For a Temperance Entertainment.

The following tableau may be rendered very impressive by allowing the curtain to rise, showing a young man with a thoughtful face standing in the background holding in his hand a glass of wine, on which he is gazing intently, while some one at the side of the stage pronounces impressively the following words:

"MY friends, we behold in this tableau a young man with the first glass of intoxicating liquor in his hand. He is counting the cost of introducing into his system this 'slow poison of death.' He is about to take a step that will fasten upon him, perhaps, a habit that has been the ruin of tens of thousands of the world's bright and promising men. Well does he pause, before drinking, to count the cost. He is counting the cost of a burning brain; counting the cost of a palsied hand; counting the cost of a staggering step; counting the cost of broken hearts and of tear-stained pillows; counting the cost of a blighted home; counting the cost of the self-respect which oozes out at the finger-tips as they clasp the sparkling curse; counting the cost of the degradation and disgrace of a ruined body and a lost soul. What should every young man do in this critical situation? This young man has counted the cost. Let him give us his answer."

As the speaker stands silently, pointing his finger at the man in the tableau, his hold upon the glass is suddenly loosened, and it falls to the floor, dashing in pieces.

THE FACE ON THE FLOOR.

'TWAS a balmy summer evening, and a goodly crowd was there
That well nigh filled Joe's bar-room on the corner of the square,
And as songs and witty stories came through the open door;
A vagabond crept slowly in and posed upon the floor.

"Where did it come from?" some one said;
"The wind has blown it in."
"What does it want?" another cried
"Some whiskey, beer, or gin?"
"Here, Toby, seek him, if your stomach's equal to the work,
I wouldn't touch him with a fork, he's as filthy as a Turk."

This badinage the poor wretch took with stoical good grace,
In fact, he smiled as if he thought he'd struck the proper place:
"Come, boys, I know there's kindly hearts among so good a crowd;
To be in such good company would make a deacon proud.

"Give me a drink! That's what I want, I'm out of funds, you know,

When I had cash to treat the gang, this hand was never slow;
What? You laugh as if you thought this pocket never held a sou;
I once was fixed as well, my boys, as any one of you.

"There, thanks, that braced me nicely, God bless you, one and all,
Next time I pass this good saloon I'll make another call;
Give you a song? No, I can't do that, my singing days are past,
My voice is cracked, my throat's worn out and my lungs are going fast.

"Say, give me another whiskey and I'll tell you what I'll do—
I'll tell you a funny story, and a fact, I promise, too;
That I was ever a decent man, not one of you would think,
But I was, some four or five years back, say, give us another drink.

"Fill her up, Joe, I want to put some life into my frame—
Such little drinks to a bum like me are miserably tame;
Five fingers—there, that's the scheme—and corking whiskey, too,
Well, boys, here's luck, and landlord, my best regards to you.

"You've treated me pretty kindly and I'd like to tell you how
I came to be the dirty sot you see before you now;
As I told you, once I was a man, with muscle, frame and health,
And, but for a blunder, ought to have made considerable wealth.

"I was a painter—not one that daubed on bricks and wood,
But an artist, and, for my age, was rated pretty good;
I worked hard at my canvas, and was bidding fair to rise;
For gradually I saw the star of fame before my eyes.

"I made a picture, perhaps you've seen, 'tis called the Chase of Fame;
It brought me fifteen hundred pounds, and added to my name;
And then, I met a woman—now comes the funny part—
With eyes that petrified my brain, and sunk into my heart.

"Why don't you laugh? 'Tis funny that the vagabond you see
Could ever love a woman and expect her love for me;
But 'twas so, and for a month or two her smile was freely given;
And when her loving lips touched mine, it carried me to heaven.

"Boys, did you ever see a girl for whom your soul you'd give,
With a form like the Milo Venus, too beautiful to live,
With eyes that would beat the Kohinoor and a wealth of chestnut hair?
If so, 'twas she, for there never was another half so fair.

"I was working on a portrait one afternoon in May,
Of a fair-haired boy, a friend of mine who lived across the way,
And Madeline admired it, and much to my surprise,
Said that she'd like to know the man that had such dreamy eyes.

"It didn't take long to know him, and before the month had flown,
My friend had stole my darling, and I was left alone;
And ere a year of misery had passed above my head,
The jewel I had treasured so had tarnished and was dead.

"That's why I took to drink, boys. Why, I never saw you smile,
I thought you'd be amused and laughing all the while;
Why, what's the matter, friend? There's a tear-drop in your eye,
Come, laugh like me, 'tis only babes and women that should cry.

"Say, boys, if you'll give me another whiskey, I'll be glad,

And I'll draw right here, the picture of
the face that drove me mad ;
Give me that piece of chalk with which you
mark the base-ball score—
And you shall see the lovely Madeline
upon the barroom floor."

Another drink, and with chalk in hand, the
vagabond began
To sketch a face that well might buy the
soul of any man,
Then, as he placed another lock upon the
shapely head,
With a fearful shriek he leaped and fell
across the picture—*dead*,

H. ANTOINE D'ARCY.

APPEAL FOR TEMPERANCE.

In no cause in which his sympathies were enlisted was Mr. Grady more active and earnest than in that of temperance. The following extract is from one of his speeches delivered during the exciting local campaign in Georgia in 1887.

My friends, hesitate before you vote liquor back into Atlanta, now that it is shut out. Don't trust it. It is powerful, aggressive and universal in its attacks. To-night it enters an humble home to strike the roses from a woman's cheek, and to-morrow it challenges this Republic in the halls of Congress. To-day it strikes a crust from the lips of a starving child, and to-morrow levies tribute from the government itself There is no cottage in this city humble enough to escape it—no palace strong enough to shut it out. It defies the law when it cannot coerce suffrage. It is flexible to cajole, but merciless in victory. It is the mortal enemy of peace and order. The despoiler of men, the tertor of women, the cloud that shadows the face of children, the demon that has dug more graves and sent more souls unshrived to judgment than all the pestilences that have wasted life since God sent the plagues to Egypt, and all the wars since Joshua stood beyond Jericho. O my countrymen ! loving God and humanity, do not bring this grand old city again under the dominion of that power. It can profit no man by its return. It can uplift no industry, revive no interest, remedy no wrong. You know that it cannot. It comes to turn, and it shall profit mainly by the ruin of your sons and mine. It comes to mislead human souls and crush human hearts under its rumbling wheels. It comes to bring gray-haired mothers down in shame and sorrow to their graves. It comes to turn the wife's love into despair and her pride into shame. It comes to still the laughter on the lips of little children. It comes to stifle all the music of the home and fill it with silence and desolation. It comes to ruin your body and mind, to wreck your home, and it knows that it must measure its prosperity by the swiftness and certainty with which it wreaks this work.

H. W. GRADY.

THE MEN BEHIND THE VOTE.

You have heard of the man behind the gun,
Who guards the fort of the wave,
Whose unerring aim
Saves his land from shame,
And marks him a hero brave.

But behind the man behind the gun
Stands the country true and right;
And heroes brave
Both on land and wave
Are guarded by her great might.

And we are the men behind the land
That enlists the best of her youth,
And through them we fight
For justice and right,
And stand in defense of the truth.

You have heard of the man behind the bar,
Who, by greed of gain beguiled,
Trails his victim's name
In the slime of shame,
And curses the wife and the child.

But behind the man behind the bar
Is the ballot pure and white,
And the villains vile
Who with drink defile
Are shielded as though in the right.

And we are the men behind the vote
To license the man at the bar,
Making bold to proclaim
That we sanction the shame
Of rum's iniquitous war.

REV. NORMAN PLASS.

THE POWER OF HABIT.

Adapted to the development of transition in pitch, and a very spirited utterance.

I REMEMBER once riding from Buffalo to the Niagara Falls. I said to a gentleman, "What river is that, sir?"

"That," said he, "is Niagara river."

"Well, it is a beautiful stream," said I; "bright, and fair, and glassy. How far off are the rapids?"

"Only a mile or two," was the reply.

"Is it *possible* that only a mile from us we shall find the water in the turbulence which it must show near the Falls!"

"You will find it so, sir." And so I found it; and the first sight of Niagara I shall never forget.

Now, launch your bark on that Niagara river; it is bright, smooth, beautiful and glassy. There is a ripple at the bow; the silver wake you leave behind adds to your enjoyment. Down the stream you glide, oars, sails, and helm in proper trim, and you set out on your pleasure excursion.

Suddenly some one cries out from the bank, "Young men, ahoy!"

"What is it?"

"The rapids are below you!"

"Ha! ha! we have heard of the rapids: but we are not such fools as to get there. If we go too fast, then we shall up with the helm, and steer to the shore; we will set the mast in the socket, hoist the sail, and speed to the land. Then on, boys; don't be alarmed, there is no danger."

"Young men, ahoy there!"

"What is it?"

"The rapids are below you!"

"Ha! ha! we will laugh and quaff; all things delight us. What care we for the future! No man ever saw it. Sufficient for the day is the evil thereof. We will enjoy life while we may, will catch pleasure as it flies. This is enjoyment; time enough to steer out of danger when we are sailing swiftly with the current."

"Young men, ahoy!"

"What is it?"

"Beware! beware! The rapids are below you!"

"Now you see the water foaming all around. See how fast you pass that point! Up with the helm! Now turn! Pull hard! Quick! quick! quick! pull for your lives; pull till the blood starts from your nostrils, and the veins stand like whip-cords upon your brow! Set the mast in the socket! hoist the sail! Ah! ah! it is too late! Shrieking, howling, blaspheming, over they go."

Thousands go over the rapids of intemperance every year, through *the power of habit*, crying all the while, "*When I find out that it is injuring me, I will give it up!*"

JOHN B. GOUGH.

A NEW DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE.

Suited to the organization of a Temperance Society, or an occasion where the Temperance cause is to be advocated. The Rev. F. O. Blair, author of the article, read it on July 4, 1883, at Lebanon, Ills., at a Temperance picnic. The reader should assume the dignified, earnest and forcible tone suitable to the reading of the great American Declaration.

WHEN in the course of human events it becomes necessary for a people to dissolve their connection with the Government to which they have hitherto owed allegiance, a decent respect for the opinions of mankind demands that the causes should be clearly set forth which impel them to the separation.

We hold these truths to be self-evident: That all men are created equal; that they are endowed by their Creator with certain inalienable rights; that among these are life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness: that to secure these rights, governments are instituted among men, deriving their just powers from the consent of the governed; that, whenever any form of government becomes destructive of these ends, it is the right and duty of the people to alter, or to abolish it; that it is the first law of self-preservation that any State or Nation may, and of right ought to, do all those things which are necessary to perpetuate its own existence; and to abolish all those practices and to counteract all those influences which are calculated to ruin the body politic, and destroy society.

For many years the inhabitants of this country have suffered from the cruel acts and oppressive measures instituted by King Alcohol, with the evident design to reduce them under an absolute despotism, and after long and patient endurance of flagrant wrongs, and after having made many and

fruitless efforts to obtain redress, until it is plainly evident that nothing can be hoped from appeals to his justice or mercy, we, the people of these United States, having resolved to cast off the authority of this tyrant, do unite in this declaration of the causes and reasons which constrain us to take so important a step, and of the miseries and grievances which have been inflicted on us by him, until his government has become a burden too heavy to be borne. The history of his course toward us in the past is a history of repeated injuries and usurpation, all having in direct object the establishment of an absolute tyranny over these States, and the subjection of the people, through their depraved appetites and passions, to his complete control.

To prove this, let facts be submitted to a candid world :—

He has refused his assent to laws the most wholesome and necessary for the public good.

He has caused the enactment of laws which have opened the sluiceways of destruction, pouring forth upon the people of this land a dreadful tide of intemperance, with all the attendant evils of drunkenness, disease and death.

He has bribed in various ways, and under various disguises, the legislators, the judges, and the juries of the country to prevent the enactment and the execution of laws, however needful for the welfare of the public, which would interfere with his nefarious traffic in intoxicating liquors, or prevent the accumulation of wealth by himself, at the expense of the comfort, the fortunes, the lives, and the future well-being of his victims.

He has taken away our property, earned by patient, faithful labor, and reduced our families to beggary and want.

He has diverted the wealth of the Nation from its proper office to the support of the criminal, the pauper, and the idiot, made such by his blighting influence.

He has locked up vast sums of money from the legitimate uses of trade and commerce in the jails, the penitentiaries, and the asylums, these having been made necessary by the vices and crimes he has stimulated into activity among the people.

He has extorted many millions from the laborers of the Nation to be expended in maintaining the police forces, the courts of justice, and all the machinery of Government, devoted largely to a vain effort to remedy the evils he himself has inflicted upon society.

He has transformed the fruits of the earth, given for the sustenance of man and beast, into a death-dealing poison which changes men into demons.

He has diverted the labors of thousands from productive occupations to the preparation and distribution of the fiery flood which desolates our land. He has smitten the people with insanity and idiocy, and filled our asylums with maniacs and drivelling idiots, and our prisons with criminals.

He has enticed our boys from their homes, and sent them forth as tramps and vagabonds in the land, and, instead of good citizens, they have become the dangerous classes of society.

He has won our young men from lives of sobriety, industry and frugality, to a course of drunkenness, indolence, and wastefulness.

He has drawn away our young women from the paths of virtue to dens of infamy and frightful depths of degradation.

He is responsible, directly or indirectly, for three-fourths of all the crimes committed, and four-fifths of all the murders done.

He has dragged down the gifted and noble of all classes from positions of honor, trust and usefulness, and with ruined reputations, and names disgraced, has consigned them to a drunkard's grave and a drunkard's doom.

He has blighted the sunny, happy years of childhood, and caused the little ones to pass their lives in squalor, misery and want; and homes that might have been the abode of perennial happiness have been turned into habitations of infernal misery.

He has prostrated the public press to his purposes and uses, so that, too often, instead of nobly speaking out for justice and right, and the good of the people at large, it basely yields to his demands to be sustained in his efforts to crush and ruin our race.

He has infatuated very many of the office-seekers and office-holders with the belief that it is far more important to promote his interests than to labor for the welfare of the people at large.

He has changed, in many places, the Holy Sabbath, with its hours of peaceful quiet, a day devoted to religious observances and the worship of Almighty God, to a day of revelry, drunkenness, and debauchery.

In every stage of these oppressions we have petitioned for redress in the most humble terms; our repeated petitions have been answered only by repeated injury. A ruler whose character is thus marked by every act which may define a tyrant is unfit to be the sovereign of a free people.

Nor have we been wanting in our attentions to those engaged in making and selling alcoholic drinks. We have implored them to have pity upon the suffering wife and the ragged, starving children; we have appealed to every sentiment of our common nature to induce them to withhold the deadly draught from our boys and young men and the habitual drunkard, but all in vain. They, too, have been deaf to the voice of justice and humanity, and have laughed us to scorn.

We have exhausted all our resources in our endeavors to obtain relief from those engaged in the traffic in distilled and fermented liquors, and have utterly failed. The only course left us to pursue is to dissolve completely our connection with so unjust, so tyrannical, so oppressive a power.

We, therefore, appealing to the Supreme Judge of the Universe for the rectitude of our intentions, do solemnly publish and declare that the people of this land are, and of right ought to be, free and independent; that we are absolved from all allegiance to King Alcohol, and to all his adherents; that, as free and independent citizens of these United States, we have the right to break away from his control and to banish the tyrant from our land.

And for the support of this declaration and the accomplishment of our arduous undertaking, we earnestly invoke the aid and sympathy of the civilized world, the fervent prayers of all Christian people, and the help and guidance of Almighty God. And we mutually pledge to each other our lives, our fortunes, and our sacred honor.

REV. F. O. BLAIR.

WHAT IS A MINORITY?

WHAT is a minority? The chosen heroes of this earth have been in a minority. There is not a social, political, or religious privilege that you enjoy to-day that was not bought for you by the blood and tears and patient suffering of the minority. It is the minority that have vindicated humanity in every struggle. It is a minority that have stood in the van of every moral conflict, and achieved all that is noble in the history of the world. You will find that each generation has been always busy in gathering up the scattered ashes of the martyred heroes of the past, to deposit them in the golden urn of a nation's history. Look at Scotland, where they are erecting monuments—to whom?—to the Covenanters. Ah, *they* were in a minority. Read their history, if you can, without the blood tingling to the tips of your fingers. These were in the minority, that, through blood, and tears, and bootings and scourgings—dying the waters with their blood, and staining the heather with their gore—fought the glorious battle of religious freedom. Minority! if a man stand up for the right, though the right be on the scaffold, while the wrong sits in the seat of government; if he stand for the right, though he eat, with the right and truth, a wretched crust; if he walk with obloquy and scorn in the by-lanes and streets, while the falsehood and wrong ruffle it in silken attire, let him remember that wherever the right and truth are there are always

"Troops of beautiful, tall angels"

gathered round him, and God Himself stands within the dim future, and keeps watch over His own! If a man stands for the right and the truth, though every man's finger be pointed at him, though every woman's lip be curled at him in scorn, he

stands in a majority; for God and good angels are with him, and greater are they that are for him, than all they that be against him.

JOHN B. GOUGH.

A BRAVE BOY.

A Temperance Reading.

"So this is our new cabin-boy;" was my inward exclamation, as I walked on deck and saw a dark-eyed, handsome youth, leaning against the railing and gazing with a sad, abstracted air into the foamy waves that were lustily dashing against the vessel. I had heard a good many remarks made about him by the crew, who did not like him because he seemed somewhat shy of them, and they were continually tormenting him with their rough jokes. He had refused to drink any intoxicating liquor since he came on board, and I was curious to know more about him.

My interest and sympathy were aroused, and I resolved to watch over and protect him as far as possible from the ungovernable temper of the captain, and the rough jokes of the sailors.

A few days afterward I was standing beside the captain, when suddenly rough shouts and laughter broke upon our ears; we went to the forepart of the deck, and found a group of sailors trying to persuade Allen to partake of their grog.

"Laugh on," I heard Allen's firm voice reply, "but I'll never taste a drop. You ought to be ashamed to drink it yourselves, much more to offer it to another."

A second shout of laughter greeted the reply, and one of the sailors, emboldened by the captain's presence, who they all knew was a great drinker himself, approached the boy and said:

"Now, my hearty, get ready to keel roight over on your beam end, whin ye've swallowed this."

He was just going to pour the liquor down his throat when, quick as a flash, Allen seized the bottle and flung it far overboard. While the sailors were looking regretfully after the sinking bottle, Allen looked pale but composed at Captain Harden, whose face was scarlet with suppressed rage. I trembled for the boy's fate. Suddenly Captain Harden seized him and cried out sternly:

"Hoist this fellow aloft into the main top-sail. I'll teach him better than to waste my property!"

Two sailors approached him to execute the order; but Allen quietly waved them back, and said in a low, respectful tone:

"Ill go myself, captain, and I hope you will pardon me: I meant no offence." I saw his hand tremble a little as he took hold of the rigging. For one unused to the sea it was extremely dangerous to climb that height. For a moment he hesitated, as he seemed to measure the distance, but he quietly recovered himself, and proceeded slowly and carefully.

"Faster!" cried the captain, as he saw with what care he measured his steps, and faster Allen tried to go, but his foot slipped, and for a moment I stood horror struck, gazing up at the dangling form suspended by the arms in mid air. A coarse laugh from the captain, a jeer from the sailors, and Allen again caught hold of the rigging, and soon he was in the watch-basket.

"Now, stay there, you young scamp, and get some of the spirit frozen out of you," muttered the captain, as he went down into the cabin. Knowing the captain's temper, I dared not interfere while he was in his present state of mind. By nightfall, however, I proceeded to the cabin, and found him seated before the table, with a half empty bottle of his favorite champagne before him. I knew he had been drinking freely, and therefore had little hope that Allen would be released; still I ventured to say:

"Pardon my intrusion, Captain Harden, but I'm afraid our cabin-boy will be sick if he is compelled to stay up there much longer."

"Sick! bah, not a bit of it; he's got too much grit in him to yield to such nonsense; no person on board my ship ever gets sick; they know better than to play that game on me. But I'll go and see what he is doing, anyhow."

Upon reaching the deck he shouted through his trumpet:

"Ho! my lad."

"Aye, aye, sir," was the faint but prompt response from above, as Allen's face appeared, looking with eager hope for his release.

"How do you like your new berth?" was the captain's mocking question.

"Better than grog or whiskey, sir," came the quick reply from Allen.

"If I allow you to descend, will you drink the contents of this glass?" and he held up, as he spoke, a sparkling glass of his favorite wine.

"I have forsworn all intoxicating drinks, sir, and I will not break my pledge, even at the risk of my life."

"There, that settles it," said the captain, turning to me; he's got to stay up there to-night; he'll be toned down before morning."

By early dawn Captain Harden ordered him to be taken down, for to his call, "Ho, my lad!" there was no reply, and he began to feel alarmed. A glass of warm wine and biscuit were standing ready for him beside the captain, who was sober now; and when he saw the limp form of Allen carried into his presence by two sailors his voice softened, as he said:

"Here, my lad, drink that, and I will trouble you no more."

With a painful gesture, the boy waved him back, and in a feeble voice, said:

"Captain Harden, will you allow me to tell you a little of my history?"

"Go on," said the captain, "but do not think it will change my mind; you have to drink this just to show you how I bend stiff necks on board my ship."

"Two weeks before I came on board this ship I stood beside my mother's coffin. I heard the dull thud of falling earth as the sexton filled the grave which held the last remains of my darling mother. I saw the people leave the spot; I was alone, yes, alone, for she who loved me and cared for me was gone. I knelt for a moment upon the fresh turf, and while the hot tears rolled down my cheeks, I vowed never to taste the liquor which had broken my mother's heart and ruined my father's life.

"Two days later, I stretched my hand through the prison bars, behind which my father was confined. I told him of my intention of going to sea. Do with me what you will, captain; let me freeze to death in the mainmast; throw me into the sea below, anything, but do not for dear mother's sake, force me to drink that poison which has ruined my father, and killed my mother. Do not let it ruin a mother's only son!"

He sank back exhausted, and burst into a fit of tears. The captain stepped forward, and laying his hand, which trembled a little, upon the boy's head, said to the crew who had collected round:

"For our mothers' sake, let us respect Allen Bancroft's pledge. And never," he continued, firing up, "let me catch any of you ill-treating him."

He then hastily withdrew to his apartment. The sailors were scattered, and I was left alone with Allen.

"Lieutenant, what does this mean? Is it possible that—that—"

"That you are free," I added, "and that none will trouble you again."

"Lieutenant," he said, "if I was not so ill and cold just now, I think I'd just toss my hat and give three hearty cheers for Captain Harden."

He served on our vessel three years, and was a universal favorite. When he left Captain Harden presented him with a handsome gold watch as a memento of his night in the mainmast, and the hearty sailor sent the youth away with a blessing on his head.

THE TWO GLASSES.

Temperance Recitation.

THERE sat two glasses, filled to the brim,
On a rich man's table, rim to rim;
One was ruddy, and red as blood,
And one was clear as the crystal flood.

Said the glass of wine to his paler brother,
"Let us tell tales of the past to each other.
I can tell of banquet, and revel, and mirth,
Where I was king, for I ruled in might,
And the proudest and grandest souls on earth

Fell under my touch, as though struck with blight.
From the heads of kings I have torn the crown,
From the heights of fame I have hurled men down;
I have blasted many an honored name;
I have taken virtue and given shame;
I have tempted the youth with a sip, a taste,
Which has made his future a barren waste.
Far greater than any king am I,
Or than any army beneath the sky;
I have made the arm of the driver fail,
And sent the train from its iron rail;
I have made good ships go down at sea,
And the shrieks of the lost were sweet to me;
For they said, 'Behold, how great you be!
Fame, strength, wealth, genius, before you fall,
And your might and power are over all.'
Ho! ho! pale brother," laughed the wine,
"Can you boast of deeds as great as mine?"

Said the water glass: "I can not boast
Of a king dethroned, or a murdered host;
But I can tell of hearts that were sad,
By my crystal drops made light and glad;
Of thirst I have quenched, and brows I've laved;
Of hands I have cooled, and souls I've saved.
I have leaped through the valley, dashed down the mountain,
Slept in the sunshine, and dripped from the fountain;
I have burst my cloud fetters and drooped from the sky,
And everywhere gladdened the landscape and eye.
I have eased the hot forehead of fever and pain,
I have made the parched meadows grow fertile with grain;
I can tell of the powerful wheel of the mill
That ground out the flour, and turned at my will;
I can tell of manhood, debased by you,
That I have uplifted and crowned anew.
I cheer, I help, I strengthen and aid,
I gladden the heart of man and maid;
I set the chained wine-captive free,
And all are better for knowing me."

These are the tales they told to each other,
The glass of wine and its paler brother,
As they sat together, filled to the brim,
On a rich man's table, rim to rim.—

ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

THE DRUNKARDS DAUGHTER,

A woman who became an earnest temperance advocate and worker for total abstinence, after having been ruined in fortune and having her happiness wrecked by drink in her own home, was twitted by her former friends and called a fanatic. The following lines were written by her as a reply.

Go, feel what I have felt,
Go, bear what I have borne;
Sink 'neath a blow a father dealt,
And the cold, proud world's scorn.
Thus struggle on from year to year,
Thy sole relief the scalding tear.

Go, weep as I have wept
O'er a loved father's fall;
See every cherished promise swept,
Youth's sweetness turned to gall;
Hope's faded flowers strewed all the way,
That led me up to woman's day.

Go, kneel as I have knelt:
Implore beseech and pray.
Strive the besotted heart to melt,
The downward course to stay;
Be cast with bitter curse aside,—
Thy prayers burlesqued, thy tears defied.

Go, stand where I have stood,
And see the strong man bow;
With gnashing teeth, lips bathed in blood
And cold and livid brow;
Go, catch his wandering glance, and see
There mirrored his soul's misery.

Go, hear what I have heard,—
The sobs of sad despair,
As memory's feeling fount hath stirred,
And its revealings there
Have told him what he might have been,
Had he the drunkard's fate forseen.

Go to my mother's side,
And her crushed spirit cheer;
Thine own deep anguish hide,
Wipe from her cheek the tear;
Mark her dimmed eye, her furrowed brow,

The gray that streaks her dark hair now,
The toil-worn frame, the trembling limb,
And trace the ruin back to him
Whose plighted faith in early youth,
Promised eternal love and truth,
But who, forsworn, hath yielded up
This promise to the deadly cup,
And led her down from love and light,
From all that made her pathway bright,
And chained her there 'mid want and strife,
That lowly thing,—a drunkard's wife!
And stamped on childhood's brow, so mild,
That withering blight,—a drunkard's child!

Go, hear, and see, and feel, and know
All that my soul hath felt and known
Then look within the wine cup's glow;
See if its brightness can atone;
Think of its flavor would you try,
If all proclaimed,—*'Tis drink and die.*

Tell me how I hate the bowl,—
Hate is a feeble word;
I loathe, abhor, my very soul
By strong disgust is stirred
Whene'er I see, or hear, or tell
Of the DARK BEVERAGE OF HELL!

PLEDGE WITH WINE.

This selection may be easily converted into an effective dialogue by omitting the words and acting the parts between the remarks of the bride and her attendants. The company should be dressed in wedding attire

"PLEDGE with wine—pledge with wine!" cried the young and thoughtless Harry Wood. "Pledge with wine," ran through the brilliant crowd.

The beautiful bride grew pale—the decisive hour had come,—she pressed her white hands together, and the leaves of her bridal wreath trembled on her pure brow; her breath came quicker, her heart beat wilder. From her childhood she had been most solemnly opposed to the use of all wines and liquors.

"Yes, Marion, lay aside your scruples for this once," said the judge in a low tone, going towards his daughter, "the company expect it; do not so seriously infringe upon the rules of etiquette;—in your own house act as you please; but in mine, for this once please me."

Every eye was turned towards the bridal pair. Marion's principles were well known. Henry had been a convivialist, but of late his friends noticed the change in his manners, the difference in his habits—and to-night they watched him to see, as they sneeringly said, if he was tied down to a woman's opinion so soon.

Pouring a brimming beaker, they held it with tempting smiles towards Marion. She was very pale, though more composed, and her hand shook not, as smiling back, she gratefully accepted the crystal tempter and raised it to her lips. But scarcely had she done so, when every hand was arrested by her piercing exclamation of "Oh, how terrible!" "What is it?" cried one and all, thronging together, for she had slowly carried the glass at arm's length, and was fixedly regarding it as though it were some hideous object.

"Wait," she answered, while an inspired light shone from her dark eyes, "wait and I will tell you. I see," she added, slowly pointing one jewelled finger at the sparkling ruby liquid, "a sight that beggars all description; and yet listen; I will paint it for you if I can: It is a lonely spot; tall mountains, crowned with verdure, rise in awful sublimity around; a river runs through, and bright flowers grow to the water's edge. There is a thick, warm mist that the sun seeks vainly to pierce; trees, lofty and beautiful, wave to the airy motion of the birds; but there, a group of Indians gather; they flit to and fro with something like sorrow upon their dark brows; and in their midst lies a manly form, but his cheek, how deathly; his eye wild with the fitful fire of fever. One friend stands beside him, nay, I should say kneels, for he is pillowing that poor head upon his breast.

"Genius in ruins. Oh! the high, holy-looking brow! Why should death mark it, and he so young? Look how he throws the damp curls! see him clasp his hands! hear his thrilling shrieks for like! mark how he clutches at the form of his companion, imploring to be saved. Oh! hear him call piteously his father's name; see him twine his fingers together as he shrieks for his sister—his only sister—the twin of his soul—weeping for him in his distant native land.

"See!" she exclaimed, while the bridal party shrank back, the untasted wine trembling in their faltering grasp, and the judge fell, overpowered, upon his seat; "see! his arms are lifted to heaven; he prays, how wildly, for mercy! hot fever rushes through his veins. The friend beside him is weeping; awe-stricken, the dark men move silently, and leave the living and dying together."

There was a hush in that princely parlor, broken only by what seemed a smothered sob, from some manly bosom. The bride stood yet upright, with quivering lip, and tears stealing to the outward edge of her lashes. Her beautiful arm had lost its tension, and the glass, with its little troubled red waves, came slowly towards the range of her vision. She spoke again; every lip was mute. Her voice was low, faint, yet awfully distinct: she still fixed her sorrowful glance upon the wine-cup.

"It is evening now; the great white moon is coming up, and her beams lie gently on his forehead. He moves not; his eyes are set in their sockets; dim are their piercing glances; in vain his friend whispers the name of father and sister—death is there. Death! and no soft hand, no gentle voice to bless and soothe him. His head sinks back! one convulsive shudder! he is dead!"

A groan ran through the assembly, so vivid was her description, so unearthly her look so inspired her manner, that what she described seemed actually to have taken place then and there. They noticed also, that the bridegroom hid his face in his hands and was weeping.

"Dead!" she repeated again, her lips quivering faster and faster, and her voice more and more broken: "and there they scoop him a grave; and there, without a shroud, they lay him down in the damp, reeking earth. The only son of a proud father, the only idolized brother of a fond sister. And he sleeps to-day in that distant country, with no stone to mark the spot. There he lies—my father's son—my own twin brother! a victim to this deadly poison." "Father," she exclaimed, turning suddenly, while the tears rained down her beautiful cheeks, "father, shall I drink it now?

The form of the old judge was convulsed with agony. He raised his head, but in a smothered voice he faltered—"No, no, my child; in God's name, no."

She lifted the glittering goblet, and letting it suddenly fall to the floor it was dashed into a thousand pieces. Many a tearful eye watched her movements, and instantaneously every wineglass was transferred to the marble table on which it had been prepared. Then, as she looked at the fragments of crystal, she turned to the company, saying: "Let no friend, hereafter, who loves me, tempt me to peril my soul for wine. Not firmer the everlasting hills than my resolve, God helping me, never to touch or taste that terrible poison. And he to whom I have given my hand; who watched over my brother's dying form in that last solemn hour, and buried the dear wanderer there by the river in that land of gold, will, I trust, sustain me in that resolve. Will you not, my husband?"

His glistening eyes, his sad, sweet smile was her answer.

The judge left the room, and when an hour later he returned, and with a more subdued manner took part in the entertainment of the bridal guests, no one could fail to read that he, too, had determined to dash the enemy at once and forever from his princely rooms.

Those who were present at that wedding, can never forget the impression so solemnly made. Many from that hour foreswore the social glass.

PART VI.

RELIGIOUS AND MORAL SELECTIONS

"GOD IS CALLING ME."

On the Twenty-second day of December, 1899, Dwight L. Moody, the world's greatest Evangelist, died at his home at Northfield, Mass. The whole religious world mourned his loss. His last words were "God is calling me."

"GOD is calling me," he murmured.
Oh, what visions cheered his eyes
As his eager spirit hastened
To his home beyond the skies!
God had called him, oh, how often
Had he listened to the call,
Hastening to the field of action,
Full of zeal and love for all!

How he prayed and how he labored,
Seeking souls for Christ to win,
Till his burning words have rescued
Tens of thousands from their sin.
We shall hear no more his pleading,
For his prayer is turned to praise;
But we look for gracious answers
Through the swiftly passing days.

In his home, his church, his Northfield,
Schools and missions grown world-wide,
How they sorrowed for their leader
On the blessed Christmas-tide!
But the work must go straight forward!
Never was there greater need.
Well we know he would not falter
Though his inmost soul might bleed.

God is calling us, O Christians!
Do we heed the call to-day?
Are we eager for his service?
Do we labor, watch, and pray?
May our brother's life enthuse us,
And the mantle he let fall
Rest not only on his workers,
But on Christians, one and all.

MARY B. WINGATE.

THE CRUCIFIXION.

I ASKED the heavens;—"What foe to God has done
This unexampled deed?" The heavens exclaimed:
"'Twas man! and we in horror snatched the sun
From such a spectacle of guilt and shame."
I asked the sea;—the sea in fury boiled,
And answered, with his voice of storms:—
"'Twas man!
My waves in panic at his crime recoiled,
Disclosed the abyss, and from the center ran."
I asked the earth;—the earth replied, aghast,
"'Twas man! and such strange pangs my bosom rent,
That still I groan and shudder at the past."
To man, gay, smiling, thoughtless man, I went,
And asked him next;—*he* turned a scornful eye,
Shook his proud head, and deigned me no reply.

MONTGOMERY.

CLIPPING THE BIBLE

THERE is another class. It is quite fashionable for people to say, "Yes, I believe the Bible, but not the supernatural. I believe everything that corresponds with this reason of mine." They go on reading the Bible with a penknife, cutting out this and that. Now, if I have a right to cut out a certain portion of the Bible, I don't know why one of my friends has not a right to cut out another, and another friend to cut out another part, and so on. You would have a queer kind of Bible if everybody cut out what he wanted to. Every liar would cut out everything about lying; every drunkard would be cutting out what he didn't like. Once, a gentleman took his Bible around to his minister's and said, "That is your Bible." "Why do you call it *my* Bible?" said the minister. "Well," replied the gentleman, "I have been sitting under your preaching for five years, and when you said that a thing in the Bible was

not authentic, I cut it out." He had about a third of the Bible cut out; all of Job, all of Ecclesiastes and Revelation, and a good deal besides. The minister wanted him to leave the Bible with him; he didn't want the rest of his congregation to see it. But the man said, "Oh, no! I have the covers left, and I will hold on to them." And off he went holding on to the covers. If you believed what some men preach, you would have nothing but the covers left in a few months. I have often said, that, if I am going to throw away the Bible, I will throw it all into the fire at once. There is no need of waiting five years to do what you can do as well at once. I have yet to find a man who begins to pick at the Bible that does not pick it all to pieces in a little while. A minister whom I met awhile ago said to me, "Moody, I have given up preaching except out of the four Gospels. I have given up all the Epistles, and all the Old Testament; and I do not know why I cannot go to the fountain head and preach as Paul did. I believe the Gospels are all there is that is authentic." It was not long before he gave up the four Gospels, and finally gave up the ministry. He gave up the Bible, and God gave him up.

D. L. Moody.

THE CHRISTIAN MARTYR.

The eyes of thousands glanced on him, as mid the cirque he stood,
Unheeding of the shout which broke from that vast multitude.
The prison damps had paled his cheek, and on his lofty brow
Corroding care had deeply traced the furrows of his plow.

Amid the crowded cirque he stood, and raised to heaven his eye,
For well that feeble old man knew they brought him forth to die!
Yet joy was beaming in that eye, while from his lips a prayer
Passed up to Heaven, and faith secured his peaceful dwelling there.

Then calmly on his foes he looked; and, as he gazed, a tear
Stole o'er his cheeks; but 't was the birth of pity, not of fear.
He knelt down on the gory sand—once more he looked toward heaven;
And to the Christian's God he prayed that they might be forgiven.

But, hark! another shout, o'er which the hungry lion's roar
Is heard, like thunder, mid the swell on a tempestuous shore!
And forth the Libyan savage bursts—rolls his red eyes around;
Then on his helpless victim springs, and beats him to the ground.

Short pause was left for hope or fear; the instinctive love of life
One struggle made, but vainly made, in such unequal strife;
Then with the scanty stream of life his jaws the savage dyed;
While, one by one, the quivering limbs his bloody feast supplied.

Rome's prince and senators partook the shouting crowd's delight;
And Beauty gazed unshrinkingly on that unhallowed sight.
But say, what evil had he done?—what sin of deepest hue?—
A blameless faith was all the crime that Christian martyr knew!

But where his precious blood was spilt, even from that barren sand.
There sprang a stem, whose vigorous boughs soon overspread the land:
O'er distant isles its shadow fell; nor knew its roots decay,
Even when the Roman Cæsar's throne and rule had passed away.

Rev. Hamilton Buchanan.

THE BROTHERHOOD OF MAN.

As the member of an infant empire, as a philanthropist by character, and, if I may be allowed the expression, as a citizen of the great republic of Humanity at large, I cannot help turning my attention sometimes to this subject, *how mankind may be connected, like one great family, in frater-*

nal ties. I indulge a fond, perhaps an enthusiastic idea, that as the world is evidently much less barbarous than it has been, its melioration must still be progressive; that nations are becoming more humanized in their policy; that the subjects of ambition and causes for hostility are daily diminishing; and, in fine, that the period is not very remote when the benefits of a liberal and free commerce will pretty generally succeed to the devastations and horrors of war.

GEORGE WASHINGTON.

A NEW TEN COMMANDMENTS.

1. NEVER put off till to-morrow what you can do to-day.
2. Never trouble another for what you can do yourself.
3. Never spend your money before you have it.
4. Never buy what you do not want because it is cheap; it will be dear to you.
5. Pride costs us more than hunger, thirst and cold.
6. We never repent of having eaten too little.
7. Nothing is troublesome that we do willingly.
8. How much pain have cost us the evils that have never happened.
9. Take things always by their smooth handle.
10. When angry, count ten before you speak; if very angry, an hundred.

THOMAS JEFFERSON.

OH, WHY SHOULD THE SPIRIT OF MORTAL BE PROUD?

This poem was written by William Knox, a countryman of Burns, like him somewhat dissipated at times and like him dying (in 1825) at the early age of (about) thirty-seven. Sir Walter Scott and Professor Wilson thought highly of his poetic genius. It was Abraham Lincoln's favorite poem.

OH, why should the spirit of mortal be proud?
Like a swift-fleeting meteor, a fast-flying cloud,
A flash of the lightning, a break of the wave,
Man passeth from life to his rest in the grave.

The leaves of the oak and the willow shall fade,
Be scattered around, and together be laid;
And the young and the old, and the low and the high,
Shall moulder to dust, and together shall lie.

The infant a mother attended and loved;
The mother that infant's affection who proved;
The husband that mother and infant who blest—
Each, all, are away to their dwellings of rest.

The hand of the king that the sceptre hath borne,
The brow of the priest that the mitre hath worn,
The eye of the sage and the heart of the brave,
Are hidden and lost in the depths of the grave.

The peasant whose lot was to sow and to reap,
The herdsman who climbed with his goats up the steep,
The beggar who wandered in search of his bread,
Have faded away like the grass that we tread.

So the multitude goes—like the flower or the weed
That withers away to let others succeed;
So the multitude comes—even those we behold,
To repeat every tale that has often been told.

For we are the same our fathers have been;
We see the same sights our fathers have seen;
We drink the same stream, we view the same sun,
And run the same course our fathers have run.

The thoughts we are thinking, our fathers would think;
From the death we are shrinking, our fathers would shrink;
To the life we are clinging, they also would cling;
But it speeds from us all like a bird on the wing.

They loved—but the story we cannot unfold;
They scorned—but the heart of the haughty is cold;
They grieved—but no wail from their slumber will come;
They joyed—but the tongue of their gladness is dumb.

They died—ay, they died; and we things that are now
That walk on the turf that lies on their brow,
And make in their dwellings a transient abode,
Meet the changes they met on their pilgrimage road.

Yea! hope and despondency, pleasure and pain,
Are mingled together in sunshine and rain;
And the smile and the tear, the song and the dirge,
Still follow each other, like surge upon surge.

'Tis the wink of an eye, 'tis the draught of a breath,
From the blossom of health to the paleness of death,
From the gilded saloon to the bier and the shroud:
Oh, why should the spirit of mortal be proud?

THE GLORIES OF THE LIFE BEYOND.

I do not expect, the moment I drop this body, to mount up, glowing like a star, into the presence of God, with all the fullness of perfection that I am ever to attain. I expect that through period after period will go on unfolding, that spiritual germ which God has implanted in me. I expect by growth to become really and truly a son of God in those heavenly conditions. I cannot go further in affirming what my state shall be. But I know what happiness is. I know what love is. I know what the devotion of one soul to another is. I know how blessed it is for a person to be lost in one to whom he can look up. I know what it is to have in single hours glimpses of the presence of God. I have had them, that is, as a peasant has some sense of the ocean, who has only seen some inland lake, and cannot, even by a stretch of the imagination, magnify that lake so as to make it the ocean, world-encompassing, and sounding with all the music of its storms. I have had some sight of God; but I know it is like a little lake, as compared with a full vision of the infinite, shoreless, fathomless, measureless ocean of the divine nature. And I shall be amazed, when I see it, that I ever kn w anything about it. Yet I shall see it, and not another for me. I shall see God himself. And I shall be satisfied then for the first time in all my life.

H. W. Beecher.

THE BOOKS OF THE OLD TESTAMENT.

The foll wing rhymed list of the books of the Old Testament is said t have been made by Rev. Dr William Staughton, pastor in Philadelphia, where he began the teaching of young men who felt their need of preparation before entering the ministry, and was active in the founding of the Columbian Univer ity at Washington, of which he became the first president, in 1823:

The great Jehovah speaks to us
In Genesis and Exodus;
Leviticus and Numbers, see,
Followed by Deuteronomy.
Joshua and Judges sway the land,
Ruth gleans a sheaf with trembling hand.
Samuel and numerous Kings appear,
Whose Chronicles we wondering hear.
Ezra and Nehemiah now,
Esther the beauteous mourner show:
Job speaks in sighs, David in Psalms,
The Proverbs teach to scatter alms;
Ecclesiastes then come on,
And the sweet songs of Solomon.
Isaiah, Jeremiah, then
With Lamentations takes his pen;
Ezekiel, Daniel, Hosea's lyres,
Swell Joel, Amos, Obadiah's.
Next Jonah, Micah, Nahum come,
And lofty Habakkuk finds room;
While Zephaniah, Haggai calls,
Rapt Zachariah builds his walls—
And Malachi, with garments rent,
Concludes the Ancient Testament.

BUILDING AND BEING.

The King would build, so a legend say
The finest of all fine palaces.

He sent for St. Thomas, a builder rare,
And bade him to rear them a wonder fair.

The King's great treasure was placed at hand
And with it the sovereign's one command:

"Build well, O builder, so good and great!
And add to the glory of my estate.

"Build well, nor spare of my wealth to show
A prouder palace than mortals know."

The King took leave of his kingdom then,
And wandered far from the haunts of men.

St. Thomas the King's great treasure spent
In worthier way than his master meant.

He clad the naked, the hungry fed,
The oil of gladness around him shed.

He blessed them all with the ample store,
As never a King's wealth blessed before.

The King came back from his journey long,
But found no grace in the happy throng

That greeted him now on his slow return,
To teach him the lesson he ought to learn.

The King came back to his well-spent gold;
But no new palace could he behold.

In terrible anger he swore, and said
That the builder's folly should cost his head.

St. Thomas in dungeon dark was cast,
Till the time for his punishment dire were passed

Then it chanced, or the good God willed it so,
That the King's own brother in death lay low

When four days dead, as the legend reads,
He rose to humanity's life and needs.

From sleep of the dust he strangely woke,
And thus to his brother, the King, he spoke:

"I have been to Paradise, O my King!
And have heard the heavenly angels sing.

'And there I saw, by the gates of gold,
A palace finer than tongue has told:

"Its walls and towers were lifted high
In beautiful grace to the bending sky.

"Its glories there, in that radiant place,
Shone forth like a smile from the dear Lord's face.

"An angel said it was builded there
By the good St. Thomas, with love and care

"For our fellow-men, and that it should be
Thy palace of peace through eternity."

The King this vison pondered well,
Till he took St. Thomas from dungeon cell,

And said, "O builder! he most is wise
Who buildeth ever for Paradise!"

FROM "GERALDINE."

BROUGHT IN PA'S PRAYERS.

ONCE upon a time sickness came to the family of a poorly paid pastor of a rural church. It was winter, and the pastor was in financial straits. A number of his flock decided to meet at his house and offer prayers for the speedy recovery of the sick ones, and for material blessings upon the pastor's family. While one of the deacons was offering a fervent prayer for blessings upon the pastor's household, there was a loud knock at the door. When the door was opened, a stout farmer boy was seen, wrapped up comfortably.

"What do you want, boy?" asked one of the elders.

"I've brought pa's prayers," replied the boy.

"Brought pa's prayers? What do you mean?"

"Yep, brought pa's prayers; an' they're out in the wagon. Just help me an' we'll get 'em in."

Investigation disclosed the fact that "pa's prayers" consisted of potatoes, flour, bacon, corn-meal, turnips, apples, warm clothing, and a lot of jellies for the sick ones.

The prayer meeting adjourned in short order.

"MISSIONARY."

HOW PRAYER WAS ANSWERED.

Suitable for Church Entertainment.

"MADAM, we miss the train at B——,"
"But can't you make it, sir?" she gasped.
"Impossible; it leaves at three,
And we are due a quarter past."
"Is there no way? Oh, tell me then,
Are you a Christian?" "I am not."
"And are there none among the men
Who run the train?" "No—I forgot—
I think this fellow over here,
Oiling the engine, claims to be."
She threw upon the engineer
A fair face white with agony.

"Are you a Christian?" "Yes, I am."
"Then, O sir, won't you pray with me,
All the long way, that God will stay,
That God will hold the train at B——?"
"'Twill do no good, it's due at three
And"——"Yes, but God *can* hold the train;
"My dying child is calling me,
And I *must* see her face again.
Oh, *won't you* pray?" "I will," a nod
Emphatic, as he takes his place.
When Christians grasp the arm of God
They grasp the power that rules the rod.

Out from the station swept the train,
On time, swept on past wood and lea;
The engineer, with cheeks aflame,
Prayed, "O Lord, hold the train at B——,"
Then flung the throttle wide, and like
Some giant monster of the plain,
With panting sides and mighty strides,
Past hill and valley swept the train.

A half, a minute, two are gained;
Along those burnished lines of steel,
His glances leap, each nerve is strained,
And still he prays with fervent zeal.
Heart, hand and brain, with one accord,
Work while his pray'r ascends to Heaven,
"Just hold the train eight minutes, Lord.
And I'll make up the other seven."

With rush and roar through meadow lands,
Past cottage homes, and green hillsides,
The panting thing obeys his hands,
And speeds along with giant strides.
They say an accident delayed
The train a little while; but He
Who listened while his children prayed,
In answer, held the train at B——.

ROSE HARTWICK THORPE.

NO RELIGION WITHOUT MYSTERIES.

THERE is nothing beautiful, sweet, or grand in life, but in its mysteries. The sentiments which agitate us most strongly are enveloped in obscurity; modesty, virtuous love, sincere friendship, have all their secrets, with which the world must not be made acquainted. Hearts which love understand each other by a word; half of each is at all times open to the other. Innocence itself is but a holy ignorance, and the most ineffable of mysteries. Infancy is only happy, because it as yet knows nothing; age miserable, because it has nothing more to learn. Happily for it, when the mysteries of life are ending, those of immortality commence.

If it is thus with the sentiments, it is assuredly not less so with the virtues; the most angelic are those which, emanating directly from the Deity, such as charity, love to withdraw themselves from all regards, as if fearful to betray their celestial origin.

If we turn to the understanding, we shall find that the pleasures of thought, also, have a certain connection with the mysterious. To what sciences do we unceasingly return? To those which always leave something still to be discovered, and fix our regards on a perspective which is never to terminate. If we wander in the desert, a sort of instinct leads us to shun the plains where the eye embraces at once the whole circumference of nature, to plunge into forests—those forests—the cradle of religion, whose shades and solitudes are filled with the recollection of prodigies, where the ravens and the doves nourished the prophets and fathers of the church. If we visit a modern monument, whose origin or destination is known, it excites no attention; but, if we meet on a desert isle, in the midst of the ocean, with a mutilated statue pointing to the west, with its pedestal covered with hieroglyphics, and worn by the winds, what

a subject of meditation is presented to the traveler! Everything is concealed, everything is hidden in the universe. Man himself is the greatest mystery of the whole. Whence comes the spark which we call existence, and in what obscurity is it to be extinguished? The Eternal has placed our birth, and our death, under the form of two veiled phantoms, at the two extremities of our career; the one produces the inconceivable gift of life, which the other is ever ready to devour.

It is not surprising, then, considering the passion of the human mind for the mysterious, that the religions of every country should have had their impenetrable secrets. God forbid! that I should compare the mysteries of the true faith, or the unfathomable depths of the Sovereign in the heavens, to the changing obscurities of those gods which are the work of human hands. All that I observe is, that there is no religion without mysteries, and that it is they, with the *sacrifice*, which everywhere constitute the *essence* of the worship.

CHATEAUBRIAND.

RIZPAH.

By permission of the author.

One of the most pathetic and dramatic incidents in sacred history is that of Rizpah watching by the gibbets of her sons who had been slain to satisfy the haters of King Saul, their father. The story may be read in II Samuel, xxi

NIGHT came at last. The noisy throng had gone,
And where the sun so late, like alchemist,
Turned spear and shield and chariot to gold
No sound was heard. The awful deed was done;
And vengeance sated to the full had turned
Away. The Amorites had drunk the blood
Of Saul and were content. The last armed guard
Had gone, and stillness dwelt upon the scene.
The rocky mount slept fast in solitude;
The dry, dead shrubs stood weird and grim, and marked
The narrow, heated road that sloped and wound
To join the King's highway. No living thing
Was seen; nor insect, bird, nor beast was heard;
The very air came noiselessly across
The blighted barley fields below, yet stirred
No leaflet with its sultry breath. Above
A mist half hid the vaulted firmament
And stars shone dimly as though through a veil;
Still was their light full adequate to show
Those rigid shapes that seeming stood erect,
Yet bleeding hung, each from its upright cross,
A mute companion to its ghastly kin.
The middle watch was come, yet silence still
Oppressed the night; the twigs stood motionless
Like listening phantoms, when, from out
The shadow of a jutting rock there came
A moving thing of life, a wolf like form:
With slow and stealthy tread it came, then stopped
To sniff the air, then nearer moved to where
The seven gibbets stood. Then came a shriek,
A cry of mortal fear that pierced the soul
Of night; then up from earth a figure sprang,
The frightened jackal leaped away, and once
More Rizpah crouched beneath her dead. So night
And day she watched; beneath the burning sun
By day, beneath the stars and moon by night;
All through the long Passover Feast she watched.
Oft in the lonely vigil back through years
She went; in fancy she was young again,
The favored one of mighty Saul, the King;
Again she mingled with the courtly throng,
And led her laughing boys before her lord,
Their father. Starting then, with upturned face,
And gazing from her hollow, tearless eyes,
Her blackened lips would move, but make no sound,
Then, sinking to the ground she caught once more

The thread of thought, and thought brought other scenes;
She saw the stripling warrior David, son
Of Jesse, whom the populace adored
And Saul despised; then Merab came, and then
Her sweet-faced sister, Michal, whose quick wit
And love saved David's life.
Then Rizpah rose,
Yea, like a tigress sprang unto her feet.
"Thou, David, curst be thee and thine!" she shrieked,
"Thou ingrate murderer! Had Saul but lived,
And hadst thou fallen upon thy sword instead,
My sons, my children still would live."
'Twas in
The morning watch, and Rizpah's last, that bright,
Clear glowed the Milky Way. The Pleiades
Like molten gold shone forth; e'en she who loved
The mortal Sisyphus peeped timidly,
And so the Seven wond'ring sisters gazed
Upon the Seven crucified below.
Such cause for woman's pity ne'er was seen,
And stars, e'en stones might weep for Rizpah's woe,
Whose mother-love was deathless as her soul.
The gray dawn came. The sky was overcast;
The wind had changed and sobbed a requiem.
Still Rizpah slept and dreamed. She heard the sound
Of harps and timbrels in her girlhood home—
When rush of wings awakened her. She rose,
Her chilled form shaking unto death. She looked,
And saw the loathsome vultures at their work.
With javelin staff in hand she beat them off,
But bolder were they as she weaker grew,
Till one huge bird swooped at her fierce,
And sunk its talons in her wasted arm.
She threw it off, the hideous monster fled,
And Rizpah fell. It then began to rain.
The famine ceased, and Rizpah's watch was done.

GEO. M. VICKERS.

SHALL WE KNOW EACH OTHER THERE?

The following beautiful and comforting lines were recited at a funeral in Philadelphia, in 1899, just after the minister's remarks, by a sympathetic friend of the family. It was a marked innovation upon the customs of such occasions, but those who heard it declared it impressed both mourners and friends profoundly.

WHEN we hear the music ringing
In the bright celestial dome—
When sweet angels' voices singing,
Gladly bid us welcome home
To the land of ancient story,
Where the spirit knows no care
In that land of life and glory—
Shall we know each other there?

When the holy angels meet us,
As we go to join their band,
Shall we know the friends that greet us
In that glorious spirit land?
Shall we see the same eyes shining
On us as in days of yore?
Shall we feel the dear arms twining
Fondly round us as before?

Yes, my earth-worn soul rejoices,
And my weary heart grows light,
For the thrilling angels' voices
And the angel faces bright,
That shall welcome us in heaven,
Are the loved ones long ago;
And to them 'tis kindly given
Thus their mortal friends to know.

Oh ye weary, sad, and tossed one,
Droop not, faint not by the way!
Ye shall join the loved and just ones
In that land of perfect day.
Harp-strings, touched by angel fingers,
Murmur in my rapturous ear;—
Evermore their sweet song lingers—
"We *shall* know each other there."

HOW THE ORGAN WAS PAID FOR.

Many churches have experienced difficulty in paying for an organ, and it is common to give entertainments for the raising of funds for this purpose. The following recitation may be helpful on such occasions.

LOUD the organ tones came swelling all
the crowded aisles along;
Gladdest praise their music thrilling
in a burst of worldless song.

Oft the chink of falling money sounded soft the notes between,
But the plate seemed slow in filling—little silver could be seen.

Hands in pockets lingered sadly, faces looked unwilling, cold;
Gifts from slow, unwilling fingers o'er the plate's rich velvet rolled.
"It's Thanksgiving, dear," a mother whispered to her questioning son;
"We must give to the new organ, all our pennies, every one.

"Then it will be ours, all paid for, and will sweeter music send
In thanksgiving up to Heaven, with the angels' praise to blend."
Slowly passed the plate of off'rings, while a child-voice whispered low:
"I put in my every penny; mamma, will the organ know

"That I gave the yellow penny Uncle Charlie sent to me?"
"Yes, dear," whispered soft the mother,
"God your gift will surely see,"
"Give, oh, give!" the music pleaded. "Give, that loud I may rejoice!"
Then thro' all the waiting stillness, piped a shrill indignant voice:

"Mamma, do yon think the organ saw that rich old Deacon Cox
Only gave one little penny when they passed the music-box?"
Quick the little voice was quiet, but a flush of honest shame
From awakened hearts uprising, over many faces came.

And the Deacon, slowly rising, as the organ died away,
Said, "I humbly here acknowledge to a wicked heart to-day,
Friends and brothers; but my sinning I will alter as I live,
And the half of what is lacking here to-day, I freely give;

"That our glorious new organ may give praise to God on high,
With no debt of earth upon it that our gold can satisfy."
Then arose another brother, and another still, and more,
Giving with a lavish spending as they never gave before.

Till the plate was overflowing and the organ debt secure;
Then they took a contribution for Thanksgiving and the poor.
And as outward with the music a glad stream of people flows,
Soft a childish voice cries, "Mamma, I am sure the organ knows!'

KATE A. BRADLEY.

AN APOSTROPHE TO THE MOUNTAINS.

MOUNTAINS! who was your builder! Who laid your awful foundations in the central fires, and piled your rocks and snow-capped summits among the clouds? Who placed you in the gardens of the world, like noble altars, on which to offer the sacrificial gifts of many nations?

Who reared your rocky walls in the barren desert, like towering pyramids, like monumental mounds, like giants' graves. like dismantled piles of royal ruins, telling a mournful tale of glory, once bright, but now fled forever, as flee the dreams of a midsummer's night? Who gave you a home in the islands of the sea,—those emeralds that gleam among the waves—those stars of ocean that mock the beauty of the stars of night?

Mountains! I know who built you. It was God! His name is written on your foreheads. He laid your cornerstones on that glorious morning when the orchestra of Heaven sounded the anthem of creation. He clothed your high, imperial forms in royal robes.

He gave you a snowy garment, and wove for you a cloudy veil of crimson and gold. He crowned you with a diadem of icy jewels; pearls from the Arctic seas; gems from the frosty pole. Mountains! ye are glorious. Ye stretch your granite arms away toward the vales of the undiscovered; ye have a longing for immortality.

But, mountains! ye long in vain. I called you glorious, and truly ye are; but your glory is like that of the starry heavens,—

it shall pass away at the trumpet-blast of the angel of the Most High. Old Father Time—that sexton of earth—has dug for you a deep dark tomb; and in silence ye shall sleep after sea and shore shall have been pressed by the feet of the apocalyptic angel, through the long watches of an eternal night.

ONE TOUCH OF NATURE.

The Love of Mother the same in any Language.

We were at a railroad junction one night last week waiting a few hours for a train, in the waiting-room, in the only rocking-chair, trying to talk a brown-eyed boy to sleep, who talks a good deal, when he wants to keep awake. Presently a freight train arrived, and a beautiful little woman came in, escorted by a great big German, and they talked in German, he giving her evidently, lots of information about the route she was going, and telling her about her tickets and her baggage check, and occasionally patting her on the arm.

At first our United States baby, who did not understand German, was tickled to hear them talk, and he "snickered" at the peculiar sound of the language that was being spoken. The great big man put his hand upon the old lady's cheek, and said something encouraging, and a great big tear came to her eye, and she looked as happy as a queen. The little brown eyes of the boy opened pretty big, and his face sobered down from its laugh, and he said: "Papa, is it his mother?"

We knew it was, but how should a four-year-old sleepy baby, that couldn't understand German, tell that the lady was the big man's mother, and we asked him how he knew, and he said: "O, the big man was so kind to her." The big man bustled out, we gave the rocking-chair to the little old mother, and presently the man came in with the baggageman, and to him he spoke English.

He said: "This is my mother, and she does not speak English. She is going to Iowa, and I have got to go back on the next train, but I want you to attend to her baggage, and see her on the right car, the rear car, with a good seat near the center, and tell the conductor she is my mother, and here's a dollar for you, and I will do as much for your mother sometime."

The baggageman grasped the dollar with one hand, grasped the big man's hand with the other, and looked at the little German with an expression that showed that he had a mother too, and we almost knew the old lady was well treated. Then we put the sleeping mind-reader on a bench and went out on the platform and got acquainted with the big German, and he talked of horse trading, buying and selling, and everything that showed he was a live business man, ready for any speculation, from buying a yearling colt to a crop of hops or barley, and that his life was a very busy one and at times full of hard work. disappointment and hard roads, but with all his hurry and excitement, he was kind to his mother, and we loved him just a little, and when after a few minutes talk about business he said: "You must excuse me. I must go in the depot and see if my mother wants anything," we felt like taking his fat red hand and kissing it. O, the love of a mother is the same in any language, and it is good in all languages. The world would be poor without it.

R. J. Burdette.

NO SECTS IN HEAVEN.

For Church Entertainment.

Talking of sects till late one eve,
Of the various doctrines the saints believe,
That night I stood, in a troubled dream,
By the side of a darkly flowing stream.

And a "Churchman" down to the river came;
When I heard a strange voice call his name:
"Good father, stop; when you cross this tide,
You must leave your robes on the other side."

But the aged father did not mind,
And his long gown floated out behind.
As down to the stream his way he took.
His pale hands clasping a gilt-edged book.

"I'm bound for heaven; and when I'm there,
Shall want my Book of Common Prayer;
And, though I put on a starry crown,
I should feel quite lost without my gown."

Then he fixed his eyes on the shining track,
But his gown was heavy and held him back;
And the poor old father tried in vain
A single step in the flood to gain.

I saw him again on the other side,
But his silk gown floated on the tide;
And no one asked, in that blissful spot,
Whether he belonged to the "church" or not.

Then down to the river a Quaker strayed;
His dress of a sober hue was made:
"My coat and hat must all be gray—
I cannot go any other way."

Then he buttoned his coat straight up to his chin,
And staidly, solemnly waded in,
And his broad-brimmed hat he pulled down tight,
Over his forehead so cold and white.

But a strong wind carried away his hat,
A moment he silently sighed over that;
And then, as he gazed to the farther shore,
The coat slipped off, and was seen no more.

As he entered heaven his suit of gray
Went quietly sailing, away, away;
And none of the angels questioned him
About the width of his beaver's brim.

Next came Dr. Watts, with a bundle of psalms
Tied nicely up in his aged arms,
And hymns as many, a very wise thing,
That the people in heaven "all 'round" might sing.

But I thought that he heaved an anxious sigh,
As he saw that the river ran broad and high;
And looked rather surprised as one by one
The psalms and hymns in the wave went down.

And after him, with his MSS.,
Came Wesley, the pattern of godliness;
But he cried, "Dear me! what shall I do?
The water has soaked them through and through."

And there on the river far and wide,
Away they went down the swollen tide;
And the saint, astonished, passed through alone
Without his manuscripts, up to the throne.

Then, gravely walking, two saints by name
Down to the stream together came;
But as they stopped at the river's brink,
I saw one saint from the other shrink.

"Sprinkled or plunged? may I ask you, friend,
How you attained to life's great end?"
"Thus, with a few drops on my brow,"
"But *I* have been dipped as you see me now."

"And I really think it will hardly do,
As I'm 'close communion,' to cross with you.
You're bound, I know, to the realms of bliss,
But you must go that way, and I'll go this."

Then straightway plunging with all his might,
Away to the left—his friend to the right,
Apart they went from this world of sin,
But at last together they entered in.

And now, when the river was rolling on,
A Presbyterian church went down;
Of women there seemed an innumerable throng,
But the men I could count as they passed along.

And concerning the road they never could agree
The *old* or the *new* way, which it could be,
Nor never a moment stopped to think
That both would lead to the river's brink.

And a sound of murmuring, long and loud,
Came ever up from the moving crowd;
"You're in the old way, and I'm in the new;

That is the false, and this is the true"—
Or "I'm in the old way, and you're in the new;
That is the false, and *this* is the true."

But the *brethren* only seemed to speak:
Modest the sisters walked and meek,
And if ever one of them chanced to say
What trouble she met on the way,
How she longed to pass to the other side,
Nor feared to cross over the swelling tide,

A voice arose from the brethren then,
"Let no one speak but the holy men;
For have ye not heard the words of Paul,
'Oh, let the women keep silence all?'"

I watched them long in my curious dream,
Till they stood by the borders of the stream;
Then, just as I thought, the two ways met;
But all the brethren were talking yet,
And would talk on till the heaving tide
Carried them over side by side—
Side by side, for the way was one;
The toilsome journey of life was done;
And all who in Christ the Saviour died,
Came out alike on the other side.

No forms, or crosses, or books had they,
No gowns of silk or suits of gray;
No creeds to guide them, or MSS.;
For all had put on Christ's righteousness.

E. H. J. CLEVELAND.

PAPA'S LETTER.

I WAS sitting in my study,
Writing letters, when I heard,
"Please, dear mamma, Mary told me
Mamma mustn't be 'isturbed;

"But I's tired of the kitty,
Want some ozzer fing to do!
Witing letters, is 'ou, mamma?
Tan't I wite a letter, too?"

"Not now, darling, mamma's busy;
Run and play with kitty, now."
"No, no, mamma, me wite letter—
Tan if 'ou will show me how."

I would paint my darling's portrait
As his sweet eyes searched my face—
Hair of gold and eyes of azure,
Form of childish, witching grace.

But the eager face was clouded,
As I slowly shook my head,
Till I said, "I'll make a letter
Of you, darling boy, instead."

So I parted back the tresses
From his forehead high and white,
And a stamp in sport I pasted
'Mid its waves of golden light.

Then I said, "Now, little letter,
Go away, and bear good news."
And I smiled as down the staircase
Clattered loud the little shoes.

Leaving me, the darling hurried
Down to Mary in his glee:
"Mamma's witing lots of letters;
I's a letter, Mary—see?"

No one heard the little prattler
As once more he climbed the stair,
Reached his little cap and tippet,
Standing on the entry chair.

No one heard the front door open,
No one saw the golden hair
As it floated o'er his shoulders
In the crisp October air.

Down the street the baby hastened
Till he reached the office door.
"I's a letter, Mr. Postman,
Is there room for any more?

"'Cause dis letter's doin' to papa:
Papa lives with God, 'ou know.
Mamma sent me for a letter;
Does 'ou fink 'at I tan go?"

But the clerk in wonder answered,
"Not to-day, my little man."
"Den I'll find anuzzer office,
'Cause I must go if I tan."

Fain the clerk would have detained him,
But the pleading face was gone,
And the little feet were hastening—
By the busy crowd swept on.

Suddenly the crowd was parted,
People fled to left and right

As a pair of maddened horses
At the moment dashed in sight.

No one saw the baby figure—
No one saw the golden hair,
Till a voice of frightened sweetness
Rang out on the autumn air.

'Twas too late—a moment only
Stood the beauteous vision there,
Then the little face lay lifeless,
Covered o'er with golden hair

Reverently they raised my darling,
Brushed away the curls of gold,
Saw the stamp upon the forehead,
Crowing now so icy cold.

Not a mark the face disfigured,
Showing where a hoof had trod;
But the little life was ended—
"Papa's letter" was with God.

THE CYNIC.

THE cynic is one who never sees a good quality in a man, and never fails to see a bad one. He is the human owl, vigilant in darkness and blind to light, mousing for vermin, and never seeing noble game.

The cynic puts all human actions into only two classes—openly bad, and secretly bad. All virtue and generosity, and disinterestedness, are merely the appearance of good, but selfish at the bottom. He holds that no man does a good thing except for profit. The effect of his conversation upon your feelings is to chill and sear them; to send you away sour and morose.

His criticisms and innuendoes fall indiscriminately upon every lovely thing, like frost upon the flowers. If Mr. A. is pronounced a religious man, he will reply: yes, on Sundays. Mr. B. has just joined the church: certainly; the elections are coming on. The minister of the gospel is called an example of diligence: it is his trade. Such a man is generous: of other men's money. This man is obliging: to lull suspicion and cheat you. That man is upright: because he is green.

Thus his eye strains out every good quality, and takes in only the bad. To him religion is hypocrisy, honesty a preparation or fraud, virtue only a want of opportunity, and undeniable purity, asceticism. The livelong day he will coolly sit with sneering lip, transfixing every character that is presented.

It is impossible to indulge in such habitual severity of opinion upon our fellow-men, without injuring the tenderness and delicacy of our own feelings. A man will be what his most cherished feelings are. If he encourage a noble generosity, every feeling will be enriched by it; if he nurse bitter and envenomed thoughts, his own spirit will absorb the poison, aud he will crawl among men as a burnished adder, whose life is mischief, and whose errand is death.

He who hunts for flowers will find flowers; and he who loves weeds may find weeds.

Let it be remembered that no man, who is not himself morally diseased, will have a relish for disease in others. Reject then the morbid ambition of the cynic, or cease to call yourself a man.

H. W. BEECHER.

ADVICE TO YOUNG MEN.

Short, practical reading suitable for any occasion when didactics are admissible.

YOUNG men, you are the architects of your own fortunes. Rely upon your own strength of body and soul. Take for your star self-reliance, faith, honesty, and industry. Inscribe on your banner, "Luck is a fool, pluck is a hero." Don't take too much advice—keep at your helm and steer your own ship, and remember that the great art of commanding is to take a fair share of the work. Don't practice too much humanity. Think well of yourself, Strike out. Assume your own position. Put potatoes in your cart, over a rough road, and small ones go to the bottom. Rise above the envious and jealous. Fire above the mark you intend to hit. Energy, invincible determination, with a right motive, are the levers that move the world. Don't drink. Don't chew. Don't smoke. Don't swear. Don't deceive. Don't read novels. Don't marry until you can support a wife. Be in earnest. Be self-reliant. Be generous

Be civil. Read the papers. Advertise your business. Make money and do good with it. Love your God and fellowmen. Love truth and virtue. Love your country, and obey its laws. If this advice be implicitly followed by the young men of the country, the millennium is at hand.

NOAH PORTER.

THE LAST HYMN.

THE Sabbath day was ended in a village by the sea,
The uttered benediction touched the people tenderly
And they rose to face the sunset in the glowing, lighted west,
And then hastened to their dwellings for God's blessed boon of rest.

And they looked across the waters, and a storm was raging there,
A fierce spirit moved above them—a wild spirit of the air;
And it lashed, and shook and tore them, till they thundered, groaned and boomed,
And alas! for any vessel in their yawning gulfs entombed.

Very anxious were the people on the rocky coast of Wales,
Lest the dawn of coming morrows should be telling awful tales,
When the sea had spent its passion and should cast upon the shore
Bits of wreck and swollen victims, as it had done heretofore,

With the rough winds blowing round her, a brave woman strained her eyes,
And she saw along the billows a large vessel fall and rise.
Oh, it did not need a prophet to tell what the end must be!
For no ship could ride in safety near the shore on such a sea.

Then pitying people hurried from their homes and thronged the beach.
Oh, for power to cross the water and the perishing to reach!
Helpless hands were wrung with sorrow, tender hearts grew cold with dread;
And the ship, urged by the tempest, to the fatal rock-shore sped.

"She has parted in the middle! Oh, the half of her goes down!
God have mercy! Is Heaven far to seek for those who drown?"
Lo! when next the white, shocked faces looked with terror on the sea,
Only one last clinging figure on the spar was seen to be.

Near the trembling watchers came the wreck tossed by the wave,
And the man still clung and floated, though no power on earth could save.
"Could we send him a short message? here's a trumpet. Shout away!"
'Twas the preacher's hand that took it, and he wondered what to say.

Any memory of his sermon—firstly—secondly! Ah, no!
There was but one thing to utter in that awful hour of woe;
So he shouted through the trumpet, "Look to Jesus. Can you hear?"
And "Ay, ay, sir!" rang the answer o'er the water loud and clear.

Then they listened. He is singing, "Jesus. lover of my soul!"
And the winds brought back the echo, "While the nearer waters roll;"
Strange, indeed, it was to hear him, "Till the storm of life is passed,"
Singing bravely from the waters, "Oh, receive my soul at last!"

He could have no other refuge. "Hangs my helpless soul on Thee;
Leave, ah, leave me not"—the singer dropped at last into the sea,
And then the watchers, looking homeward, through their eyes with tears made dim,
Said, "He passed to be with Jesus in the singing of that hymn."

M. FARMINGTON.

THE BRAVEST OF BATTLES.

THE bravest battle that ever was fought,
Shall I tell you where and when?
On the maps of the world you'll find it not;
'Twas fought by the mothers of men.

Nay, not with cannon or battle shot,
With sword or nobler pen;
Nay, not with eloquent word or thought
From mouth of wonderful men.

But deep in a walled-up woman's heart—
Of woman that would not yield,
But bravely, silently bore her part—
Lo! there is the battle-field.

No marshalling troup, no bivouac song,
No banner to gleam and wave!
But oh, these battles, they last so long—
From babyhood to the grave.

JOAQUIN MILLER.

INFLUENCE OF SMALL THINGS.

Drop a pebble in th' water—jes a splash an' it is gone,
But th's half a hundred ripples circlin' on an' on an' on,
Spreadin', spreadin' from the centre, flowin' on out to the sea,
An' th' ain't no way o' tellin' where th' end is goin' to be.
Drop a pebble in th' water—in a minute ye forget,
But th's little waves a' flowin' an' th's ripples circlin' yet,
All th' ripples flowin', flowin' to a mighty wave has grown,
An' ye've disturbed a mighty river—jes' by droppin' in a stone.

Drop an unkind word or careless—in a minute it is gone,
But th's half a hundred ripples circlin' on an' on, an' on,
Th' keep spreadin', spreadin', spreadin, from the centre as th' go,
An' the ain't no way to stop 'em, once ye've started 'em to flow.
Drop an unkind word or careless—in a minute ye forget,
But th's little waves a' flowin' and the's ripples circlin' yet,
An' perhaps in some sad heart a mighty wave of tears ye've stirred,
An' disturbed a life et's happy when ye dropped an unkind word.

Drop a word o' cheer an' kindness—jes' a flash and it is gone,
But th's half a hundred ripples circlin' on an' on an' on,
Bearin' hope an' joy an' comfort on each splashin', dashin' wave,
Till ye wouldn't b'lieve th' volume o' th' one kind word ye gave.
Drop a word o' cheer and kindness—in a minute ye forget,
But th's gladness still a' swellin' an' th's joy a' circlin' yet,
An' ye've rolled a wave of comfort whose sweet music can be heard
Over miles an' miles o' water—jes' by droppin' a kind word.

DON'T BE IN A HURRY.

DON'T be in a hurry to answer yes or no;
Nothing's lost by being reasonably slow,
In a hasty moment you may give consent,
And through years of torment leisurely repent.

If a lover seeks you to become his wife,
Happiness or misery may be yours for life:
Don't be in a hurry your feelings to confess,
But think the matter over before you answer yes.

Should one ask forgiveness for a grave offence,
Honest tears betraying earnest penitence,
Pity and console him and his fears allay,
And don't be in a hurry to drive the child away.

Hurry brings us worry; worry wears us out,
Easy going people know what they're about,
Heedless haste will bring us surely to the ditch,
And trouble overwhelm us if we hurry to be rich.

Don't be in a hurry to throw yourself away;
By the side of wisdom for a wild delay,
Make your life worth living; nobly act your part;
And don't be in a hurry to spoil it at the start.

Don't be in a hurry to speak an angry word;
Don't be in a hurry to spread the tale you've heard.
Don't be in a hurry with evil ones to go;
And don't be in a hurry to answer yes or no.

APOSTROPHE TO NIAGARA.

MONARCH of floods! How shall I approach thee?—how speak of thy glory?—how extol thy beauty and grandeur? Ages have seen thy awful majesty; earth has paid tribute to thy greatness; the best and wisest among men have bent the knee at thy footstool! but none have described—none can describe thee! Alone thou standest among the wonders of Nature, unshaken by the shock of contending elements, flinging back the flash of the lightning, and outroaring the thunder of the tempest! Allied to the everlasting hills,—claiming kindred with the eternal flood, thou art pillared upon the one, the other supplies thy surge. Primeval rocks environ, clouds cover, and the rainbow crowns thee. A divine sublimity rests on thy fearful brow, an awful beauty is revealed in thy terrific countenance, the earth is shaken by thy tremendous voice.

Born in the dark past and alive to the distant future, what to thee are the paltry concerns of man's ambitions?—the rise and fall of empires and dynasties, the contests of kings or the crash of thrones? Thou art unmoved by the fate of nations, and the revolutions of the earth are to thee but the pulses of time. Kings before thee are but men, and man, a type of insignificance.

"Thou dost make the soul
A wondering witness of thy majesty;
And while it rushes with delirious joy
To tread thy vestibule, dost chain its steps
And check its rapture, with the humbling view
Of its own nothingness.

GOOD OLD MOTHERS.

Suitable for a Family Reunion Where an Aged Mother is Present.

SOMEBODY has said that "a mother's love is the only virtue that did not suffer by the fall of Adam." Whether Adam fell or not, it is quite clear that the unselfish love of a good mother is the crowning glory of the race. No matter how long and how sorely it may be tried, its arms are ever open to receive the returning prodigal. One faithful heart never loses its affection for the wanderer who has strayed from the fold. Adversity and sorrow may come with all their terrible force, but the motherly affection clings to its idol closely. We never see a good old mother sitting in the arm-chair that we do not think of the storms which have pelted into her cheerful face without souring it. Her smile is a solace, her presence a benediction. A man may stand more exertion of some kinds than a woman, but he is apt to lose much of his laughter, his cheerfulness, his gentleness, and his trust. Yet we rarely find a frail mother whose spirit has been worn threadbare and unlovely by trials that would have turned a dozen men into misanthropes and demons. A sweet old mother is common. A sweet old father is not so common. In exhaustless patience, hope, faith, and benevolence the mothers are sure to lead. Alas, that their worth too often is not fully known and properly appreciated until they pass beyond mortal reach! God bless the good old mothers!

THE FUNERAL.

I WAS walking in Savannah, past a church decayed and dim,
When there slowly through the window came a plaintive funeral hymn;
And a sympathy awakened, and a wonder quickly grew,
Till I found myself environed in a little negro pew.

Out at front a colored couple sat in sorrow, nearly wild;
On the altar was a coffin, in the coffin was a child.
I could picture him when living—curly hair, protruding lip—
And had seen, perhaps, a thousand, in my hurried Southern trip;

But no baby ever rested in the soothing arms of Death
That had fanned more flames of sorrow with his little fluttering breath;

And no funeral ever glistened with more sympathy profound
Than was in the chain of tear-drops that enclasped those mourners round.

Rose a sad old colored preacher at the little wooden desk—
With a manner grandly awkward, with a countenance grotesque;
With simplicity and shrewdness on his Ethiopian face;
With the ignorance and wisdom of a crushed undying race.

And he said: "Now don' be weepin' for dis pretty bit o' clay—
For de little boy who lived dere, he done gone an' run away!
He was doin' very finely, an' he 'preciate your love;
But his sure 'nuff Father want him in de large house up above.

"Now he didn't give you dat baby, by a hundred thousan' mile!
He just think you need some sunshine, an' he lent it for awhile!
An' he let you keep an' love it till your hearts was bigger grown,
An' dese silver tears you'r sheddin's jes de interest on de loan.

"Here's yer oder pretty chilrun!—don' be makin' it appear
Dat your love got sort o' 'nop'lized by dis little fellow here;
Don' pile up too much your sorrow on deir little mental shelves,
So's to kind o' set 'em wonderin' if dey're no account demselves.

"Just you think, you poor deah mounahs, creepin' long o'er Sorrow's way,
What a blessed little picnic dis yere baby's got to-day!
Your good faders and good moders crowd de little fellow round
In de angel-tented garden of de Big Plantation Ground.

"An' dey ask him, 'Was your feet sore?' an' take off his little shoes,
An' dey wash him, an' dey kiss him, an' dey say, 'Now, what's de news?'
An' de Lawd done cut his tongue loose; den de little fellow say,
'All our folks down in de valley tries to keep de hebbenly way.'

"An' his eyes dey brightly sparkle at de pretty tings he view;
Den a tear come, an' he whisper, 'But I want my pa'yents, too!'
But de Angel Chief Musician teach dat boy a little song;
Says, 'If only dey be fait'ful dey will soon be comin long.'

"An' he'll get an education dat will proberbly be worth
Seberal times as much as any you could buy for him on earth;
He'll be in de Lawd's big school house, widout no contempt or fear,
While dere's no end to de bad tings might have happened to him here.

"So, my pooah dejected mounahs, let your hearts wid Jesus rest,
An' don' go ter criticisin' dat ar One w'at knows de best!
He have sent us many comforts—He have right to take away—
To de Lawd be praise an' glory, now and ever!—Let us pray."

WILL CARLETON.

WANTED—A MINISTER'S WIFE.

Suitable to Church Entertainment.

At length we have settled a Pastor,—
I am sure I cannot tell why
The people should grow so restless,
Or candidates grow so shy.
But after two yeares' searching
For the "smartest" man in the land,
In a fit of desperation
We took the nearest at hand.

And really he answers nicely
To "fill up the gap," you know;
To "run the machine" and "bring up arrears,"
And make things generally go.
He has a few little failings;
His sermons are commonplace quite;
But his manner is very charming,
And his teeth are perfectly white.

And so of all the "dear people,"
Not one in a hundred complains,
For beauty and grace of manner
Are so much better than *brains*;
But the parish have all concluded
He needs a partner for life,
To shine a gem in the parlor:
"Wanted—a Minister's Wife!"

"Wanted—a perfect lady,
Delicate, gentle, refined,
With every beauty of person,
And every endowment of mind.
Fitted by early culture
To move in a fashionable life—
Please notice our advertisement:
"Wanted—a Minister's Wife!"

Wanted—a thorough-bred worker,
Who well to her household looks,
(Shall we see our money wasted,
By extravagant Irish cooks?)
Who cut the daily expenses
With economy sharp as a knife,
And washes and scrubs in the kitchen:
"Wanted—a Minister's Wife!"

A "very domestic person,"
To "callers" she must not be "out:"
It has such a bad appearance
For her to be gadding about,—
Only to visit the parish
Every year of her life,
And attend the funerals and weddings:
"Wanted—a Minister's wife!"

To conduct the "ladies' meetings,"
The "sewing circle" attend,
And when we have "work for the soldiers,"
Her ready assistance to lend;
To clothe the destitute children,
Where sorrow and want are rife,
To hunt up Sunday School scholars:
"Wanted—a Minister's Wife!"

Careful to entertain strangers,
Traveling agents and "such;"
Of this kind of "angel visits"
The deacons had so much,
As to prove a perfect nuisance,
And "hopes these plagues of their life
Can soon be sent to their parsons:
"Wanted—a Minister's Wife!"

A perfect pattern of prudence
To all others, spending less,
But never disgracing the parish
By looking shabby in dress.
Playing the organ on Sunday
Would aid our laudable strife
To save the society's money:
"Wanted—a Minister's Wife!"

And when we have found the person,
We hope, by working the two,
To lift our debt, and build a new church—
Then we shall know what to do;
For they will be worn and weary,
Needing a change of life,
And we'll advertise—"Wanted—
A Minister and his Wife!"

FORGIVENESS.

My heart was galled with bitter wrong,
Revengeful feelings fired my blood,
I brooded hate with passion strong
While round my couch black demons stood.
Kind Morpheus wooed my eyes in vain,
My burning brain conceived a plan;
Revenge! I cried, in bitter strain,
But conscience whispered, "be a man."

Forgive! a gentle spirit cried,
I yielded to my nobler part,
Uprose and to my foe I hied,
Forgave him freely from my heart.
The big tears from their fountain rose,
He melted, vowed my friend to be,
That night I sank in sweet repose
And dreamed that angels smiled on me!

ANONYMOUS.

ADVICE TO A YOUNG MAN.

Remember, my son, you have to work. Whether you handle a pick or a pen, a wheelbarrow or a set of books, digging ditches or editing a paper, ringing an auction bell or writing funny things, you must work. If you look around, you will see the men who are the most able to live the rest of their days without work are the men who work the hardest. Don't be afraid of killing yourself with overwork. It is beyond your power to do that on the

sunny side of thirty. They die sometimes, but it is because they quit work at 6 P.M., and don't get home until 2 A.M. It's the interval that kills, my son. The work gives you an appetite for your meals; it lends solidity to your slumbers; it gives you a perfect and grateful appreciation of a holiday.

There are young men who do not work, but the world is not proud of them. It does not know their names even; it simply speaks of them as "old So-and-so's boys." Nobody likes them; the great busy world doesn't know that they are there. So find out what you want to be and do, and take off your coat and make a dust in the world. The busier you are, the less harm you will be apt to get into, the sweeter will be your sleep, the brighter and happier your holidays, and the better satisfied will the world be with you. R. J. BURDETTE.

TACT AND TALENT.

Practical Didactic Selection. Should be Read in a Deliberate and Reflective Manner.

TALENT is something, but tact is everything. Talent is serious, sober, grave and respectable; tact is all that, and more too. It is not a sixth sense, but it is the life of all the five. It is the open eye, the quick ear, the judging taste, the keen smell, and the lively touch; it is the interpreter of all riddles, the surmounter of all difficulties, the remover of all obstacles. It is useful in all places, and at all times; it is useful in solitude, for it shows a man his way into the world; it is useful in society, for it shows him his way through the world.

Talent is power, tact is skill; talent is weight, tact is momentum; talent knows what to do, tact knows how to do it; talent makes a man respectable, tact will make him respected; talent is wealth, tact is ready money.

For all the practical purposes of life, tact carries it against talent, ten to one. Take them to the theatre, and put them against each other on the stage, and talent shall produce you a tragedy that will scarcely live long enough to be condemned, while tact keeps the house in a roar, night after night, with its successful farces. There is no want of dramatic talent, there is no want of dramatic tact; but they are seldom together; so we have successful pieces which are not respectable, and respectable pieces which are not successful.

Take them to the bar, and let them shake their learned curls at each other in legal rivalry. Talent sees its way clearly, but tact is first at its journey's end. Talent has many a compliment from the bench, but tact touches fees from attorneys and clients. Talent speaks learnedly and logically, tact triumphantly. Talent makes the world wonder that it gets on no faster, tact excites astonishment that it gets on so fast. And the secret is, that tact has no weight to carry; it makes no false steps; it hits the right nail on the head; it loses no time; it takes all hints; and, by keeping its eye on the weathercock, is ready to take advantage of every wind that blows.

Take them into the church. Talent has always something worth hearing, tact is sure of abundance of hearers; talent may obtain a living, tact will make one; talent gets a good name, tact a great one; talent convinces, tact converts; talent is an honor to the profession, tact gains honor from the profession.

Take them to court. Talent feels its weight, tact finds its way; talent commands, tact is obeyed; talent is honored with approbation, and tact is blessed by preferment.

Place them in the Senate. Talent has the ear of the house, but tact wins its heart and has its votes; talent is fit for employment, but tact is fitted for it. Tact has a knack of slipping into place with a sweet silence and glibness of movement, as a billiard-ball insinuates itself into the pocket. It seems to know everything, without learning anything. It has served an invisible and extemporary apprenticeship; it wants no drilling; it never ranks in the awkward squad; it has no left hand, no deaf ear, no blind side. It puts on no looks of wondrous wisdom, it has no air of profundity, but plays with the details of place as dexterously as a well-taught hand flourishes over the keys of the piano-forte. It has all the air of commonplace, and all the force and power of genius.

LONDON "ATLAS."

AFTER TWENTY YEARS.

THE coffin was a plain one—a poor miserable pine coffin. One flower on the top; no lining of white satin for the pale brow; no smooth ribbons about the coarse shroud. The brown hair was laid decently back, but there was no primped cap with the tie beneath the chin. The sufferer of cruel poverty smiled in her sleep; she had found bread, rest and health.

"I want to see my mother," sobbed a poor little child, as the undertaker screwed down the top.

"You cannot; get out of my way, boy; why does not someone take the brat?"

"Only let me see one minute!" cried the orphan, clutching the side of the charity box, as he gazed upon the coffin, agonized tears streaming down the cheeks on which the childish bloom ever lingered. Oh! it was painful to hear him cry the words: "Only once; let me see my mother, only once!"

Quickly and brutally the heartless monster struck the boy away, so that he reeled with the blow. For a moment the boy stood panting with grief and rage—his blue eyes distended, his lips sprang apart, fire glistened through his eyes as he raised his little arm with a most unchildish laugh, and screamed: "When I'm a man I'll be revenged for that!"

There was a coffin and a heap of earth between the mother and the poor forsaken child—a monument much stronger than granite, built in the boy's heart, the memory of the heartless deed.

The court house was crowded to suffocation.

"Does any one appear as this man's counsel?" asked the judge.

There was a silence when he had finished, until, with lips tightly pressed together, a look of strange intelligence, blended with haughty reserve on his handsome features, a young man stepped forward with a firm tread and a kindly eye to plead for the friendless one. He was a stranger, but at the first sentence there was a silence. The splendor of his genius entranced—convinced.

The man who could not find a friend was acquitted.

"May God bless you, sir; I cannot!" he exclaimed.

"I want no thanks," replied the stranger.

"I—I—I—believe you are unknown to me."

"Sir, I will refresh your memory. Twenty years ago, this day, you struck a broken-hearted little boy away from his mother's coffin. I was that boy."

The man turned pale.

"Have you rescued me then to take my life?"

"No; I have a sweeter revenge. I have saved the life of a man whose brutal conduct has rankled in my breast for the last twenty years. Go, then, and remember the tears of a friendless child."

The man bowed his head in shame, and went from the presence of magnaminity—as grand to him as it was incomprehensible.

STICK TO YOUR BUSH.

WHEN I was but a tiny boy,
And went to a village school,
I thought myself, as boys will think,
That I was no man's fool.
But in the village there was one
Who was the fool of all;
Poor fellow, he was Crazy Ben,
A man both lithe and tall.

But Ben was gaunt and gray, a fool,
The village Solons cried:
He'd been so, thus they told the tale,
E'er since his true love died.
But Ben was kind, I not afraid,
And Ben became my chum;
E'en though at times poor Ben took freaks,
His idiot tongue was dumb.

One day that tongue unloosed a truth
That made me then to wince,
And though it came from idiot lips,
Has never left me since.
That day we berrying had gone,
And Ben had gone along,
And, boy-like, I from bush to bush
Had wandered with the throng.

Ben stuck, in silence, to one spot,
And whispered this to me:
"Stick to your bush if you of fruit

A basketful would see."
And so I did, and proved the fact;
While through the world we push,
There's nothing better to be learned
Than this—"Stick to your bush."

J. W. WATSON.

WE ARE NOT ALWAYS GLAD WHEN WE SMILE.

We are not always glad when we smile,
For the heart in a tempest of pain
May live in the guise of a laugh in the eyes,
As the rainbow may live in the rain;
And the stormless night of our woe
May hang out a radiant star,
Whose light in the sky of distress is a lie
As black as the thunder clouds are.

We are not always glad when we smile,
For the world is so fickle and gay,
That our doubts and our fears, and our griefs and our tears,
Are laughingly hidden away;
And the touch of a frivolous hand
May oftener wound than caress,
And the kisses that drip from the reveller's lip
May oftener blister than bless.

We are not always glad when we smile,
But the conscience is quick to record
That the sorrow and the sin we are holding within
Is pain in the sight of the Lord;
Yet ever—O ever till pride
And pretence shall cease to revile,
The inner recess of the heart must confess
We are not always glad when we smile.

JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY.

PEGGING AWAY.

A Lesson in Perseverance.

There was an old shoemaker, sturdy as steel,
Of great wealth and repute in his day,
Who, if questioned his secret of luck to reveal,
Would chirp like a bird on a spray,
"It isn't so much the vocation you're in,
Or your liking for it," he would say,
"As it is that forever, through thick and through thin,
You should keep up a-pegging away."

I have found it a maxim of value, whose truth
Observation has proved in the main;
And which well might be vaunted a watch-word by youth
In the labor of hand and of brain;
For even if genius and talent are cast
Into work with the strongest display,
You can never be sure of achievement at last
Unless you keep pegging away.

There are shopmen who might into statesmen have grown,
Politicians for handiwork made,
Some poets who better in workshops had shone,
And mechanics best suited in trade;
But when once in harness, however it fit,
Buckle down to your work night and day,
Secure in the triumph of hand or of wit,
If you only keep pegging away.

There are times in all tasks when the fiend Discontent
Advises a pause or a change,
And, on field far away and irrelevant bent,
The purpose is tempted to range;
Never heed, but in sound recreation restore
Such traits as are slow to obey,
And then, more persistent and stanch than before,
Keep pegging and pegging away.

Leave fitful endeavors for such as would cast
Their spendthrift existence in vain.
For the secret of wealth in the present and past,
And of fame and of honor, is plain;
It lies not in change, nor in sentiment nice,
Nor in wayward exploit and display,
But just in the shoemaker's homely advice
To keep pegging and pegging away.

"NEW YORK PRESS."

LIFE IS WHAT WE MAKE IT.

LIFE is what we make it. To some, this may appear to be a very singular, if not extravagant statement. You look upon this life and upon this world, and you derive from them, it may be, a very different impression. You see the earth, perhaps, only as a collection of blind, obdurate, inexorable elements and powers. You look upon the mountains that stand fast forever; you look upon the seas that roll upon every shore their ceaseless tides; you walk through the annual round of the seasons; all things seem to be fixed,—summer and winter, seed-time and harvest, growth and decay,—and so they are.

But does not the mind spread its own hue over all these scenes? Does not the cheerful man make a cheerful world? Does not the sorrowing man make a gloomy world? Does not every mind make its own world? Does it not, as if indeed a portion of the Divinity were imparted to it, almost *create* the scene around it? Its power, in fact, scarcely falls short of the theory of those philosophers, who have supposed that the world had no existence at all, but in our own minds.

So again with regard to human life;—it seems to many, probably, unconscious as they are of the mental and moral powers which control it, as if it were made up of fixed conditions, and of immense and impassable distinctions. But upon all conditions presses down one impartial law. To all situations, to all fortunes, high or low, the *mind* gives their character. They are in effect, not what they are in themselves, but what they are to the feelings of their possessors.

The king upon his throne and amidst his court, may be a mean, degraded, miserable man; a slave to ambition, to voluptuousness, to fear, to *every low passion*. The peasant in his cottage, may be the real monarch,—the moral master of his fate,—the free and lofty being, more than a prince in his happiness, more than a king in honor. And shall the mere names which these men bear, blind us to the actual position which they occupy amidst God's creation? No: beneath the all-powerful law of the heart, the master is often the slave; and the slave is the master.

It is the same creation, upon which the eyes of the cheerful and the melancholy man are fixed; yet how different are the aspects which it bears to them! To the one it is all beauty and gladness; "the waves of the ocean roll in light, and the mountains are covered with day." It seems to him as if life went forth, rejoicing upon every bright wave, and every shining bough, shaken in the breeze. It seems as if there were more than the eye seeth; a presence of deep joy among the hills and the valleys, and upon the bright waters.

But the gloomy man, stricken and sad at heart, stands idly or mournfully gazing at the same scene, and what is it to him? The very light,—

"Bright effluence of bright essence increate,"

yea, the very light seems to him as a leaden pall thrown over the face of nature. All things wear to his eye a dull, dim, and sickly aspect. The great train of the seasons is passing before him, but he sighs and turns away, as if it were the train of a funeral procession; and he wonders within himself at the poetic representations and sentimental rhapsodies that are lavished upon a world so utterly miserable.

Here then, are two different worlds, in which these two classes of beings live; and they are formed and made what they are, out of the very same scene, only by different states of mind in the beholders. The eye maketh that which it looks upon. The ear maketh its own melodies or discords. The world without reflects the world within.

ORVILLE DEWEY.

GOOD-NATURE.

A practical reading on any occasion when it is desirable to admonish the audience.

GOOD-NATURE—what a blessing! Without it a man is like a wagon without springs, he has the full benefit of every stone and way-rut. Good-nature is the prime-minister of a good conscience. It tells of the genial spirit within, and good-nature never fails of a wholesome effect without.

Good-nature is not only the government of one's own spirit, but it goes far in its effects upon those of others. It manifests itself on every street; it humanizes man; it softens the friction of a business world. Good-nature is the harmonious act of conscience. Good-nature in practical affairs is better than any other; better than what men call justice; better than dignity; better than standing on one's rights, which is so often the narrowest and worst place to stand on one can find.

A man who knows how to hold on to his temper is the man who is respected by the community. And one who has a good nature, successfully travels about as does he who goes upon the principle—little of baggage, but plenty of money! A man who is armed with hopefulness, cheerfulness, and a genial spirit, is one who is going to be of practical and beneficent usefulness to his fellow-man. There are no things by which the troubles and difficulties of this life can be resisted better than with wit and humor. And let the happy person who possesses these—if he be brought into the folds of the church—not allow conversion to deprive him of them. God has constituted these in man, and especially when they are so salient in meeting good-naturedly the trials of this world, they should be used. Happiness, at last, is dependent upon a soul that has holy communion with its Creator—"for in Him we have life eternal." Men also fail in happiness because they refuse to read the great lessons found in the great book of nature. Happiness is to be sought in the possession of true manhood rather than in its internal conditions.

HENRY WARD BEECHER.

DON'T FRET.

DON'T fret if your neighbor earns more than you do.
Don't frown if he gets the most trade;
Don't envy your friend if he rides in a coach,
Don't mind if you're left in the shade.

Don't rail at the schoolboy who fails in his task,
Nor envy the one who succeeds;
Don't laugh at the man who is Poverty's slave,
Nor think the rich never have needs.

It's not wisdom to covet our neighbor's good gifts;
We would seldom change places, I ween,
If we knew all our neighbor's affairs as our own,
For things are not what they seem.

You see the rich merchant enjoying his ride,
And think he exults over you;
You do not imagine that he feels the same,
And thinks you more blest of the two.

You see people pass in and out of a store;
But you must not judge business thereby,
You must look at the books, at the way they "foot up,"
Ere you venture your judgment to try.

You don't know what you say when you envy a man
Either fortune, or friends, or a home;
His fortune and friends may be only in name,
And his home far less blest than your own.

You may know the old adage, which teaches the fact,
That a skeleton must be somewhere;
If not found in library, kitchen, or hall,
It is hid in the closet with care.

So don't envy the blest, nor despise the outcast,
Don't judge by the things which you see;
Make the burdens of men as light as you can,
And the lighter your burden will be.

Part VII.

SELECTIONS ON PATRIOTISM AND WAR

HIGHLAND WAR SONG.

*A Pibroch (pronounced *Pi'brok*) is a martial air played with the ba.-pipe. Donuil, pronounced *Don'nil*.

PIBROCH* of Donuil Dhu, pibroch of Donuil,
Wake thy wild voice anew, summon Clan-Conuil.
Come away, come away, hark to the summons!
Come in your war array, gentles and commons!

Come from deep glen, and from mountain so rocky,
The war-pipe and pennon are at Inverlochy;
Come every hill-plaid, and true heart that wears one,
Come every steel-blade, and strong hand that bears one.

Leave untended the herd, the flock without shelter;
Leave the corpse uninterred, the bride at the altar;
Leave the deer, leave the steer, leave nets and barges;
Come with your fighting gear, broadswords and targes.

Come as the winds come, when forests are rended;
Come as the waves come, when navies are stranded;
Faster come, faster come, faster and faster,
Chief, vassal, page and groom, tenant and master.

Fast they come, fast they come; see how they gather!
Wide waves the eagle-plume, blended with heather,
Cast your plaids, draw your blades, forward each man set!
Pibroch of Donuil Dhu, knell for the onset!

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

THE WATCH BY THE RHINE.

German National War Song—Translated by H. W. DUCKLEN.

A CRY bursts forth like thunder-sound,
Like swords' fierce clash, like waves rebound,—
To the Rhine, the Rhine, the German Rhine!
To guard the river, who'll combine?
Dear Fatherland, good trust be thine,—
Fast stands, and true, the watch by the Rhine.

From myriad mouths the summons flies,
And brightly flash a myriad eyes;
Brave, honest, true, the Germans come,
To guard the sacred bounds of home.
Dear Fatherland, good trust be thine,—
Fast stands, and true, the watch by the Rhine.

And though the strife bring death to me,
No foreign river shalt thou be;
Exhaustless as thy watery flood
Is German land in hero-blood.
Dear Fatherland, good trust be thine—
Fast stands, and true, the watch by the Rhine.

If upward he his glance doth send,
There hero-fathers downward bend.
He sweareth, proud to fight his part,
Thou Rhine, be German, like my heart.
Dear Fatherland, good trust be thine,—
Fast stands, and true, the watch by the Rhine.

While yet one drop of blood thou'lt yield,
While yet one hand the sword can wield,
While grasps the rifle one bold hand,
No foe shall tread thy sacred strand.
Dear Fatherland, good trust be thine,—
Fast stands, and true, the watch by the Rhine.

The oath peals forth, the wave runs by,
Our flags, unfurled, are waving high.
To the Rhine, the Rhine, the German Rhine!
To keep thee free we'll all combine.
Dear Fatherland, good trust be thine,—
Fast stands, and true, the watch by the Rhine.

MAX SCHNECKENBURGER.

THE GERMAN'S FATHERLAND.

WHAT is the German's fatherland?—
Is't Prussian land, or Swabian land?
Where the grape-vine glows on the Rhenish strand?
Where the sea-gull flies o'er the Baltic sand?
Ah, no! ah, no!
His fatherland must greater be, I trow.

What is the German's fatherland?—
Bavarian land, or Styrian land?
Now Austria it needs must be,
So rich in fame and victory.
Ah, no! ah, no!
His fatherland must greater be, I trow.

What is the German's fatherland?—
Pomeranian land, Westphalia land?
Where o'er the sea-flats the sand is blown?
Where the mighty Danube rushes on?
Ah, no! ah, no!
His fatherland must greater be, I trow.

What is the German's fatherland?—
Say thou the name of the mighty land.
Is't Switzerland, or Tyrol, tell:—
The land and the people pleased me well.
Ah, no! ah, no!
His fatherland must greater be, I trow.

What is the German's fatherland?—
Name thou at length to me the land.
Wherever in the German tongue
To God in heaven hymns are sung!—
That shall it be,—that shall it be;
That, gallant German, is for thee!

That is the German's fatherland
Where binds like an oath the grasped hand,
Where from men's eyes truth flashes forth,
Where in men's hearts are love and worth!—
That shall it be,—that shall it be;
That, gallant German, is for thee!

It is the whole of Germany.
Look, Lord, thereon, we pray to Thee.
Let German spirit in us dwell,
That we may love it true and well.
That shall it be,—that shall it be;
The whole, the whole of Germany!

ERNST MORITZ-ARNDT.

GERMAN BATTLE PRAYER.

FATHER, I cry to Thee.
Cannon-smoke rolleth in clouds o'er me roaring,
War's jetted lightnings around me are pouring:
Lord of the battle, I cry to Thee.
Father, oh, lead Thou me.

Father, oh, lead Thou me,
Lead me as victor, by death when I'm riven,
Lord, I acknowledge the law Thou hast given;
E'en as Thou wilt, Lord, so lead Thou me,—
God, I acknowledge Thee.

God, I acknowledge Thee.
So when the autumn leaves rustle around me,
So when the thunders of battle surround me,
Fountain of grace, I acknowledge Thee,—
Father, oh, bless Thou me.

Father, oh, bless Thou me.
Into Thy care commend I my spirit;
Thou canst reclaim what from Thee I inherit;
Living or dying, still bless Thou me,—
Father, I worship Thee.

Father, I worship Thee.
Not for earth's riches Thy servants are fighting,
Holiest cause with our swords we are righting;
Conquering or falling, I worship Thee—
God, I submit to Thee.

God, I submit to Thee.
When all the terrors of death are assailing,
When in my veins e'en the life-blood is failing,
Lord, unto Thee will I bow the knee,—
Father, I cry to Thee.

KARL THEODOR KÖRNER.

THE LOVE OF COUNTRY

The love of country is inherent in the heart of normal man; and there is no surer sign of a vicious character than the absence of love of one's native land. This is not a selfish love, but like the love of a child for its parent—God-given, ennobling and blessing its possessor and mankind.

BREATHES there a man with soul so dead,
Who never to himself hath said,
"This is my own, my native land?
Whose heart has ne'er within him burned,
As home his footsteps he hath turned,
From wandering on a foreign shore?
If such there breathe, go, mark him well
For him no minstrel raptures swell!
High though his titles, proud his name,
Boundless his wealth as wish can claim;
Despite those titles, power, and pelf,
The wretch, concentred all in self
Living, shall forfeit fair renown,
And, doubly dying, shall go down
To the vile dust, from whence he sprung,
Unwept, unhonored, and unsung.

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

AMERICA AN AGGREGATE OF NATIONS.

GIANT aggregate of nations, glorious whole, of glorious parts,
Unto endless generations live united, hands and hearts!
Be it storm or summer weather, peaceful calm or battle jar,
Stand in beauteous strength together, sister States, as now ye are!

Every petty class-dissension, heal it up as quick as thought;
Every paltry place-pretension, crush it as a thing of naught;
Let no narrow private treason your great onward progress bar,
But remain, in right and reason, sister States, as now ye are!

Fling away absurd ambition! people, leave that toy to kings;
Envy, jealousy, suspicion,—be above such grovelling things:
In each other's joys delighted, all your hate be—joys of war,
And by all means keep united, sister States, as now ye are!

Were I but some scornful stranger, still my counsel would be just;
Break the band and all is danger, mutual fear and dark distrust;
But you know me for a brother, and a friend who speaks from far,
Be as one, then, with each other, sister States, as now ye are!

If it seems a thing unholy, freedom's soil by slaves to till,
Yet be just! and sagely, slowly, nobly cure that ancient ill:
Slowly,—haste is fatal ever; nobly,—lest good faith ye mar;
Sagely,—not in wrath, to sever, sister States, as now ye are!

Charmed with your commingled beauty, England sends the signal round,
"Every man must do his duty" to redeem from bonds the bound!
Then, indeed, your banner's brightness; shining clear from every star,
Shall proclaim your uprightness, sister States, as now ye are!

So a peerless constellation may those stars forever blaze!
Three-and-ten times threefold nation, go ahead in power and praise!
Like the many-breasted goddess, throned on her Ephesian car,
Be—one heart, in many bodies! sister States, as now ye are!

MARTIN FARQUHAR TUPPER.

THE AMERICAN UNION A GEOGRAPHICAL NECESSITY.

Extract from Address at Randolph Macon College, Virginia at Commencement, 1854.

THE name "American," itself, is sufficient to inspire within the bosom of every one, who so proudly claims it, a holy zeal to preserve forever the endearing epithet. This Union must and will be preserved! Division is impossible! Mind has never conceived of the man equal to the task! Geographical lines can never separate the interests of the American people, can never dissever the ties which unite them. Each claims the beautiful lakes and flourishing cities of the North. Each claims

the extended prairies of the West and the rich productions of the sunny South. Each claims Massachusetts' patriot. Each claims Kentucky's sage. Who has not an inheritance in the ashes of Vernon's tomb? New England as loudly and affectionately proclaims him Father of his country, as does Virginia. New England never will relinquish her claim; Virginia, never, never suffer those ashes to be touched!

The Divine Architect of Nature, Himself, has said in His lofty mountains and majestic rivers, "Be united!" Observe their ranges and courses. The Blue Ridge, the Alleghany, and the Rocky Mountains all run north and south; the great Mississippi with her vast tributaries, parallel with them, waters the whole extent. There must be design in all this. The ancient poets and philosophers pictured a far-off land, across the waters, a fairer abode, a land of equal rights and a happy people. This, surely, is that land; and through this people the Supreme Legislators has decreed that the true principles of government shall be taught all mankind. And as the blue arch, above, is in beauty shown us, so surely will it span the mightiest domain that ever shook earth.

As surely as art and labor are now adorning, and science exalting, a land which religion has sanctified and patriotism redeemed, so surely will the Goddess of Liberty yet walk abroad in the gardens of Europe, and to our country shall belong all the honor. Then, no longer will be obscure our resplendent and glorious Constitution! No more will our bright escutcheon be tarnished! No more will our banner droop; but, in his original strength and pride, the American eagle, pluming himself for loftier flights and brighter climes, shall, fearlessly, while gazing on the beauties and splendors of his country's flag, shriek the downfall of tyranny; and the longest, loudest, proudest shout of freedom's sons, in honor of freedom's triumph, shall be,—

"The star-spangled banner in triumph shall wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave!"

ALEXANDER HOGG.

UNION LINKED WITH LIBERTY.

From Inaugural Address.1833.

WITHOUT union, our independence and liberty would never have been achieved; without union they can never be maintained.

The time at which I stand before you is full of interest. The eyes of all nations are fixed on our republic. The event of the existing crisis will be decisive, in the opinion of mankind, of the practicability of our federal system of government. Great is the stake placed in our hands; great is the responsibility which must rest upon the people of the United States. Let us realize the importance of the attitude in which we stand before the world. Let us exercise forbearance and firmness. Let us extricate our country from the dangers which surround it, and learn wisdom from the lessons they inculcate. Deeply impressed with the truth of these observations, and under the obligation of that solemn oath which I am about to take, I shall continue to exert all my faculties to maintain the just powers of the Constitution, and to transmit unimpaired to posterity the blessings of our Federal Union.

At the same time, it will be my aim to inculcate, by my official acts, the necessity of exercising, by the General Government, those powers only that are clearly delegated; to encourage simplicity and economy in the expenditures of the Government; to raise no more money from the people than may be requisite for these objects, and in a manner that will best promote the interests of all classes of the community, and of all portions of the Union. Constantly bearing in mind that, in entering into society, individuals must give up a share of liberty to preserve the rest, it will be my desire so to discharge my duties as to foster with our brethren, in all parts of the country, a spirit of liberal concession and compromise; and by reconciling our fellow-citizens to those partial sacrifices which they must unavoidably make, for the preservation of a greater good, to recommend our invaluable Government and Union to the confidence and affections of the American people. Finally it is my most fervent prayer to that Almighty Being before whom now I stand, and who

WATCHING THE CHARGE
"Brave boys, they've carried the heights; but
Oh, my heart aches to see so many fallen."

THE COURAGE OF FAITH
"Who trusts in God fears nothing"
Joseph Haworth in "The Sign of the Cross"

THE VICAR AND OLIVIA
Posed by the famous actors Henry Irving and Ellen Terry
(Suggestion for Tableau)

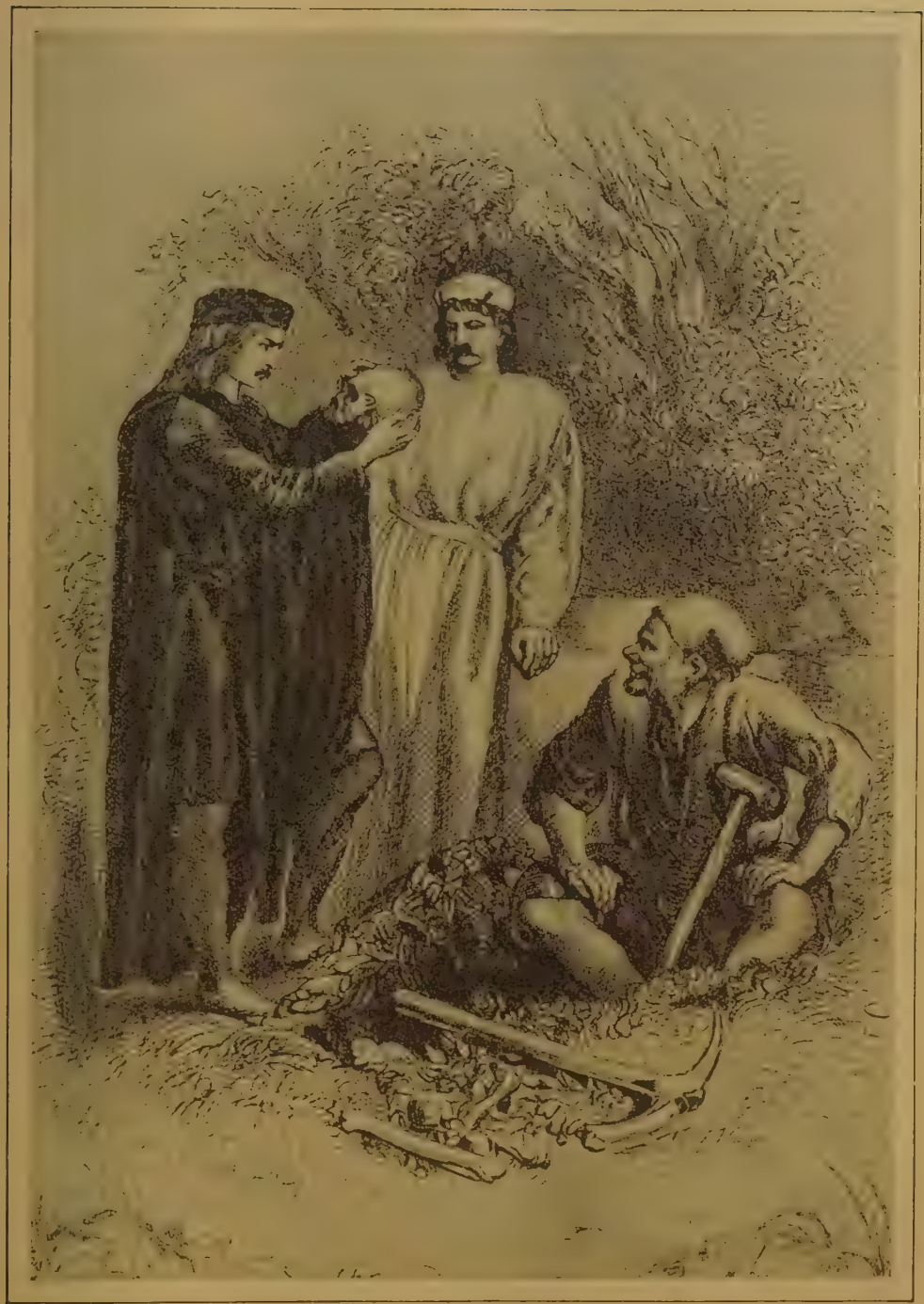
THE SACRIFICE OF IPHIGENIA

In the above engraving Sarah Bernhardt impersonates Iphigenia
(Suggestion for Tableau)

Let some one relate briefly, just before the curtain is drawn, the narrative: "Iphigenia was the daughter of King Agamemnon, who offended the goddess Artemis by killing her favorite stag. As a penalty he was required to sacrifice his beautiful daughter. He deferred it, however, until the Greek fleet was in danger, and then like Jephtha decided to sacrifice his daughter for his country. The tableau shows her being prepared by her maids for the sacrifice." (Curtain drawn, and after the audience has observed the tableau for a moment the reader resumes:) "But before the sacrifice could be made Artemis snatched the maiden away and carried her to heaven." (Curtain is quickly drawn.) "The story asserts that a stag was substituted for Iphigenia, as the ram was in the case of Isaac."

THE AGGRIEVED LOVER

A suggestive tableau for two persons



THE GRAVE DIGGER

A Scene from Hamlet,—*Shakespeare*

"Alas, poor Yorick! I knew him well!"

MERCUTIO, THE FRIEND OF ROMEO
Posed by Orrin Johnson in "Romeo and Juliet"

MEASURING HIS GENEROSITY

(A Tableau with recitation)

While the tableau is being exhibited, someone behind the curtain should read, in distinct voice the selection entitled "Measuring his Generosity," found elsewhere in this volume.

TIDDLE-DE-WINK'S RIDE

(A Tableau with recitation)

While the curtain is yet closed let some one read the first three stanzas of the selection "Tiddle-de-Wink's Ride." The curtain is then drawn exhibiting the tableau as shown above. After a few seconds the reader concludes with the last stanza.

A DRESS OF FIFTY YEARS AGO

A suggestion for an Old Folks' Concert

COMIC NEGRO SPEECH

A suggestion for pose of negro character—or for tableau.

STRICTLY CONFIDENTIAL

"Now Jimmie, if I tells you, will you never tell a soul?"

(Suggestion for Tableau)

ENVY OR SOUR GRAPES

Suggestion for tableau for little folks

has kept us in his hands from the infancy of our republic to the present day, that He will so overrule all my intentions and actions, and inspire the hearts of my fellow-citizens, that we may be preserved from dangers of all kinds and continue forever a united and happy people.

ANDREW JACKSON.

LIBERTY AND UNION ONE AND INSEPARABLE.

I PROFESS, sir, in my career hitherto, to have kept steadily in view the prosperity and honor of the whole country, and the preservation of our Federal Union. It is to that Union that we owe our safety at home, and our consideration and dignity abroad. It is to that Union that we are chiefly indebted for whatever makes us most proud of our country. That Union we reached only by the discipline of our virtues, in the severe school of adversity. It had its origin in the necessities of disordered finance, prostrate commerce, and ruined credit. Under its benign influences these great interests immediately awoke, as from the dead, and sprang forth with newness of life. Every year of its duration has teemed with fresh proofs of its utility and its blessings; and, although our territory has stretched out wider and wider, and our population spread farther and farther, they have not outrun its protection or its benefits. It has been to us a copious fountain, of national, social, and personal happiness. I have not allowed myself, sir, to look beyond the Union, to see what might lie hidden in the dark recess behind. I have not coolly weighed the chances of preserving liberty, when the bonds that unite us together shall be broken asunder. I have not accustomed myself to hang over the precipice of disunion, to see whether, with my short short sight, I can fathom the depth of the abyss below; nor could I regard him as a safe counsellor in the affairs of this government, whose thoughts should be mainly bent on considering, not how the Union may be best preserved, but how tolerable might be the condition of the people when it should be broken up and destroyed. While the Union lasts, we have high, exciting, gratifying prospects spread out before us, for us and our children. Beyond that I seek not to penetrate the veil. God grant that in my day, at least, that curtain may not rise! God grant that on my vision never may be opened what lies behind! When my eyes shall be turned to behold, for the last time, the sun in heaven, may I not see him shining on the broken and dishonored fragments of a once glorious Union; on States dissevered, discordant, belligerent; on a land rent with civil feuds, or drenched, it may be, in fraternal blood!

Let their last feeble and lingering glance rather behold the gorgeous ensign of the republic, now known and honored throughout the earth, still full high advanced, its arms and trophies streaming in their original lustre, not a stripe erased or polluted, not a single star obscured; bearing for its motto no such miserable interrogatory as, *What is all this worth?* nor those other words of delusion and folly,—*Liberty first and Union afterwards;* but everywhere, spread all over in characters of living light, blazing on all its ample folds as they float over the sea and over the land, and in every wind under the whole heavens, that other sentiment, dear to every true American heart,—*Liberty* AND *Union*, *now* and *forever*, *one* and *inseparable!*

DANIEL WEBSTER.

THE BATTLE-HYMN OF THE REPUBLIC.

Sung to the tune of "John Brown's Body."

MINE eyes have seen the glory of the coming of the Lord;
He is trampling out the vintage where the grapes of wrath are stored;
He hath loosed the fateful lightning of his terrible swift sword:
His truth is marching on.

I have seen him in the watch-fires of a hundred circling camps;
They have builded him an altar in the evening dews and damps;
I can read his righteous sentence by the dim and flaring lamps:
His day is marching on.

I have read a fiery gospel, writ in burnished rows of steel:
"As ye deal with my contemners, so with you my grace shall deal;
Let the Hero, born of woman, crush the serpent with his heel,
Since God is marching on."

He has sounded forth the trumpet that shall never call retreat;
He is sifting out the hearts of men before his judgment-seat;
Oh, be swift, my soul, to answer him! be jubilant, my feet!
Our God is marching on.

In the beauty of the lilies Christ was born across the sea,
With a glory in his bosom that transfigures you and me;
As he died to make men holy, let us die to make men free,
While God is marching on.

JULIA WARD HOWE.

MARSEILLES HYMN.

The French National Hymn.

YE sons of France, awake to glory.
Hark, hark, what myriads bid rise!
Your children, wives, and grandsires hoary,—
Behold their tears and hear their cries.
Shall hateful tyrants mischiefs breeding,
With hireling hosts, a ruffian band,
Affright and desolate the land,
While peace and liberty lie bleeding?

Chorus.

To arms, to arms, ye brave!
Th' avenging sword unsheathe!
March on, march on, all hearts resolved
On victory or death!

Now, now the dangerous storm is rolling
Which treacherous kings confederate raise;
The dogs of war, let loose, are howling,
And lo, our walls and cities blaze.
And shall we basely view the ruin,
While lawless force, with guilty stride,
Spreads desolation far and wide,
With crimes and blood his hands imbruing?

Chorus.

With luxury and pride surrounded,
The vile, insatiate despots dare,
Their thirst of gold and power unbounded,
To mete and vend the light and air.
Like beasts of burden would they load us,
Like gods, would bid their slaves adore;
But man is man, and who is more?
Then, shall they longer lash and goad us?

Chorus.

O Liberty, can man resign thee,
Once having felt thy generous flame?
Can dungeons, bolts, or bars confine thee?
Or whips thy noble spirit tame?
Too long the world has wept, bewailing
That falsehood's dagger tyrants wield,—
But freedom is our sword and shield,
And all their arts are unavailing.

Chorus.

ROUGET DE LISLE.

THE SPANISH PATRIOTS' SONG.

HARK! hear ye the sounds that the winds, on their pinions,
Exultingly roll from the shore to the sea,
With a voice that resounds through her boundless dominions?
'Tis Columbia calls on her sons to be free!

Behold, on yon summits, where Heaven has throned her,
How she starts from her proud, innaccessible seat,
With nature's impregnable ramparts around her,
And the cataract's thunder and foam at her feet!

In the breeze of her mountains her loose locks are shaken,
While the soul-stirring notes of her warrior-song,
From the rock to the valley, re-echo, "Awaken!
Awaken, ye hearts that have slumbered too long!"

GOD SAVE THE KING.

The national anthem of Great Britain has become so closely identified with the hymn "America" that they seem inseparable,—the music being common to both. Neither Henry nor George S. Carey can be credited, clearly with its origin. George S. Carey claimed that his father was the author. The following words by Rev. W. D. Tattersall, harmonized by T. S. Dupuis, Doctor of Music, were used in London in January, 1793, three of the verses being nearly the same as those used about the year 1745, in the reign of George II.

VERSION OF 1793.

GOD save great George our King,
Long live our noble King,
God save the King,
Send him victorious,
Happy and glorious,
Long to reign over us,
God save the King!

Let discord's lawless train
Know their vile arts are vain,
Britain is free;
Confound their politics,
Frustrate their knavish tricks,
With equal laws we mix
True liberty.

England's stanch soldiery,
Proof against treachery,
Bravely unite;
Firm in his country's cause,
His sword each hero draws,
To guard our King and laws
From factious might.

When insults rise to wars,
Oak-hearted British tars
Scorn to be slaves;
Ranged in our wooden walls,
Ready when duty calls
To send their cannon-balls
O'er Ocean's waves.

O Lord our God, arise,
Scatter our enemies,
And make them fall.
Cause civil broils to cease,
Commerce and trade t' increase;
With plenty, joy, and peace,
God bless us all.

Gracious to this famed isle,
On our loved Monarch smile,
With mildest rays;
Oh, let thy light divine
On Brunswick's royal line
With cheering influence shine
To latest days.

GOD SAVE THE QUEEN.

PRESENT VERSION.

GOD save our gracious Queen,
Long live our noble Queen,
God save the Queen!
Send her victorious,
Happy and glorious,
Long to reign over us!
God save the Queen!

O Lord our God, arise,
Scatter her enemies,
And make them fall.
Confound their politics,
Frustrate their knavish tricks,
On Thee our hopes we fix,
Oh, save us all.

Thy choicest gifts in store
On her be pleased to pour.
Long may she reign!
May she defend our laws,
And ever give us cause
To sing with heart and voice,
God save the Queen!

THE "RECESSIONAL."

GOD of our fathers, known of old—
Lord of our far-flung battle-line—
Beneath Whose awful Hand we hold
Dominion over palm and pine—
Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget—lest we forget!

The tumult and the shouting dies—
The captains and the kings depart—
Still stands Thine ancient Sacrifice,
An humble and a contrite heart.
Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget—lest we forget!

Far-called our navies melt away—
On dune and headland sinks the fire—
Lo, all our pomp of yesterday
Is one with Nineveh and Tyre!
Judge of the Nations, spare us yet,
Lest we forget—lest we forget!

If, drunk with sight of power, we loose
Wild tongues that have not Thee in awe—
Such boasting as the Gentiles use

Or lesser breeds without the law—
Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget—lest we forget!

For heathen heart that puts her trust
In reeking tube and iron shard—
All valiant dust that builds on dust,
And guarding calls not Thee to guard—
For frantic boast and foolish word,
Thy mercy on Thy people, Lord!
Amen.

RUDYARD KIPLING.

MARCHING TO CUBA.

Melody of "Marching through Georgia."

This selection may be used as a recitation without the chorus. This may be made quite a pleasing feature of an entertainment if boys be dressed in Cuban war uniforms and march back and forth on the stage singing the words to the tune of "Marching through Georgia."

WE'RE going down to Cuba, boys, to battle for the right.
We're going to show those Spaniards that we Yankee boys can fight,
And when they see us coming they'll scatter left and right,
When we march into Cuba.

Chorus.

Hurrah, hurrah, we'll sound the jubilee,
Hurrah, hurrah, boys, Cuba shall be free;
And so we'll sing the chorus, from Mt. Gretna to the sea,
While we are marching to Cuba.

'Twas in Manila Bay, boys, our ships the foe did meet,
We didn't need a hurricane to wreck the Spanish fleet,
But just one Dewey morning and our vict'ry was complete,
As we were marching to Cuba.—*Chorus.*

In Santiago harbor Sampson has them bottled tight.
Hobson put the cork in, and we think he did it right:
And when they find they can't get out they'll have to stand and fight,
When we march into Cuba.—*Chorus.*

With Dewey, Schley and Sampson we need not have a fear,
For they will guard the harbors while we attack the rear;
We'll plant our flag on Morro, and give one mighty cheer,
When we march into Cuba.—*Chorus.*

W. GILBERT KAYSER.

THE "MAINE" RED, WHITE AND BLUE.

Air—"Red, White and Blue."

LET us honor the dead of our nation,
the sailors so brave and so true;
The lads who now sleep in the ocean,
who died for the red, white and blue.
The battleship "Maine" is their casket,
their souls are with God in review,
And widows and orphans are mourning
the loss to the red, white and blue.

Chorus.

Three cheers for the red, white and blue!
Three cheers for the sailor boys true!
Three cheers for our loyal White Squadron,
And three for the red, white and blue!

The ironclad "Maine" at Havana, like a
monarch of absolute rule,
Undreaming of woe or disaster, undreaming of knave or of tool,
Lay at rest and at peace in the harbor, the stars watching o'er her brave crew,
When death and destruction o'ertook her, and sullied the red, white and blue.

Chorus.

Then honor the dead of her crew,
Then honor the living so true;
Then honor the loyal White Squadron,
And cheer for the red, white and blue!

If treachery's hand held the missile that shattered our noble ship "Maine,"
America's grieved population will discover it, even in Spain;
And the God of our Fathers in justice to the cause of the brave and the true,
Will guide us in wiping dishonor from our beautiful red, white and blue.

JOSEPH KERR.

REVEILLE.

The effect of the following recitation will be greatly enhanced if the speaker dress in soldier uniform and carry a rifle as if on sentinel duty, and the words in italics be spoken to the accompaniment of a bugle or cornet sounding the notes softly behind a curtain or in adjoining room.

THE morning is cheery my boys, arouse!
The dew shines bright on the chestnut boughs,
And the sleepy mist on the river lies,
Though the east is flushing with crimson dyes.
Awake! awake! awake!
O'er field and wood and brake,
With glories newly born,
Comes on the blushing morn,
Awake! awake!

You have dreamed of your homes and your friends all night;
You have basked in your sweethearts' smiles so bright:
Come, part with them all for a while again—
Be lovers in dreams; when awake, be men.
Turn out! turn out! turn out!
You have dreamed full long I know,
Turn out! turn out! turn out!
The east is all aglow.
Turn out! turn out!

From every valley and hill there come
The clamoring voices of fife and drum;
And out on the fresh, cool morning air
The soldiers are swarming everywhere.
Fall in! fall in! fall in!
Every man in his place.
Fall in! fall in! fall in!
Each with a cheerful face.
Fall in! fall in!

MICHAEL O'CONNOR.

DIRGE OF THE DRUMS.

In pronouncing these words imitate in deep measured tones the sound of the drum-beat.

DEAD! Dead! Dead, dead, dead!
To the solemn beat of the last retreat
That falls like lead,
Bear the hero now to his honored rest
With the badge of courage upon his breast,
While the sun sinks down in the gleaming West—
Dead! Dead! Dead!

Dead! Dead! Mourn the dead!
While the mournful notes of the bugles float
Across his bed,
And the guns shall toll on the vibrant air
The knell of the victor lying there—
'Tis a fitting sound for a soldier's prayer—
Dead! Dead! Dead!

Dead! Dead! Dead, dead, dead!
To the muffled beat of the lone retreat
And speeding lead,
Lay the hero low to his well-earned rest,
In the land he loved, on her mother breast,
While the sunlight dies in the darkening West—
Dead! Dead! Dead!

RALPH ALTON.

A MOTHER'S LAMENT.

Suitable for **Decoration Day entertainment. If the reciter be dressed in the garb of a bereaved mother the effect will be better.**

"In Rama was there a voice heard,
Rachel weeping for her children."

I AM but one of the many—the mothers who weep and who mourn
For the dear sons slain in the battle!
Oh! burden of sorrow borne
At the thought of their needed comforts, their hardships along the way!
But we prayed to Thee, loving Father, to sustain them day by day;
Now our hearts are dumb in our anguish, and our lips refuse to pray.

They are slain in the cruel battle, the pitiless chance of war!
From the homes that they were the light of, from those that they loved afar,
With no mother-kisses to soothe them, no ministry of loving hand!
But 'tis well with them, now and forever, for they live in the "better land,"
Where Thy peace shall abide forever, and never an armed band.

For they were Thy heroes, dear Father; they fell as Thy heroes fall,
And loyal, and true, and undaunted, they answered their country's call;
They laid their young lives on her altar, for her will their blood was shed;

And now there is naught that can comfort
the mothers whose hearts have bled
For the sons who went to the battle, by
the chance of the battle dead.

O! God, Thou hast tender pity, and love
for the broken in heart,
But not even Thou can'st comfort, for there
is no comfort apart
From the son who went out from my cling-
ing: O God, I cry to Thee!
I grope in the darkness to clasp him—that
darkness that hides from me
The sight of Thy hand, dear Father!
though outstretched to comfor it be.

ISIDOR D. FRENCH.

SAUL BEFORE HIS LAST BATTLE.

WARRIORS and chiefs! should the shaft
or the sword
Pierce me in leading the hosts of
the Lord,
Heed not the corse, though a king's, in
your path:
Bury your steel in the bosoms of Gath!

Thou who art bearing my buckler and bow,
Should the soldiers of Saul look away from
the foe,
Stretch me that moment in blood at thy
feet!
Mine be the doom, which they dared not to
meet.

Farewell to others, but never *we* part,
Heir to my royalty, son of my heart!
Bright is the diadem, boundless the sway,
Or kingly the death, which awaits us
to-day!

BYRON.

WASHINGTON TO HIS SOLDIERS.

An address delivered by the father of his country to his army before they began the battle of Long Island, 1776.

THE time is now near at hand which must probably determine whether Americans are to be freemen or slaves; whether they are to have any property they can call their own; whether their houses and farms are to be pillaged and destroyed, and themselves consigned to a state of wretchedness from which no human efforts will deliver them. The fate of unborn millions will now depend, under God, on the courage and conduct of this army. Our cruel and unrelenting enemy leaves us only the choice of a brave resistance, or the most abject submission. We have, therefore, to resolve to conquer or to die.

Our own, our country's honor, calls upon us for a vigorous and manly exertion; and if we now shamefully fail, we shall become infamous to the whole world. Let us, then, rely on the goodness of our cause, and the aid of the Supreme Being, in whose hands victory is, to animate and encourage us to great and noble actions. The eyes of all our countrymen are now upon us; and we shall have their blessings and praises, if happily we are the instruments of saving them from the tyranny meditated against them. Let us, therefore, animate and encourage each other, and show the whole world that a freeman contending for liberty on his own ground is superior to any slavish mercenary on earth.

Liberty, property, life and honor, are all at stake. Upon your courage and conduct rest the hopes of our bleeding and insulted country. Our wives, children and parents, expect safety from us only; and they have every reason to believe that Heaven will crown with success so just a cause. The enemy will endeavor to intimidate by show and appearance; but remember they have been repulsed on various occasions by a few brave Americans. Their cause is bad,—their men are conscious of it; and, if opposed with firmness and coolness on their first onset, with our advantage of works, and knowledge of the ground, the victory is most assuredly ours. Every good soldier will be silent and attentive, wait for orders, and reserve his fire until he is sure of doing execution.

THE FOURTH OF JULY.

To the sages who spoke, to the heroes who
bled,
To the day and the deed, strike the harp-
strings of glory!
Let the song of the ransomed remember the
dead,
And the tongue of the eloquent hallow
the story!

O'er the bones of the bold
Be that story long told,
And on fame's golden tablets their triumphs enrolled,
Who on freedom's green hills freedom's banner unfurled,
And the beacon fire raised that gave light to the world!

They are gone—mighty men!—and they sleep in their fame;
Shall we ever forget them? O, never! no, never!
Let our sons learn from us to embalm each great name,
And the anthem send down,—"Independence forever!"
Wake, wake, heart and tongue?
Keep the theme ever young;
Let their deeds through the long line of ages be sung,
Who on freedom's green hills freedom's banner unfurled,
And the beacon-fire raised that gave light to the world!

CHARLES SPRAGUE

THE HERO OF THE COMMUNE.

The hero of this poem became the greatest general in Napoleon's army.

"GARCON! You, *you*
Snared along with this cursed crew?
(Only a child, and yet so bold,
Scarcely as much as ten years old!)
Do you hear? do you know
Why the *gens d'armes* put you there, in the row,
You with those Commune wretches tall,
With your face to the wall?

"*Know?* To be sure I know! Why not?
We're here to be shot;
And there by the pillar's the very spot,
Fighting for France, my father fell.
Ah, well!—
That's just the way *I* would choose to fall,
With my *back* to the wall!"

"(Sacre! Fair, open fight I say,
Is something right gallant in its way,
And fine for warming the blood; but who
Wants wolfish work like this to do?
Bah! 'tis a butcher's business!) *How?*
(The boy is beckoning to me now:

I knew that this poor child's heart would fail,
. . . . . Yet his cheek's not pale:)
Quick! say your say, for don't you see
When the church-clock yonder tolls out *Three*,
You are all to be shot?
—*What?*
'*Excuse you one moment?*' O, ho, ho!
Do you think to fool a *gen d'armes* so?"

"But, sir, here's a watch that a friend, one day,
(My father's friend) just over the way,
Lent me; and if you let me free—
It still lacks seven minutes of *Three*—
I'll come on the word of a soldier's son,
Straight back into line, when my errand's done."

"Ha, ha! No doubt of it! Off! Begone!
(Now, good St. Dennis, speed him on!
The work will be easier since *he's* saved;
For I hardly see how I *could* have braved
The ardor of that innocent eye,
As he stood and heard,
While I gave the word,
Dooming him like a dog to die.)"

"In time? Well, thanks, that my desire
Was granted; and now I'm ready;—Fire
One word!—that's all!
—You'll let me turn my *back* to the wall?"

"Parbleu! Come out of the line, I say,
Come out! (Who said that his name was Ney?)
Ha! France will hear of him yet, one day!"

MARGARET J. PRESTON.

MEN ALWAYS FIT FOR FREEDOM.

THERE is only one cure for the evils which newly-acquired freedom produces,—and that cure is freedom! When a prisoner leaves his cell, he cannot bear the light of day; he is unable to discriminate colors, or recognize faces; but the remedy is not to

remand him into his dungeon, but to accustom him to the rays of the sun. The blaze of truth and liberty may at first dazzle and bewilder nations which have become half blind in the house of bondage; but let them gaze on, and they will soon be able to bear it. In a few years men learn to reason; the extreme violence of opinion subsides; hostile theories correct each other; the scattered elements of truth cease to conflict, and begin to coalesce; and, at length, a system of justice and order is educed out of the chaos. Many politicians of our time are in the habit of laying it down as a self-evident proposition, that no people ought to be free till they are fit to use their freedom. The maxim is worthy of the fool in the old story, who resolved not to go into the water till he had learned to swim! If men are to wait for tiberty till they become wise and good in slavery they may, indeed, wait forever!

T. B. MACAULY.

NAPOLEON'S FAREWELL TO HIS ARMY AT FONTAINEBLEAU, 1814.

SOLDIERS! receive my adieu. During twenty years that we have lived together, I am satisfied with you. I have always found you in the paths of glory. All the powers of Europe have armed against me. Some of my generals have betrayed their trust and France. My country herself has wished another destiny: with you, and the other brave men who have remained true to me, I could have maintained a civil war: but France would have been unhappy.

Be faithful to your new king. Be submissive to your new generals; and do not abandon our dear country. Mourn not my fortunes. I shall be happy while I am sure of your happiness. I might have died; but if I have consented to live, it is still to serve your glory; I shall record now the great deeds which we have done together.

Bring me the eagle standard; let me press it to my heart. Farewell, my children, my hearty wishes go with you. Preserve me in your memories.

NAPOLEON BONAPARTE.

INCIDENT OF THE FRENCH CAMP.

YOU know we French stormed Ratisbon;
A mile or so away,
On a little mound, Napoleon
Stood on our storming-day;
With neck out-thrust, you fancy how,
Legs wide, arms locked behind,
As if to balance the prone brow,
Oppressive with its mind.

Just as perhaps he mused, "My plans
That soar, to earth may fall,
Let once my army-leader Lannes
Waver at yonder wall"—
Out 'twixt the battery-smokes there flew
A rider, bound on bound
Full-galloping; nor bridle drew
Until he reached the mound.

Then off there flung in smiling joy,
And held himself erect
By just his horse's mane, a boy:
You hardly could suspect
(So tight he kept his lips compressed,
Scarce any blood came through),
You looked twice ere you saw his breast
Was all but shot in two.

"Well," cried he, "Emperor, by God's grace,
We've got you Ratsibon!
The marshal's in the market place,
And you'll be there anon
To see your flag-bird flap his vans
Where I, to heart's desire,
Perched him!" The chief's eye flashed; his plans
Soared up again like fire.

The chief's eye flashed; but presently
Softened itself, as sheathes
A film the mother eagle's eye
When her bruised eaglet breathes:
"You're wounded!" "Nay," his soldier's pride
Touched to the quick, he said:
"I'm killed, sire!" And, his chief beside,
Smiling, the boy fell dead.

ROBERT BROWNING.

THE QUEEN OF PRUSSIA'S RIDE.

Should be spoken with rapidity. The speaker in excited manner indicates by gesture and attitude the flight of the Queen. The circumstance in history may be referred to by the speaker before reciting the poem as follows: The Queen of Prussia was present when her army was routed by Napoleon at the Battle of Jena, 1807. She was mounted on a superb charger attended by three or four escorts, when a band of hussars seeing her, rushed forward to capture the royal lady, pursuing her all the way to Weimar. Had not the charger which she rode possessed a fleetness unequalled by any in the pursuing band, the fair Queen would have been made a prisoner.

FAIR Queen, away! To thy charger speak—
A band of hussars they capture seek.
Oh, haste! escape! they are riding this way.
Speak—speak to thy charger without delay;
They're nigh.
Behold! They come at a break-neck pace,
A smile triumphant illumes each face.
Queen of the Prussians, now for a race,
To Weimar for safety—fly!

She turned, and her steed with a furious dash—
Over the fields like the lightning's flash—fled.
Away, like an arrow from steel cross-bow,
Over hill and dale in the sun's fierce glow,
The Queen and her enemies thundering go,
On toward Weimar they sped.

The royal courser is swift and brave,
And his royal rider he strives to save—
But no!
"*Vive l'empereur!*" rings sharp and clear;
She turns and is startled to see them so near,
Then softly speaks in her charger's ear
And away he bounds like a roe.

He speeds as though on the wings of the wind,
The Queen's pursuers are left behind.
No more
She fears, though each trooper grasps his reins,
Stands up in his stirrups, strikes spurs and strains,
For ride as they may, her steed still gains
And Weimar is just before.

Safe! The clatter now fainter grows;
She sees in the distance her laboring foes,
The gates of the fortress stand open wide
To welcome the German nation's bride so dear.
With gallop and dash, into Weimar she goes,
And the gates at once on her enemies close.
Give thanks, give thanks! She is safe with those
Who hail her with cheer on cheer!

A. L. A. SMITH

MARCO BOZZARIS.

This poem has been pronounced the best martial lyric in the language. Marco Bozzaris (pronounced Bot-zah-ri) fell in his attack upon the Turkish camp at Lapsi, August 20, 1823, and expired in the moment of victory. Fitz-Green Halleck, the author of this famous poem, is an American.

AT midnight, in his guarded tent,
The Turk was dreaming of the hour
When Greece, her knee in suppliance bent,
Should tremble at his power:
In dreams, through camp and court he bore
The trophies of a conqueror;
In dreams, his song of triumph heard;
Then wore his monarch's signet ring:
Then pressed that monarch's throne—a king;
As wild his thoughts, and gay of wing,
As Eden's garden bird.

At midnight, in the forest shades,
Bozzaris ranged his Suliote band,
True as the steel of their tried blades,
Heroes in heart and hand.
There had the Persian's thousands stood,
There had the glad earth drunk their blood
On old Platæa's day;
And now there breathed that haunted air
The sons of sires who conquered there,
With arm to strike, and soul to dare,
As quick, as far as they.

An hour passed on—the Turk awoke;
That bright dream was his last;
He woke to hear his sentries shriek,
"To arms! they come! the Greek! the Greek!"
He woke—to die midst flame, and smoke,
And shout, and groan, and sabre-stroke,
And death-shots falling thick and fast
As lightnings from the mountain-cloud;
And heard, with voice as trumpet loud,
Bozzaris cheer his band:
"Strike—till the last armed foe expires;
Strike—for your altars and your fires;
Strike—for the green graves of your sires:
God, and your native land!"

They fought,—like brave men, long and
well;
They piled that ground with Moslem slain;
They conquered—but Bozzaris fell,
Bleeding at every vein.
His few surviving comrades saw
His smile when rang their proud hurrah,
And the red field was won:
Then saw in death his eyelids close
Calmly, as to a night's repose,
Like flowers at set of sun.

Bozzaris! with the storied brave,
Greece nurtured in her glory's time,
Rest thee—there is no prouder grave,
Even in her own proud clime.
She wore no funeral weeds for thee,
Nor bade the dark hearse wave its plume,
Like torn branch from death's leafless tree,
In sorrow's pomp and pageantry,
The heartless luxury of the tomb:
But she remembers thee as one
Long loved and for a season gone.
For thee her poets' lyre is wreathed,
Her marble wrought, her music breathed:
For thee she rings the birthday bells;
Of thee her babes' first lisping tells:
For thine her evening prayer is said
At palace couch, and cottage bed;
Her soldier, closing with the foe,
Gives for thy sake a deadlier blow;
His plighted maiden, when she fears
For him, the joy of her young years,
Thinks of thy fate, and checks her tears.
And she, the mother of thy boys,
Though in her eye and faded cheek
Is read the grief she will not speak,
The memory of her buried joys,
And even she who gave thee birth,
Will, by their pilgrim-circled hearth,
Talk of thy doom without a sigh:
For thou art freedom's now, and fame's,
One of the few, the immortal names
That were not born to die.

FITZ-GREEN HALLECK.

CHARGE OF THE LIGHT BRIGADE.

HALF a league, half a league,
Half a league onward,
All in the valley of death
Rode the six hundred.
"Forward, the Light Brigade!
Charge for the guns!" he said.
Into the valley of death,
Rode the six hundred.

"Forward, the Light Brigade!"
Was there a man dismayed?
Not though the soldiers knew
Some one had blundered:
Theirs not to make reply,
Theirs not to reason why,
Theirs but to do and die;
Into the valley of death,
Rode the six hundred.

Cannon to right of them,
Cannon to left of them,
Cannon in front of them,
Volleyed and thundered:
Stormed at with shot and shell,
Boldly they rode and well:
Into the jaws of death,
Into the mouth of hell,
Rode the six hundred.

Flashed all their sabres bare,
Flashed as they turned in air,
Sab'ring the gunners there,
Charging an army, while
All the world wondered:
Plunged in the battery smoke,
Right through the line they broke:
Cossack and Russian
Reeled from the sabre-stroke,
Shattered and sundered.
Then they rode back—but not,
Not the six hundred.

Cannon to right of them,
Cannon to left of them,
Cannon behind them,
Volleyed and thundered.
Stormed at with shot and shell,
While horse and hero fell,
They that had fought so well,
Came through the jaws of death,
Back from the mouth of hell,
All that was left of them,
Left of six hundred.

When can their glory fade?
O, the wild charge they made!
All the world wondered.
Honor the charge they made!
Honor the Light Brigade,
Noble six hundred!

ALFRED TENNYSON.

PEACEABLE SECESSION IMPOSSIBLE.

This eloquent and prophetic passage from a speech delivered by Daniel Webster many years before the great Civil War, was fulfilled with fearful accuracy.

MR. PRESIDENT, I should much prefer to have heard from every member on this floor declarations of opinion that this Union could never be dissolved, than the declaration of opinion by any body that, in any case, under the pressure of any circumstances, such a dissolution was possible. I hear with distress and anguish the word "secession," especially when it falls from the lips of those who are patriotic, and known to the country, and known all over the world for their political services.

Secession! Peaceable secession! Sir, your eyes and mine are never destined to see that miracle. The dismemberment of this vast country without convulsion! The breaking up of the fountains of the great deep without ruffling the surface! Who is so foolish—I beg everybody's pardon—as to expect to see any such thing?

Sir, he who sees these States now revolving in harmony around a common center, and expects to see them quit their places and fly off without convulsion, may look the next hour to see the heavenly bodies rush from their spheres, and jostle against each other in the realms of space, without causing the crush of the universe. There can be no such thing as a peaceable secession. Peaceable secession is an utter impossibility. Is the great constitution under which we live, covering this whole country, is it to be thawed and melted away by secession, as the snows on the mountain melt under the influence of a vernal sun, disappear almost unobserved, and run off? No, sir! No, sir! I will not state what might produce the disruption of the Union; but, sir, I see as plainly as I see the sun in heaven, what that disruption itself must produce; I see that it must produce war, and such a war as I will not describe, *in its two-fold character.* D. WEBSTER.

LINCOLN'S ADDRESS AT GETTYSBURG.

The War Department appropriated $5,000 to cast this speech in bronze and set it up on the battle-field at Gettysburg.

FOUR score and seven years ago our fathers brought forth on this continent a new nation, conceived in liberty and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal.

Now we are engaged in a great civil war, testing whether that nation, or any nation so conceived and so dedicated, can long endure. We are met on a great battlefield of that war. We have come to dedicate a portion of that field as a final resting place for those who here gave their lives that that nation might live. It is altogether fitting and proper that we should do this.

But, in a larger sense, we cannot dedicate, we cannot consecrate, we cannot hallow this ground. The brave men, living and dead, who struggled here, have consecrated it far above our poor power to add or detract. The world will little note, nor long remember, what we say here, but it can never forget what they did here. It is for us, the living, rather to be dedicated here to the unfinished work which they who fought here have thus far so nobly advanced. It is rather for us to be here dedicated to the great task remaining before us: that from the same honored dead we take increased devotion to that cause for which they gave the last full measure of devotion; that we here highly resolve that these dead should not have died in vain; that this nation, under God, shall have a new birth of freedom, and that government of the people, by the people, for the people, shall not perish from the earth. ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

THE RIFLEMAN'S FANCY SHOT.

The following touching incident had its counterpart in many happenings during the great Civil War in which often brothers, divided in sentiment, joined the opposing armies and fought against each other.

RIFLEMAN, shoot me a fancy shot
Straight at the heart of yon prowling vedette;
Ring me a ball in the glittering spot
That shines on his breast like an amulet!"

"Ah, captain! here goes for a fine-drawn bead,
There's music around when my barrel's in tune!"
Crack! went the rifle, the messenger sped,
And dead from his horse fell the ringing dragoon.

"Now, rifleman, steal through the bushes and snatch
From your victim some trinket to handsel first blood;
A button, a loop, or that luminous patch
That gleams in the moon like a diamond stud!"

"Oh captain! I staggered, and sunk on my track,
When I gazed on the face of that fallen vedette,
For he looked so like you, as he lay on his back,
That my heart rose upon me, and masters me yet.

"But I snatched off the trinket,—this locket of gold;
An inch from the centre my lead broke its way,
Scarce grazing the picture, so fair to behold,
Of a beautiful lady in bridal array."

"Ha! rifleman, fling me the locket!—'tis she,
My brother's young bride,—and the fallen dragoon
Was her husband—Hush! soldier, 'twas Heaven's decree,
We must bury him there, by the light of the moon!

"But hark! the far bugles their warnings unite;
War is a virtue,—weakness a sin;
There's a lurking and loping around us to-night;—
Load again, rifleman, keep your hand in!"

AN INCIDENT OF THE WAR.

(*Sing the verses in Italics.*)

Down the placid river gliding,
'Twixt the banks of waving life,
Sailed a steamboat heavy laden
'Mid the scenes of former strife.

On the deck a throng of trav'lers
Listened to a singer's voice,
As it sung that song of pleading,—
Song that makes the sad rejoice.—

"Jesus, lover of my soul,
Let me to thy bosom fly,
While the nearer waters roll,
While the tempest still is high:
Hide me, O, my Saviour, hide,
'Till the storm of life is past,
Safe into the haven guide,
Oh, receive my soul at last."

In the throng an aged soldier
Heard the voice with ears intent,
And his quickened memory speeding
O'er the lapse of years was sent.

And he thought of hard-fought battles,
Of the carnage and the gore,
And the lonely picket guarding
On the low Potomac's shore.

Of the clash and roar of cannon,
And the cry of wounded men,
Of the sick'ning sights of slaughter
In some Southern prison pen.

And that voice was old, familiar,
And he'd heard it long ago.
While his lonely picket guarding
With a measured beat, and slow.

When it ceased and all was silent,
Thus the aged soldier cried:
"Sir, were you a Union Soldier,
Did you fight against our side?"

"Stranger, 'neath yon starry pennon
Fought I for the shackled slave,
For my country and her freedom,
And her sacred name to save."

"Were you near the calm Potomac
On a frosty autumn night?
Did you guard your lonely picket
As the stars were shining bright?

"Did you sing that song so grandly,
Filling all the silent air?
Did you sing to your Redeemer
As you paced so lonely there?"

Thus the aged soldier questioned,
And his eyes were filled with tears
As he heard the singer answer,
At his tale of hopes and fears:

"Yes, I well recall that evening
On the low Potomac's shore,
As I paced my lonely station,
And re-paced it o'er and o'er.

"And I thought of home and household,—
Of my wife and children three,
And my darling baby Bessie,
Dearest in the world to me.

"Thinking thus, my heart was troubled
With a dread, foreboding ill;
And I listened, but the midnight
All around was calm and still.

"Then I sang the song my mother
Taught me, bending at her knee;
And all fear of coming trouble
Quickly passed away from me."

Thus the singer told his story;
Then the aged soldier said,—
As his heart was stirred with feeling,
And his thoughts were backward led,—

"And I, too, my lonely station
Paced and re-paced o'er and o'er,
Where the blazing camp-fires flashing,
Lighted up the other shore.

"On the banks, across the river,
There I saw your coat of blue,
And my hand was on the trigger,
As I aimed my gun at you;

"When across the silent water
Came the song you've sung to-day,
And my heart was touched and softened
By that sweet, melodious lay:

"'*Other refuge have I none,*
Hangs my helpless soul on Thee;
Leave, oh, leave me not alone,
Still support and comfort me.
All my trust on Thee is stayed,
All my help from Thee I bring,
Cover my defenceless head
With the shadow of Thy wing.'

"And I brought my gun to carry,
For I could not shoot you then;
And your humble prayer was answered
By our God, the Lord of men."

Then they clasped their hands as brothers,
While the steamboat glided on
As they talked of hard-fought battles,
And of deeds long past and gone,—

How Jehovah had been o'er them,
Shielded from the fiery wave,
While they, beneath their banners,
Fought the battles of the brave.

HARRY W. KIMBALL.

SHERIDAN'S RIDE.

This is one of the most famous poem's of the Civil War. It recounts with dramatic power Sheridans famous ride of Oct. 19, 1864, to Cedar Creek, where General Early was driving back the Union forces.

UP from the South at break of day,
Bringing to Winchester fresh dismay,
The affrighted air with a shudder bore,
Like a herald in haste to the chieftain's door,
The terrible grumble and rumble and roar,
Telling the battle was on once more,
And Sheridan twenty miles away.

And wider still those billows of war
Thundered along the horizon's bar;
And louder yet into Winchester rolled
The roar of that red sea uncontrolled,
Making the blood of the listener cold,
As he thought of the stake in that fiery fray,
And Sheridan twenty miles away.

But there is a road from Winchester town
A good, broad highway leading down;
And there, through the flush of the morning light,
A steed as black as the steeds of night
Was seen to pass, as with eagle flight,
As if he knew the terrible need:
He stretched away with his utmost speed;
Hills rose and fell; but his heart was gay,
With Sheridan fifteen miles away.

Still sprung from those swift hoofs, thundering South,
The dust, like smoke from the cannon's mouth,
Or the trail of a comet, sweeping faster and faster,
Foreboding to traitors the doom of disaster,
The heart of the steed and the heart of the master

Were beating like prisoners assaulting their walls,
Impatient to be where the battlefield calls;
Every nerve of the charger was strained to full play,
With Sheridan only ten miles away.

Under his spurning feet the road
Like an arrowy Alpine river flowed,
And the landscape sped away behind
Like an ocean flying before the wind;
And the stead, like a bark fed with furnace ire,
Swept on, with his wild eyes full of fire.
But lo! he is nearing his heart's desire;
He is snuffing the smoke of the roaring fray,
With Sheridan only five miles away.

The first that the general saw were the groups
Of stragglers, and then the retreating troops;
What was done? what to do? a glance told him both.
Then, striking his spurs, with a terrible oath,
He dashed down the line, 'mid a storm of huzzahs,
And the wave of retreat checked its course there, because
The sight of the master compelled it to pause.
With foam and with dust the black charger was gray;
By the flash of his eye, and the red nostril's play,

He seemed to the whole great army to say,
"I have brought you Sheridan all the way
From Winchester, down to save the day."
Hurrah! hurrah for Sheridan!
Hurrah! hurrah for horse and man!
And when their statues are placed on high,
Under the dome of the Union sky—
The American soldier's temple of fame—
There, with the glorious general's name,
Be it said, in letters both bold and bright,
"Here's the steed that saved the day,
By carrying Sheridan into the fight
From Winchester, twenty miles away!"

THOS. B. READ.

WRAP THE FLAG AROUND ME, BOYS.

This scene may be enacted on the stage in tableau, while an invisible speaker recites the words, and an invisible chorus sing the refrain.

O, WRAP the flag around me, boys, to die were far more sweet
With freedom's starry emblem, boys, to be my winding sheet.
In life I loved to see it wave, and follow where it led,
And now my eyes grow dim, my hands would clasp its last bright shred.

Refrain.

Then wrap the flag around me, boys,
To die were far more sweet,
With freedom's starry emblem, boys,
To be my winding sheet.

O, I had thought to greet you, boys, on many a well won field,
When to our starry banner, boys, the trait'rous foe should yield.
But now, alas, I am denied my dearest earthly prayer;
You'll follow and you'll meet the foe, but I shall not be there.

But though my body moulders, boys, my spirit will be free,
And every comrade's honor, boys, will still be dear to me.
There in the thick and bloody fight never let your ardor lag,
For I'll be there still hovering near, above the dear old flag.

THE BLUE AND THE GRAY.

One of the first marks of reconciliation between North and South was shown by the women of Columbus, Mississippi, who, animated by noble sentiments, made impartial offerings to the memory of the dead. They strewed flowers alike on the graves of the Confederate and of the National soldiers.

BY the flow of the inland river,
Whence the fleets of iron have fled,
Where the blades of the grave-grass quiver,
Asleep on the ranks of the dead:—
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment day;
Under the one, the Blue,
Under the other, the Gray.

These in the robings of glory,
Those in the gloom of defeat,
All with the battle-blood gory,
In the dusk of eternity meet:—
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment day;
Under the laurel, the Blue,
Under the willow, the Gray.

From the silence of sorrowful hours,
The desolate mourners go,
Lovingly laden with flowers,
Alike for the friend and the foe:—
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment day;
Under the roses, the Blue,
Under the lilies, the Gray.

So, with an equal splendor,
The morning sun-rays fall,
With a touch impartially tender,
On the blossoms blooming for all:—
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment day;
Broidered with gold, the Blue,
Mellowed with gold, the Gray.

So, when the summer calleth,
On forest and field of grain,
With an equal murmur falleth
The cooling drip of the rain:—
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment day;
Wet with the rain, the Blue,
Wet with the rain, the Gray.

Sadly, but not with upbraiding,
The generous deed was done;
In the storm of the years that are fading,
No braver battle was won:—
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment day;
Under the blossoms, the Blue,
Under the garlands, the Gray.

No more shall the war cry sever,
Or the winding rivers be red;
They banish our anger forever
When they laurel the graves of our dead!
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment day;
Love and tears, for the Blue,
Tears and love for the Gray.

F. M. FINCH.

THE NEW ROSETTE.

By Special Permission of the Author.

Thirty-one years after the close of the Civil War, Sept. 16, 1896, a reunion of the Union and Confederate soldiers was held at Washington, D. C. It was a happy meeting of old foes who admired each other. They were brothers in common national blood and it is but just to say they parted—more than friends—brothers in sentiment. None but the old soldier could fully appreciate the occasion or with him enter into its true felicity of it. Love and good cheer ruled the hour. A new rosette composed of the mingling colors of "Yankee blue and Confederate gray" was worn by the happy old soldiers. Mr. Geo. M. Vickers, himself a "Yankee soldier," composed the following poem which was recited amid great applause from both sides.

LET us sing a song
That all may hear;
Sound the death of wrong,
The knell of fear;
For in this cordial clasp of hands
America united stands.
The new rosette
Of Blue and Gray,
Without regret,
Is worn to-day.

Fire the signal gun,
Proclaim our creed;
Liberty has won,
And we are freed;
Our country's creed is liberty,
And freedom shall our watchword be:
The new rosette
Of Blue and Gray,
Love's amulet,
Shall be to-day.

Ring the bells with pride,
The brave are here;
Heroes true and tried,
And each a peer;
Their deeds and valor e'er shall be
Our caveat on land and sea.
The new rosette
Of Blue and Gray,
A pledge, a threat,
Is worn to-day.

Give the armies praise,
Of Grant, of Lee,
Shafts in honor raise,
That all may see;
Proclaim that as they did, so we
Would do and die for liberty;
The new rosette
Of Blue and Gray
Bids none forget
Their dead to-day.

Let the broadsides roar
From ship to ship;
Shout your cheers from shore,
Let colors dip;
Brave Farragut, Buchanan, too,
Showed what our gallant tars can do.
The new rosette
Of Blue and Gray,
Shall homage get
From all to-day.

Give thanks to God,
That we are one;
He withholds the rod,
Our strife is done;
One flag alone shall o'er us wave,
One country, or for each a grave.
The new rosette
Of Blue and Gray,
With love's tears wet
Is worn to-day.

GEO. M. VICKERS.

CUSTER'S LAST CHARGE.

Gen. George A. Custer. Born in Ohio in 1839. Served with distinction through the Civil War. Was present at General Lee's surrender. During the Indian outbreak in the West in 1876 he was in charge of the United States troops, and was noted for his sagacity in Indian fighting. The Indians feared him, and called him the Great Yellow-Haired Chief. He was entrapped, killed, and horribly mutilated by the savages, June 26, 1876.

"DEAD! Is it possible? He, the bold rider,
Custer, our hero, the first in the fight,
Charming the bullets of yore to fly wider,
Shunning our battle-king's ringlets of light!
Dead! our young chieftain, and dead all forsaken!
No one to tell us the way of his fall!
Slain in the desert, and never to waken,
Never, not even to victory's call!"

Comrades, he's gone; but ye need not be grieving.
No, may my death be like his when I die!
No regrets wasted on words I am leaving,
Falling with brave men, and face to the sky.
Death's but a journey, the greatest must take it:
Fame is eternal, and better than all.
Gold though the bowl be, 'tis fate that must break it,
Glory can hallow the fragments that fall.

Proud for his fame that last day that he met them!
All the night long he had been on their track.
Scorning their traps and the men that had set them,
Wild for a charge that should never give back.
There on the hill-top he halted and saw them,—
Lodges all loosened and ready to fly.
Hurrying scouts, with the tidings to awe them,
Told of his coming before he was nigh.

All the wide valley was full of their forces,
Gathered to cover the lodges' retreat,—
Warriors running in haste to their horses,
Thousands of enemies close to his feet!
Down in the valleys the ages had hollowed,
There lay the Sitting Bull's camp for a prey!
Numbers! What recked he? What recked those who followed?
Men who had fought ten to one ere that day?

Out swept the squadrons, the fated three hundred,
Into the battle-line steady and full;
Then down the hillside exultingly thundered,
Into the hordes of the Old Sitting Bull!
Wild Ogalallah, Arapahoe, Cheyenne,
Wild Horse's braves, and the rest of their crew,
Shrank from that charge like a herd from a lion.
Then closed around the great hell of wild Sioux.

Right to the centre he charged, and then, facing—
Hark to those yells? and around them, oh, see!
Over the hilltops the devils came racing,
Coming as fast as the waves of the sea!
Red was the circle of fire about them:
No hope of victory, no ray of light,

Shot through that terrible black cloud without them,
Brooding in death over Custer's last fight.

Then, did he blench? Did he die like a craven,
Begging the torturing fiends for his life?
Was there a soldier who carried the Seven
Flinched like a coward or fled from the strife?
No, by the blood of our Custer, no quailing?
There in the midst of the devils they close,
Hemmed in by thousands, but ever assailing,
Fighting like tigers, all bayed amid foes!

Thicker and thicker the bullets came singing;
Down go the horses and riders and all;
Swiftly the warriors round them were ringing
Circling like buzzards awaiting their fall.
See the wild steeds of the mountain and prairie,
Savage eyes gleaming from forests of mane;
Quivering lances with pennons so airy;
War-painted warriors charging amain.

Backward again and again they were driven,
Shrinking to close with the lost little band,
Never a cap that had worn the bright Seven
Bowed till its wearer was dead on the strand.
Closer and closer the death-circle growing,
Even the leader's voice, clarion clear.
Rang out his words of encouragement glowing,
"We can but die once, boys, but sell your lives dear!"

Dearly they sold them like Berserkers raging,
Facing the death that encircled them round;
Death's bitter pangs by their vengeance assuaging,
Marking their tracks by the dead on the ground.

Comrades our children shall yet tell their story,
Custer's last charge on the Old Sitting Bull;
And ages shall swear that the cup of his glory,
Needed but that death to render it full.

FREDERICK WHITAKER.

FITZHUGH LEE.

General Fitzhugh Lee was Consul at Havana when the Spanish-American War broke out. His heroic action in refusing to leave his post though ordered home, until every American subject was safely transported, being himself the last to depart, called forth universal praise.

Cool amid the battle's din
Ice without, but fire within,
Leading to the charge his men,
Much we praise the soldier then;
But we honor far the more
One who on a foreign shore,
True to duty takes his stand
With his country's flag in hand,
And, though great the peril be,
Bows no head and bends no knee—
Fitzhugh Lee.

Gallant veteran, tried and true,
Hands and hearts go forth to you.
'Mid the sounds that others stir,
Hiss of reptile, yelp of cur,
'Mid our country's foes you stood
With a calm and fearless mood.
Therefore, veteran, tried and true,
Strong our pride has grown in you;
And when you return o'er sea
Warm your welcome here shall be,
Fitzhugh Lee.

Where our mountains milk the sky,
Where our many cities lie,
By Potomac's hallowed stream;
Where the Hudson's waters gleam,
By the Mississippi's mouth,
East and West and North and South—
Whersoe'er o'er land and seas,
Floats Old Glory in the breeze,
Whereso'er our people be,
All to honor you agree,
Fitzhugh Lee.

THOMAS DUNN ENGLISH

OBJECTION TO THE MEXICAN WAR.

In opposing the Mexican War Daniel Webster uttered the following words against expansion of territory:

SIR, to speak more seriously, this war was waged for the object of creating new States on the southern frontier of the United States out of Mexican territory, and with such population as could be found resident thereupon. I have opposed this object. I am against all accessions of territory to form new States. And this is no matter of sentimentality, which I am to parade before mass-meetings or before my constituents at home. It is not a matter with me of declamation or of regret, or of expressed repugnance. It is a matter of firm unchangeable purpose. I yield nothing to the force of circumstances that have occurred, or that I can consider as likely to occur. And therefore I say, sir, that if I were asked to-day whether, for the sake of peace, I would take a treaty for adding two new states to the Union on our southern border, I would say *No!*—distinctly, No! And I wish every man in the United States to understand that to be my judgment and my purpose.

I said upon our *southern* border, because the present proposition takes that locality. I would say the same of the western, the northeastern, or of any other border. I resist to-day, and for ever, and to the end, any proposition to add any foreign territory, south or west, north or east, to the States of this Union as they are constituted and held together under the constitution. Sir, I see well enough all the adverse indications. But I am sustained by a deep and a conscientious sense of duty; and while supported by that feeling, and while such great interests are at stake, I defy auguries, and ask no omen but my country's cause.

D. WEBSTER.

GUSTAVUS VASA TO THE DALECARLIANS.

Christian II., King of Denmark, having made himself master of Sweden, confined Gustavus at Copenhagen; but he, making his escape, contrived to reach the Dalecarlian mountains where he was for sometime hidden. Having seized a favorable opportunity, he declared himself to the peasants, whom he incited to join his cause. Fortune befriended him, and in the year 1523 he gained the throne of Sweden.

SWEDES! countrymen! behold at last, after a thousand dangers past, your chief, Gustavus, here. Long have I sighed 'mid foreign bands, long have I roamed in foreign lands;—at length 'mid Swedish hearts and hands, I grasp a Swedish spear! Yet, looking forth, although I see none but the fearless and the free, sad thoughts the sight inspires; for where, I think, on Swedish ground, save where these mountains frown around, can that best heritage be found—the freedom of our sires?—Yes, Sweden pines beneath the yoke; the galling chain our fathers broke is round our country now! On perjured craft and ruthless guilt his power a tyrant Dane has built, and Sweden's crown, all blood-bespilt rests on a foreign brow.

On *you* your country turns her eyes—on you, on you, for aid relies, scions of noblest stem! The foremost place in rolls of fame, by right your fearless fathers claim; *yours* is the glory of *their* name—'tis yours to equal *them*.—As rushing down, when winter reigns, resistless to the shaking plains, the torrent tears its way, and all that bars its onward course sweeps to the sea with headlong force,—so swept your sires the Danes and Norse:—can *ye* do less than *they?*

Rise! re-assert your ancient pride, and down the hills a living tide of fiery valor pour. Let but the storm of battle lower, back to his den the foe will cower;—then, then shall Freedom's glorious hour strike for our land once more! What! silent—motionless, ye stand? Gleams not an eye? Moves not a hand? Think ye to fly your fate? Or till some better cause be given, wait ye?—Then wait! till, banished, driven, ye fear to meet the face of Heaven, till ye are slaughtered, wait!

But no! your kindling hearts gainsay the thought. Hark! Hear that blood-hound's bay! Your blazing village see! Rise, countrymen! Awake! Defy the haughty Dane! Your battle cry be *Freedom!* We will do or die! On! Death or victory!

THE BABY AND THE SOLDIERS.

From time immemorial the fondness of the soldier for children has been marked. The following incident is but one of thousands embalmed in literatur.

ROUGH and ready the troopers ride,
Great bearded men, with swords by side;
They have ridden long, they have ridden hard,

They are travel-stained and battle-scarred;
The hard ground shakes with their martial tramp,
And coarse is the laugh of the men in camp.

They reach the spot where the mother stands
With a baby clapping its little hands,
Laughing aloud at the gallant sight
Of the mounted soldiers fresh from the fight.
The Captain laughs out: "I'll give you this,
A handful of gold, your baby to kiss."

Smiles the mother: "A kiss can't be sold,
But gladly he'll kiss a soldier bold."
He lifts the baby with manly grace
And covers with kisses its smiling face,
Its rosy lips and its dimpled charms,
And it crows with delight in the soldier's arms.

"Not all for the Captain," the soldiers call;
"The baby, we know, has one for all."
To the soldiers' breasts the baby is pressed
By the strong, rough men, and by turns caressed,
And louder it laughs, and the mother fair,
Smiles with mute joy as the kisses they share.

"Just such a kiss," cries one trooper grim,
"When I left my boy I gave to him;"
"And just such a kiss on the parting day
I gave to my girl as asleep she lay."
Such were the words of the soldiers brave,
And their eyes were moist as the kiss they gave.

ON THE FORCE BILL.

For what purpose is the unlimited control of the purse and of the sword to be placed at the disposition of the executive? To make war against one of the free and sovereign members of this confederation, which the bill proposes to deal with, not as a State, but as a collection of banditti or outlaws, thus exhibiting the impious spectacle of this government, the creature of the States, making war against the power to which it owes its existence.

Do I say that the bill declares war against South Carolina? No! It decrees a massacre of her citizens! War has something ennobling about it, and, with all its horrors, brings into action the highest qualities, intellectual and moral. It was, perhaps, in the order of Providence, that it should be permitted for that very purpose. But this bill declares no war, except, indeed, it be that which savages wage; a war, not against the community, but the citizens of whom that community is composed. But I regard it as worse than *savage* warfare—as an attempt to take away life, under the color of law, without the trial by jury, or any other safeguard which the constitution has thrown around the life of the citizen! It authorizes the President, or even his deputies, when they may suppose the law to be violated, without the intervention of a court or jury, to kill without mercy or discrimination.

It has been said, by the senator from Tennessee, to be a measure of peace! Yes, such peace as the wolf gives to the lamb, the kite to the dove! Such peace as Russia gives to Poland, or death to its victim! A peace by extinguishing the political existence of the State, by awing her into an abandonment of the exercise of every power which constitutes her a sovereign community! It is to South Carolina a question of self-preservation; and I proclaim it, that, should this bill pass, and an attempt be made to enforce it, it will be resisted at every hazard—even that of death itself!

Death is not the greatest calamity; there are others, still more terrible to the free and brave, and among them may be placed the loss of liberty and honor. There are thousands of her brave sons who, if need be, are prepared cheerfully to lay down their lives in defense of the State, and the great principles of constitutional liberty for which she is contending. God forbid that this should become necessary! It never can be, unless this government is resolved to bring the question to extremity; when her gallant sons will stand prepared to perform the last duty—to die nobly!

JOHN C. CALHOUN.

THE NEW "ALABAMA."

One of the largest battleships of the American Navy. The following poem was written by a southerner during the Spanish American War.

THAR'S a bran new "Alabama" that they're fittin' out for sea,
An' them that's seen her tell me she's as lively as kin be;
An' them big Havana gin'ruls better open wide their gates
Ef she's any like her namesake of the old Confed'rit States!

A bran' new "Alabama!" She orter be the best
That ever plowed a furrow in the ocean—east or west!
An' I'm shore that she'll be heard from—jest open wide your gates
Ef she's any like her namesake of the old Confed'rit States!

I bet she's full o' sperrit! I bet her guns 'll keep
The Spanish cruisers huntin' fer a harbor on the deep!
She'll storm the forts an' take 'em—she'll batter down the gates
Ef she's any like her namesake of the old Confed'rit States!

THE "MERRIMAC."

On June 3rd, young Lieutenant Hobson of Alabama and eight volunteer seamen performed one of the most daring and heroic acts in history, by running the "Merrimac" through the gauntlet of Spanish forts and sinking it in the mouth of Santiago harbor to prevent the Spanish fleet from coming out. The ship in sinking unfortunately swung out of the channel far enough to leave room for ships to pass, but the deed was none the less daring and heroic.

THUNDER peal and roar and rattle of the ships in line of battle,
Rumbling noise of steel volcanoes hurling metal from the shore,
Drowned the sound of quiet speaking and the creaking, creaking, creaking
Of the steering-gear that turned her toward the narrow harbor door.

On the hulk was calm and quiet, deeper for the shoreward riot;
Dumb they watched the fountains streaming; mute they heard the waters hiss,
Till one laughed and murmured, "Surely it was worth while rising early
For a fireworks exhibition of such character as this."

Down the channel the propeller drove her as they tried to shell her
From the dizzy heights of Morro and Socapa parapet;
She was torn and she was battered, and her upper works were shattered
By the bursting of the missiles that in air above her met.

Parallels of belching cannon marked the winding course she ran on,
And they flashed through morning darkness like a giant's flaming teeth;
Waters steaming, boiling, churning; rows of muzzles at each turning;
Mines like geysers spouting after and before her and beneath.

Not a man was there who faltered; not a theory was altered
Of the detailed plan agreed on—not a doubt was there expressed;
This was not a time for changing, deviating, re-arranging;
Let the great God help the wounded, and their courage save the rest.

And they won. But greater glory than the winning is the story
Of the foeman's friendly greeting of that valiant captive band;
Speech of his they understood not, talk to him in words they could not;
But their courage spoke a language that all men might understand.

"DO NOT CHEER."

General O. O. Howard, the great Christian general on the Northern side and General Stonewall Jackson the pious hero of the Confederacy, have their counterparts in Captain Philip of the battleship "Texas," at the battle of Santiago, July 4, 1898. No ship in that great naval battle did more gallant service than the "Texas." When the victory was won and the decks were strewn with dying and wounded Spaniards rescued from burning ships and from the sea the sailors of the "Texas" prepared to cheer. Captain Philip stopped them with the words, "Don't cheer, boys, the poor fellows are dying. Let every man who believes in God join with me in prayer." It was a most affecting scene.

THE smoke hangs heavy o'er the sea,
Beyond the storm-swept battle line,
Where floats the flag of Stripes and Stars,
Triumphant o'er the shattered foe,
The walls of Morro thunder still their fear;
Helpless, a mass of flame, the foeman drifts,
And o'er her decks the flag of white.

Hushed voices pass the word from lip to lip,
And grimy sailors silent stand beside the guns,
"Cease firing. An enemy is dying. Do not cheer."

"An enemy is dying. Do not cheer."
Thy servants' glorious tribute to Thy name,
Christ, Lord, who rules the battle well,
Who, watching, guards our destinies,
And seeth e'en the sparrows fall.
Redly, through drifting smoke, the sun looks down
On silent guns and shot-pierced bloody wreck,
Long lines of weary men, with heads bowed low,
Give thanks, in presence of Thy reaper grim.
Thy will be done, O Lord, Thou rulest all.

J. HERBERT STEVENS.

THE HERO DOWN BELOW.

After the battle of Santiago in which the "Brooklyn," Commodore Schley's flagship and the mighty "Oregon" had chased the "Christobal Colon" for 60 miles and forced her to surrender, the generous hearted Commodore sent down for the engineers and firemen who for hours had remained in the dark bowels of the ship in a temperature of 120 degrees piling in coal and forcing the ship to her greatest speed. The almost naked men begrimed as black as Ethiopians appeared on deck; and with tears in his eyes Commodore Schley pointed his gunners and officers to them and exclaimed: "These are the heroes, they are the men who won this battle."

In the awful heat and torture
Of the fires that leap and dance
In and out the furnace doors that never close,
On in silence he must work,
For with him there's ne'er a chance
On his brow to feel the outer breeze that blows.

For they've locked him in a room,
Down below,
In a burning, blazing tomb,
Down below,
Where he cannot see the sky,
Cannot learn in time to fly,
When destruction stalketh nigh,
Down below.

Though his name is never mentioned,
Though we see or know him not,
Though his deeds may never bring him worldy fame,
He's a man above the others
And the bravest of the lot—
And the hero of the battle, just the same.
He's the man who does the work.
Down below,
From the labor does not shirk,
Down below,
He is shoveling day and night,
Feeding flames a-blazing bright,
Keeping up a killing fight
Down below.

WHEELER AT SANTIAGO.

General Joseph Wheeler, of Spanish American War fame, won the sobriquet of "Little Fighting Joe," while serving in the Confederate army during the Civil War. He was the first, and General Fitzhugh Lee the second officer from the Southern side, of that great conflict to enlist in the Spanish-American War. Wheeler contributed much to the success of the battle of Santiago though prostrated with fever at the time.

Into the thick of the fight he went, pallid and sick and wan,
Borne in an ambulance to the front, a ghostly wisp of a man;
But the fighting soul of a fighting man, approved in the long ago,
Went to the front in that ambulance, and the body of Fighting Joe.

Out from the front they were coming back, smitten of Spanish shells—
Wounded boys from the Vermont hills and the Alabama dells;
"Put them into this ambulance; I'll ride to the front," he said,
And he climbed to the saddle and rode right on, that little old ex-Confed.

From end to end of the long blue ranks rose up the ringing cheers,
And many a powder-blackened face was furrowed with sudden tears,
As with flashing eyes and gleaming sword, and hair and beard of snow,
Into the hell of shot and shell rode little old Fighting Joe!

Sick with fever and racked with pain, he could not stay away,
For he heard the song of the yester-years in the deep-mouthed cannon's bay—
He heard in the calling song of the guns there was work for him to do,
Where his country's best blood splashed and flowed 'round the old Red, White and Blue.

Fevered body and hero heart! This Union's heart to you
Beats out in love and reverence—and to each dear boy in blue
Who stood or fell 'mid the shot and shell, and cheered in the face of the foe,
As, wan and white, to the heart of the fight rode little old Fighting Joe!

JAMES LINDSAY GORDON.

DIXIE DOODLE.

A CENTURY of peace has dawned; the North and South are plighted,
And all their lovers' quarrels have been forever righted.
There is no North, there is no South, no Johnny Reb to bandy;
No feud, no scores to settle up—no Yankee Doodle Dandy.

What have we, then? A land serene, united, heart-to-hand, sir,
Which, like a sum of numbers, never yields but one true answer,
Who have we, then in this great land, above its bonded boodle,
With Northern pluck and Southern nerve? His name is Dixie Doodle!

Then, hip, hurrah! for this brave youth, unbought of bond or boodle—
The conqueror of future worlds—the growing Dixie Doodle!

THE GREATER REPUBLIC.

Extract from the speech of Senator Albert J. Beveridge of Indiana, delivered after a personal visit to the Philippine Islands before the Union League of Philadelphia.

GENTLEMEN of the Union League:

The Republic never retreats. Why should it retreat? The Republic is the highest form of civilization, and civilization must advance. The Republic's young men are the most virile and unwasted of the world and they pant for enterprise worthy of their power. The Republic's preparation has been the self-discipline of a century and that preparedness has found its task. The Republic's opportunity is as noble as its strength, and that opportunity is here. The Republic's duty is as sacred as its opportunity is real, and Americans never desert their duty.

The Republic could not retreat if it would; whatever its destiny it must proceed. For the American Republic is a part of the movement of a race—the most masterful race of history—and race movements are not to be stayed by the hand of man. They are mighty answers to Divine commands. Their leaders are not only statesmen of peoples—they are prophets of God. The inherent tendencies of a race are its highest law. They precede and survive all statutes, all constitutions. The first question real statesmanship asks is: What are the abiding characteristics of my people? From that basis all reasoning may be natural and true. From any other basis all reasoning must be artificial and false.

The sovereign tendencies of our race are organization and government. Organization means growth. Government means administration. When Washington pleaded with the States to organize into a consolidated people, he was the advocate of perpetual growth. When Abraham Lincoln argued for the indivisibility of the Republic he became the prophet of the Greater Republic. And when they did both they were but interpreters of the tendencies of the race. That is what made then Washington and Lincoln. They are the great Americans because they were the supreme constructors and conservers of organized government among the American people.

God did not make the American people the mightiest human force of all time simply to feed and die. He did not give our race the brain of organization and heart of domain to no purpose and no end. No; he has given us a task equal to our talents. He has appointed for us a destiny equal to our endowments. He has made us the Lords of civilization that we may administer civilization. Such administration is needed in Cuba. Such administration is needed in the Philippines. And Cuba and the Philippines are in our hands.

All protests against the greater Republic are tolerable except this constitutional objection. But they who resist the Republic's career in the name of the Constitution are not to be endured. They are jugglers of words. Their counsel is the wisdom of

verbiage. They deal not with realities neither give heed to vital things. The most magnificent fact in history is the mighty movement and mission of our race, and the most splendid phase of that world-redeeming movement is the entrance of the American people as the greatest force in all the earth to do their part in administering civilization among mankind, and they are not to be halted by a ruck of words called constitutional arguments. Pretenders to legal learning have always denounced all virile interpretations of the Constitution.

Let the Republic govern as conditions demand; the Constitution does not benumb its brain nor palsy its hand.

Imperialism is not the word for our vast work. Imperialism, as used by the opposers of the national greatness, means oppression, and we oppress not. Imperialism, as used by the opposers of national destiny, means monarchy, and the days of monarchy are spent. Who honestly believes that the liberties of 80,000,000 Americans will be destroyed because the Republic administers civilization in the Philippines? Who honestly believes that free institutions are stricken unto death because the Republic, under God, takes its place as the first power of the world? Who honestly believes that we plunge to our doom, when we march forward in a path of duty, prepared by a higher wisdom than our own? Those who so believe have lost their faith in the immortality of liberty. Those who so believe have lost the reckoning of events, and think it sunset when it is, in truth, only the breaking of another day—the day of the Greater Republic, dawning as dawns the twentieth century.

The Republic never retreats. Its flag is the only flag that has never known defeat. Where the flag leads we follow, for we know that the hand that bears it onward is the unseen hand of God. We follow the flag and independence is ours. We follow the flag and nationality is ours. We follow the flag and oceans are ruled. We follow the flag and, in Occident and Orient tyranny falls and barbarism is subdued. We follow the flag at Trenton and Valley Forge, at Saratoga and upon the crimson seas; at Buena Vista and Chapultepec, at Gettysburg and Missionary Ridge, at Santiago and Manila, and everywhere and always it means larger liberty, nobler opportunity and greater human happiness, for, everywhere and always, it means the blessings of the Greater Republic. And so God leads, we follow the flag, and the Republic never retreats."

BOUND IN HONOR TO GRANT PHILIPPINE INDEPENDENCE.

Extract from a speech delivered by Senator Hoar of Massachusetts in the United States Senate, April, 1900.

SENATORS, if there were no Constitution, if there were no Declaration of Independence, if there were no international law, if there were nothing but the history of the past two years, the American people would be bound in honor, if there be honor, bound in common honesty, if there be honesty, not to crush out this Philippine Republic, and not to wrest from this people its independence. The history of our dealing with the Philippine people is found in the reports of our commanders. It is all contained in our official documents, and in published statements of General Anderson and in the speeches of the President. It is little known to the country to-day. When it shall be known, I believe it will cause a revolution in public sentiment.

There are 1200 islands in the Philippine group. They extend as far as from Maine to Florida. They have a population variously estimated at from 8,000,000 to 12,000,000. There are wild tribes who never heard of Christ, and islands that never heard of Spain. But among them are the people of the island of Luzon, numbering 3,500,000, and the people of the Visayan islands, numbering 2,500,000 more. They are a Christian and civilized people. They wrested their independence from Spain and established a republic. Their rights are no more to be affected by the few wild tribes in their own mountains or by the dwellers in the other islands than the rights of our old thirteen states were affected by the French in Canada, or the Six Nations of New York, or the Cherokees of Georgia, or the Indians west of the Mississippi.

Twice our commanding generals, by their own confession, assured these people of their independence. Clearly and beyond all cavil we formed an alliance with them. We expressly asked them to co-operate with us. We handed over our prisoners to their keeping; we sought their help in caring for our sick and wounded.

We were told by them again and again and again that they were fighting for independence. Their purpose was as well known to our generals, to the war department, and to the president, as the fact that they were in arms. We never undeceived them until the time when hostilities were declared in 1899. The president declared again and again that we had no title and claimed no right to anything beyond the town of Manila. Hostilities were begun by us at a place where we had no right to be, and were continued by us in spite of Aguinaldo's disavowal and regret and offer to withdraw to a line we should prescribe. If we crush that republic, despoil that people of their freedom and independence, and subject them to our rule, it will be a story of shame and dishonor.

GEORGE F. HOAR.

NO DISHONOR TO HAUL DOWN THE FLAG.

(*A Continuation of the Foregoing.*)

Is there any man so bold as to utter in seriousness the assertion that where the American flag has once been raised it shall never be hauled down? I have heard it said that to haul down or to propose to haul down this national emblem where it has once floated is poltroonery. Will any man say it was poltroonery when Paul Jones landed on the northeast coast of England that he took his flag away with him when he departed? Was Scott a poltroon, or was Polk a poltroon? Was Taylor a poltroon? Was the United States a nation of poltroons when they retired from the city of Mexico or from Vera Cruz without leaving the flag behind them? Were we poltroons when we receded from Canada? If we had made the attack on the coast of Spain, at one time contemplated during this very war, were we pledged to hold and govern Spain forever or be disgraced in the eyes of mankind if we failed to do it? Has England been engaged in the course of poltroonery all these years when she has retired from many a field of victory? According to this doctrine, she was bound to have held Belgium forever after the battle of Waterloo and Spain forever after Corunna and Talavera. She could not, of course, have retired with honor from Venezuela if the arbitration had not ended in her favor.

Mr. President, this talk that the American flag is never to be removed where it has once floated is the silliest and wildest rhetorical flourish ever uttered in the ears of an excited populace. No baby ever said anything to another baby more foolish. It is the doctrine of purest ruffianism and tyranny.

Certainly the flag should never be lowered from any moral field over which it has once waved. To follow the flag is to follow the principles of freedom and humanity for which it stands. To claim that we must follow it when it stands for injustice or oppression is like claiming that we must take the nostrums of the quack doctor who stamps it on his wares, or follow every scheme of wickedness or fraud, if only the flag be put at the head of the prospectus. The American flag is in more danger from the imperialists than it would be if the whole of Christendom were to combine its power against it. Foreign violence at worst could only rend it. But these men are trying to stain it.

THE STARS IN THEIR COURSES FIGHT AGAINST US.

Mr. President, I know how imperfectly I have stated this argument. I know how feeble is a single voice amid this din and tempest, this delirium of empire. It may be that the battle of this day is lost. But I have an assured faith in the future. I have an assured faith in justice and the love of liberty of the American people. The stars in their courses fight for freedom. The ruler of the heavens is on that side. If the battle to-day go against it, I appeal to another day, not distant and sure to come. I appeal from the clapping of hands and the stamping of feet and the brawling and the shouting to the quiet chamber where the

fathers gathered in Philadelphia. I appeal from the spirit of trade to the spirit of liberty. I appeal from the empire to the Republic. I appeal from the millionaire and the boss and the wire-puller and the manager to the statesman of the older time, in whose eyes a guinea never glistened, who lived and died poor, and who left to his children and to his countrymen a good name far better than riches. I appeal from the present, bloated with material prosperity, drunk with the lust of empire, to another and a better age. I appeal from the present to the future and to the past.

G. F. HOAR.

THE DYING CAPTAIN.

An incident of the battle of San Juan Hill, Cuba, 1898. It requires considerable practice to perfect oneself in the proper expression in the quick transitions from consciousness to delirium, and the parts played in the two conditions. This selection is very effective when well rendered.

"BRAVE captain! canst thou speak?
What is it thou dost see!
A wondrous glory lingers on thy face,
The night is past; I've watched the night with thee.
Knowest thou the place?"

"*The place?* 'Tis San Juan, comrade. Is the battle over?
The victory—the victory—is it won?
My wound is mortal; I know I cannot recover—
The battle for me is done!

"I never thought it would come to this!
Does it rain?
The musketry! Give me a drink; ah, that is glorious!
Now if it were not for this pain—this pain—
Didst thou say victorious?

"It would not be strange, would it, if I do wander?
A man can't remember with a bullet in his brain.
I wish when at home I had been a little fonder—
Shall I ever be well again?

"It can make no difference whether I go from here or there.
Thou'lt write to father and tell him when I am dead?—
The eye that sees the sparrow fall numbers every hair
Even of this poor head.

"Tarry awhile, comrade, the battle can wait for thee;
I will try to keep thee but a few brief moments longer;
Thou'lt say good-by to the friends at home for me?—
If only I were a little stronger!

"I must not think of it. Thou art sorry for me?
The glory—is it the glory?—makes me blind;
Strange, for the light, comrade, the light I cannot see—
Thou hast been very kind!

"I do not think I have done so very much evil—
I did not mean it. 'I lay me down to sleep,
I pray the Lord my soul'—just a little rude and uncivil—
Comrade, why dost thou weep?

"Oh! if human pity is so gentle and tender—
Good-night, good friends! 'I lay me down to sleep'—
Who from a Heavenly Father's love needs a defender?
'My soul to keep!'

"'If I should die before I wake'—comrade, tell mother,
Remember—'I pray the Lord my soul to take!'
My musket thou'lt carry back to my little brother
For my dear sake!

"Attention, company! Reverse arms!
Very well, men; my thanks.
Where am I? Do I wander, comrade—wander again?—
Parade is over. Company E, break ranks! break ranks!—
I know it is the pain.

"Give me thy strong hand; fain would
I cling, comrade, to thee;
I feel a chill air blown from a far-off
shore;
My sight revives; Death stands and looks
at me.
What waits he for?

"Keep back my ebbing pulse till I be
bolder grown;
I would know something of the Silent
Land;
It's hard to struggle to the front alone—
Comrade, thy hand.

"The *reveille* calls! be strong my soul,
and peaceful;
The Eternal City bursts upon my sight!
The ringing air with ravishing melody is
full—
I've won the fight!

"Nay, comrade, let me go; hold not my
hand so steadfast;
I am commissioned—under marching
orders—
I know the future—let the past be past—
I cross the borders."

THE LAND OF OUR FOREFATHERS.

FOR myself, I can truly say that, after my native land, I feel a tenderness and a reverence for that of my fathers. The pride I take in my own country makes me respect that from which we are sprung. The sound of my native language beyond the sea is a music to my ears beyond the richest strains of Tuscan softness or Castilian majesty.

I am not—I need not say I am not—the panegyrist of England. I am not dazzled by her riches nor awed by her power. The sceptre, the mitre and the coronet, stars, garters and ribbons, seem to me poor things for great men to contend for.

But England is the cradle and the refuge of free principles, though often persecuted; the school of religious liberty, the more precious for the struggles through which it has passed; she holds the tombs of those who have reflected honor on all who speak the English tongue; she is the birthplace of our fathers, the home of the Pilgrims; it is these which I love and venerate in England.

I should feel ashamed of an enthusiasm for Italy and Greece did I not also feel it for a land like this. In an American it would seem to me degenerate and ungrateful to hang with passion upon the traces of Homer and Virgil and follow without emotion the nearer and plainer footsteps of Shakespeare and Milton. I should think him cold in love for his native land who felt no melting in his heart for that other native country which holds the ashes of his forefathers.

EDWARD EVERETT.

WAR THE GAME OF TYRANTS.

HARK! heard you not those hoofs of dreadful note?
Sounds not the clang of conflict on the heath?
Saw ye not whom the reeking sabre smote,
Nor saved your brethren ere they sank beneath
Tyrants and tyrants' slaves?—The fires of death,
The bale-fires flash on high:—from rock to rock,
Each volley tells that thousands cease to breathe;
Death rides upon the sulphury Siroc,
Red Battle stamps his foot, and nations feel the shock!

Lo! where the giant on the mountain stands,
His blood-red tresses deepening in the sun,
With death-shot glowing in his fiery hands,
And eye that scorcheth all it glares upon;
Restless it rolls, now fixed, and now anon
Flashing afar,—and at his iron feet
Destruction cowers to mark what deeds are done;
For, on this morn, three potent nations meet
To shed before his shrine the blood he deems most sweet.

Three hosts combine to offer sacrifice;
Three tongues prefer strange orisons on high;
Three gaudy standards flout the pale blue skies;
The shouts are France, Spain, Albion, Victory!
The foe, the victim, and the fond al-ly
That fights for all, but ever fights in vain,
Are met—as if at home they could not die—
To feed the crow on Tal-a-ve'ra's plain,
And fertilize the field that each pretends to gain.

There shall they rot—ambition's honored fools!
Yes, *honor* decks the turf that wraps their clay!
Vain sophistry! in these behold the tools,
The broken tools, that tyrants cast away
By myriads, when they dare to pave their way
With human hearts—to what?—a dream alone.
Can despots compass aught that hails their sway?
Or call with truth one span of earth their own,
Save that wherein at last they crumble bone by bone? BYRON.

VALLEY FORGE.

Suitable to Washington's Birthday or Any Patriotic Entertainment.

The following oration was delivered upon the occasion of the first Centennial Anniversary of the encampment at Valley Forge.

MY countrymen, the century that has gone by has changed the face of nature and wrought a revolution in the habits of mankind. We stand to-day at the dawn of an extraordinary age. Freed from the chains of ancient thought and superstition, man has begun to win the most extraordinary victories in the domain of science. One by one he has dispelled the doubts of the ancient world. Nothing is too difficult for his hand to attempt—no region too remote—no place too sacred for his daring eye to penetrate. He has robbed the earth of her secrets and sought to solve the mysteries of the heavens. He has secured and chained to his service the elemental forces of nature—he has made the fire his steed—the winds his ministers—the seas his pathway—the lightning his messenger. He has decended into the bowels of the earth, and walked in safety on the bottom of the sea. He has raised his head above the clouds, and made the impalpable air his resting-place. He has tried to analyze the stars, count the constellations, and weigh the sun. He has advanced with such astounding speed that, breathless, we have reached a moment when it seems as if distance had been annihilated, time made as naught, the invisible seen, the inaudible heard, the unspeakable spoken, the intangible felt, the impossible accomplished And already we knock at the door of a new century which promises to be infinitely brighter and more enlightened and happier than this. But in all this blaze of light which illuminates the present and casts its reflection into the distant recesses of the past, there is not a single ray which shoots into the future. Not one step have we taken toward the solution of the mystery of life. That remains as dark and unfathomable as it was ten thousand years ago.

We know that we are more fortunate than our fathers. We believe that our children shall be happier than we. We know that this century is more enlightened than the last. We believe that the time to come will be better and more glorious than this. We think, we believe, we hope, but we do not know. Across that threshold we may not pass; behind that veil we may not penetrate. Into that country it may not be for us to go. It may be vouchsafed to us to behold it, wonderingly, from afar, but never to enter in. It matters not. The age in which we live is but a link in the endless and eternal chain. Our lives are like the sands upon the shore; our voices like the breath of this summer breeze that stirs the leaf for a moment and is forgotten. Whence we have come and whither we shall go, not one of us can tell. And the last survivor of this mighty multitude shall stay but a little while.

But in the impenetrable To Be, the endless generations are advancing to take our places as we fall. For them as for us shall the earth roll on and the seasons come and

go, the snowflakes fall, the flowers bloom, and the harvests be gathered in. For them as for us shall the sun, like the life of man, rise out of darkness in the morning and sink into darkness in the night. For them as for us shall the years march by in the sublime procession of the ages. And here, in this place of sacrifice, in this vale of humiliation, in this valley of the shadow of that Death out of which the life of America arose, regenerate and free, let us believe with an abiding faith that, to them, union will seem as dear, and liberty as sweet, and progress as glorious, as they were to our fathers and are to you and me, and that the institutions which have made us happy, preserved by the virtue of our children, shall bless the remotest generations of the time to come. And unto Him who holds in the hollow of His hand the fate of nations, and yet marks the sparrow's fall, let us lift up our hearts this day, and into His eternal care commend ourselves, our children, and our country.

H. A. BROWN.

THE MAN WHO DOES THE CHEERIN'.

THIS war with Spain reminds me o' the
spring o' '61,
About the time or jist afore the Civil
War begun;
A certain class o' heroes ain't remembered
in this age,
Yit their names in golden letters should be
writ on histry's page.
Their voices urged on others to save this ol'
country's fall;
I admit they never listened when they heerd
Abe Lincoln's call;
They never heerd a eagle scream er heerd a
rifle crack,
But you bet they done the cheerin'
When the troops come back.

O' course it's glorious to fight when freedom is at stake,
I 'low a feller likes to know that he hez helped to make
Another star in freedom's sky—the star o' Cuby—free!
But still another feelin' creeps along o' that when he
Gits to thinkin' o' the home he left en seein' it at night.
Dancin' slowlike up aroun' him in a misty maze o' light.
En a-ketchin' fleetin' glimpses of a crowd along the track,
En the man who does the cheerin'
When the troops come back.

O' course a soldier hez got feelin's en his heart begins to beat
Faster, ez ol' reckollection leads him down some shady street
Where he knows a gal's a-waitin' underneath a creepin' vine,
Where the sun is kinder cautious 'bout combatin' with the shine
In her eyes—en jist anuther thing that nuther you er I
Could look at with easy feelin's is a piece o' pumpkin pie
That hez made our mothers famous—but down there along the track
Is the man who does the cheerin'
When the troops come back.

It's jist the same in war times ez in common ev'ry day,
When a feller keeps a-strugglin' en a-peggin' on his way,
He likes to hev somebody come and grab him by the hand,
En say: "Ol' boy, you'll git there yit; you've got the grit en sand."
It does him good, en I 'low that it does a soldier, too;
So even if the feller at the track don't wear the blue,
He's helped save bleedin' Cuby from the tyrants en their rack
By leadin' in the cheerin'
When the troops come back.

EDWARD SINGER.

TO THE FLYING SQUADRON.

FIERCE flock of sea gulls, with huge wings of white,
Tossed on the treacherous blue,
Poising your pinions in majestic flight—
Our hearts take voyage with you.

God save us from war's terrors! May they cease!
And yet one fate, how worse!

A bloodless, perjured, prostituting peace,
Glutting a coward's purse!

Oh, if yon beaks and talons clutch and cling
Far in the middle seas
With those of hostile war birds, wing to wing—
Our hearts shall fight with these.

God speed you! Never fared crusading knight
On holier quest than ye—
Sworn to the rescue of the trampled right,
Sworn to make Cuba free!

Yea, swiftly to avenge our martyred "Maine,"
I watch you curve and wheel
In horrible grace of battle—scourge of Spain,
Birds with the beaks of steel!

SONG FOR OUR FLEETS.

A song for our fleets—our iron fleets,
Of grim and savage beauty,
That plow their way through fields of spray
To follow a nation's duty!
The winds may blow and the waves may flow
And stars may hide their faces,
But we little reck, our stars o'er deck
Still glitter within their places,

Let never a one who gazes on
This pageant, calm and splendid,
Doubt that our coasts from hostile hosts
Will gallantly be defended!
A desperate foe may wish us woe,
But what is their petty knavery
Against the right, when backed by might
And Anglo-Saxon bravery?

A song for our fleets—our gallant fleets,
'Neath flags of glory flying,
That carry the aid, so long delayed,
To those that are crushed and dying!
And flames may glow, and blood may flow,
But, still with a stern endeavor,
We'll rule the main, and lash foul Spain
From our western world forever!

WILL CARLETON.

PICTURE OF WAR.

Spirit of light and life! when battle rears
Her fiery brow and her terrific spears!
When red-mouthed cannon to the clouds uproar,
And gasping thousands make their beds in gore,
While on the billowy bosom of the air
Roll the dead notes of anguish and despair!
Unseen, thou walk'st on the smoking plain,
And hear'st each groan that gurgles from the slain!

List! war peals thunder on the battlefield,
And many a hand grasps firm the glittering shield,
As on, with helm and plume, the warriors come,
And the glad hills repeat their stormy drum!
And now are seen the youthful and the gray,
With bosoms firing to partake the fray;
The first with hearts that consecrate the deed,
All eager rush to vanquish or to bleed!
Like young waves racing in the morning sun,
That rear and leap with reckless fury on!

But mark yon war-worn man, who looks on high,
With thought and valor mirrored in his eye!
Not all the gory revels of the day
Can fright the vision of his home away;
The home of love, and its associate smiles,
His wife's endearment, and his baby's wiles:
Fights he less brave through recollected bliss,
With step retreating, or with sword remiss?
Ah no! remembered home's the warrior's charm,
Speed to his sword, and vigor to his arm;

For this he supplicates the God afar,
Fronts the steeled foe, and mingles in the war!
The cannon's hushed!—nor drum, nor clarion sound:
Helmet and hauberk gleam upon the ground:

Horsemen and horse lie weltering in their gore;
Patriots are dead, and heroes dare no more;
While solemnly the moonlight shrouds the plain,
And lights the lurid features of the slain!

And see! on this rent mound, where daisies sprung,
A battle steed beneath his rider flung;
Oh! never more he'll rear with fierce delight,
Roll his red eyes, and rally for the fight!
Pale on his bleeding breast the warrior lies,
While from his ruffled lids the white-swelled eyes
Ghastly and grimly stare upon the skies!

Afar, with bosom bared unto the breeze,
White lips, and glaring eyes, and shivering knees,
A widow o'er her martyred soldier moans,
Loading the night-winds with delirious groans!
Her blue-eyed babe, unconscious orphan he!
So sweetly prattling in his cherub glee,
Leers on his lifeless sire with infant wile,
And plays and plucks him for a parent's smile!

But who, upon the battle-wasted plain,
Shall count the faint, the gasping and the slain?
Angel of Mercy! ere the blood-fount chill,
And the brave heart be spiritless and still,
Amid the havoc thou art hovering nigh,
To calm each groan, and close each dying eye,
And waft the spirit to that halcyon shore,
Where war's loud thunders lash the winds no more!

ROBERT MONTGOMERY.

BERNARDO DEL CARPIO.

A splendid selection for the portrayal of varying emotions of supplication, delight, filial veneration, horror, humiliation, grief, hatred, defiance and resignation.

THE warrior bowed his crested head, and tamed his heart of fire,
And sued the hearty king to free his long-imprisoned sire:
"I bring thee here my fortress-keys, I bring my captive train,
I pledge thee faith, my liege, my lord!—oh, break my father's chain!"

"Rise, rise! even now thy father comes a ransomed man, this day:
Mount thy good horse, and thou and I will meet him on his way."
Then lightly rose that loyal son, and bounded on his steed,
And urged, as if with lance in rest, the charger's foamy speed.

And lo! from far, as on they pressed, there came a glittering band,
With one that 'midst them stately rode, as a leader in the land;
"Now haste, Bernardo, haste! for there, in very truth, is he,
The father whom thy faithful heart hath yearned so long to see."

His dark eye flash'd, his proud breast heav'd, his cheek's blood came and went;
He reached that gray-haired chieftain's side, and there, dismounting, bent;
A lowly knee to earth he bent, his father's hand he took,—
What was there in its touch that all his fiery spirit shook?

That hand was cold—a frozen thing—it dropped from his like lead;
He looked up to the face above—the face was of the dead!
A plume waved o'er the noble brow—the brow was fixed and white;
He met at last his father's eyes—but in them was no sight!
Up from the ground he sprang, and gazed, but who could paint that gaze?
They hushed their very hearts, that saw its horror and amaze;
They might have chained him, as before that stony form he stood,
For the power was stricken from his arm, and from his lip the blood.

"Father!" at length he murmured low, and wept like childhood then—
Talk not of grief till thou hast seen the tears of warlike men!—

He thought on all his glorious hopes, and
all his young renown,—
He flung his falchion from his side, and in
the dust sat down.

Then covering with his steel-gloved hands
his darkly mournful brow,
"No more, there is no more," he said, "to
lift the sword for now.—
My king is false, my hope betrayed, my
father—oh! the worth,
The glory and the loveliness are passed
away from earth!
"I thought to stand where banners waved,
my sire! beside thee yet—
I would that *there* our kindred blood on
Spain's free soil had met!
Thou wouldst have known my spirit then
—for thee my fields were won,—
And thou hast perished in thy chains, as
though thou hadst no son!"

Then, starting from the ground once more,
he seized the monarch's rein,
Amidst the pale and wildered looks of all
the courtier train;
And with a fierce, o'ermastering grasp, the
rearing war horse led,
And sternly set them face to face—the king
before the dead!—

"Came I not forth upon thy pledge, my
father's hand to kiss?—
Be still, and gaze thou on, false king! and
tell me what is this!
The voice, the glance, the heart I sought—
give answer, where are they?—
—If thou wouldst clear thy perjured soul,
send life through this cold clay!

"Into these glassy eyes put light—Be still!
keep down thine ire,—
Bid these white lips a blessing speak—this
earth is *not* my sire!
Give me back him for whom I strove, for
whom my blood was shed,—
Thou canst not—and a king! His dust be
mountains on thy head!"

He loosed the steed; his slack hand fell—
upon the silent face
He cast one long, deep, troubled look—then
turned from that sad place;
His hope was crushed, his after fate untold
in martial strain,—
His banner led the spears no more, amidst
the hills of Spain.

FELICIA D. HEMANS.

THE ROMAN SENTINEL.

"In the excavations made by the government authorities to restore the ancient city of Pompeii, the workmen discovered the bones of a Roman soldier in the sentry box at one of the city's gates. As rocks of shelter were near at hand, and escape from the volcano's fiery deluge thus rendered possible, the supposition is that this brave sentinel chose to meet death, rather than desert his post of duty."

THE morning sun rose from his crimson
couch
In the Orient-land, and bathed the
world
In golden showers of refreshing light:
With orange and with jasmine the gardens
Of Pompeii were beautiful and fragrant;
The gray rocks, robed and crowned with
vines and flowers,
Were lulled to sleep upon the bosom of
the Bay.
The merchant ships and pleasure boats
lay still
And lifeless—or, drifting aimlessly between
The blue of the skies and the blue of the
the sea.

Sailing away on silvery pinions,
A pair of cloud-lovers, with cheeks of pearl,
Blushed to discover, in the sea below,
Their mirrored images. The distant isles
Answered back smiles of happy contentment
To voices calling from the mainland shores.
The hazy air, mild and calm, wrapped
this proud
Old Italian city in a mantle
Of deamful repose. On her streets the tramp
Of feet, now and then, broke the lazy quiet—
Some bought, some sold, some danced, some
played, some slept;
And each one went about his daily work,
Nor dreamed of danger near.

At a gate commanding entrance to Pompeii
Was placed a trusty sentinel. His tall,
Erect and warlike stature told a tale
Of dauntless courage. Proud of the
faith and
Confidence placed in his loyal heart,
The sentinel's eyes shone like brilliant stars:

His trumpet, sword and buckler hung about
His frame with airy lightness, while his face,
His bearing and his every action
Proclaimed in terms and force significant—
"*Here stands a Roman soldier!*"

While pacing to and fro his measured beat,
And dreaming dreams of long expected honors,
There comes, beneath him, a strange quick movement!
He stops—waits—listens. Ah, it comes again!
Then he knows the awful truth—an earthquake,
That dreadful harbinger of volcanic
Action! A third time, and the ground doth heave
Like ocean billows! Up, through evr'y vein
The soldier's blood darts with freezing torture!
He looks towards the Bay,—it boils and struggles
In its mad contention, lashing itself
As it lashes the shore! He lifts his trumpet
And sounds a loud alarm! Back from the throat
Of great Vesuvius returns the answer,—
A rumble, rumble, rumble, like distant
Artillery! Volumes of smoke, dense and
Gigantic, roll from the maddened crater!
Daylight ceases! no sun! no moon! no stars!
Now dreadful, appaling, and magnificent
Blazes the weird, Plutonian candle!
The ground heaves! It rocks again! The waters
Leap beyond their shores! See—the giant mountain
Trembles! Then one long, unnatural, roaring
Peal of wild volcanic thunder, and the
Fiery lakes of hell are hurled, seething,
Into the clouds above! Sound the danger
Signals! Rouse the thoughtless people! Fly! fly!
Fly for your lives! Too late! too late! forever
Too late! A molton sea of liquid fire
Pours down upon the fated city!
Ghastly imps, the spectres of ruin, gloat
Above the hissing surges! Now a rain
Of red-hot ashes, stones, and cinders falls
Thick and fast for miles around! In the sreets,
In their shops, in their homes that startled mass
Of poor humanity is suddenly
Clasped in the arms of unexpected death!
Old age, manhood, bouyant youth, and helpless
Infancy all, all at once are buried
'Neath the burning fury of that awful
Avalanche!

When the pent up ire
Of grim Vesuvius had burst its massive
Prison bars, the soldier thought: "What shall
I do? To yon projecting rock I quick
Can fly and safety find! But can I thus betray
My sacred trust and win the name of coward?
Is life a gem worth such a price to me?
Could ev'r again these Roman lips repeat
The name my father bore? No! no! no! here!
Here will I stand; so let the fiends of hell
Exhaust their utmost fury! Trumpet, sound
My challenge bold! Ye heavens, wear your blackest face!
Volcano, hurl your wildest fires! For though
I choke—I burn—I sink—I die—yet ne'er
Will I forsake my post of duty!"

Seventeen
Hundred years rolled by ere again the light
Of day shone on the buried city;
Then excavation broke the seals which held
The solemn secret. Two hundred thousand
Skulls and more were found entombed beneath
The ashes. Every stone and piece of metal
Lifted from the ancient ruins, told o'er
And o'er the horrors of that dark eruption.
At his post the sentinel's bones had kept
Their long and ghastly vigil. As in life
So e'en in death, the sacred trust was not
Deserted.

WARD M. FLORENCE.

PROPHETIC TOAST TO COMMODORE DEWEY.

In November, 1897, at the suggestion of the Assistant Secretary of the Navy, Theodore Roosevelt, George Dewey was made a Commodore and ordered to take charge of the Asiatic squadron, which afterwards destroyed the Spanish fleet at Manila. Dewey was a popular member of the Metropolitan Club, Washington, and just before his departure a reception was given at which the following toast was offered and received with enthusiasm. In the light of later events, it has been regarded as a happy prophecy, the fulfillment of which entitles the lines to preservation.

FILL all your glasses full to-night;
The wind is off the shore;
And be it feast or be it fight,
We pledge the Commodore.

Through days of storm, through days of calm,
On broad Pacific Seas,
At anchor off the Isles of Palm,
Or with the Japanese;

Ashore, afloat, on deck, below,
Or where our bulldogs roar,
To back a friend or breast a foe
We pledge the Commodore.

We know our honor'll be unstained,
Where'er his pennant flies;
Our rights respected and maintained,
Whatever power defies.

And when he takes the homeward tack,
Beneath an admiral's flag,
We'll hail the day that brings him back,
And have another jag.

THE BATTLE OF MANILA BAY.

AT break of dawn Manila Bay
A sheet of limpid water lay,
Extending twenty miles away.

Twenty miles from shore to shore,
As creeping on a squadron bore
As squadron never moved before.

Majestic in his hidden might,
It passed Corregidor at night,
Inspired to battle for the right.

And grandly on the flagship led,
Six ships—Olympia e'er ahead—
With battle flags at each masthead

The Baltimore and Raleigh true,
The Petrel, Boston, Concord, too,
Their flags of glory proudly flew.

As early daylight broke upon
The bay—before the rise of sun—
Was seen the flash of opening gun!

Then every second heard the roar
Of shell and shrapnel bursting o'er
Our brave, undaunted Commodore!

"Hold our fire!" he calmly said,
As from the bridge he bravely led
To death or glory on ahead!

And from his lips or from his hand
But one direction, one command,
"Follow the flagship by the land,"

Full twenty minutes slowly crept
Ere lightning from our turrets leapt,
And pent-up hell no longer slept!

The Spanish fleet, a dozen strong,
Was now in range, and haughty wrong
Was swept by awful fire along.

Explosions wild destruction brought
'Mid flames that mighty havoc wrought,
As either side in fury fought.

So back and forth in angry might,
The Stars and Stripes waved on the fight,
'Mid bursting shells in deadly flight!

The Spanish decks with dead were strewn,
Their guns on shore were silenced soon,
Their flags were down ere flush of noon.

Their ships, their batteries on the shore
Were gone to fight again no more—
Their loss, a thousand men or more!

Dawned on the fleet that Dewey led
A miracle, while Spaniards bled;
For on our side was not one dead!

The battle of Manila Bay
From mind shall never pass away—
Nor deeds of glory wrought that day.

For 'mid the battle's awful roar
The Spanish pride, to rise no more
Was humbled by our Commodore.

CORWIN P. ROSS.

HEROIC EXAMPLE HAS POWER.

We must not forget the specific and invaluable influence exerted on the spirit of a people by those examples of signal heroism and chivalrous devotion for which a magnanimous war gives occasion, and which it exalts, as peace cannot, before men's minds.

Almost five centuries ago, under the tumbling walls of Sempach, where Leopold stood with four thousand Austrians to crush the fourteen hundred Swiss who dared to confront him, one, springing upon the foe with wide-spread arms, gathered into his breast a sheaf of spears, and made a way above his body for that triumphant valor which pierced and broke the horrid ranks, and set a new and bloody seal to the rightful autonomy of the mountain republic. The hardy Switzers will not forget the daring deed and magic name of Arnold von Winkelried!

Before Herodotus wrote his history, before Nehemiah rebuilt Jerusalem, before Cincinnatus was dictator at Rome, under the shadow of Mount Ætna, a thousand men, Spartans and Thespians, fell, to a man, unwilling to retreat before the invader. It is not even irreverent to say, that, save *one* cross, beneath which Earth herself did shiver, no other hath lifted its head so high, or flung its arms so wide abroad to scatter inspiring influence, as did that cross on which the Persian nailed, in fury, the dead Leonidas! * * *

Such examples as these become powers in civilization. History hurries from the drier details, and is touched with enthusiasm as she draws near to them. Eloquence delights to rehearse and impress them! The *songs* of a nation repeat their story, and make their triumph sound again through the silver cymbals of speech. Legends prolong and art commemorates them. Language itself takes new images from them; and words, that are themselves "half battles," are suddenly born at their recital. The very household life is exalted; and the humblest feels his position higher, and expresses his sense of it in a more dauntless bearing, as he sees that heroism still lives in the world; that men of his own race and stuff, perhaps of his own neighborhood, even, have faced, so calmly, such vast perils.

RICHARD SALTER STORRS, JR. (1863.)

INTERNATIONAL SYMPATHIES ON THE INCREASE.

In many respects, the nations of Christendom, collectively, are becoming somewhat analogous to our own Federal republic. Antiquated distinctions are breaking away, and local animosities are subsiding. The common people of different countries are knowing each other better, esteeming each other more, and attaching themselves to each other, by various manifestations of reciprocal good will. It is true, every nation has still its separate boundaries and its individual interests; but the freedom of commercial intercourse is allowing those interests to adjust themselves to each other, and thus rendering the causes of collision of vastly less frequent occurrence. Local questions are becoming of less, and general questions of greater, importance. Thanks be to God, men have at last begun to understand the rights, and feel for the wrongs, of each other! Mountains interposed, do not so much make enemies of nations. Let the trumpet of alarm be sounded, and its notes are now heard by every nation, whether of Europe or America. Let a voice borne on the feeblest breeze tell that the rights of man are in danger, and it floats over valley and mountain, across continent and ocean, until it has vibrated on the ear of the remotest dweller in Christendom. Let the arm of Oppression be raised to crush the feeblest nation on earth, and there will be heard everywhere, if not the shout of defiance, at least the deep-toned murmur of implacable displeasure. It is the cry of aggrieved, insulted, much-abused man. It is human nature waking in her might from the slumber of ages, shaking herself from the dust of antiquated institutions, girding herself for the combat, and going forth conquering and to conquer; and woe unto the man, woe unto the dynasty, woe unto the party, and woe unto the policy, on whom shall fall the scath of her blighting indignation!

FRANCIS WAYLAND.

WASHINGTON'S BIRTHDAY.

To-day our George of hatchet fame
Reminds us of his birth;
He left a loved and honored name,
Revered o'er all the earth.

He nursed the germs of liberty
That bore us priceless fruit,—
Declared that nature made us free—
No king should persecute.

To-day we rank among the nations
In power, wealth and fame;
No longer seeking approbation
And bear an honored name.

Now science, art and invention
Are our genial friends;
Education has attention
Adapting means to ends.

In enterprise we lead all nations,
To Uncle Sam all bow;
Daily reaching higher stations:
We are not beggars now.

Gold, the polar star of power
Is near its zenith now—
Accumulating ev'ry hour
From furnace, loom and plow.

Humanity must intercede
To check this growing power—
To limit selfishness and greed
That make the feeble cower.

Some politicians doubt the tale
About the cherrytree,
But recognize behind the veil
His love of liberty.

JOHN BACHELDER, In *The Progress*

THE HOME VOYAGE.

A tribute to the memory of General H. W. Lawton, on the coming home of his dead body.

Bear with us, O great captain, if our pride
Shows equal measure with our grief's excess
In greeting you in this your helplessness,
To countermand our vanity and hide
Your stern displeasure that we thus had tried
To praise you, knowing praise was your distress,
But this home-coming swells our hearts no less,—
Because for love of home you proudly died.
Lo, then:—The cable, fathoms 'neath the keel—
That shapes your course, is eloquent of you;
The old flag, too, at half mast overhead—
We doubt not that its gale-kissed ripples feel
A prouder sense of red and white and blue—
The stars—Ah, God: Were they interpreted.

In strange lands were your latest honors won—
In strange wilds, with strange dangers all beset;
With rain, like tears, the face of day was wet,
As rang the ambushed foeman's fatal gun—
And as you felt your final duty done,
We feel, that glory thrills your spirit yet,
When at the front, in swiftest death, you met,
The patriots doom and best reward in one.
And so the tumult of that island-war;
At last, for you, is stilled forevermore—
Its scenes of blood blend white as ocean-foam
On your rapt vision as you sight afar
The sails of peace: and from that alien shore,
The proud ship bears you on your voyage home.

Or rough or smooth the wave, or lowering day,
Or starlight sky—you hold, by native right,
Your high tranquility—the silent might
Of the true hero.—So you led the way
To victory through the stormiest battle-fray,
Because your followers, high above the fight
Heard your soul's slight whisper bid them smile
For God and man and space to kneel and pray.
And thus you cross the seas into your own
Beloved land, convoyed with honors meet
Saluted as your home's first heritage—
Nor salutation from your state alone,
But all the states, gathered in mighty fleet
Dip colors as you move to anchorage.

JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY in *The Progress*.

THE DEATH OF QUEEN VICTORIA.

GENTLEMEN, it is not my intention to take up your time with a long speech. Many words cannot assuage grief. The Sovereign who has fallen under the inevitable sickle is one whose memory is treasured in all lands, even where the Christian religion is not taught and the English language is not heard. She has expired almost with the century she did so much to adorn. She has given to history the name of the most brilliant of its eras. She is one of the three Queens who have given their names to as many great eras of English history, and by the universal accord of humanity and history it is acknowledged that our late lamented Sovereign stands the highest. She has left to her statesmen a memory of wise and silent counsels. She has left to her successor an aggrandized and compact realm. She has left all peoples the inheritance of her virtues.

Within her reign have been concentrated glories of every kind that can adorn the history of a kingdom or magnify the lustre of a throne. In arms, in literature, in science, in the progress of civilization, what era can hold its torch with this? The era is almost contemporaneous with the century, and her character attaches to it in a pre-eminent degree. After the death of a great Roman Emperor, the augurs descried a portent in the sky, and deduced that it was the ascending star of the great Julius. We believe in no portents or miraculous phenomena, but in our hearts there shall rise the purified and ever-shining star of a virtuous and glorified memory.

OLIVER A. HOWLAND, K. C.,
January 23, 1901. *Mayor of Toronto.*

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*THE LIFE AND REIGN OF QUEEN VICTORIA.

WE have met under the shadow of a death which has caused more universal mourning than has ever been recorded in the pages of history. In these words there is no exaggeration; they are literal truth. There is mourning in the United Kingdom, in the colonies, and in the many islands and continents which form the great empire over which extend the sovereignty of Queen Victoria. There is mourning deep, sincere, heartfelt in the mansions of the great, and of the rich, and in the cottages of the poor and lowly; for to all her subjects, whether high or low, whether rich or poor, the Queen, in her long reign, had become an object of almost sacred veneration.

There is sincere and unaffected regret in all of the nations of Europe; for all the nations of Europe had learned to appreciate, to admire, and to envy the qualities of Queen Victoria—those many public and domestic virtues which were the pride of her subjects.

There is genuine grief in the neighbouring nation of seventy-five million inhabitants, the kinsmen of her own people, by whom, at all times, and under all circumstances, her name was held in high reverence, and where, in the darkest days of the civil war, when the relations of the two countries were strained, almost to the point of snapping, the poet Whittier expressed the feeling of his countrymen:

> We bowed the heart, if not the knee,
> To England's Queen, God bless her.

There is wailing and lamentation amongst the savage and barbarian peoples of her vast empire, in the wigwams of our own Indian tribes, in the huts of the colored races of Africa and of India, to whom she was at all times the great mother, the living impersonation of majesty and benevolence. Aye, and there is mourning also, genuine and unaffected, in the farm houses of South Africa, which have been lately, and still are devastated by war, for it is a fact that above the clang of arms, above the many angers engendered by the war, the name of Queen Victoria was always held in high respect, even by those who are fighting her troops, as a symbol of justice; and perhaps her kind hand was much relied upon when the supreme hour of reconciliation should come.

Undoubtedly we may find in history instances where death has caused perhaps more passionate outbursts of grief, but it is impossible to find instances where death has caused so universal, so sincere, so heartfelt an expression of sorrow. In the presence

* For convenience this oration and a few others are divided into sections and may be used altogether for one selection, or they may be used by parts when shorter selections are desired. —[EDITOR.]

of these many evidences of grief which come not only from her own dominions, but from all parts of the globe; in the presence of so many tokens of admiration, where it is not possible to find a single discordant note; in the presence of the immeasurable void caused by the death of Queen Victoria, it is not too much to say that the grave has just closed upon one of the great characters of history.

VICTORIA'S REIGN A GREAT ERA.

What is greatness? We are accustomed to call great, those exceptional beings upon whom heaven has bestowed some of its choicest gifts, which astonish and dazzle the world by the splendour of faculties, phenomenally developed, even when these faculties are much marred by defects and weaknesses which make them nugatory of good. But this is not, in my estimation, at least, the highest conception of greatness. The equipoise of a well-balanced mind, the equilibrium of faculties well and evenly ordered, the luminous insight of a calm judgment, are gifts which are as rarely found in one human being, as the possession of the more dazzling though less solid qualities. And when these high qualities are found in a ruler of men, combined with purity of soul, kindness of heart, generosity of disposition, elevation of purpose, and devotion to duty, this is what seems to me to be the highest conception of greatness, greatness which will be abundantly productive of happiness and glory to the people under such a sovereign. If I mistake not, such was the character of Queen Victoria, and such were the results of her rule. It has been our privilege to live under her reign, the grandest in history, rivalling in length, and more than rivalling in glory the long reign of Louis XIV., and more than the reign of Louis XIV., likely to project its lustre into future ages.

If we cast our glance back over the sixty-four years into which was encompassed the reign of Queen Victoria, we stand astonished, however familiar we may be with the facts, at the development of civilization which has taken place during that period. We stand astonished at the advance of culture, of wealth, of legislation, of education, of literature, of the arts and sciences, of locomotion by land and by sea, and of almost every department of human activity. The age of Queen Victoria must be held to be on a par with the most famous within the memory of man. Many facts and occurrences which have contributed to make the reign of Queen Victoria what it was, to give it the splendour which has created such an impression upon her own country, and which has shed such a luminous trail all over the world, took place apart and away from her influence.

RT. HON. SIR WILFRID LAURIER,
Premier of Canada.

From speech in House of Commons, February 8, 1901.

COLONIAL UNION OF CANADA.

Sir John Alexander Macdonald, from the time he first became Premier of Old Canada in 1856, was the acknowledged leader of the Conservatives. He served the Dominion longer than any other man as Premier. At the time of his death, in 1891, he was generally regarded as the foremost statesman of the American Continent. The following extract is a specimen of his oratory:

THE question of "Colonial Union" is one of such magnitude that it dwarfs every other question on this portion of the continent. It absorbs every idea as far as I am concerned. For twenty long years I have been dragging myself through the dreary waste of colonial politics. I thought there was no end, nothing worthy of ambition; but now I see something which is well worthy of all I have suffered in the cause of my little country. This question has now assumed a position that demands and commands the attention of all the colonies of British America. There may be obstructions, local difficulties may arise, disputes may occur, local jealousies may intervene, but it matters not—the wheel is now revolving, and as we are only the fly on the wheel we cannot delay it—the union of the colonies of British America, under one sovereign, is a fixed fact. Sir, this meeting in Halifax will be ever remembered in the history of British America, for here the delegates from the several Provinces had the first opportunity of expressing their sentiments. We have been unable to announce them before; but now let me say that we have arrived unanimously at the opinion that the union of the Provinces is for the advantage of all, and that the only question that remains

to be settled is, whether that union can be arranged with a due regard to sectional and local interests.

I have no doubt that such an arrangement can be effected, that every difficulty will be found susceptible of solution, and that the great project will be successfully and happily realized. What were we before this question was brought before the public mind? Here we were in the neighbourhood of a large nation—of one that has developed its military power in a most marvellous degree—connected by one tie only, that of common allegiance. True it was we were states of one sovereign, we all paid allegiance to the great central authority; but as far as ourselves were concerned there was no political connection, and we were as wide apart as British America is from Australia. We had only the mere sentiment of a common allegiance, and we were liable, in case England and the United States were pleased to differ, to be cut off, one by one, not having any common means of defence. I believe we shall have at length an organization that will enable us to be a nation and protect ourselves as we should.

Look at the gallant defence that is being made by the Southern republic—at this moment they have not much more than four millions of men—not much exceeding our own numbers—yet what a brave fight they have made, notwithstanding the stern bravery of the New Englander, or the fierce *elan* of the Irishman. We are now, I say, nearly four millions of inhabitants, and in the next decennial period of taking the census, perhaps we shall have eight millions of people, able to defend their country against all comers. But we must have one common organization—one political government. It has been said that the United States government is a failure. I don't go so far. On the contrary, I consider it a marvellous exhibition of human wisdom. It was as perfect as human wisdom could make it, and under it the American States greatly prospered until very recently; but being the work of men it had its defects, and it is for us to take advantage by experience, and endeavour to see if we cannot arrive by careful study at such a plan as will avoid the mistakes of our neighbours.

In the first place, we know that every individual state was an individual sovereignty—that each had its own army and navy and political organization—and when they formed themselves into a confederation they only gave the central authority certain specific powers, reserving to the individual states all the other rights appertaining to sovereign powers. The dangers that have arisen from this system we will avoid if we can agree upon forming a strong central government—a great central legislature—a constitution for a union which will have all the rights of sovereignty except those that are given to the local governments. Then we shall have taken a great step in advance of the American republic. If we can only attain that object—a vigorous general government—we shall not be New Brunswickers, nor Nova Scotians, nor Canadians, but British Americans, under the sway of the British sovereign.

In discussing the question of colonial union, we must consider what is desirable and practicable; we must consult local prejudices and aspirations. It is our desire to do so. I hope that we will be enabled to work out a constitution that will have a strong central government, able to offer a powerful resistance to any foe whatever, and at the same time will preserve for each Province its own identity and will protect every local ambition; and if we cannot do this, we shall not be able to carry out the object we have now in view. In the Conference we have had, we have been united as one man; there was no difference of feeling; no sectional prejudices or selfishness exhibited by any one; we all approached the subject feeling its importance—feeling that in our hands were the destinies of a nation; and that great would be our sin and shame if any different motives had intervened to prevent us carrying out the noble object of founding a great British monarchy, in connection with the British Empire, and under the British Queen.

The Rt. Hon. Sir JOHN A. MACDONALD, G.C.B.,

Premier of Canada, 1867–73, 1878–91.

Address at Halifax, 1864.

EMPIRE FIRST.

SHALL we break the plight of youth,
And pledge us to an alien love?
No! We hold our faith and truth,
Trusting to the God above.
Stand, Canadians, firmly stand,
'Round the flag of Fatherland.

Britain bore us in her flank,
Britain nursed us at our birth,
Britain reared us to our rank
'Mid the nations of the earth.
Stand, Canadians, etc.

In the hour of pain and dread,
In the gathering of the storm,
Britain raised above our head
Her broad shield and sheltering arm.
Stand, Canadians, etc.

O triune kingdom of the brave,
O sea-girt island of the free,
O empire of the land and wave,
Our hearts, our hands, are all for thee!
Stand, Canadians, etc.

JOHN TALON-LESPERANCE—"LACLEDE."

AN ODE FOR THE CANADIAN CONFEDERACY.

AWAKE, my country! the hour is great with change
Under this gloom which yet obscures the land,
From ice-blue strait and stern Laurentian range
To where giant peaks our western bounds command,
A deep voice stirs, vibrating in men's ears
As if their own hearts throbbed that thunder forth,
A sound wherein who hearkens wisely hears
The voice of the desire of this strong North,—
This North whose heart of fire
Yet knows not its desire
Clearly, but dreams, and murmurs in the dream,
The hour of dreams is done. Lo, on the hills the gleam!

Awake, my country! the hour of dreams is done
Doubt not, nor dread the greatness of thy fate,
Tho' faint souls fear the keen, confronting sun,
And fain would bid the morn of splendour wait;
Tho' dreamers, rapt in starry visions, cry,
"Lo, yon thy future, yon thy faith, thy fame!"
And stretch vain hands to stars, thy fame is nigh,
Here in Canadian hearth, and home, and name;—
This name which yet shall grow
Till all the nations know
Us for a patriot people, heart and hand
Loyal to our native earth,—our own Canadian land.

O strong hearts guarding the birthright of our glory,
Worth your best blood this heritage that ye guard
Those mighty streams resplendent with our story,
These iron coasts by rage of seas unjarred,—
What fields of peace these bulwarks well secure!
What vales of plenty those calm floods supply!
Shall not our love this rough, sweet land make sure,
Her bounds preserve inviolate, though we die?
O strong hearts of the North,
Let flame your loyalty forth,
And put the craven and base to an open shame,
Till earth shall know the Child of Nations by her name.

CHARLES G. D. ROBERTS.

THE CONFEDERATION OF CANADA.

THE confederation of Canada was effected in 1867, under the leadership of Sir John Macdonald, assisted especially by his bosom friend and fellow statesman, Sir John Thompson. The intimate friendship and co-operation of these two statesmen caused them to be familiary known as "The two John's."

THEY'LL NEVER GET HOME.

Reciter may Dress in Uncle Sam Costume.

When it was learned that Admiral Cervera had left the Cape Verde Islands with the flower of the Spanish Navy in May, 1898, the United States became much alarmed lest he should attack some of the cities along our Atlantic seaboard, or take possession of important Cuban ports. It was therefore decided that Admirals Sampson and Schley should attempt to intercept him somewhere on the high seas and destroy his fleet. For many days the hunt went on, much like a fox chase, in the Caribbean sea. At last Schley reported that he had found the Spanish fleet in Santiago harbor. Sampson joined him before the mouth of the harbor, and after more than a month's siege, Cervera's fleet was entirely destroyed by the Americans. The following lines are supposed to illustrate Uncle Sam's jubilation when Admiral Schley announced that he had Cervera bottled up.

By gosh! but we've got 'em—in old Santiago
Cervery is bottled—the news is from Schley.
I know'd mighty well we would get that there dago
And cork him in tight, in the sweet by-and-by.
Things looked purty billous some days, I'll admit it,
And clouds sorter hung round the Capitol dome
Till Schley's message came, an' 'twas this way he writ it:—
"I've got 'em," he says, "an' they'll never git home."

By ginger! it sounded like music fer sweetness!
I jest got right up an' give three rousin' cheers
It had such neatness an' sorter completeness
It seem' to fit into my hungerin' ears.
I could jest shet my eyes an' see Schley's boats a-layin'
Kinder peaceful out there where the blue billows foam;
I could listen a minute and hear him a sayin'
"I've got 'em, b' gosh! an' they'll never git home."

Course the next thing, I s'pose, 'll be some sort 'o fighting,
(That cussed Cervery won't give up a ship),
An' he'll try to get out of the place he's so tight in.
But the Commydore'll see he don't give us the slip.
That Pole-dee-Barnaby gang made us weary,
An' we got some disgusted with Seenyor De Lome,
But I'm sorter attached to that feller Cervery,
An' we've got him 'b gosh! an' he'll never git home.

THE WAR SHIP "DIXIE."

They've named a cruiser "Dixie"—that's what the papers say—
An' I hears they're goin' to man her with boys that wore the gray;
Good news! It sorter thrills me and makes me want ter be
Whar' the ban' is playin' "Dixie," and the "Dixie" puts ter sea!

They've named a cruiser "Dixie." An' fellers, I'll be boun'
You're goin' ter see some fightin' when the "Dixie" swings aroun'!
Ef any o' them Spanish ships shall strike her, East or West,
Just let the ban' play "Dixie," an' the boys 'll do the rest!

I want ter see that "Dixie"—I want ter take my stan'
On the deck of her and holler, "Three cheers fer Dixie lan'!"
She means we're all united—the war hurts healed away.
An' "Way Down South in Dixie" is national to-day!

I bet you she's a good un! I'll stake my last red cent
Thar ain't no better timber in the whole blame settlement!

An' all their shiny battleships beside that ship are tame,
Fer when it comes to "Dixie" thar's something in a name!

Here's three cheers and a tiger—as hearty as kin be;
An' let the ban' play "Dixie" when the "Dixie" puts ter sea!
She'll make her way an' win the day from shinin' East ter West—
Jest let the ban' play "Dixie," and the boys 'll do the rest!

FRANK L. STANTON.

EXPOSITIONS THE TIME KEEPERS OF PROGRESS.

(From President McKinley's speech at Buffalo.)

EXPOSITIONS are the time keepers of progress. They record the world's advancement. They stimulate the energy, enterprise and intellect of the people, and quicken human genius. They go into the home. They broaden and brighten the daily life of the people. They open mighty storehouses of information to the student. Every exposition, great or small, has helped to some onward step. Comparison of ideas is always educational, and as such instructs the brain and hand of man. Friendly rivalry follows, which is the spur to industrial improvement, the inspiration to useful invention and to high endeavor in all departments of human activity. It exacts a study of the wants, comforts, and even the whims of the people, and recognizes the efficacy of high quality and new prices to win their favor.

The quest for trade is an incentive to men of business to devise, invent, improve and economize in the cost of production. Business life, whether among ourselves, or with other people, is ever a sharp struggle for success. It will be none the less so in the future. But, though commercial competitors we are, commercial enemies we must not be.

The Pan-American Exposition has done its work thoroughly, presenting in its exhibits evidences of the highest skill, and illustrating the progress of the human family in the Western Hemisphere. This portion of the earth has no cause for humiliation for the part it has performed in the march of civilization. It has not accomplished everything; far from it. It has simply done its best, and without vanity or boastfulness, and recognizing the manifold achievements of others, it invites the friendly rivalry of all the powers in the peaceful pursuits of trade and commerce, and will co-operate with all in advancing the highest and best interests of humanity. The wisdom and energy of all the nations are none too great for the world's work. The success of art, science, industry and invention is an international asset and a common glory. * *

Who can tell the new thoughts that have been awakened, the ambitions fired and the high achievements that will be wrought through this exposition?

Our earnest prayer is that God will graciously vouchsafe prosperity, happiness and peace to all our neighbors, and like blessings to all the peoples and powers of earth."

PROSPERITY AND CO-OPERATION

AT the beginning of the nineteenth century there was not a mile of steam railroad on the globe. Now there are enough miles to make its circuit many times. Then there was not a line of electric telegraph; now we have a vast mileage traversing all lands and all seas. God and man have linked the nations together. No nation can longer be indifferent to any other. And, as we are brought more and more in touch with each other, the less occasion there is for misunderstanding and the stronger the disposition when we have differences to adjust them in the court of arbitration, the noblest form for the settlement of international disputes.

My fellow-citizens, trade statistics indicate that this country is in a state of unexampled prosperity. The figures are almost appalling. They show that we are utilizing our fields and forests and mines, and that we are furnishing profitable employment to the millions of workingmen throughout the United States, bringing comfort and happiness to their homes and making it possible to lay by savings for old age and disability.

That all the people are participating in this great prosperity is seen in every American community, and shown by the enormous and unprecedented deposits in our savings banks. Our duty is the care and security of these deposits, and their safe investment demands the highest integrity and the best business capacity of those in charge of these depositories of the people's earnings.

We have a vast and intricate business, built up through years of toil and struggle, in which every part of the country has its stake, which will not permit of either neglect or undue selfishness. No narrow, sordid policy will subserve it. The greatest skill and wisdom on the part of manufacturers and producers will be required to hold and increase it. Our industrial enterprises,

which have grown to such great proportions, affect the homes and occupations of the people and the welfare of the country.

Our capacity to produce has developed so enormously, and our products have so multiplied, that the problem of more markets requires our urgent and immediate attention. Only a broad and enlightened policy will keep what we have. No other policy will get more. In these times of marvelous business energy and gain we ought to be looking to the future, strengthening the weak places in our industrial and commercial systems, that we may be ready for any storm or strain.

WILLIAM MCKINLEY, 1901.

RECIPROCITY FAVORED.

(From President McKinley's last speech, 1901.)

BY sensible trade arrangements which will not interrupt our home production we shall extend the outlet for our increasing surplus. A system which provides a mutual exchange of commodities is manifestly essential to the continued and healthful growth of our export trade. We must not repose in fancied security that we can forever sell everything and buy little or nothing. If such a thing were possible it would not be best for us, or for those with whom we deal. We should take from our customers such of their products as we can use without harm to our industries and labor.

Reciprocity is the natural outgrowth of our wonderful industrial development under the domestic policy now firmly established. What we produce beyond our domestic consumption must have a vent abroad. The excess must be relieved through a foreign outlet, and we should sell everywhere we can and buy wherever the buying will enlarge our sales and productions, and thereby make a greater demand for home labor.

The period of exclusiveness is past. The expansion of our trade and commerce is the pressing problem. Commercial wars are unprofitable. A policy of good will and friendly trade relations will prevent reprisals. Reciprocity treaties are in harmony with the spirit of the times; measures of retaliation are not.

THE PERSONAL CHARACTER OF WILLIAM McKINLEY.

Extract (with omissions and necessary changes) from Bishop Andrews funeral sermon.

CHARACTER abides. We bring nothing into this world, we can carry nothing out. We ourselves depart with all the accumulations of tendency, and habit, and quality which the years have given to us. We ask, therefore, even at the grave of the illustrious, not altogether what great achievement they had performed, and how they had commended themselves to the memory and affection or respect of the world, but chiefly of what sort they were; what the interior nature of the man was; what were his affinities.

And such great questions come to us with moment, even in the hour when we gather around the bier of those whom we profoundly respect and eulogize and whom we tenderly love.

We none of us can doubt, that by nature William McKinley was eminently gifted. The kindly, calm, and equitable temperament, the kindly and generous heart, the love of justice and right, and the tendency toward faith and loyalty to unseen powers and authorities—these things must have been with him from his childhood, from his infancy; but upon them supervened the training for which he was always tenderly thankful and of which even this great nation from sea to sea continually has taken note.

It was a humble home in which he was born. Narrow conditions were around him; but faith in God had lifted that lowly roof, according to the statement of some great writer, up to the very heavens and permitted its inmates to behold the things eternal, immortal and divine; and he came under that training.

It is a beautiful thing that to the end of his life he bent reverently before that mother whose example, and teaching, and prayer had so fashioned his mind and all his aims. The school came to him but briefly, and then came to him the Church with a ministration of power. He accepted the truth which it taught.

Such influences gave to us William McKinley. And what was he? A man of such

incorruptible, personal and political integrity, that no one ever attempted to approach him in the way of a bribe; and we remember, with great felicitation at this time, for such an example to ourselves, that when financial difficulties and perils encompassed him he determined to deliver all he possessed to his creditors, that there should be no challenge of his perfect honesty in the matter. A man of immaculate purity, shall we say? No stain was upon his escutcheon; no syllable of suspicion was whispered against his character. He walked in perfect and noble self-control.

Beyond that, this man had wrought in him a great and generous love for his fellowmen. He believed in men. He had himself been brought up among the common people. He knew their labors, struggles, necessities. He loved them, so that, though he was of all men most courteous, no one ever supposed but that courtesy was from the heart. It was spontaneous, unaffected, kindly, attractive, in a most eminent degree.

What he was in the narrower circle of those to whom he was personally attached, he was also in the greatness of his comprehensive love toward the race of which he was part. If any man had been lifted up to take into his purview and desire to help all classes and conditions of men, all nationalities beside his own, it was William McKinley.

ELEMENTS OF ROOSEVELT'S GREATNESS.

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT has proved his mental, quite as well as his physical, ability, not only by his pen, which clearly expounds his sound philosophy, and exhibits his power of originality and analysis, but by his acts as an executive, in the several important offices he has so ably filled. As police commissioner grappling with corruption in New York City, as Assistant Secretary of the Navy at a time when that office required a man of the most conspicuous ability, for war had been declared, and as a Governor of New York, where he distinguished himself by branding fraud, and putting his foot upon the neck of bribery, and by driving out the money changers from the temple of state legislation. In all these places of public trust he was efficient, and proved himself an uncompromising foe to every species of dishonesty. Nor are there any discredit marks upon the record of his career as official or citizen; he has been a statesman of integrity, and one of wisdom as well; he is a champion of political reform, an enemy to blind partisanship, a patriot at all times, and a fighter in the front ranks when his country is menaced by war.

And the virtue, as it is, of devotion to wife, the love so beautiful, so heart-touching, so elevating with benign influence, which was conspicuous in the home life of McKinley, has its counterpart in the domesticity of Roosevelt. In him we see the blended elements of soldier courage and the tender sentiment of perfect loyalty to the woman who enobles his career with reciprocated affection. The world is better by such men, even when that walk in humble ways, and when such occupy high places in public trust they become exemplars for the people, and diffuse an influence that is infinite for the national good. Bigotry, sectionalism, partisanship, in the sense of party passion, oppression, is impossible to a man of these lofty ideals and sincere purposes.

The magnificent kindliness of Roosevelt, his splendid, untiring devotion to his comrades in arms, made him the idol not only of his own troops, but of the army and of the people as well, and his popularity so worthily achieved, has lost none of its earnestness since, nor is it likely that the glory of his deeds will lose any of its lustre in all the years that shall know the great Republic of the United States.

MEMORIAL DAY.

CHILDREN, bring the buds of springtime,
Bring the fairest blooms of May,
We will reverently lay them
On the soldiers' graves to-day.

That our dear land should be happy,
And no man a slave should be,
That is what these brave men died for,—
Gave their lives for LIBERTY.

Now for them there is no sorrow;
Now for them all struggles cease;

Now for them all strife is ended;
They have won a glorious peace.

So with bright and cheerful faces,
We will go from grave to grave,
On this day, when all the nation
Loves to honor its dead brave.

While the starry flag they died for
Floats intwined with olive-branch,
From the proudest Eastern city
To the wildest Western ranch.

LISBETH B. COMINS.

DECORATION DAY.

COVER them over with beautiful flowers;
Deck them with garlands, these brothers of ours,
Lying so silent by night and by day,
Sleeping the years of their manhood away,—
Years they had marked for the joys of the brave,
Years they must waste in the sloth of the grave.
All the bright laurels they fought to make bloom
Fell to the earth when they went to the tomb.
Give them the meed they have won in the past;
Give them the honors their merits forecast;
Give them the chaplets they won in the strife,
Give them the laurels they lost with their life.
Cover them over,—yes, cover them over,—
Parent and husband and brother and lover;
Crown in your heart these dead heroes of ours,
And cover them over with beautiful flowers.

. . . . . .

Cover the thousands that sleep far away,—
Sleep where their friends cannot find them to-day;
They who in mountain and hillside and dell
Rest where they wearied, and lie where they fell.
Softly the grass-blade creeps round their repose,
Sweetly above them the wild floweret blows;
Zephyrs of freedom fly gently o'erhead,
Whispering names for the patriot dead.
So in our minds we will name them once more,
So in our hearts we will cover them o'er;
Roses and lilies and violets blue
Bloom in our souls for the brave and the true.
Cover them over—yes, cover them over—
Parent and husband and brother and lover;
Think of those far-away heroes of ours.
Cover them over with beautiful flowers.

WILL CARLETON.

TOGETHER.

Dedicated with warmest sympathy to the American people, by Alfred Austin, Poet Laureate of England, 1902.

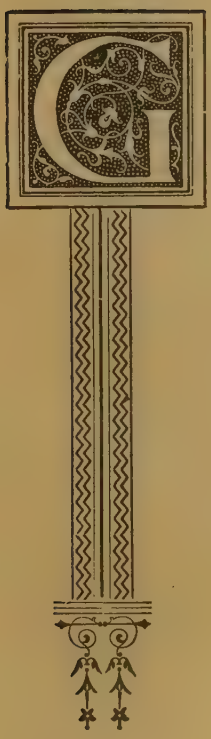
Who say we cherish far-off feud,
Still nurse the ancient grudges?
Show me the title of this brood
Of self-appointed judges:
Their name, their race, their nation, clan,
And we will teach them whether
We do not, as none others can,
Feel, think and work together!

Both speak the tongue that Milton spoke,
Shakespeare and Chatham wielded,
And Washington and all his folk
When their just claim was yielded.
In it both lisp, both learn, both pray,
Dirge death, and thus the tether
Grows tighter, tenderer, every day,
That binds the two together.

Our ways are one, and one our aim,
And one will be our story,
Who fight for Freedom, not for fame,
From Duty, not for glory;
Both stock of the old Home, where blow
Shamrock, and rose, and heather,
And every year link arms and go
Through its loved haunts together.

Should envious aliens plan and plot
'Gainst one, and now the other,
They swift would learn how strong the knot
Binds brother unto brother.
How quickly they would change their tack
And show the recreant feather,
Should Star-and-Stripe, and Union Jack,
But float mast-high together.

BOOK III



GAMES AMUSEMENTS AND SPORTS

FOR INDOORS AND OUT

INDOOR GAMES OF SKILL. Billiards and Pool, Puff and Dart, Jackstraws, The Cudgel Game, Archery, Etc.

GAMES AND TRICKS TO STIMULATE THE IMAGINATION. The German Dwarf, Head, Body and Legs, Fright, the Clairvoyant, Magical Music, Pulling Ribbon from the Mouth, the Magical Hat, Blind Man's Buff, Etc.

GAMES AND PASTIMES TO STRENGTHEN THE INTELLECT. Chess, Checkers, Backgammon, Drafts, Word Games, Consequences, Forfeits, Characteristics, Charades, Tableaux, Living Pictures, Card Games, Literary Societies.

OUTDOOR GAMES AND PLEASURES FOR ALL. Cricket, Baseball, Tennis, Football, Golf, Hockey, Polo, Lacrosse, Curling, Foot Racing, Walking, Jumping, Hammer Throwing, Jingling, Sling the Monkey, Tag, Tug-of-War, Etc.

GAMES, AMUSEMENTS AND SPORTS

FOR INDOORS AND OUT

HOW THEY ARE PLAYED—THE POPULARITY OF EACH—EMBRACING MANY GAMES, NEW AND OLD, OF SKILL, ENTERTAINMENT, FOR MENTAL CULTURE, ETC., ETC.

VALUE OF AMUSEMENTS

AMUSEMENTS serve important purposes in the economy of human life and produce important effects both upon happiness and character. Like the wells of the desert they are the resting and refreshing places in which toil may relax, the weary spirit recover its tone, the desponding mind reassume its strength and its hope. They are, in another view, of some importance to the very dignity of individual character. In everything we call amusements there is some display of taste and imagination; and by affording innocent pastime they have the tendency to preserve the character in a healthy condition. The old Puritan idea of austere seriousness was as harmful as the other extreme of unrestrained license. Both are destructive of happiness and injurious to character. Therefore, don't be afraid of a little fun at home. Young people must have fun and relaxation, and if they do not find it in their own homes it will be sought at other, and, perhaps, dangerous places. Therefore, let the fire burn brightly at night and make the home-nest delightful, with a hundred innocent pleasures and pastimes that thoughtful parents can devise, and this book will help them to provide. Don't repress the natural bouyant spirit of young people. Half an hour of merriment is also good for the old. Let it come as many winter evenings and summer days as possible. It blots out the remembrance of many a care and annoyance of the day that is ending, and its memory will be one of the most pleasant heirlooms the children will carry with them into the outer world from the old domestic nest, to enhance the meaning of those words "Home, Sweet Home" in after years.—SHEPPARD

FOOTBALL.

BASEBALL is considered the American national game and it is also *the professional* game backed by stock companies and played by hired professionals representing the leading American cities. But football has become the recognized College game of contest for physical prowess between the leading institutions of learning, and as such it is more popular, perhaps, than any other College game in history.

Football is one of the oldest of English games, and seems to have been very popular as early as the fourteenth century, though how it was played then we do not know, except that it was very different from the modern game. Town was then matched against town, village against village, and all the able-bodied inhabitants took part. The goals were often miles apart, and consisted of natural objects, such

as brooks, bridges, etc. The ball was kicked or carried at will, and little science or skill was expected of the players.

Modern football is a very different affair, one governed by intricate rules and regulations, and needing the utmost skill and alertness in the players. There are two systems in England, the comparatively simple Association game, played with a round ball, and with only sixteen rules in its code of laws; and the intricate Rugby Union game, played with an oblong ball, and with fifty rules of play.

The American game, brought to this country in 1876, is a development of the Rugby game, though it bears many points of resemblance to the Association game of England. In addition, it has developed various rules of its own, and is now a far more clearly defined and scientific game than it was originally. In its quarter century and more of existence it has developed into a sport of matchless character as regards the skill, agility, strength, and intelligence demanded, and the inter-collegiate game of to-day is unequaled as an athletic exercise.

The field on which football is played consists of a rectangular space 330 feet long and 160 feet wide, the boundaries being marked by heavy white lines traced in lime upon the ground. Usually the field is marked with cross lines at every five yards, to aid in determining the position of the ball at each *down*. The two end lines are termed the *goal lines*, the side lines are the *touch* or *bounds*, and the corner spaces beyond the touch and goal lines, are termed *touch in goal*. The actual *goals* are placed in the middle part of the goal lines, and are indicated by two upright posts over 20 feet high and 18½ feet apart, joined by a cross-bar 10 feet from the ground.

A ball that crosses the goal line is said to be *In Goal;* if it crosses a side line it is *Out of Bounds;* if it enters the angular spaces at the corners of the field it is in *Touch in Goal.*

The ball is of oblong shape, the regulation size being about 12 inches long by 9 inches wide. It is made of India-rubber or an ox-bladder, covered with pig-skin or other leather, inflated with air under pressure.

The game is played by two teams of eleven men each, and is divided into *halves*, each side having 35 minutes play, with an intermission of 10 minutes. The frequent roughness of the game demands a protective dress, which is provided by thickly-padded trousers, shin-guards, etc., the shoes having leather cross-pieces on the soles to prevent slipping.

Each man on the field has his alloted place. On taking the field the players "line up" as follows: In front, on each side, is a *rush line* of seven men, whose positions are termed *centre*, *right guard*, *right tackle*, and *right end*, and *left guard*, *left tackle*, and *left end*. Close behind the *centre* stands the *quarter-back*, farther in the rear, on either side, the two *half-backs*, and ten or twelve yards behind these the *full-back* or *goal tender*. The two sides face each other in the centre of the field, with a short distance between them. There are besides a referee, an umpire, and a linesman, to decide on disputed points in the game.

The purpose of the game is to force the ball through or over the opponents' goal, this being achieved by kicking, by running with the ball, by dribbling or working it along with the feet, or by any means other than throwing it forward—it may be thrown to the side or backward. The opposing side seeks to prevent the forward movement of the ball and reverse its motion, by catching it when in the air, by preventing kicks, by "tackling" the holder of the ball and stopping a run, and by almost any means short of a violent assault with fists or feet, tripping, throttling, etc.

The side that wins the first toss begins the game by a "kick off" from the exact centre of the field. Instantly the rush line plunges forward with the hope of aiding the ball in its progress, while the opposite side seeks to return it by a kick or a run round the end of the line. A "scrimmage" occurs when the holder of the ball, checked in his career, puts it on the ground and seeks to put it in play by snapping it backward or kicking it forward.

There are numerous technical terms in the game, of which the more important may be given. A *drop kick* is made by letting

the ball fall and kicking it on the rebound; a *punt* signifies a kick before the ball reaches the ground; a *kick-out* is made into the field by a player who has touched the ball down in his own goal, or from his touch-in-goal. A *touch-down* is made when the ball is carried, kicked, or passed across the goal line and held either in goal or touch-in-goal. A *safety touch-down* is made when a player touches down the ball in his own goal or touch-in-goal; a *touch-back* when the ball, having been sent across the goal line by an opponent, is touched down by a player behind his own goal.

Scoring in Football.

The scoring is as follows: A goal obtained by a touch-down counts 6 points; a goal from a field kick, 5 points; a touch-down beyond the goal line, but outside the goal, 5 points; a safety touch down, 2 points. A player is *tackled* when his opponents assail him while running with the ball; *interference* signifies the efforts of his fellow-players to prevent a tackle; a *down* occurs when he is fairly stopped in a run and shouts "down." Some player of his side then puts the ball down for a *scrimmage*. The ball in this case cannot be touched by the hand, and the players on each side gather into a struggling mass, each side trying to move it with their feet or to prevent their opponents from moving it. If it be snapped back from a *down* the quarter-back must be alert to seize it, and pass it to a half-back for a run.

There are various other terms in use, to signify the other positions of the ball and the players, and the game can be understood fully only by play. American football has the credit of being much rougher than that played in England, and causing more serious accidents to players. These are due to violence during a scrimmage and to the force of combined runs. When the back or half back is running with the ball, the players of his side gather round and run with him, in a wedge-shaped mass. The opponents seek to break through the wedge and reach the runner, and to the violence of these encounters many dangerous injuries are due. This violence of play has given rise to much adverse criticism, and a game is gradually being evolved which, while demanding as much skill and activity, can be played with more safety to the contestants.

Baseball.

This is the national ball-game of the United States, as cricket is that of England. While requiring the highest athletic vigor, skill, pluck, and presence of mind, it is simple in character, and can be played by boys as well as men, by amateurs as well as professionals. The principle of baseball is, in brief, as follows: It needs a level area of fine turf, about 600 feet long by 400 broad, at one end of which is a diamond-shaped field of 90 feet square. The four corners of this constitute the *bases*. Three of these are marked by canvas bags filled with sawdust, and secured in place, and the fourth, or home base, by an iron plate or stone fixed in the ground. The grass of the field needs to be kept cut close, and the bases and the paths between them to be laid with hard, dry soil, in such a manner as to shed water.

Nine players constitute a side, one side taking the bat and the other the field, the sides changing in this alternately. The *batsman* stands at the home base, having the *pitcher* opposite him in the field, 45 feet away, and the *catcher* close behind him. A *baseman* stands near each of the bags at the 1st, 2d and 3d bases, a *short stop* between the 2d and 3d bases, and a *right*, *centre*, and *left field* at a considerable distance in the rear of the bases. Thus on the side of the fielders the whole nine are at play, while on the opposite side only one, the batsman, is engaged.

The Pitcher.—The pitcher of a base-ball nine occupies the most important position of the nine, and the one most difficult and responsible to fill. His position is within the lines of a space six feet by four. The rules require him to deliver the ball while standing in his position, and when in the act of delivering, or in making any preliminary motion to deliver the ball, he must have both feet within the lines of his position, and he cannot take a step outside the lines until the ball has left his hands. Should he do so he incurs the penalty for balking. He is allowed to deliver the ball

to the bat in any way except by an overhand throw or by any round-arm movement, as in bowling in cricket; therefore, he can send in the ball by an underhand throw, provided in so doing he swings his arm perpendicularly to the side of his body, and forward below the waist. He should bear in mind the important fact that the true art of pitching is to deceive the eyes of the batsman—that is, to send the ball in such a manner as to lead the striker to believe that it is coming just where he wants it; while in fact it may be too high or too low, too swift or too slow. If he strikes at and misses it, or fails to strike at a fair ball four times in succession, he must run for first base or will be declared out. Four unfair balls (sent below the knee or above the shoulder of the striker, or otherwise not fair) entitle the batsman to take his place on first base.

If he strikes the ball and sends it within the lines of the diamond (otherwise it is foul) he drops the bat and runs for first base, another player succeeding him at the bat. If a previous batsman occupy this base, he must also run, and so on with all occupied bases—no two players being allowed together on the same base.

THE FIELDERS.—It is the work of the fielders to prevent the striker from making a base. If a ball, driven by the bat, is caught in the air—or "on the fly"—the striker is declared *out;* and this whether the ball be foul or fair. It not caught, it must be seized and returned by a throw as quickly as possible to the shortstop or the basemen. If the runner is touched by a ball in the hands of a fieldman before he can make a base he is put out. While the pitcher is preparing to deliver a ball or the catcher to return it, the alert players at the bases may seek to steal runs. Instead of making their usual throws, the pitcher or catcher may turn and quickly send the ball to a baseman, and thus put out the runner before he can reach his goal.

When three players are put out, the inning ends; the party in the field now taking the bat and the other party occupying the field. Nine innings on each side constitute a game, which is won by the side that makes the most runs—a run being the four sides of the square, back to the home base.

To the inexperienced looker-on at a match at baseball, it may seem a comparatively easy task to run from one base to another; but base running is something that requires considerable "head-work" to excel in it. To know when to start and when to stop, to avoid hesitancy between bases, are as important essentials as fast running, pluck, and nerve. There are so many things to look out for, and so little time to judge of one's movements, that it comes to be quite an art to excel in base running. In base running the rule is—the man who hesitates is lost.

Though football has ousted baseball from its position as a college game, its popularity continues great, and there is no danger of its losing its position as the American national game. It has the advantage of being much less dangerous than its rival, while it demands quite as much skill, agility, and mental alertness.

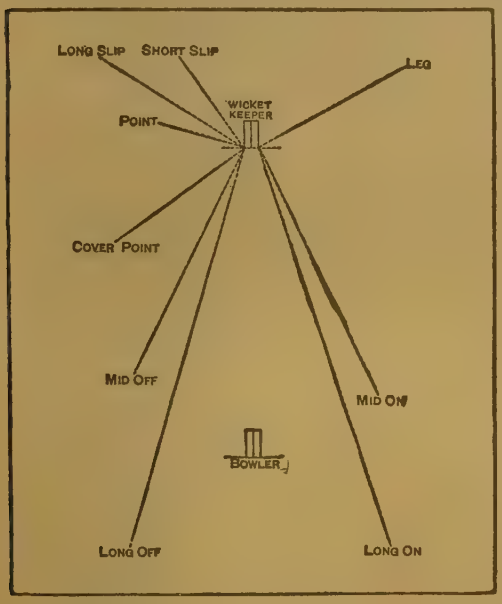
Cricket.

Cricket is the national English ball game, as baseball is the American. It is played in all lands in which Englishmen have settled, the most notable clubs in the United States being those of Philadelphia. It is played upon a level piece of turf, generally of an acre or two in extent. In a full game there are eleven players on each side, though unequal numbers of players may be engaged. There are two sets of wickets, or *stumps*, which are placed opposite each other, 22 yards apart. Each set consists of three *stumps*, or stakes, driven into the ground, 27 inches high, and set too close to let a ball pass between them. On top rest two loose *bails*, pieces of wood 4 inches long. The bat must not be more than 38 inches long, and 2½ wide in its striking portion.

Two lines are drawn on the grass near the two sets of wickets. The first, in a line with the stumps, is called the *bowling crease*. Behind this the bowler stands to deliver the ball. Four feet in front of the other wicket is the *popping crease*, within which the striker must stand. Behind this wicket stands the *wicket-keeper*. Of the

two sides, one has only two men engaged—the batsmen, who stand before the two wickets. The other side has all its men in the field in various positions.

The ball must be bowled—delivered, that is, with a round or straight-arm movement; it cannot be thrown or jerked. The object of the bowler is to hit the wicket, if possible; the duty of the batsman is to protect the wicket with his bat, and to strike and send it out over the field. The ball struck, he runs for the opposite wicket, whose batsman changes places with him. If he can do this before the ball is returned by the fielders, and the wicket struck down



by the flying ball, or by a fielder or the wicket-keeper with the ball in hand, he scores a run. If he fails he is put out. The number of runs made by either party constitutes its score, the one with the greatest number being the victor.

When a batsman is put out, another player of his side takes his place, and this continues until all but one are out. Then this side goes to the field and the other side takes the bat. Two innings to each side constitute a game. If the party of the second innings make 80 runs less than their opponents—or 60, if it be a one-day game—they must go in again on third innings, since in this case the first party has the chance to win in a single innings.

There are stringent rules. The bowler must keep one foot behind the bowling crease and must not raise his hand or arm above his shoulder in delivering the ball. An infraction of these rules constitutes a *no-ball*, and scores one to the opposite party. The same penalty is exacted if he sends a *wide ball*—one on the outside of the popping crease at the opposite wicket. The striker is considered out under the following circumstances: If either the bails be bowled off or a stump be bowled out of the ground. If the ball from the stroke of the bat or bowler's hand be caught and held before it touches the ground. If in striking, or while the ball is in play, both his feet be over the popping crease, and his wicket be put down—except his bat be grounded within it. If in striking he hit down his wicket. If while he is running, and before any part of his person or the bat in his hand be grounded over the popping crease, his wicket be struck down by a ball thrown from the field, or by the hand or arm, holding the ball, of the wicket-keeper or a fielder. If he stop the ball with any part of his person when so delivered that it would have hit the wicket. If he hit the ball twice, touch or take it up while in play, prevent it from being caught, or knock down the wicket with any part of his dress. If the ball is caught no run can be counted.

Cricket is a game requiring great skill, but more open to chance than other popular ball games. Some single misadventure may mar the fortune of a promising game, and the result is never sure until the match is played to the end. Constant practice is necessary to make a good bowler, and teach him how to vary the speed and pitch of his ball and impart a twist to its motion; and to make a successful cricketer there are needed strength, agility, and the qualities of patience, quick decision and prompt execution.

Golf.

As baseball is the national game of America, and cricket that of England, golf holds the same rank in Scotland, though it

is now largely played in other parts of the world, and has grown highly popular in the United States. It is an enjoyable amusement, and one replete with healthful exercise, while free from those spasms of violent energy and perils to life and limb which are serious drawbacks to many other games. It is played over downs or commons, *links*, in Scottish phraseology, and it rather adds to the pleasure of the game if the ground be broken by sand pits, grassy knolls or other obstructions to easy movement of the ball.

Over the golf-ground are a series of circular holes, four inches in diameter, at various distances apart (from 80 to 500 yards) generally cut on a patch of smooth turf, to aid "putting"—the gentle tapping of the ball when near the hole. The players are either two or four—two on a side. In case of four, the two parties strike the ball alternately. Each side has its own ball, and the object of the game is to drive the ball from hole to hole around the course with the fewest number of strokes, the player who "holes" the ball with the fewest strokes winning that hole. If an even number is made the hole counts for neither. The side that counts the greatest number of holes wins the game.

A variety of clubs are used, with differently curved ends, known as the *play-club*, the *driver*, the *spoon*, the *iron*, the *cleek*, the *niblick*, and the *putter*, and of some of these there are several varieties. Whichever of these is best suited to strike the ball out of a difficult situation is used. These are usually carried by a *caddie* or boy. The game is started by each player striking his ball from a slight elevation at the starting-point, and cannot be touched afterwards except by a club until it reaches a hole, except to lift it when too near an opponent's ball to permit play. In this case it must be replaced in the same spot. At first the ball is struck off with a hard drive. As it approaches the hole it must be handled with gentleness and skill. No obstacle can be removed, except loose materials preventing a stroke—except on the "putting" green, or the space within 20 yards of a hole. Here the "putter" (a straight stick, with a medium-sized, flat-shaped head, weighted with lead) is used, it needing great skill to drive the ball into the small hole with a single or a very few strokes.

The contest for one hole settled in favor of one side, the next is fought for in the same way, and the game is continued until the course is finished, or until one side has won a majority of the holes. Several matches may be played on the same ground at the same time, occasionally three or more balls being used in a match, where the players choose to play singly. Disparity in skill between players is balanced by "odds," the less skillful being allowed a stroke extra to every hole, or every second or third hole, as the case may be.

Hockey.

This formerly popular, and reviving, English game, bears a close relation to shinty, a Scottish game, out of which it may have been developed. Like it, it is played with a stick curved at the end, and the purpose is to drive the ball past a goal. A hockey ground should be 100 yards long and 50 wide, the ends, as in football, being called the *goal lines*, and the field marked out by flags at the corners and on the side lines. The goals consist of two uprights twelve feet apart in the centre of each goal line, and having between them, seven feet from the ground, a horizontal bar or cord. Fifteen yards in front of each goal a line twelve feet long is drawn, whose ends are curved round to the goal line by quarter circles made from the goal posts as centres. The space inclosed is called the *striking circle*, and no goal can be made unless the ball be driven between the goal posts and under the bar from a point within the circle.

The game is played by two sides, of eleven players each. It begins at the centre of the ground by what is called *bullying* the ball. Two players of opposite sides face each other, and each strikes the ground on his side of the ball, and his opponent's stick over the ball, three times alternately, after which each is at liberty to hit at the ball.

The ball once started, it must be played from right to left only, and no back-handed play, charging, kicking, collaring, shinning, or tripping is allowed, and in striking the stick must not be raised above the shoulder. The ball can be caught in the air and

A COBWEB PARTY

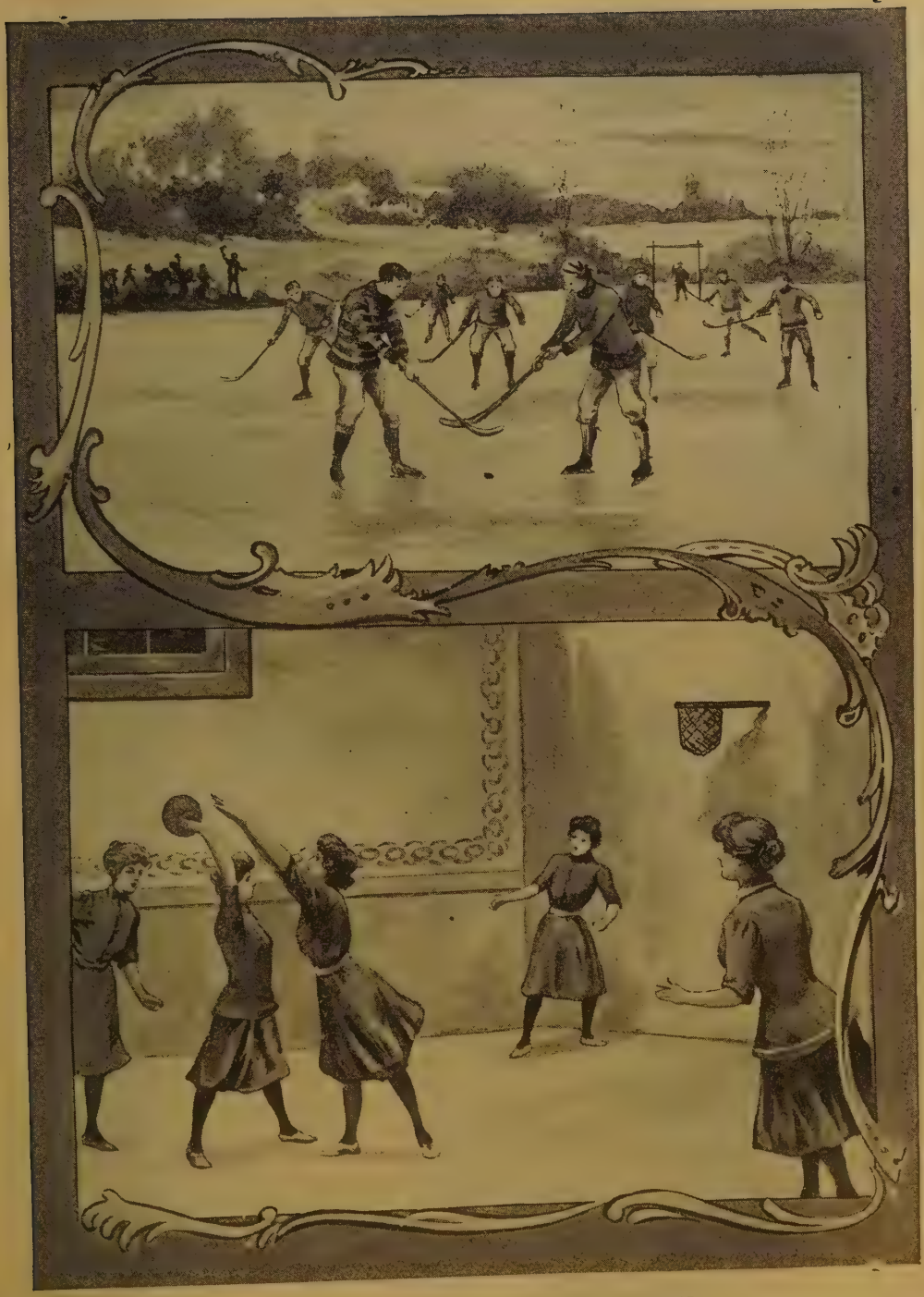
This is a beautiful substitute for the Christmas Tree. From the ceiling is hung a large spider made of wire or other material, and to this are brought a number of reels or spindles, with different colored threads or ribbons attached. These ribbons are threaded in a bewildering maze through the furniture and sometimes up and down stairs. At the far end of each clue is a present, and the child must follow the ribbon through all its devious paths until the gift is arrived at and claimed.

LAWN TENNIS

A delightful game for both sexes and deservedly popular everywhere. Recommended both for recreation and health.

A GAME OF FOOTBALL

This game is the most popular of American sports, and especially with boys of schools and colleges. In this country the "Rugby" game is popular, while in other countries "Association Rules" prevail.



TWO POPULAR AND HEALTHFUL GAMES

HOCKEY, PLAYED ON THE ICE, as shown in the upper picture is a favorite sport in northern sections where there is skating; the picture shows the player as ready for the "Bully off." It is also played in the field.

BASKET BALL may be played either in-doors or out. It is especially popular in the winter time for girls in gymnasiums and play-rooms. In Fall and Spring it is a fine out-door game.

TWO EXCITING GAMES FOR BOYS

THE TUG OF WAR is a game which gives a test of strength and a fine play for muscle.

LEAP-FROG delights every boy as a game easily played when time is short and other resources for entertainment are wanting. It also gives good exercise to the muscles.

stopped with any part of the body, but can be moved onward only with the hockey stick. If rolled over the side lines (or into *touch*—as in football) it may be rolled out into the field at right angles to the side line. In a well-played game, *dribbling* the ball is the most skillful play; that is, moving it along by gentle taps, following closely, and dodging opponents. A skillful player, when hard pressed, will *pass* the ball to another of his own side, and it may frequently thus be run into goal.

Hockey on the ice is an exhilarating game. There no goals are necessary, no sides chosen, no rules imposed. "All against all" is the rule, and the limits of the pond are the boundaries, the ball flying wildly at the lightest touch. A skilled skater, who can dribble the ball along cunningly, and artfully dodge his opponents, has much the best chance of winning the game. There is no more exciting sport than this.

Polo.

Polo may briefly be described as hockey on horseback. It was developed in India, and brought thence a few years ago to the western world, where it has become a great favorite wi h good horsemen. The game is played as above described, the horsemanship required lending it its strongest attraction. A long club is necessarily used, with a handle shaped somewhat like a mallet, and the stroke given the ball is usually a hard one, as to attempt to dribble on horseback is too difficult to be trusted to. Ponies are used rather than horses, the chief requisites being that they shall be swift, both on the run and in the turn, afraid of nothing, and obedient to the slightest movement of the rider. The principal danger in the game is in attempting to make a stroke when several ponies are together. A skillful player will follow the ball at full speed, overtake it short of the goal and by a clever back-hand stroke send it flying far backward towards his friends.

Basket Ball.

In this very popular game we have to do with an indoor amusement, adapted to men and women players alike, and affording much pleasant and healthful exercise and recreation. It doubtless had its origin in or was based upon the game of football, which it resembles in many particulars. The game is played on a prescribed space within a large room, as the floor of a hall or gymnasium, the number of players being usually five or seven on each side. At either end of the playing space a basket is suspended, at a height of about ten feet, this corresponding to the goal in football. The ball is round, somewhat smaller and lighter than an ordinary football, and is passed by the hands instead of the feet, being thrown or transferred from player to player, or struck by the hands in its flight through the air. The object of the game is to lodge it in the basket of the opposing party, this counting one point in the game.

The rules are adopted from those of football, and have to do with interference, playing out of bounds, etc. The ball is started from the centre of the prescribed space, and is advanced by vigorous efforts of the opposing sides, the struggle being often active and energetic, and affording abundant exercise, though devoid of the dangerous roughness of the corresponding outdoor game. Basket-ball has grown rapidly in popularity since 1896, especially in the East, and is now extensively played as an indoor winter amusement.

Lacrosse.

There is still another national game of ball to be described, lacrosse, the game of Canada, which is as great a favorite in that country as the other national games described are in their respective countries. The game is of Indian origin, and used formerly to be played between two tribes of Indians, the number of players being limited and the goals one or two miles apart.

The *crosse*, the instrument with which the game is played, is a straight piece of wood, about an inch thick and four feet long, bent into a semicircle at the top, with a piece of gut drawn from the top of this semicircle to a point about 18 or 20 inches from the straight end of the stick. The space between the gut and the stick is woven into a network of gut, forming a coarser and more pliable network than that of a tennis racket. The ball is rather larger

than a tennis ball, and composed of solid sponge India-rubber.

As lacrosse is played now there is no limit to the size of the field, though the goals are placed at from 100 to 150 yards apart. The goals consist of two upright posts six feet high and six feet apart, thus forming a space six feet square, through which the ball must pass to score a game. There are no minor points, and a game usually lasts ninety minutes, ends being changed at half time. Each team should number twelve players, who are stationed at suitable points from end to end of the field, in opposing couples, with the exception of a goal-keeper to each goal.

The play is begun by the two men in the centre of the field, who immediately start a struggle for the ball when "Play" is called. The one that succeeds in lifting it upon the network of his crosse runs with it, and if closely followed endeavors to pass it to one of his own side, who at once makes a sharp throw for goal. A skillful thrower, who knows just how to give the ball the fullest impetus with his crosse, is able to fling it a great distance, say 100 to 130 yards. If the ball be stopped by a player of the opposite side, play is at once resumed at a new point, and so the game goes on. If the ball passes the goal without going through, it is thrown back towards the centre of the field by the goal-keeper, and the fielders rush in to gain it. The ball may thus visit every part of the field in succession before a lucky throw carries it through the goal.

Like most ball games, there is a certain amount of danger in lacrosse, but the hurts are never serious. It can be played both in winter and summer, but a good light and a dry, even turf are decided helps.

Lawn Tennis.

Lawn tennis is an adaptation to outdoor courts of the old game of tennis, once a favorite of court and castle. It may be played wherever there is a moderate expanse of turf or smooth ground, and has grown into general appreciation with those who wish to combine healthful exercise with safety. It has the advantage also that it is adapted to men and women alike.

The game may be played by two, three, or four persons, the accessories being the balls, racquets, net, and posts. It needs for successful play a hard, smooth surface, of grass, gravel, or other material. The court is 78 feet long, and 27 feet broad if two play, or 36 feet broad for three or four players. It is divided lengthwise into two equal parts by a line, and crosswise by a net. Cross lines, called *service lines*, are drawn on each side, 21 feet from the net. These lines can be marked by white tape or other distinguishing means. The net is stretched across the centre of the court, three feet high in the middle, and a little higher at the ends, the top rope being drawn as taut as desirable.

The game is begun by a player standing on the base-line of his end of the court, who *serves* the ball, striking it with his racquet and driving it into that part of the other half of the court diagonally opposite him. His opponent returns it on the first bound, and he returns it again, striking it on the fly or on the first bound. In this way it is driven back and forth over the net, until one side fails to return it, or to drop it inside the opposite court. A failure to serve or return the ball counts 15 for the opposite side, a second failure raises the score to 30, a third to 40, and a fourth loses the game. Failure may result from missing the ball, driving it against the net, or sending it beyond the limits of the opposite court. The game, as will be seen from this description, is a very simple one. It yields, however, much entertainment and excellent exercise, and is deservedly popular.

Croquet.

The games so far described demand, some of them great strength and vigor, others much activity. A quieter game, yielding beneficial outdoor exercise, but requiring no great muscular energy or vigorous action, is that here named. It is a game suitable alike for men and women, boys and girls, one that can be played by semi-invalids or old men, and for a considerable time it was highly popular. It has now been thrown into the shade by the more active and exciting game of lawn

tennis, which can be played on the same grounds, yet it still retains some degree of vitality.

The game of croquet is played on a smooth piece of lawn, by two or more persons, with wooden balls painted in different colors, which are driven over the ground by mallets, and made to pass through hoops of wire. It is impossible to send the ball through all the hoops in succession without a break.

Two pegs are driven into the ground at the two ends of the field, each contestant, or set of contestants, making one of these a starting and closing point. Between them are placed the hoops, ten in number. Six of these are on the line joining the pegs, two being near each peg, a few yards from the peg and from each other. Midway between them, in the centre of the ground, two hoops are placed together, crossing each other at right angles, thus increasing the difficulty of passage. On each side of the ground stand two more hoops, so placed as to make nearly a straight line with the second hoop from each peg.

The main object of the game is, starting from the peg, to drive the ball through all the hoops in orderly succession, striking the opposite peg, and returning, the course being ended by driving the ball against the starting peg. This is by no means an easy task, but one requiring a sure eye and a straight stroke, the opening of the hoops being narrow and their distance apart considerable.

The game is by no means confined to driving the balls through the hoops. Its most important feature is the method of advancing your own interests and at the same time diminishing those of your opponent by the feature known as croquetting. When a player's turn arrives, he may either play for a hoop or for his opponent's ball. If he hits the latter, he has the privilege of taking up his own ball, placing it side by side with the other and driving the latter in whatever direction he wishes. He may send it far out of position, and at the same time, if sufficiently skillful, send his own ball into position for another play at the hoops. This entitles him to another play, and if his ball goes through the proper hoop he may again play on the opponent's ball, or any ball on the ground, if there are more than two players. In the usual game of four players, two on a side, there are abundant opportunities for a skillful player to put his opponents out of position or to help his partner into a better place. This principle of croquetting adds enormously to the interest of the game and to the power of a skillful player to discomfit his antagonists, and the long continued popularity of the game was due to the opportunities for varied combinations and the exercise of skill which thus arose. At present the game is shadowed by newer claimants to favor, but is still much played by those who prefer gentle exercise to the violent activity demanded by many other games.

Quoits.

The game of quoits differs greatly from the celebrated Grecian exercise known by the same title. While the latter was mainly a test of strength, the modern game is a test of skill. The contest with Greek players was as to who could throw the quoit or disk to the greatest distance. In the modern game the purpose is to plant the quoit nearest a given spot, and needs no great strength if the distance be not great, though it may demand much skill.

The quoit scarcely needs description. It is an iron ring, flat on one side and rounded on the other, coming to a flat edge outwardly, while of some thickness on the ring border. It may be of eight inches or less in diameter. On the outer edge is a small dent, in which the end of the forefinger is placed, its use being to give a twirling or rotary motion to the quoit. This enables it to fly without wobbling in the air, and to fall in the same position in which it has been discharged.

The only other requisites to the game are a flat piece of ground long enough for the intended throw, and two *hobs* of wood or iron, which serve as the marks to be aimed at. They are driven into the ground until only about an inch of them shows above the surface.

When the sides have been chosen, the first player stands level with one of the hobs, and, taking a step forward with his

left foot (or his right foot if he is left-handed), delivers the quoit by a swinging movement of the arm from behind him to the front. The quoit must fall and remain with its convex side uppermost, either embedded in the earth or clay, or else lying flat with the concave side on the ground. If it rolls along the ground and then stops, it does not count unless the cause of its rolling was a collision with some other quoit already delivered, or unless, after having been properly thrown, it is knocked out by another afterwards played. Many players, however, count all quoits, whether they roll or not. The proper rule is that the players should follow each other in succession. In a party of four it is usual for each player to have only one quoit. When all the quoits are thrown, the score is taken by measuring the distance from the hob to the nearest part of the nearest quoit, and the side which has thrown best scores one or two, according as his one or two quoits are better than any one thrown by the other side. But every "ringer," or quoit which falls over the hob and remains with the hob enclosed within its ring, counts three; and those resting with the edge on a hob count two points. The distance between the two hobs may be any one which the players select, and the game is generally reckoned at twenty-one points.

Some skill is required to insure that the quoit, when it falls, shall cut directly into the soil, and so retain its place; and the more straight and steady its flight is, the less likely will it be to be disturbed or knocked out by a subsequent player. It is, of course, necessary to have a good eye, to judge not only of the distance to be thrown, but also of the space which remains open after the adversary's quoit has been placed in a good position. The young player will do well in practice not to stick constantly to the same limit of distance, but to change it by extending it to twenty, twenty-five, or even thirty yards, until he becomes strong enough to throw those distances without great fatigue or effort.

Bowls (Nine or Ten Pins).

The original game of bowls has been popular in Britain for many centuries, and is still much played in Scotland. The *bowling-green* is a very carefully leveled lawn of smooth turf, over which the balls are rolled. A small ball of wood or earthenware, the *jack*, is first rolled out, and serves as the mark at which all the players aim. The balls are made of lignum-vitæ, and are of a peculiar shape, between the forms of an orange and an egg. The result is that when the ball is going slowly, just before coming to rest, it curls around in a peculiar manner, and it is in the control of this motion that the skill of the players consists.

In the United States and England this old game has been succeeded by another, known as ten pins in this country, and in England as nine pins or skittles. In this game a wooden *alley*, carefully smoothed, is employed. The American alley is from 50 to 65 feet long and about 4 feet wide, and is slightly convex in the centre and beveled to the sides. At one end of this wooden pins, about a foot in height and ten in number, are set up so as to form a triangle, its apex towards the player, who stands at the other end of the alley and bowls down its surface at the pins.

The balls, usually of lignum-vitæ, are spherical in shape, and of various sizes, the players being at liberty to use large or small balls as they prefer. The purpose is to knock down as many pins as possible in three throws. If all are knocked down in a single throw, they are set up again for a second. If any remain, they must be bowled at until the three throws are made.

The highest score is thirty, made by knocking down all the pins three times in succession, a feat which it needs great skill to perform.

This is a favorite indoor amusement, the bowling alleys being usually enclosed, so that their use is not stopped by inclement weather. It is an excellent exercise for the muscles of the arms and chest, and is one of the most popular of games.

Shovel or Shuffle Board.

This game was once a national pastime in England, and was much played among fashionable people. There is a reference to it in Shakespeare's "Merry Wives of Windsor." It is now played on tables about 25

or 30 feet long and 20 inches wide. The players stand at the end of the table, each having four flat metal weights, which they alternately shove down its length. At each end of the table a line is drawn parallel with the edge and five inches from it. At the end of the game each piece which lies over this line is counted "in," and scores two points. If projecting over the end of the table, it scores three points. If no piece is "in," that nearest the line counts one point. Twenty-one points constitute a game. The object of each player is to *shuffle* his own piece in, and to drive those of his opponents off the board. The game has recently grown quite popular in this country.

Curling.

This is a game of Scottish origin, resembling shovel board, but played on the ice. In playing it flat, circular stones of from 30 to 50 pounds weight are used, each being furnished with a handle, for convenience in bowling. The *rink* is 42 yards long and 8 or 9 wide. Near its end a circle, 14 feet in diameter, is drawn. Every stone, which at the end of the game is within this circle, counts. As above, it is a constant effort of the players to drive the curling stones of opponents out of the circle and replace them with their own.

Archery.

The fashion of sport changes. Archery is doubtless the most ancient of all sports, rendered so by its long use in war and the chase. Despite the variations in public taste, and the replacement of the bow as a weapon by far more effective ones, it has still its admirers, and archery is practiced by many enthusiastic advocates. As played it may take three forms, according to the choice of the players.

Roving, the first of these, is a sort of skirmish practice. The archers wander about, shooting at any object which may take their fancy, a tree, a stray post, etc. The drawback to this method is the frequent loss of arrows.

Flight shooting is a trial of strength rather than of skill, the purpose being to see who can send an arrow to the greatest distance.

Target shooting is the usual method employed, and is much the best test of skill. The targets are set up at a distance of 60 to 100 yards, and have on them several concentric circles, the score increasing as the arrow enters an inner circle. The highest score, of course, is made when the arrow enters the *gold*, or central circle, and the winning arrow is that which is nearest the actual centre. From the times of Robin Hood down to the present day skill in sending the arrow has been in vogue, and for an interesting description of the sport we may refer the reader to the feats of the forest archer as told in "Ivanhoe," one of Sir Walter Scott's famous novels.

ATHLETIC SPORTS

Athletic sports, under which designation we class feats of pedestrianism and of hurling heavy weights, but not oarsmanship or proficiency in pastimes, were popular pursuits at schools many years before they were taken up by the universities, or before athletic clubs were formed among adults.

The usual programme of an athletic sports contest runs very much as follows: Short distance race, long distance race, one or more races at intermediate distances, a hurdle race, high jump and broad jump, with sometimes a pole jump, putting the shot, and throwing the hammer or throwing the cricket ball. This last now seldom finds place in programmes among adult athletes. The usual sprint distance is 100 yards. A mile race is almost *de rigueur*, and sometimes there is also a two or three mile race, and a steeplechase in addition, as a still further test of stamina. A quarter-mile, 600 yards, and half-mile race will also be often found for the benefit of those who can combine speed with a certain amount of stamina. Sometimes there is also a walking race.

Sprinting.

Under this head are classed races which do not exceed 440 yards. In order to prepare himself for a 100 yards race (irrespective of the training), the candidate cannot

do better than begin by steady walking exercise, at a rate of four miles an hour, of about five miles in the day, to harden his muscles; but much walking exercise should not be indulged in within a fortnight of a 100 yards race, as it has a tendency to make the knees and ankles stiff. He may run about 200 yards twice during his walk, but should only run briskly, not violently; while he is "soft" it is a great mistake to put any undue strain on the ligaments of the body. As he becomes firmer in muscle, he may reduce the distance which he runs, and cover it more rapidly, until he can run the actual 100 yards at top speed. Still, it is wise not to run the course every day at his *very* best; the squeezing the last ounce out of the powers of the body too often tells a tale, even in so short a spin. If he runs the distance with two or three yards of his best powers this will do for two days out of three. Every third day he may see what he can really do, and try for himself whereabouts in the course he had best make his one principal rush. A 600 yards race is not frequently run at a uniform pace; there is some space which the runner covers at greater speed than any other. The runner should practice starts, which are all-important in a short spin. He should stand thus: one foot (left for choice), about his own length and three inches more in front of its fellow, the body leaning very slightly forward, and the weight on the fore foot.

Quarter-Mile Race.

This is about the severest course which can be run; it requires both pace and stamina. The competitor should practice walking exercise in the same way as for shorter distance preparations, but he should run the racing distance only once a day, and not run the full distance at first; 250 yards will do to begin with, and this he can increase as he gets fitter till he reaches full distance. He should not run himself quite out more than twice a week, and should not do the whole course at full pace within three or four days of his race; during the last day or two starts of 50 yards, and spins of 120, will suffice to keep him in trim. For a half-mile he should prepare himself in much the same way, but should double the preparatory and practice distances, beginning at 500 yards early in training.

Mile Racing.

For this more preparatory walking exercise is wanted, and the mile should be run daily at first, but to commence with the pace should be little more than a jog, at about two-thirds of the runner's real powers. The speed may be increased as practice progresses, but the full distance should not be run out to the last gasp more than once a week, and not at all within four or five days, or even a week, of the race. The same for two miles, only that a still longer rest is needed between the last trial at full speed and the day of the race.

Hurdle Racing.

This class of race is too much reduced to a sort of "sleight-of-toe" among grown athletes. The distance and jumps are usually uniform—120 yards and ten flights of hurdles, three feet six inches high, and ten yards apart. The runner practices his step for these, and would be quite thrown out if the distance between the flights or their height were suddenly varied unknown to him. With growing boys there is less likelihood of the science of taking the hurdles in the stride becoming so studied, for their stride and strength are daily varying with growth. The athlete may prepare himself as to exercise in the same way as for 100 yards racing, and similarly practice starts. For a steeplechase the runner should combine the jumping practice of hurdle-racing with the preparation for long-distance running.

Jumping.

This is a feat which has greatly progressed with practice of late years. A quarter of a century ago any one who could jump five feet was looked upon as a wonder; and four feet eight inches often won a college or public school competition. Now those who have a specialty for it practice it so much that they soon add a foot or two to their range. The competitor requires to get himself as light as he can, and to avoid all heavy work with arms and back which may develop muscle where not wanted for jumping. The less lumber he carries the higher

he will jump. He should practice daily, but never tire himself. The amount of run he takes to a high jump is very much a matter of taste, but a dozen steps usually suffice. To time the *take off* is the great art, and the distance for taking off should be half the height of the jump, in front of the bar. The legs should be tucked well up, and the whole body thrown forward with just sufficient force to clear the bar, but all the rest of the power should be expended on the upward spring.

Two upright deals, with nails driven in, and holes bored to admit pegs, half an inch apart, with a light cross-bar laid on them, are all the apparatus needed for practice; the height jumped should be measured, and a piece of paper may be laid down to mark the take off, until the eye gets used to the distance. The starting off and landing should both be from the toes. The jumper should be running at full speed when he takes his spring, as he thus gets the greatest possible impetus.

Throwing the Hammer.

This sport is Caledonian in origin. The regulation hammer is 16 lbs., and handle three feet six inches long; but boys require a lighter one. The most effective way of throwing is to swing the hammer round the body twice, the arms fully extended, and with a run, swaying the whole body with it in the last half turn, then letting it go. The requisites are: 1. To let go in the right direction; 2. Not to lift the head of the hammer higher than the hands in the swing; 3. To time the step to the *take off*. It is a dangerous feat to be practised by a tyro within range of spectators; he may let the hammer go at the wrong moment, and in the wrong direction. Seven feet is the regulation run. Plenty of dumb-bell exercise helps to harden the muscles of arms, shoulders, and neck for this feat, and for the next one mentioned.

Putting the Weight.

Sixteen pounds is the full-size shot for this feat, but young boys require a lighter one. The regulation run is seven feet, and the feet should not pass the *scratch* at or after delivery. The *put* must be with *one* hand (the right, as we presume the student to be right-handed). The putter stands on his right foot, with his right shoulder thrown back, and the weight on his right hand close to the shoulder. The left arm and leg are usually thrown forward to balance the body. Two hops are then taken on the right leg; at the end of the second hop the left leg touches the ground, but the right shoulder is still kept back, and the weight of the body is still on the right leg. A spring is then taken, and the body swung rapidly round a half turn, so that when the weight leaves the hand the right shoulder and leg are forward, and the left shoulder and leg behind. The object it will thus be seen is to propel the weight by the swing of the body, and as little as possible by the arm. The body must be stopped after the weight leaves the hand, for if the line is crossed it is *no put*, although it counts as a *try*.

Throwing the Cricket or Base Ball.

Hardly a schoolboy is unable to *shy*, yet the strongest arm is not always the most propelling for a throw. The secret of throwing is to keep shoulder, elbow, and wrist joints all loose when the arm is drawn back; then to hurl out the arm, to let all three joints straighten simultaneously, and to let the missile quit the grasp at that juncture. If any one joint straightens before the other, or the delivery is not timed to coincide with the triple straightening, power is lost. A run adds impetus to the throw.

Walking.

Boys seldom have walking races. The gait of a walking race is ungainly, and is more exhausting than a run of greater speed. The walker ties himself down to an action of limb which abandons all spring and impetus. In a run he flies through the air between the touch of alternate feet on the ground, and takes off with a spring from a bent knee. In a walk he must progress "heel and toe." The heel must touch the ground first, and one foot must always be on the ground, else the gait becomes a run. The knee must be straight when the foot is put down and taken up. The chief art in walking is to "twist the hips." By twisting them at each step the stride is lengthened

and the leg carried forward by the swing of the loins, to the relief of the ordinary muscles which extend the leg.

Training.

Boys do not require the severe training for feats of speed or endurance which is requisite for older persons. They have not the same tendency to accumulate internal fat, and are less disposed to lose their *wind*. Nevertheless, they can improve their powers by hardening their muscles, and this they do with good food and exercise of the required muscles. The standard maxim of training is that work trains, diet keeps the body up to the work. Diet alone will not train. It will suffice if boys are well fed on good roast joints or broiled meat (pork and veal barred), with a modicum of poultry or fish to vary the bill of fare, and plain puddings now and then. Jam and pastry should be eschewed in training. With adults limited liquid is important, but it matters less with boys; still, they had better not drench themselves with fluid, even though it be only water; and just before a race the less they drink on the day the better, so long as they do not parch themselves thereby. They should have plenty of green vegetables,—spinach, asparagus, and French beans best; then cauliflower or cabbage; not peas or broad beans if they can get the other vegetables mentioned. Potatoes will do them no harm, though objected to for adults in any quantity. Fresh fruit should also be taken in moderation; also oranges, and a dried fig or two at dinner. The great desiderata are exercise and sleep; of the latter at least nine hours, and with plenty of ventilation in the bedroom. Boys should not take exercise to any extent on very empty stomachs, before breakfast; they should keep the pores of the skin open with a daily cold bath and free use of rough towels. Exercise should be taken in flannel, which should be changed when the work is over, and the body should be well wrapped up the moment exercise is suspended; sweating does no harm, but a chill may be fatal. Boys do not need great reduction in weight, and it is better not to take exercise in heavy clothing for the sake of sweating off fat; they have little or no fat to get rid of. A boy should have fresh meat at least twice, and even thrice, a day; better three lighter meals of meat than two heavy gorges of it. Eggs may be taken, but not more than four or five in the week, less they produce biliousness; and they should not be hard boiled. If the weather be sultry, more fluid to a half-pint may be taken at dinner, or lunch, or supper, but it had better be water or beef-tea, or water with a spoonful of lime-juice. At breakfast, not more than two cups of tea, which is better than coffee, and should not be too strong.

Other Forms of Exercise.

We have, in the above, by no means exhausted the list of athletic exercises. There are numerous other forms, such as riding, swimming, skating, cycling, rowing, wrestling, boxing, and gymnastics in their numerous varieties. We might go into long descriptions of each of these, but fear that we should be consuming space without profit to our readers. One cannot, for instance, learn to ride, to skate, to row, etc., by book directions, but must do so on the horse, in the boat, or on the ice. In other words, these are exercises in which practice makes perfect, and which are to be acquired by observation and enterprise rather than by precept. There is a training required, but that will come best from the suggestions of comrades in the exercise, and the use of the eyes and the mind as well as the hands. For the above reasons we desist from offering rules for the varied athletic exercises above named, but may say something about the latest and one of the most popular among them, the use of the bicycle.

Cycling.

The bicycle is of recent invention. From the boneshaker of 1862, a stiff and fearful affair to bestride, it progressed rapidly to the "perfect machine" of 1872, a lofty wheel lifting the rider from four to five feet in the air, and giving him a frightful "header" when a stone was encountered. In 1885 the "Safety" first made its appearance, and in the years that followed the tall wheels utterly vanished, the low ones proving capable of greater speed and

GOLF AN OLD GAME NOW POPULAR IN AMERICA

The illustration shows the Game at one of the most interesting points.

YOUNG LADIES AT BRYN MAWR COLLEGE PLAYING HOCKEY

This splendid game for developing the physique of young women was first introduced into American colleges during the Fall of 1901 where it rapidly supplanted Tennis in popular favor. A Hockey Club might be formed in every community to the great benefit of its members and the amusement of interested spectators.

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THE NEW GAME OF ROQUE

This resembles Croquet but is much more interesting and exciting. The grounds and equipment are easily prepared and at small expense.

A GAME OF LACROSSE AT CORNELL UNIVERSITY

The game, popularly called "*The National Game of Canada*," is of Indian origin. It is played by two sides of eleven each, on a level ground. The ball must not be touched with the hand, but must be manipulated entirely with an implement known as a Crosse—a long shafted bent, string racket with frame extending around only one side. The object of the contesting sides is to carry the ball, with these implements, past the opponents' goal-posts at opposite ends of the field. The game finds special favor at Cornell and Lehigh Universities in the United States.

yielding much more security. Since then invention has succeeded invention, and the bicycle of to-day is a marvel of strength, comfort and speed.

We do not propose to tell how to ride a bicycle. That must be learned through practice and the aid of experienced friends. It will suffice to say that the most difficult thing to learn is how to mount, and the next how to dismount—with safety, we mean; many tyros dismount with more rapidity than comfort. To propel the wheel when once seated is the easiest part of the task. There is nothing that looks easier than to see an experienced rider vault into his seat and pedal swiftly away, but such skill is rarely attained without bruises and vexation of spirit.

The rider's cares are not over when he has learned to pedal, to mount, and to dismount. There are rules of the road to learn. He must become aware of the fact that, though he cannot go too fast in a straight line, he must ease up at a corner if he wishes to go round, and must learn to lean *inwards* at curves. He will find, also, that only very skillful riders can descend hills without brakes, and it is not wise for any to attempt it. He must become familiar with traffic, and take care to observe the same rules of the road that apply to carriages, namely, to keep to the right, whether meeting or passing. He needs to carry his tools on his outings, for accidents are very likely to occur, and on a country road he should put some money in his purse, for tolls are exacted even for this very light-wheeled vehicle.

We may say something here about the records for speed made by bicycle riders, with which even the horse cannot compete. The best mile record, made by Major Taylor at Chicago, in 1899, is 1 min. 22⅘ sec. Of amateur records, the best for one mile is 1 min. 49⅘ sec. For greater distances, the best 10-mile record is 14 min. 25 sec.; 25 miles, 37 min. 02⅘ sec.; 40 miles, 59 min. 43⅘ sec.; and 50 miles, 1 hour, 22 min. 22⅘ sec. The best six days' record is 2,192 miles.

PLAYGROUND GAMES

The games of the playground vary widely in character, including many schoolboy ball games, hoop trundling, and various sports in which exercise is organized into the form of a pastime. We shall speak here only of those that take most the form of games of skill and training.

Marbles.

We shall not tell our young friends how to shoot their marbles. None of them will lack tutors in this art. Marbles are never played as a solitary exercise; a contest is always to be decided, and a penalty is usually exacted, the loser paying a forfeit in marbles to the winner.

Of the several games of marbles, probably the best is that known as ring taw. In this a piece of fairly smooth ground is chosen, on which is drawn a circle of about one foot in diameter. Six or seven feet outside this is drawn a large circle. Each player puts one or more marbles into the inner circle, placing them at about equal distances apart. From the outer circle, or *taw line*, the players shoot their marbles, or *taws*.

The opening player shoots at the marbles in the ring. If he knocks any out, he wins them, and has a second shot from the spot where his taw lies. If he fails, another player takes his place. Each player can shoot at the marbles in the ring, or at any of his opponents' taws that lie within the circles. If he hits one of these he wins a marble from its owner and has another shot; but cannot shoot again immediately at the same taw. Thus the game proceeds till the ring is cleared.

Tops.

Tops have long been favorite toys and afford much healthful recreation. There are two classes of them, the mechanical type such as the globe and the humming tops and the old-fashioned peg and whipping tops, which can only be set in motion by the player. The latter are still the prime favorites, and the only kind with which any game can be played.

It is the peg top in particular which every schoolboy is anxious to possess and to be able to spin, and more games are played with it than with all other kinds of tops. Peg tops are pear-shaped, with an iron peg inserted at the pointed end. They are made of various kinds of wood, the best of them being made of hard boxwood.

The pegs of the tops differ very much, both in shape and size, some being short and thick, some medium; others again are long and tapering. Generally speaking, it may be said that a top with a short thick peg is likely to spin steadily—to go to sleep, as it were, while spinning; whereas the top with a long thin peg travels about a good deal, and is very active in its movements. These characteristics will be found to be more or less developed according to the shortness or length of the peg.

To spin a peg top successfully is not to be come at by chance; it must be patiently practiced, and then only will the player be able to make a top spin as he may wish. The following remarks are, however, given for the guidance of novices, as carrying out these instructions is essential to spin a top at all. A piece of cord, varying according to the size of the top, should be procured, and to it at one end should be attached an ordinary shank or livery button; at about an inch from the other end a knot should be very tightly tied, the length beyond the knot being raveled out. The top should then be taken in the left hand, the string or cord being held in the right. The unraveled end of the string, slightly moistened, is then to be laid along the side of the top, at the point where the peg is driven into the wood.

It will be observed that the lower end of the top is marked with a coil of slight circular grooves. Round the top in these grooves the cord is to be wound over the moistened and unraveled end of the cord until the button at the other end can be placed, and held tightly between and behind the two last fingers of the right hand, and with the thumb at the same time placed on the peg. The whole toy so held is then to be lifted above the head, and thrown in a curved line smartly to the ground, the cord being retained in the hand by the button secured between the two last fingers. Just before the string finally leaves the top it should be jerked, in order that any tendency to adhere on the part of the moistened end may be counteracted. It should be stated here that it is in the peculiar manner in which this jerk is performed that given kinds of spinning are obtained; but on this subject no general instructions will be of any avail: the results of the different jerks must be noticed and acted upon.

Peg-in-the-Ring.

The preceding remarks on the peg-top having been duly studied, the game of Peg-in-the-Ring may next be proceeded with, and it will be found that it is the best of the peg-top games. It should be played as follows: A circle, about three feet in diameter, has to be drawn on the ground, and then it has to be decided who shall first cast his top into the circle or ring, and the order of the succeeding players. The first player casts his top within the ring, and whilst it continues spinning the others are at liberty to peg their tops at it, or at the top of any other player who may have in the meantime cast in. So soon as all the players have cast in their tops, the first player may remove his, and himself peg at the others, and then the second, and so on; but after the first round no more than one top may be taken up until another has been cast.

Should any player fail to spin his top when he throws it, or fail to cast it within the ring, or take the top up from the ring, except in the proper order, or should it, on ceasing to spin, lie in the ring, the top is called "dead," and either is set in the middle of the ring or left where it falls, as the case may be, for the others to peg at. Any top hopping out of the ring, while still spinning, may be taken up out of the proper order, and the owner has an additional right to peg at those tops within the ring. If a top that is dead should chance to be pegged out of the ring, it becomes alive again, and the owner may at once, without waiting his proper turn, resume his play with it.

The object of each player is either to split the tops of his companions, and thereby gain the pegs of the tops as trophies, or by striking his companions' tops beyond the

boundaries of the ring, enabling them to resume their play.

Battledore and Shuttlecock.

This is a game indulged in by adults as well as by the youngsters, but although a capital game, in that it affords good exercise and amusement, it is not so popular as once it was. Ordinarily, battledores are either made entirely of wood, or else with wooden handles and "drum" heads of parchment. A more expensive kind of battledore is made of boxwood for handle, with a strained net, like the bat used in lawn tennis. Either of the first two may be purchased for a small sum at any toy shop, and they will be found much better than home-made battledores. The shuttlecock also is better bought than made; it consists mainly of a bit of cork, in which goose-feathers of equal size have been stuck obliquely.

The object of the game when played by one player is, after having thrown the shuttlecock into the air, to keep it bounding and rebounding as long as possible by repeated strokes of the bat end of the battledore. It will be found that the shuttlecock ascends and descends with the feathers downwards and upwards respectively. When more than one player indulges in the game, the players should be stationed at equal distances round the ground, each armed with a battledore, and by the aid of the battledores a shuttlecock, or more than one if it is desired, should be kept passing round and round.

Graces or Grace Hoops.

In this game two players are each provided with a small hoop and two sticks, and the game is to throw the hoops from the sticks and to catch them again on the sticks in the same succession as the bags are thrown and caught in the game of that name.

The hoops are also sometimes thrown from both sticks, and caught on one or both, according to the wish or ability of the players; the object being not to allow the hoops to fall to the ground. This game is sometimes called by its French name, Les Grâces.

INDOOR AMUSEMENTS

We do not know who invented the great number of old-fashioned round or parlor games which have given entertainment to many generations of young people. The origin of most of them is lost in the obscurity of the past, but they are played today with all the old vim and heartiness. To these inventors the world owes a great sum of enjoyment. They have done much to break up the monotony of ordinary social intercourse, have taught people how to laugh and be merry within doors, and many an evening which would otherwise have passed in dull weariness has been enlivened and made joyful by some of these lively old games. We, therefore, give a number of the most attractive of these indoor amusements for the benefit of our readers, and shall add several games of recent invention.

Acting Proverbs.

In this game each player may take a part, or, if thought preferable, the company may divide themselves into actors and spectators. The actors then each fix upon a proverb which is to be represented by every one of them individually. There is to be no connection between them in any way. Each one in turn has simply to act before the rest of the company the proverb he has selected. The first player might, for instance, come into the room holding a cup in his hand; then, by way of acting his proverb, he might repeatedly make an appearance of attempting to drink out of the cup, but of being prevented each time by the cup slipping out of his hands, thus in dumb show illustrating the proverb, "There's many a slip between the cup and the lip." The second might come into the room rolling a ball, a footstool, or anything else that would do to represent a stone. After rolling it about for some time he takes it up and examines it with astonishment, as if something were wanting that he expected to find on it, making it, perhaps, too plainly

evident to the company that the proverb he is aiming to depict is the familiar one of "A rolling stone gathers no moss." If really good acting be thrown into this game, it may be made exceedingly interesting.

The Adjective Game.

A sheet of paper and a pencil are given to the players, upon which each is requested to write five or six adjectives. In the meantime one of the company undertakes to improvise a little story, or, which will do quite as well, is provided with some short narrative from a book.

The papers are then collected, and the story is read aloud, the reader of the same substituting for the original adjectives those supplied by the company on their papers, placing them, without any regard to sense, in the order in which they have been received.

The result will be something of this kind: "The sweet heron is a bird of a hard shape, with a transparent head and an agitated bill, set upon a hopeful neck. Its picturesque legs are put far back in its body, the feet and claws are false, and the tail very new-fangled. It is a durable distorted bird, unsophisticated in its movements, with a blind voice, and tender in its habits. In the mysterious days of falconry the places where the heron bred were counted almost shy, the bird was held to be serious game, and slight statutes were enacted for its preservation," and so on.

Consequences.

The old-fashioned game of Consequences is played in the following manner. The players are each provided with pencil and paper. Then the leader of the game requests that each shall write *one or more adjectives* at the top of his or her paper, and fold it down so as to conceal what has been written. Then each passes this paper to the right-hand neighbor, who writes on it the *name of a gentleman*, and folds and passes it onward again. Then *one or more adjectives* are written; then a *lady's name;* then *where they met;* then *what he gave her;* then *what he said to her;* then *what she said to him;* then *the consequences;* lastly *what the world said about it.*

Each time anything is written the paper must be folded and passed on. At the end, the papers are collected and read by the leader. The result is generally very absurd and amusing. It might, for instance, be something of this kind: "The *happy, energetic* (1) *Mr. Jones* (2) met the *modest* (3) *Miss Smith* (4) in *Lover's Lane* (5). He gave her a *sly glance* (6) and said to her, '*Do you love the moon?*' (7). She replied, '*Not if I know it*' (8). The consequence was *they sang a duet* (9), and the world said, '*Served them right*'" (10).

The Clairvoyant.

In this game one of the company standing outside the room is, strange to say, able to describe what is passing inside. A dialogue such as would have to be carried on between the principal players will best describe the game, and show how it is to be played:

"Do you quite remember how the room is furnished in which we are sitting?"
"I do."
"Do you remember the color of the chairs?"
"I do."
"Do you know the ornaments on the mantelpiece?"
"I do."
"And the vase of flowers?"
"I do."
"The old china in the cabinet?"
"Yes."
"The stuffed birds?"
"Yes."
"You think there is nothing in the room that has escaped your notice?"
"Nothing."
"Then please tell me what I am now touching?"
"You are touching the vase of flowers."

The vase of flowers was the only object preceded by the word "and" by the questioner, and this at once guides the clairvoyant to the proper answer. The fun of the game consists in puzzling those of the company to whom the secret is unknown.

There are other games in which similar methods are employed. In "This and That," for instance, "that" is the word suggesting the answer. The company chooses an object, and asks, "Was it the desk?" "Was it this book?" "Was it that chair?" etc. The answer "Yes" follows

the chair question. In the "Magic Answer" the word selected is to follow a question concerning something having four legs. Several questions may be followed by "Was it a rabbit?" "No;" "Was it a purse?" "Yes." Of course, other guiding words may be employed.

Twenty Questions.

This is a pastime requiring some range of information. One person chooses a word denoting some substance, object, etc., a substance being some natural material, an object some product of manufacture. The other players try to discover it by asking questions in turn, twenty being allowed. The answers are confined to "Yes" and "No," except to such questions as "Is it animal, vegetable, or mineral?" Each answer suggests a new question, such as "Is it useful or ornamental?" "Is it manufactured or natural?" etc. Much ingenuity may be shown in framing the questions, and a shrewd questioner will usually solve the problem before the twenty questions are asked.

Magical Music.

This is a game in which music is made to take a prominent part. On one of the company volunteering to leave the room, some particular article agreed upon is hidden. On being recalled, the person, ignorant of the hiding-place, must commence a diligent search, taking the piano as his guide. The loud tones will mean that he is very near the object of his search, and the soft tones that he is far from it. Another method of playing the same game is for the person who has been out of the room to try to discover on his return what the remainder of the company desire him to do. It may be to pick up something from the floor, to take off his coat, to look at himself in the glass, or anything else as absurd. The only clue afforded him of solving the riddle must be the loud or soft tones of the music.

The Magic Hats.

Though the following trick cannot exactly be designated a Round Game, it may be performed by one of the company with great success during an interval of rest from playing. The performer begins by placing his own hat, along with another which he has borrowed, on the table, crown upwards. He then requests that the sugar-basin may be produced, from which on its arrival a lump is selected and given to him. Taking it in his fingers, he promises, by some wonderful process, that he will swallow the sugar, and then, within a very short time, will let its position be under one of the two hats on the table, the company may decide which hat it shall be. It is generally suspected that a second lump of sugar will be taken from the basin, if it can be done without observation, consequently all eyes are fixed upon it. Instead of that, after swallowing the sugar the performer places the selected hat upon his own head, thus, of course, fulfilling his undertaking.

Hunt the Slipper.

This surely must be one of our oldest games, and one, no doubt, that our grandmothers and grandfathers played at when they were children. The players all seat themselves, like so many tailors, on the floor in a ring, so that their toes all meet. A slipper (the smaller the better) is then produced, and given by the person outside to one sitting in the circle, with instructions that it must be mended by a certain day. Finding it not finished at the time appointed, the pretended owner declares that he must have it as it is, and thereupon commences the hunt. How it is carried on is no doubt too well known to need further explanation.

Hunt the Ring.

The game of Hunt the Ring is perhaps better liked than Hunt the Slipper, on account of its being in the estimation of most people more convenient and manageable. Either a ring or a small key may be used for the purpose. Whichever it is, a string must be passed through it, and the ends fastened in a knot, forming thus a circular band. The company then stand in a circle, allowing the string to pass through the hands of each person, and enabling every one to slide the ring easily along from one to the other. The object of the player standing inside the circle is to stop it in its progress, which, in

most cases, he finds a rather difficult task. The game is also frequently played without any string, when every one tries, of course, to pass the ring round very rapidly, without being detected by the hunter.

Hunt the Whistle.

This game is always successful, and a source of great amusement, if only some one ignorant of the secret can be found who will volunteer to act as hunter. Such person is first requested to kneel down while some lady goes through the ceremony of conferring upon him the order of knighthood. During the process, the whistle, attached to a piece of ribbon, is pinned to the coat of the newly made knight. He is then told to rise and go in quest of the whistle, which is in the possession of one of the party. The hunt now begins, the players all trying to deceive their victim in every way imaginable, and to make him think that they are passing the whistle from one to another. On every possible occasion, of course, the whistle should be sounded, until the deluded knight has made the discovery that the object of his search is fastened to himself.

Blind Man's Buff.

A handkerchief must be tied over the eyes of some one of the party who has volunteered to be blind man; after which he is turned round three times, then let loose to catch any one he can. As soon as he has succeeded in laying hold of one of his friends, if able to say who it is he is liberated, and the handkerchief is transferred to the eyes of the newly-made captive, who in his turn becomes blind man. This position the new victim must hold until, like his predecessor, he shall succeed in catching some one, and naming correctly the person he has caught.

Shadow Buff.

This game, if well played, may be productive of much merriment. A large white sheet is first being hung securely on one side of the room, and on a table some distance behind a very bright lamp must be placed. All other lights being extinguished, one of the party takes a seat on a low stool between the lamp and the sheet, but nearer the latter than the former. One after another the company pass behind him, their shadows of course falling upon the sheet as they pass. It is much more difficult than most people would imagine to guess the original from the shadow, especially as in this game it is allowable for the players to disguise themselves to some slight extent. Gestures of any kind may be practiced, masks may be worn, false noses, or anything else of the kind, to render the work of the guesser more difficult, for this always tends very considerably to add to the general fun.

Simon Says.

In this game an imaginary Simon is the presiding genius, and the orders of no one but Simon are to be obeyed. The leader of the company generally begins by saying, "Simon says, 'Thumbs up,'" when every one must immediately obey the command of Simon or incur the penalty of paying a forfeit. Simon may then say, "Wink your left eye," "Blow your nose," "Kiss your neighbor," or anything equally absurd. Whatever Simon says must be done. No command, however, not prefaced by the words "Simon says," is to be regarded. With the idea of winning forfeits, the leader will endeavor to induce the company to do certain things not authorized by Simon—indeed, the fun of the game consists in every one doing the wrong thing instead of the right one, and in having a good collection of forfeits.

How Do You Like Your Neighbor?

The company must seat themselves round the room, leaving plenty of space in the middle for passing to and fro. One person left standing then begins the game by putting the question, "How do you like your neighbor?" to any one he pleases. The answer must be either "Not at all" or "Very much." Should the reply be "Not at all," the lady or gentleman is requested to say what other two members of the company would be preferred instead as neighbors, when the new neighbors and the old must immediately change places. During the transition the questioner may endeavor to secure a seat for himself, leaving out one of the four who have been struggling for seats

to take the place of questioner. When the reply "Very much" is given, every one in the room must change places. The questioner, therefore, will easily find a seat for himself, and the person left standing must take his place as interrogator.

How, When, and Where?

In this game, as in others, a word is chosen by the company, containing as many meanings as possible, the person who has volunteered to be the questioner having previously gone out of the room. On being recalled, the person who has been out begins by asking each of his friends how they like it.

Supposing the word "cord" to have been chosen, the first player might answer *slight*, the next *sweet*, meaning *chord*, the next *loud*, the next *strong*. and so on until all have said *how* they liked it. The questioner then recommences his interrogations at the first player by inquiring "*When* do you like it?" Replies to this question something like the following may be given:—"When I am preparing to take a journey;" "When I am in church;" "When I am driving;" "When I feel musical." Then to the last question—"Where do you like it?" the company may reply—"In a piano;" "In the garden;" "Not round my neck;" "Always at hand" etc. No doubt long before all the questions have been answered the word that has been chosen will have been discovered.

Forfeits.

These old fashioned games, of which we have given some of the best known and most popular out of a large number, are apt to be followed by a series of amusing forfeits, exacted from the losers in the game. Many young people think that the forfeits are more amusing than the games themselves, and that the best part of the evening comes when forfeit time arrives.

The person deputed to pronounce judgment on those of his friends who have to pay the forfeits may either invent something on the spur of the moment, or make use of what he has seen in a book or has stored in his memory. Originality in such cases is often the best, simply because the sentence is made to suit, or rather *not to suit* the victim; and the object of course of all these forfeit penances is to make the performers look absurd. For those players, however, who in preference to anything new still feel inclined to adopt the well-known good old-fashioned forfeits, we supply a list of as many as will meet ordinary requirements.

1. *Bite an inch off the Poker.*—This is done by holding the poker the distance of an inch from the mouth, and performing an imaginary bite.

2. *Kiss the lady you love best without any one knowing it.*—To do this the gentleman must of course kiss all the ladies present, the one he most admires taking her turn among the rest.

3. *Kneel to the wittiest, bow to the prettiest, and kiss the one you love best.*—These injunctions may, of course, be obeyed in the letter or in the spirit, just as the person redeeming the forfeit feels inclined to do.

4. *Put yourself through the keyhole.*—To do this the word "Yourself" is written upon a piece of paper, which is rolled up and passed through the keyhole.

5. *Sit upon the fire.*—The trick in this forfeit is like the last one. Upon a piece of paper the words, "The fire," are written, and then sat upon.

6. *Take one of your friends upstairs and bring him down upon a feather.*—Any one acquainted with this forfeit is sure to choose the stoutest person in the room as his companion to the higher regions. On returning to the room the redeemer of the forfeit will be provided with a soft feather, covered with down, which he will formerly present to his stout companion, obeying, therefore, the command to bring him *down* upon a feather.

7. *Kiss a book inside and outside without opening it.*—This is done by first kissing the book in the room, then taking it outside and kissing it there.

8. *Put one hand where the other cannot touch it.*—This is done by merely holding the right elbow with the left hand.

9. *Kiss the candlestick.*—Request a young lady to hold a lighted candle, and then steal a kiss from her.

10. *Laugh in one corner of the room, sing in another, cry in another, and dance in another*

11. *The German Band.*—In this charming little musical entertainment, three or four of the company can at the same time redeem their forfeits. An imaginary musical instrument is given to each one—they themselves must have no choice in the matter—and upon these instruments they must perform as best they can.

12. *The Sentence.*—A certain number of letters are given to the forfeit player, who must use each one in the order in which it is given him for the commencement of a word. All the words, when made, must then form a sentence—placing the words in their proper order exactly as the letters with which they begin were given.

13. *Kiss your own shadow.*—The most pleasant method of executing this command is to hold a lighted candle so that your shadow may fall on a

young lady's face, when you must take the opportunity of snatching a kiss.

14. *Act the dummy.*—You must do whatever any of the company wish you to perform without speaking a single word.

15. *Show the spirit of contrary.*—The idea in this imposition is the same as in the game of contrary. Whatever the player is told to do, he must do just the contrary.

16. *The deaf man.*—This cruel punishment consists in the penitent being made to stand in the middle of the room, acting the part of a deaf man. In the meantime the company invite him to do certain things, which they know will be very agreeable to him. To the first three invitations he must reply—"I am deaf; I can't hear." To the fourth invitation he must reply—"I can hear;" and however disagreeable the task may be, he must hasten to perform it. It is needless to say the company generally contrive that the last invitation shall be anything but pleasant.

17. *Make your will.*—The victim in this case is commanded to say what he will leave as a legacy to every one of his friends in the room. To one he may leave his black hair, to another his eyebrows, to another (perhaps a lady) his dress coat, to another his excellent common sense, to another his wit, and so on until every one in the room has been remembered.

18. *Spell Constantinople.*—This trick, as most people are aware, consists in calling out "No, no!" to the speller when he has got as far as the last syllable but one. Thus he begins: "C-o-n con, s-t-a-n, stan, t-i ti." Here voices are heard crying "No, no!" which interruption, unless the victim be prepared for it, may lead him to imagine that he has made a mistake.

19. *The Blind dancers.*—Among players who are not anxious to prolong the ordeal of forfeit crying any longer than is necessary, the following method of redeeming several forfeits at once may be acceptable:—Eight victims are chosen to be blindfolded, and while in this condition are requested to go through the first figure of a quadrille.

20. *The cats' concert.*—This is another method of redeeming any number of forfeits at once. The players who have their forfeits to redeem are requested to place themselves together in a group, when, at a signal from the leader, they all begin to sing any tune they like. The effect, as may well be imagined, is far from melodious or soothing.

Characteristics.

The games we have given are selected from the old-fashioned ones, many of which have been in vogue for centuries. They are largely adapted to young people, who care chiefly for lively fun and boisterous mirth. There are many other evening recreations of recent origin and quieter character, frequently based upon a wide knowledge of literature, geography, or other fields of information. We append some illustrative examples of these. In the game above named the leader reads slowly a prepared list of characteristics of noted people. If these do not lead to a knowledge of the person meant, there is another guide in the fact that the initials of the person's name are repeated in the phrases used. We give a list, which any one is welcome to add to:

LITERARY.

Happy Children Appear . . . . . H. C. Anderson
Explains Asia . . . . . Edwin Arnold
England's Bright Bard . . . . . E. B. Browning
Rustic Bard . . . . . Robert Burns
Terrible Complainer . . . . . Thomas Carlyle
Tragic Career . . . . . Thomas Chatterton
Shakepeare's Truest Critic . . . . S. T. Coleridge
A Clever Doctor . . . . . A. Conan Doyle
Recognized Wisdom Everywhere . R. W. Emerson
Touching Humanity . . . . . Thomas Hood
Wonderfully Interesting . . . Washington Irving
Charming Levity . . . . . Charles Lamb
Truthful Negro Portraits . . . . Thomas N. Page
Perished By Sea . . . . . P. B. Shelley
Her Books Sell . . . . . H. B. Stowe
Beguiling Traveler . . . . . Bayard Taylor
What Magical Talent . . . . . W. M. Thackeray
Makes Travesties . . . . . Mark Twain
Charming, Delightful Writer . . . . C. D. Warner
Neat Parlor Writer . . . . . N. P. Willis

HISTORICAL.

Naturally Belligerent . . . . Napoleon Bonaparte
Opposed Cavaliers . . . . . Oliver Cromwell
Ever Elegant . . . . . Edward Everett
Protested Hotly . . . . . Patrick Henry
Always Loyal . . . . . Abraham Lincoln
Marvelous Light . . . . . Martin Luther
War's Triumphant Soldier . . . . W. T. Sherman
Noted Words . . . . . Noah Webster
Great Warrior . . . . . George Washington

MISCELLANEOUS.

Perfectly Tremendous Boaster . . . P. T. Barnum
Best Broadcloth . . . . . Beau Brummel
Well-Earned Glory . . . . William E. Gladstone
Thoroughly Honest . . . . . Thomas Hughes
Hamlet's Interpreter . . . . . Henry Irving
He Made Search . . . . . H. M. Stanley

A Trip Round the World.

Geography furnishes an abundant opportunity for symbolic suggestions, which may be given in the way of questions and answers, or, more entertainingly, may be taken in character. Thus a man may enter the room wearing his hat, and keep it on until some quick guesser calls out "Manhattan." Another has thrust into his buttonhole a large fishhook covered with sand. This is evidently Sandy Hook. There may

enter a boy dressed in buff, with a halo over his head. He evidently signifies Buffalo; and the girl dressed in green, the trimming in deep points, can only be Greenpoint. A lady carrying a set of dolls dressed as boys, each bearing the name "Benny," clearly signifies Albany.

Many others might be named. A large bright-colored letter C stands for Seabright. Turkey, Little Rock, Yellowstone, and various others could be similarly indicated, as by whittling a piece of wood into the shape of an ark to signify Newark, or indicating Saxony by a bunch of bright yarns. These hints may suggest many other examples, some of them very appropriate.

A Penny for Your Thoughts.

A pleasant entertainment may be had by the simple device of asking a company to think of how many things they can find symbolized on the smaliest American ccin. All the apparatus needed is cents enough to go around, and cards, with pencils, for each guest, on which to write their answers. The one with the largest number of correct answers wins the game. The following is the list:

1 A messenger? One cent (sent).
2 An ancient punishment? Stripes.
3 Means of inflicting it? Lashes.
4 A piece of armor? Shield.
5 A devoted young man? Bow (beau).
6 An African fruit? Date.
7 A place of worship? Temple.
8 Part of a hill? Brow.
9 Spring flowers? Tulips.
10 Three weapons? Arrows.
11 The first American? Indian.
12 Emblem of victory? Laurel wreath.
13 An animal? Hair (hare).
14 Two sides of a vote? Eyes and nose (ayes and noes).
15 An emblem of royalty? Crown.
16 Matrimony? United State.
17 Youth and old age? Youth 18—95 old age.
18 Part of a river? Mouth.
19 Something found in a school? Pupil.
20 Part of a stove? Lid (eyelid).
21 Plenty of assurance? Cheek.
22 The cry of victory? Won (one).
23 Implements of writing? Quills.

The Dinner Table.

There are various other games in which objects are symbolized. For instance, here is a list of questions and answers applicable to the dinner table. The questions may be written on cards, and these distributed among the members of the company to see who can give the greatest number of correct answers:

MEATS.

1 A tool and a wise man. [Sausage.]
2 A famous English writer. [Lamb.]
3 A silly fellow. [Goose.]
4 The wisest, brightest and meanest of mankind. [Bacon.]
5 Timber and the herald of morning. [Woodcock.]
6 The unruly member. [Tongue.]
7 The ornamental part of the head. [Hare.]
8 A son of Noah. [Ham.]
9 An insect and a letter. [Beef.]

VEGETABLES.

10 Woman's work and dread. [Spinage.]
11 Part of a house and a letter. [Celery.]
12 Skilled, part of a needle, and to suffocate. [Artichoke.]
13 What Pharaoh saw in a dream. [Corn.]

FRUIT.

14 To waste away and Eve's temptation. [Pineapple.]
15 Four-fifths of a month and a dwelling. [Apricot.]
16 Married people. [Pears.]
17 February 22, July 4, December 25. [Dates.]

THE GUESTS.

18 A kind of linen. [Holland.]
19 Residences of civilized people. [Holmes.]
20 To agitate a weapon. [Shakespeare.]
21 Meat, what are you doing? [Browning.]
22 Brighter and smarter than the last. [Whittier.]
23 An animal's home where there is no water. [Dryden.]
24 Fiery things. [Burns.]
25 A lady's garment. [Hood.]
26 An animal and what she cannot do. [Cowper.]
27 A worker in precious metals. [Goldsmith.]
28 Very rapid. [Swift.]
29 A slang expression. [Dickens.]

The Flower Basket.

The garden and field furnish material for a set of questions similar in character to those just given. We append a list of questions and answers, which may be added to by alert members of the family:

1 My first wears my second upon her foot. [Lady's slipper.]
2 A Roman numeral. [Ivy, IV.]
3 The hour before an early tea. [Four-o'clock.]
4 The cook's delight. [Butter and Eggs.]
5 A gay and ferocious animal. [Dandelion.]

6 My first is often sought for my second. [Marigold.]
7 Farewell to a sweetheart. ["Forget-me-not."]
8 The sweetheart's reply. ["Sweet William."]
9 Its own doctor. [Self-heal.]
10 My first is as sharp as needles, my second is as soft as down. [Thistledown.]
11 My first is a country in Asia, my second is the name of a prominent New York family. [China Aster.]
12 My first is the name of a bird, my second is worn by cavalrymen. [Larkspur.]
13 A church official. [Elder.]
14 A tattered songster. [Ragged Robin.]
15 My first is sly but cannot wear my second. [Foxglove.]
16 Something to be kissed. [Tulips.]
17 My first is a weapon, my second is a place where money is coined. [Spearmint.]
18 Fragrant letters. [Sweet peas.]
19 My first is a white wood, my second is the name of a Rhenish wine. [Hollyhock.]
20 What the father said to his son in the morning. ["Johnny-jump-up!"]
21 My first is made in a dairy but is seldom served in my second. [Buttercup.]
22 My first wears my second on his head. [Coxcomb.]

Initials.

Select any name you choose, and write a number of questions which are to be answered by a phrase bearing the initials of the name selected. For example, suppose we choose the name Benjamin Hastings. The initials are B. H., and every answer is to bear these initials. Here are ten questions and answers, which are offered simply as suggestions:

1 Who are you? Benjamin Hastings.
2 Who would you prefer to be? Bret Harte.
3 Where do you live? British Honduras.
4 What do you think of the tariff? Better high.
5 What is your latest fad? Buying hats.
6 Describe your character? Bad-humored.
7 Your favorite flower? Blue hyacinth.
8 The height of your ambition? Being humorous.
9 Your chief accomplishment? Building houses.
10 Your favorite book? Black Beauty.

Progressive Initials.

As progressive games are so greatly in fashion, we give some examples devised for those who do not care for card games. A number of tables to suit the number of guests must be prepared, and may be labeled "Fruits," "Flowers," "Cities in United States," "Noted Men in American History," or otherwise, as may be preferred.

Let the "Noted Men" be the first table. In the centre of each table place about twenty assorted letters, face down. Anagram letters are preferable, because they are easily turned.

Having arranged the tables, pass to each guest a score-card, on which may be printed the subjects of the different tables, four for flowers, four for fruits, for animals, etc., by means of which places may be assigned for beginning the game.

When all are seated, the bell at the first table rings, and the game proceeds. One person turns a letter, and calls it out so that all at his table may know it. Then the first person who thinks of a noted man whose last name begins with that letter says it, and the letter is his. For instance, if W were turned, and one person should say "Washington," he would keep the W. Then in quick succession a letter is turned by each person at the table in rotation until all the letters are exhausted. The object of the game is to be the first to think of a noted man, a city, or a flower, as the case may be. When the letters are all exhausted at the first table the bell rings and the game stops. The two persons who have gained the most letters during the game progress to the next higher table, and those with the least go down, as in progressive euchre. Each person, however, keeps a record on his card of the number of letters he gets in each game, and at the end of the evening the prize is awarded to the one who holds the most letters, or to the highest two, if it is proposed to give first and second prizes.

Charades.

The entertainments so far given need little preliminary preparation. The most of them may be entered upon in response to a suggestion from any of the company, such apparatus as are needed being readily supplied. There are other amusements of a more elaborate character, and which demand more thought and preparation. Among these is the time-honored game of charades.

The acting of charades is an amusement which may always be made attractive, if there be any originality displayed in the

representations and wit in the dialogue, and it is one which most young people hail with acclamation. The preparation needing to be made in the way of dressing, scenery, etc., is much less than in the case of private theatricals, little being needed beyond a few old clothes, shawls, and hats, and a few good actors, or rather, a few clever, bright, intelligent young people, all willing to employ their best energies in contributing to the amusement of their friends. What ability they may possess as actors will soon become evident by the success or failure of the charade. The following are among the many words suitable for charade acting:

Andrew, Arrowroot, Artichoke, Bayonet, Bellman, Bondmaid, Bookworm, Bracelet, Bridewell, Brimstone, Brushwood; Cabin, Carpet, Castaway, Catacomb, Champaign, Chaplain, Checkmate, Childhood, Cowslip, Cupboard, Cutlet; Daybreak, Dovetail, Downfall, Dustman; Earings, Earshot; Farewell, Footman; Grandchild; Harebell, Handiwork, Handsome, Hardship, Helpless, Highgate, Highwayman, Homesick, Hornbook; Illwill, Indulgent, Inmate, Insight, Intent, Intimate; Jewel, Joyful; Kindred, Kneedeep; Label, Lawful, Leapyear, Lifelike, Loophole, Loveknot; Madcap, Matchless, Milkmaid, Mistake, Misunderstand, Mohair, Moment, Moonstruck; Namesake, Necklace, Nightmare, Nightshade, Ninepin, Nutmeg; Orphanage, Outside, Oxeye; Padlock, Painful, Parsonage, Penmanship, Pilgrim, Pilot, Purchase; Quicklime, Quicksand, Quickset, Quicksilver; Ragamuffin, Ringleader, Roundhead, Ruthful; Scarlet, Season, Sentinel, Sightless, Skipjack, Sluggard, Sofa, Solo, Somebody, Spererib, Speculate, Speedwell, Spinster, Statement, Supplicate, Sweetmeat, Sweetheart; Tactic, Tartar, Tenant, Tendon, Tenor, Threshold, Ticktack, Tiresome, Toadstool, Torment, Tractable, Triplet, Tunnel; Upright, Uproar; Vampire, Vanguard; Waistcoat, Watchful, Watchman, Waterfall, Wayward, Wedding, Wedlock, Welcome, Welfare, Wilful, Willow, Workmanship; Yokemate, Youthful.

Tableaux Vivants.

In the estimation of some people tableaux vivants, or living pictures, possess even greater attractions than charades, simply for the reason that in their representation no conversational power is required. The performers have to remain perfectly silent, looking rather than speaking their thoughts; proclaiming by the attitude in which they place themselves, and by the expression of their countenances, the tale they have to tell. To others, however, this silent acting is infinitely more difficult than the incessant talk and gesticulation required in charade actors. Naturally active, and gifted with a ready flow of words, the ordeal of having to remain motionless and silent, for even three or four minutes, would be equal to the infliction upon themselves of absolute pain. Still we must not be led to think that individuals devoid of character are the most eligible to take part in tableaux vivants; no greater mistake could be made. The affair is sure to be a failure unless the actors not only have the most perfect command of feeling, but are able also to enter completely into the spirit of the subject they attempt to depict.

It would be useless to expect a lady to personate Lady Macbeth who had never read the play, and who, therefore, knew nothing of the motives which prompted that ambitious woman in her guilty career. In order to give effect to the scene the subject must be familiar and thoroughly understood by the actors. There is seldom any difficulty in the selection of subjects. Historical remembrances are always acceptable, and can be made to speak very plainly for themselves, while fictitious and poetical scenes may be rendered simply charming.

Speaking from experience, one of the prettiest tableaux vivants we ever saw was one taken from Shakespeare's "Winter's Tale." As soon as the curtain was drawn aside, Hermione was seen on a raised pedestal, so lifeless and calm she might well have been mistaken for marble. Before her was standing Leontes, an old man, with his daughter, Perdita, hanging on his arm, both evidently struck dumb with amazement at the likeness of the statue to her whom for so many years they had believed to be dead; while Camillo, Florizel, and Polixenes also stood gazing in wonder. The good Paulina, dressed as a Sicilian matron, stood behind the statue, or rather on one side, as the exhibitor of it. Presently were heard strains of gentle music, when the statue stepped gracefully from her elevation, gave her hand to Leontes, and was embraced by him. The curtain here was drawn forward again, hiding from our sight a picture that ever since has been printed indelibly upon our memory.

Comic Tableaux.

For comic tableaux, scenes from fairyland or from nursery rhymes would answer the purpose admirably. Some young lady with long hair might be made to be seen kneeling as Fatima, before her cruel, hard-hearted husband, Blue Beard; he with her hair in one hand, and a drawn sword in the other, just about to cut off her head; the tearful sister meantime straining her eyes out of the window, to catch sight of her brothers, who she knows are coming with all speed to the rescue.

As to dressing and scenery, they are matters that must be left to the taste and fancy of the managers of the concern, who will soon discover that the success of tableaux, even more than charades, depends very greatly upon dress and surroundings. Charades speak for themselves, but tableaux are so soon over, that, unless the actors assume somewhat of the dress of the characters they attempt to personate, the audience would not readily guess the subject chosen. There is little doubt that both with charade performers, and with those who take part in tableaux vivants, the assumed dress gives an air of importance to the proceedings which would not otherwise exist, and acts like a kind of inspiration (upon young people especially), making them perhaps more thoroughly lose their own personality in trying to be for a time some one else.

GAMES OF SKILL

Ten-Pins.

This is a game played on smooth platforms, generally sixty feet long by four wide, called "alleys," at the end of which the pins, ten in number, are set up in triangular shape, with the apex of the triangle toward the player. The foremost pin is

called the *king-pin*. At the end of the alley there is a padded cushion to stop the balls sent down the alley. Each player in the match game has ten rolls, with three balls, if requisite, to each roll, making thirty balls in all, and the game is kept on a blackboard, with ten divisions for each player, each division representing the aggregate number of pins knocked down with the balls of that division. If a player knocks down all the pins with one ball it is called a *ten-strike*, and entitles him to a *double space*, or two spare balls, and he may score what he makes with the two first balls of the next division, in addition to the ten already obtained. For instance, if he makes nine with the next two balls, he scores nineteen in his first division, and then counts in the second division what he may make with the three balls. If a player knocks down the ten pins with the two balls, it is called a *spare*, and he counts, in addition to those ten, the pins knocked down by the first ball of the following division.

To give an example: We will suppose a player commencing on his first division of three balls. He rolls the first ball and makes a strike. The marker places a # over his first division, showing that the player has made ten already toward his count on that division, which, as far as balls are concerned, is ended. The player then commences to roll for the second division, the *first* ball of which knocks down five pins; the *second*, three pins. The result of these two balls is then added to his ten-stroke, making eighteen to be scored to his first division. With his third ball he makes one pin. This is added to the two previous balls, making nine to score to his second division, which would then be marked twenty-seven—each division including the score of all divisions before it.

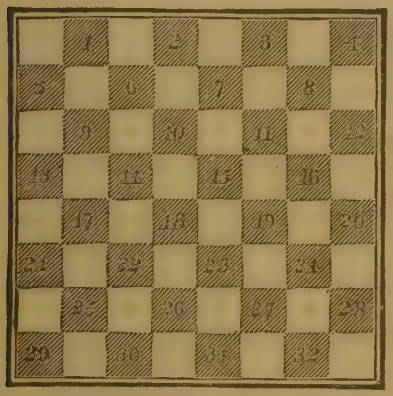
Checkers.

Checkers is a game that is very often underrated, because it is supposed that there is little or no play in it.

As a rule, a good checker-player is a more acute person on every-day subjects than is a

good chess-player, and thus we strongly recommend checkers as a game likely to call into action very useful qualities.

Black



White

Checkers is played on the same board as is chess, the men, however, being placed entirely on squares of one color.

There are twelve men on each side, arranged on the squares from 1 to 12 and from 21 to 32.

The two squares marked 1 and 5, and 32 and 28, are called the *double corners*, and these must always be on the right hand of the player, whilst the left-hand lowest square, 4 and 29, must always be on the left-hand side.

Having arranged the men, the first move is determined between the players by lot.

The men move one square at a time; thus, the man on 22 can move either to 18 or 17; the man on 23 can move either to 19 18. The men can only move forward not backward, until they have succeeded in reaching the bottom row of the adversary's squares, when they are *crowned* by having a second man placed above them. They are then termed *kings*, and can move either forward or backward as desirable.

A man may *take* an opponent's man by leaping over him and taking up the vacant square beyond him, the piece taken being removed from the board.

A man may take two or three men at one move, provided he can leap over each in succession. To understand this, place a white man at 18, 11 and 25, and a black man at 29, all other pieces being removed from the board. The black man can move and take the three white men, as he can leap to 22, 15 and 8, thus taking the men on squares 18, 11 and 25. A king can move both backward and forward any number of men as long as a square is open. Thus, place a white man on 25, 26, 27, 19, 10, 9 and 17. A black king at 29 could take all these men at once, for he could leap from 29 to 22, taking 25 man; to 31, taking 26; to 24, taking 27; to 15, taking 19; to 6, taking 10; to 13, taking 9; and to 22, taking 17, and taking all these in one move.

If a man take other men, and in the taking reach the bottom row, he cannot go on taking, as a king, until the adversary has moved.

The game is *won* when all the adversary's men are either taken or blockaded so that they cannot move, and it is *drawn* when two kings or less remain able to move in spite of the adversary.

LAWS.—The following are the established laws of the game, which should be learned by every person who is desirous of becoming a checker-player:

1. Each player takes the first move alternately, whether the last game be won or drawn.

2. Any action which prevents the adversary from having a full view of the men is not allowed.

3. The player who touches a man must play him.

4. In case of *standing the huff*, which means omitting to take a man when an opportunity for so doing has occurred, the other party may either take the man, or insist upon his man, which has been so omitted by his adversary, being taken.

5. If either party, when it is his turn to move, hesitates above three minutes, the other may call upon him to play; and if, after that, he delays above five minutes longer, then he loses the game.

6. In the losing game, the player can insist upon his adversary taking all the men in case opportunities should present themselves for their being so taken.

7. To prevent unnecessary delay, if one color has no pieces but two kings on the

board, and the other no piece but one king. the latter can call upon the former to win the game in twenty moves; if he does not finish it within that number of moves, the game to be relinquished as drawn.

8. If there are three kings to two on the board, the subsequent moves, are not to exceed forty.

ADVICE.—The men should be kept as much as possible in a wedge form toward the center of the board. Avoid moving a man on the side square, for when there he is deprived of half his power, being able to take in one direction only.

Consider well *before* you touch a man, for a man once touched must be moved.

Avoid the cowardly practice of moving a man, and then, when you discover by your adversary's move that you have committed an error, taking your move back. Stand the consequences though the game be lost, and next time you will be more careful.

Never allow the loss of a game to cause you to lose your temper, for such a proceeding shows you to be more self-sufficient than intellectual.

As a rule, seek to play with a better player than yourself, rather than with a worse.

When you lose a game, avoid all disparaging remarks. Your adversary who defeats you will think more highly of you if you say nothing, or merely acknowledge his greater skill.

Dominoes.

This game is played by two or more persons with twenty-eight pieces, if the highest double is 6, and correspondingly more if the highest double is 12, divided by a line in the middle, into two compartments, in each of which is either a blank or spots from one to double six or double twelve. The names of these pieces, according to the numbers shown, are Double-blank, Blank-ace, Blank-deuce, Blank-trey, Blank-four, Blank-five, Blank-six; Double-ace, Ace-deuce, Ace-trey, Ace-four, Ace-five, Ace-six; Double-deuce, Deuce-trey, Deuce-four, Deuce-five, Deuce-six; Double-trey, Trey-four, Trey-five, Trey-six; Double-four, Four-five, Four-six; Double-five, Five-six; Double-six and so on to Double-twelve.

The pieces are shuffled on the table, faces down, and the players draw at random the number the game requires. An infinite variety of games may be played with dominoes, but those most universally known are Draw and Muggins.

DRAW GAME.—This game, is played with seven pieces, the highest double leads and is matched at one end. When a player cannot play, he is obliged to draw from the pool until he can, or until he has exhausted the stock of pieces, even though the game be blocked by his adversary. The player may draw as many pieces as he pleases. He *must* draw until he can match. After a lead has been made there is no abridgement to this right. The object of drawing is to enable him to play. Having drawn the required piece, the rule to play remains imperative as before. The draw game is, however, based upon the unabridged right to draw, and is known as a distinctive game by this privilege only.

MUGGINS.—In this game each player draws five pieces. The highest double leads, and after that they lead alternately. The count is made by fives. If the one who leads can put down a domino containing spots that count up to five or ten, as the double-five, six-four, five-blank, trey-deuce, etc., he counts that number to his score in the game. In matching, if a piece can be put down so as to make five, ten, fifteen, or twenty, by adding the spots contained on both ends of the row, it counts to the score of the one setting it. Thus a trey being at one end and a five being at the other, the next player in order by putting down a deuce-five would score five; or if double-trey was at one end, and a player was successful in playing so as to get double-deuce at the other end, it would score ten for him. A double-six being at one end and four at the other, if the next player set down a double-four, he counts twenty—double-six (*i. e.* 12) + double-four (*i, e.* 8) = 20. The player who makes a count must instantly announce it when he plays his piece, and if he fails to do so, or if he announces the count wrongly, and any of his opponents calls "Muggins," he is debarred from scoring the count. If a player cannot match, he draws from the pool, the same as in the draw game, until he gets the piece required to match either end, or exhausts the pool.

As in the draw game above, the first one who plays his last piece adds to his count the spots his opponents have; and the same if he gains them when the game is blocked, by having the lowest count. But the sum thus added to the score is some multiple of five nearest the actual amount. The number of the game is two hundred, if two play; but one hundred and fifty, if there be three or more players.

Backgammon.

This is a game played by two persons upon a board, or *table*, which is divided into two parts, upon which there are twelve points of one color and twelve of another, usually light and dark in succession. Each player has fifteen men or pieces of different colors, also two dice and a dice-box. The men are placed by each player on the board in the following manner: Counting the points on each side from 1 to 12, each player puts two of his men on his adversary's No. 1, and five on No. 12, five on his own No. 6, and three on No. 8.

The object of each player is to get all his men played round into the inner table (Number 7 to 12), moving them from point to point, according to the throws of the dice, which are taken alternately. They are finally moved off the board in response to fortunate throws, the player who gets all his men off first winning the game. Backgammon is a very pleasant game of chance for family purposes, where two persons wish to enjoy a leisure hour.

Chess.

One of the oldest, and in many respects the noblest, of games, is that known as chess. It is entirely a game of skill, and admits of a very wide gradation in expertness, the difference in skill between the beginner in chess and the champion player being almost illimitable. To play it well needs a high exercise of the mental power of calculation and prevision of the results of moves, and it is apt to exert a strain upon the mind which makes it rather an intense mental exercise than a diversion.

Chess is played upon a square board, marked with 64 small squares, alternately black and white. Each player has sixteen pieces, eight of which are placed on his first row of squares, and eight (named pawns) on his second row. Those on the first row consist of two rooks, occupying the corner squares; two knights, on the adjoining squares; two bishops, on the third squares from the corners; a queen, on the fourth square from the left, and a king on the fifth square. Each piece has its particular direction of moving; the rooks going in straight lines horizontally or vertically, the bishops diagonally, the queen in any straight line. Each of these moves any distance that is unobstructed. If its line of motion is anywhere occupied by an opposing piece, it takes this and occupies its square.

The knight can move only two squares at a time, in a semi-diagonal direction, or to the third square between a diagonal and a direct line. The pawns move straight forward only; at first two squares, afterwards one square only. They cannot take a piece directly in front, but can, if the piece lies in a diagonal square. If a pawn is carried across the board to the opponent's first line it can be made a queen, and is given the queen's moves. Finally, the king can move only one square at a time, in any direction, but cannot move into an open square which is covered by one of the opponent's pieces. If it becomes so surrounded as to be *checked* on all sides; that is, if it occupies a position into which a hostile piece could move, and all the open spaces around it are threatened by other hostile pieces; and if the latter pieces are so protected that none of them can be taken by any of the player's men, the king is said to be *checkmated*, and the game is lost to its owner. To *mate* the king is the object of the game.

Draughts.

Not unlike chess in general principle, but far simpler, is the old game of draughts or checkers. It is played on the same kind of a board, but the players have no such variety of moves. The men consist of 24 round flat pieces, of different colors, usually black and white. In play these are placed on the white squares, each player occupying the four white squares in each of the three rows on his side of the board. This leaves

the two rows in the middle open for movements of the pieces.

The pieces can move diagonally only, one square forward at a time, but if a hostile piece occupies the adjoining square, with an open space beyond, a leap may be made into this space and the hostile piece taken from the board. If two or three hostile pieces lie thus in succession they may all be leaped and taken from the board. When a piece reaches the opponent's first row it becomes a king, and can move either backward or forward. The game is won when a player has taken all his adversary's pieces, or blocked them so that they cannot move. If neither party can force a win the game is *drawn*.

Billiards.

Chess and draughts are both games in which the players begin with equal powers, and the result depends wholly on skill. The same is the case with billiards, a game played with ivory balls on a smooth-cushioned table, with raised sides to retain the balls, and cause them to roll off at an angle of reflection. The balls are struck and driven by a long wooden *cue*, with a bit of leather on its tip. Some tables have pockets in the corners and on each side, a ball driven into one of these scoring a point. In these games four balls are used. Pockets are no longer used on American tables—except in playing pool, a special form of the game—and only three balls are used. This reduces the game to one of pure skill. A *carom* consists in hitting both object balls with the cue ball, each carom counting one point. A cushion carom is made by striking one or more cushions, or sides of the table, before making a carom; or by striking a ball, then a cushion and then the other ball. This game requires great skill, but very large runs, without a miss, have been made by brilliant experts.

SOCIAL ORGANIZATIONS

In recent times the growth of clubs, both for men and women, in American communities has been very great. These are organized for numerous purposes. Some of them possess buildings arranged for the convenience of their members, their purpose being to promote social intercourse. Many other clubs and societies meet only at stated periods, their object being intellectual, reformatory, scientific, etc. Lectures are given, refreshments are provided, and social divertisement is often made a feature of the occasion.

In addition to the more formal associations, there are many devoted to neighborhood intercourse, instruction, or amusement, such as current-event classes, whist clubs, church organizations of various kinds, and other forms of association designed to bring a company together at stated periods and promote some interest in which all are concerned. Such associations, except those of a minor character, need some form of organization, and must be governed by certain fixed laws and regulations. Some consideration of the organization of such societies may be of utility.

Election of Officers.

The first thing to be done, before any business question can come up properly for discussion, is to appoint officers, two in particular, a president or chairman, or presiding officer under any name, and a secretary, whose duty it is to keep a record of the proceedings at the several business meetings. There may need to be two secretaries: a recording secretary, to keep the minutes of the meetings, and a corresponding secretary, in case the association is likely to require more correspondence than the recording secretary cares to undertake. There are often also one or more vice-presidents chosen. If the society is other than a simple meeting from house to house of its members, dues to pay expenses are likely to be necessary, and a treasurer must be appointed to take charge of the funds, notify the members when their dues are payable, pay all bills, and meet any expenses.

This is not all. Unless the association is of a very informal character and its business proceedings few and simple, some written laws and regulations become necessary,

governing the methods of conducting business, of electing officers, passing resolutions, admitting members, etc. Usually these take the form of a constitution, in which are recited the name and purpose of the association, its fixed modes of operation and permanent principles, and a set of by-laws, relating to methods of proceeding at meetings, mode of choice and length of term of officers, their respective duties, the election of members, dues, fines, resignations, and all subjects which it may become desirable to change at any time as new circumstances arise.

Duties of Officers.

Of the duties of officers, those of the chairman are most important. He is expected to preside at meetings, see that they are conducted in agreement with the by-laws, call for reports of committees, hear all motions made by members and amendments to motions, allow a reasonable time for discussion, and put the motion to the decision of the members, who vote by "aye" and "nay," or, in case of doubt as to the result, by rising, by voting when their names are called, or in any manner adopted to get the true result of the vote.

The chairman also considers objections and points of order, and decides upon them, his decision being final, unless an appeal is made to the members. This appeal is debated before a temporary chairman, chosen to hear it, and may be decided for or against the decision of the president. These general duties of the presiding officer must be somewhat flexible in operation, to meet the numerous exigencies which may arise in the proceedings of any society. He needs to be firm and just, and to have sufficient power of control to preserve order, to decide between wrangling members, and to insist on the meetings being conducted in strict subservience to the requirements of the by-laws. The duties of the secretary and treasurer need not be described. They are simple and formal, the former being confined to keeping a true record of the proceedings, the latter to the collection of dues and other funds and paying them out on properly accredited bills. Committees are frequently appointed to consider questions which cannot conveniently be decided at the regular meetings of the association. Their powers are limited to a decision in committee and a report, favorable or unfavorable, to the general meeting, which will act upon the report. Occasionally, indeed, a committee is given "power to act" on some question, in which case this is not reported back to the society, but is settled by the committee.

The hearing and deciding upon motions, reference of subjects to committees, etc., lead to many intricacies in large and important public bodies. Instead of attempting to explain these at length, we give them in tabulated form, as follows:

PARLIAMENTARY LAW AT A GLANCE

List of motions arranged according to their purpose and effect.

[*Letters refer to rules below.*]

Modifying or amending.
8. To amend or to substitute, or to divide the question . . . . . K

To refer to committee.
7. To commit (or recommit) . . . . . D

Deferring action.
6. To postpone to a fixed time C
4. To lay on the table . . . . . A E G

Suppressing or extending debate.
5. For the previous question . . . . . A E M
To limit, or close, debate . . . . . A M
To extend limits of debate . . . . . A

Suppressing the question.
Objection to consideration of question . . . . . A H M N
9. To postpone indefinitely . . . . . D E

4. To lay upon the table . . . . . A E G

To bring up a question the second time.
To reconsider a debatable question . . . . . D E F I
To reconsider an undebatable question . . . . . A E F I

Concerning Orders, Rules, etc.
3. For the orders of the day . . . A E H N
To make subject a special order . . . . . M
To amend the rules . . . . . M
To suspend the rules . . . . . A E F M
To take up a question out of its proper order . . . . . A E
To take from the table . . . . . A E G
Questions touching priority of business . . A

Questions of privilege.
Asking leave to continue speaking after indecorum . . . . . A
Appeal from chair's decision touching indecorum . . . . . A E H L

Appeal from chair's decision generally . . . . . E H L
Question upon reading of papers . . . A E
Withdrawal of a motion . . . . . A E

Closing a meeting.

1. To fix the time to which to adjourn . . . . B
2. To adjourn (in committees, to rise), or to take a recess, without limitation . A E F

Order of Precedence.—*The motions above numbered 1 to 9 take precedence over all others in the order given, and any one of them, except to amend or substitute, is in order while a motion of a lower rank is pending.*

RULE A. Undebatable, but remarks may be tacitly allowed.

RULE B. Undebatable if another question is before the assembly.

RULE C. Limited debate allowed on propriety of postponement only.

RULE D. Opens the main question to debate. Motions not so marked do not allow of reference to main question.

RULE E. Cannot be amended. Motion to adjourn can be amended when there is no other business before the house.

RULE F. Cannot be reconsidered.

RULE G. An affirmative vote cannot be reconsidered.

RULE H. In order when another has the floor.

RULE I. A motion to reconsider may be moved and entered when another has the floor, but the business then before the house may not be set aside. This motion can only be entertained when made by one who voted originally with the prevailing side. When called up it takes precedence of all others which may come up, excepting only motions relating to adjournment.

RULE K. A motion to amend an amendment cannot be amended.

RULE L. When an appeal from the chair's decision results in a tie vote, the chair is sustained.

RULE M. Requires a two-thirds vote unless special rules have been enacted.

RULE N. Does not require to be seconded.

GENERAL RULES.

No motion is open for discussion until it has been stated by the chair.

The maker of a motion cannot modify it or withdraw it after it has been stated by the chair, except by general consent.

Only one reconsideration of a question is permitted.

A motion to adjourn, to lay on the table, or to take from the table, cannot be renewed unless some other motion has been made in the interval.

On motion to strike out the words, "Shall the words stand part of the motion?" unless a majority sustains the words, they are stricken out.

On motion for previous question, the form to be observed is, "Shall the main question be now put?" This, if carried, ends debate.

On an appeal from the chair's decision, "Shall the decision be sustained as the ruling of the house?" The chair is generally sustained.

On motion for orders of the day, "Will the house now proceed to the orders of the day?" This, if carried, supersedes intervening motions.

When an objection is raised to considering questions, "Shall the question be considered?" objections may be made by any member before debate has commenced, but not subsequently.

Hints for Literary Clubs.

In many communities there are literary clubs which, if properly conducted, may be the means of many delightful social reunions during the long winter evenings. Everywhere there are thousands of clubs composed of young people, who meet, usually once or twice a month, in the lecture room of the church, in the town hall, in the village schoolhouse, or at the homes of the members. The vital elements in the life of such a club must, of necessity, be simplicity of organization, an absence of red tape, and good fellowship. If too much importance be given to parliamentary rules, interest in the society may be lost. Soon after organization it may be proper to devote one or two evenings to talks on parliamentary rules and practices, and much amusement and interest may be aroused in having a Parliamentary evening.

The Duty of the Members.

To obtain the greatest good from the club, all programmes for the season should, in a general way, be mapped out at the start, so that the individual members may become so interested in the continuity that they will be regular attendants.

A law of the club should be that every member shall contribute something each evening (if the club be not too large to make this possible), however trifling the part may be. There is always latent talent in even the most backward members which will reveal itself under careful watching.

The literary selections should be serious, pathetic, dramatic, and humorous, diversified by vocal and instrumental music, with dialogues, recitations or appropriate quotations, and occasionally a piece of blackboard work, and any other interesting features that the intellectual material of the club may make possible.

It should be the aim to make the successive evenings as different as possible in character.

How to Organize a Literary Society.

The work of organizing a literary society need not be complicated. Notice is given privately or by public announcement to those likely to be interested, and they meet at the designated place and hour. The person who has called the meeting says, "I move that Mr. (or Miss) Smith be chairman," and when this is seconded, he puts the question by saying, "Those in favor of Mr. Smith will say aye." When all these have voted, he says, "Those opposed will say no." Usually there will be no opposition, and he declares Mr. Smith (or Miss Smith as the case may be) elected, who then assumes the chair and puts all future questions. A secretary is elected in the same manner, and the meeting is ready for business.

The chairman then calls on some one to state the object of the meeting. This may be done in very few words, as follows: "There has been a sentiment in favor of organizing a society for literary and social purposes, and we have therefore made this call. To determine your sentiments, I move that we now proceed to organize such a society." The motion is seconded, put in the usual form, and declared carried. Then it is usual to appoint a committee to form a Constitution and By-laws, and present at a subsequent meeting, if not already prepared by interested parties, which, when presented, are discussed article by article, amended so far as the meeting may desire, and adopted. Those wishing to become members sign the Constitution, pay their dues if any are required, and the meeting then becomes the society. The officers provided by the Constitution may be elected at once, or at a meeting appointed for that purpose; only those persons who have signed the Constitution vote and, when the election is completed, the society is duly launched and ready for business. As much should be done as possible at this meeting in the way of preparing a programme for the first regular meeting and securing participants in the exercises, that the first ardor of the society may not be chilled by delay. The following is a simple form for a Constitution, which may be changed or added to at the pleasure of the members of the proposed society.

Constitution.

ARTICLE I.

Name.

This society shall be known as ——— Society of ———

ARTICLE II.

Object.

The object of this society shall be the general improvement of its members, especially in literary and social matters.

ARTICLE III.

Membership.

Any person of good character may become a member by signing the Constitution and paying the initiation fee.

ARTICLE IV.

Officers.

The officers of this society shall be President, Vice-President, Secretary, Treasurer, and a Literary Committee of three members. They shall be elected by ballot and serve for six months. The President shall preside at all meetings and introduce the speakers appointed on the programme for each meeting. The Vice-President shall perform these duties in the absence of the President. The Secretary and Treasurer shall perform the duties belonging to such officers. The Literary Committee shall arrange the programme for each meeting and assign speakers as early as the preceding meeting In case any speaker is absent, they shall assign other members of the society to take his or her place.

ARTICLE V.

Amendments.

This Constitution and By-Laws may be amended by a majority vote, notice of such amendment having been given in writing at the preceding meeting.

By-Laws.

ARTICLE I.

Meetings.

Meetings shall be held as follows:

Regular meeting on [Friday] of [each week]. Semi-annual meetings on [the last Friday] of [December and June] for the

hearing of reports from the Secretary and Treasurer, and for electing officers.

ARTICLE II.

Fees.

Fees shall consist of an initiation of [fifty cents] and [twenty-five cents] per month.

ARTICLE III.

Expulsions.

Any member who violates the Constitution and By-Laws, refuses to perform according to the assignment of the Literary Committee, or neglects to pay his dues for [three months], may be expelled by a two-thirds vote of the members present; but a motion to expel shall always lay over to the meeting following that at which it is offered.

Public Speaking.

Public speaking is an art, to be sure, but one that almost every one can acquire with a little practice. What is needed is confidence in one's power to acquit himself creditably. There must always be behind it all a knowledge of the subject. The speaker should then speak as though he were talking to friends and endeavoring to interest them. He may feel assured that his audience is in sympathy with him and wishes to see him succeed. The beginner will do well to write out beforehand what he wishes to say, correct it carefully, and then read it over a number of times until he has well fixed in his mind what he has written. In the delivery it is not absolutely necessary that he should say it word for word as it is written. Many distinguished public speakers follow this rule, and they speak so naturally that very few people would suspect that their address had been carefully written out and prepared beforehand.

In former times the national holidays and festivals were occasions for displays of oratorical power and brilliant speaking, or, as some one said, "in the soaring of the American eagle." All this has long since passed by, and public speakers recognize that their audience must be entertained, amused and instructed, that they do not come together to be lectured or preached to.

After-Dinner Speeches.—Public dinners are not so formal as national and other celebrations, as usually there are fewer persons present, and they are more or less acquainted with one another. After the serving of the dinner or refreshments it is usual to have an hour or more of enjoyment in the way of speeches, which are called toasts. Some one is selected to preside on this occasion, and he proposes the toast and calls upon the speaker to respond. In doing this he is expected to make some happy remarks which will serve to introduce the speaker. He may do this by incidentally referring to the subject which is proposed, and also to the speaker who is to respond. Of course, it is understood that unpleasant and pointed allusions or references are to be avoided, and nothing said or done which will mar the pleasure and happiness of the occasion. In responding to a toast the speaker gains the good will of his audience by some happy reference to the words of introduction which have been spoken, always in a pleasant and happy vein, and then introducing the topic upon which he is to speak by some anecdote or story or allusion which will at once hold the attention of his hearers. Almost every subject that will be treated on such an occasion as this will give room for a few serious thoughts which will have some uplift to them and also many happy and pleasant remarks which will bring smiles to the faces of the hearers. These responses to toasts should not be longer than five or ten minutes. We suggest some topics for toasts for different occasions:

FOR THE FOURTH OF JULY.

The day we celebrate: "May the Constitution always follow the flag."
The American Eagle: "The older he grows the louder he screams and the farther he flies."
The Ladies: "First in the hearts of their countrymen."

FOR CHRISTMAS DINNER.

"Christmas day comes but once a year. May it bring joy to all hearts."
"'God bless us all, each and every one,' said tiny Tim."
"St. Nicholas, the friend of all, the only saint in the calendar who is *for-giving*."

WEDDINGS.

The Happy Pair: "Two are company, three are not."
The Fair Bride.

HEALTHFUL OUTDOOR GAMES TO DEVELOP THE BODY

Jingling.

A ring is staked and roped out upon a piece of turf, and inside this the players take their places. One of them has his hands tied behind him, and carries a bell slung round his neck; all the rest are closely blindfolded. The "jingler," or bell man, tries to escape from the blind men: while they, guided by his bell, do their best to catch him. If the number of players be duly apportioned to the size of the ring, there is positively no end to the fun that may be got out of the game; a good jingler will lead the blind, men into all sorts of scrapes—of course without compromising himself—into each other's arms, over the ropes, or over some luckless companion who has come to grief in laboring after the jingler, or a hundred other devices equally effective and amusing.

Perhaps the most absurb scenes occur when two or more blind men rush into each other's arms and grapple frantically, each persuaded that the other is the jingler, and ready to drag or be dragged anywhere rather than relax their grasp.

In a match the winner is either the jingler himself, if he can contrive to keep clear of his pursuers for the requisite time, or, if he is caught, the blind man who catches him.

Tierce.

If smartly played, this is a very good game for cold weather. To play it properly there should be at least eighteen or twenty players, who arrange themselves as in the annexed diagram, all in pairs, except one set of three, and the game is as follows: The outside player, marked *, runs round the circle, and tries to catch three or a "tierce" together in a line. If he can do this, and touch the outsider, he takes his place in the circle, and the player just touched becomes outsider.

The outermost man of the tierce, therefore, when he sees the outsider coming his way, slips from his place into the middle of the ring, and stations himself in front of some other pair at a distant point in it, thus making a fresh tierce, to which the outsider has to hasten, only, perhaps, to be disappointed in like manner.

Where there are many players, and the ring is consequently large, there should be two or more tierces, and thus the game will be made more lively by making it more difficult to avoid being caught. The game must be kept up with spirit or it soon falls tame; but with lively players it is excellent fun.

Tag.

This is the simplest of all games. Out of a number of players one goes "Tag," and tries to catch and touch any of the others indifferently: the player so touched becomes Tag in his turn until he touches some one else. The player touched cannot touch back until he has first chased another player.

This is a capital impromptu game for cold weather; the running soon warms up even the most chilly. It must, however, to be played with success, be confined within tolerably narrow boundaries.

CROSS-TAG.—Tag calls out the name of the player he intends to chase, and sets off after him; the other players then run across between Tag and the fugitive. Each time a player crosses between the two, Tag must leave the original chase and follow the player who has crossed, and so on, perhaps chasing in turn every individual player before he can effect a capture.

TOUCHWOOD-TAG.—A series of posts or trees is selected; as long as the player is touching one of these authorized posts, Tag cannot touch him; his only chance is to catch him while flitting from one post to another. Two players are not allowed to touch the same post; if Tag can catch two so situated, he may touch the last comer, who thus becomes Tag.

The life of this game depends upon the pluck and spirit of the runners, for Tag can do nothing until they expose themselves by running. A constant interchange of posts should be kept up, or the game flags and loses its interest. It may be played either like "Puss in the Corner," with only one station for each runner, so that running can only be effected by exchanging posts, which is perhaps the preferable game; or with a number of posts in excess of the number engaged.

"Sling the Monkey."

This is a capital game, and can be played anywhere where there are trees. One player who is chosen by lot, takes the part of Monkey, and is fastened to a tolerably high branch of a tree by a strong cord knotted in a "bowline" loop and passed round his waist. The other players now baste the monkey with knotted handkerchiefs, and he armed in like manner, endeavors to retaliate. If he succeeds in striking one of them, he is at once released, and the other takes his

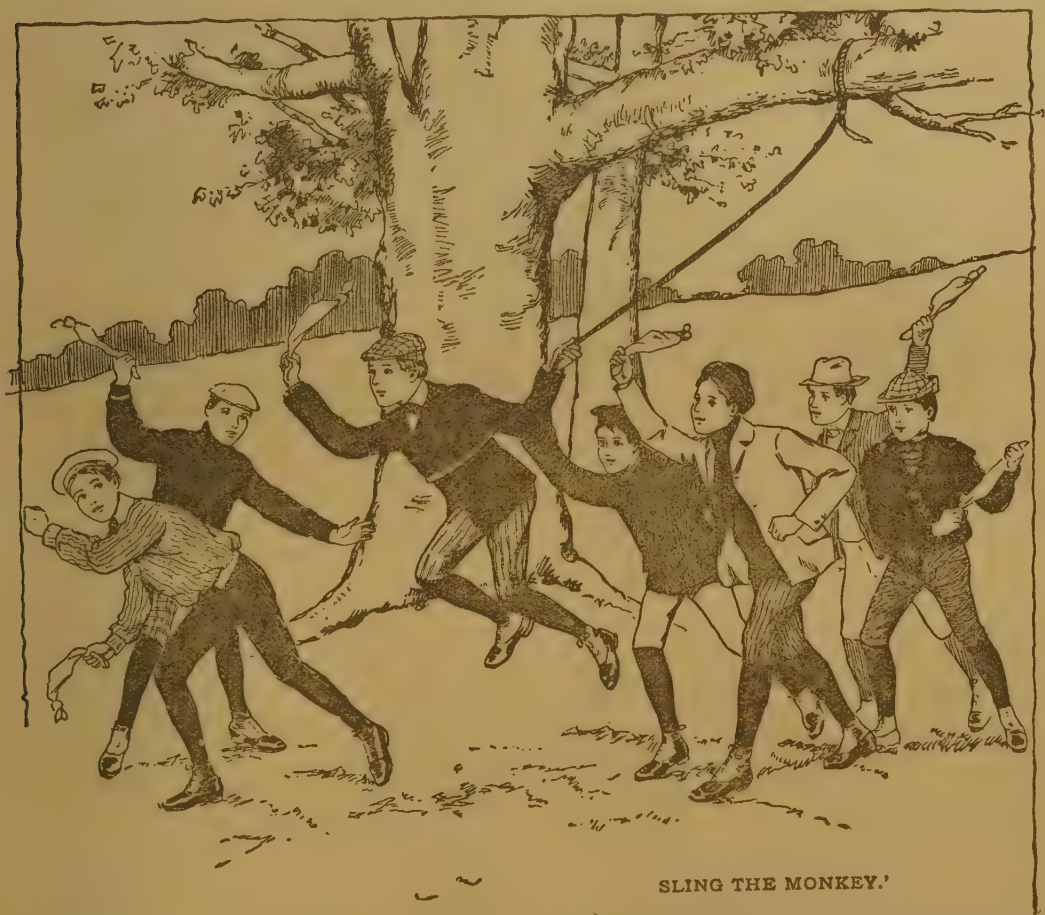
place as monkey. He must make haste in doing it, or he may be basted until he is fairly in the loop. With players who don't mind a little buffeting this game becomes exceedingly lively: an active monkey is very difficult to approach with safety, and, of course, gives much more life to the game.

The cord should be just long enough to enable the monkey to reach the ground comfortably under the branch. Half the fun of the game lies in actual *slinging* of the monkey, one of whose most effective *ruses* is to throw himself forward on the rope, pretend to start off in one direction, and then come back with a swing in the other.

The branch to which the cord is attached should be of some considerable height from the ground, or there will not be play enough in the rope; and it need scarcely be impressed upon the reader that both rope and branch must be strong enough to bear the strain put upon them by the weight and movements of the monkey.

"Knights."

Two sturdy boys, each with a smaller boy on his back, engage in a mock tournament,



SLING THE MONKEY.'

themselves acting as horses, while the youngsters grapple and strive to unseat each other.

The real brunt of the fighting falls on the horses, upon whose strength and dexterity, much more than upon that of their respective "knights," depends the ultimate issue of the combat. The horses may shove and jostle one another, but must not kick, trip, or use their hands or elbows.

The victor is he who gains most falls in three rounds. The game should only be played upon turf, for safety's sake; for sometimes, when horse and man go down together, the fall might prove a nasty one on hard ground, and at any time the rider is liable to be brought off backward with a jerk, under which circumstances he will be thankful to measure his length on the soft turf instead of lumpy gravel or unyielding pavement.

"Cock-Fighting."

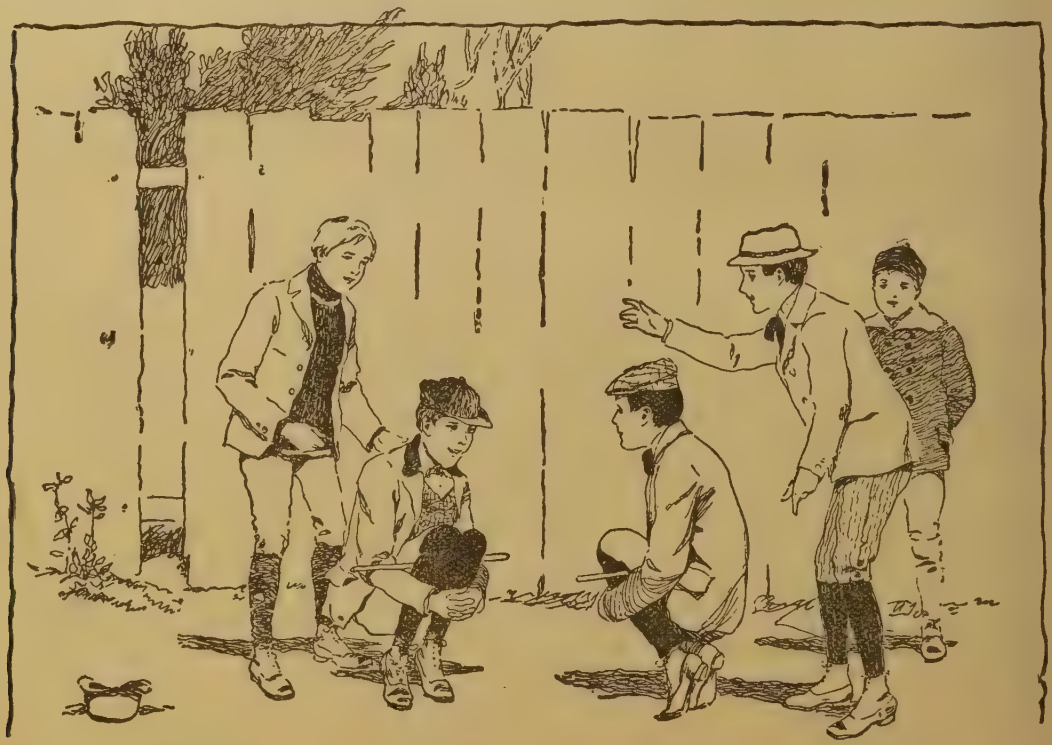
Two players are made to sit on the ground draw their legs up, and clasp their hands

Two falls out of three decide the game; if both fall it is no "round," and does not count.

As the player may not unclasp his hands even when down, he is quite helpless, and must be assisted by his friends.

Tug-of-War.

A number of players divide into two parties, each under the command of a leader. A line is marked out on the ground, and the two parties, laying hold of either end of a stout rope, try to drag each the other across the line.



together over their shins. A stout stick is then passed through under their knees, and over their arms at the bend of the elbows, as in the cut, and there they sit trussed like a couple of fowls.

Thus prepared, the two combatants are placed face to face, their toes touching, and are left to fight it out. This they do by striving to knock each other down, each to overbalance the other without loosing his own equilibrium.

Simple as the game may appear, the party which is physically most powerful does not necessarily have it all his own way; a smart captain will often make up by superior *finesse* for any deficiency of his side in strength and weight.

The two captains stand facing each other at the line, and measure wits as well as strength.

One very common but very excellent *ruse*, especially with a side somewhat over-

weighted by its opponents, is to put a heavy drag on the rope, not attempting to pull up the opponents—in extreme cases even allowing them to gain ground inch by inch—then suddenly, when, flushed with success, they are unprepared, to let the rope go by the run: if this be done neatly, down they must all go on their backs in a struggling, helpless mass. The instant they are down the successful party must clap on and run away with them, which they will now easily do, clean over the line.

The success of this maneuver depends chiefly upon the captain's seizing the right moment for its execution; but the whole of his side must obey instantly when the signal is given, or the attempt will prove futile; one hand on the rope after the others have let go is sufficient to ruin the whole affair; nothing but instantaneous and simultaneous action has a chance of success.

This game is now a regular part of the program in athletic sports.

Leap-Frog or Spanish Fly.

A player is chosen by lot for leader, and another for "first back." The leader "overs" in all sorts of eccentric fashions, and the rest are bound to imitate him, even to the minutest particular, under penalty, in case of failure, of relieving the "first back" until relieved in turn by some one else.

A leader with a ready invention may hit upon innumerable variations in the method of "overing;" such as, for instance, putting a cap on the back, and "overing" without knocking it off, or even making a pile of two or three, and "overing" without touching; taking the one cap off and leaving his own behind—a very neat trick; throwing his cap up before "overing," and catching it after, before it touches the ground; and so on almost *ad infinitum*.

"Duck on a Rock."

A very lively game for any number of players from four or five to a dozen. Each player procures a smooth, somewhat flattened pebble; and a large stone about ten inches or so in diameter, with a flat top, is set up to serve as "mammy." A "home" is marked out about ten yards or so from the "mammy," and from this the players "pitch for Duck," that is to say, they try to pitch their pebbles as near to the "mammy" as possible; the one who makes the worst shot goes "Duck." He puts his pebble upon the "mammy," and the rest of the party in succession stand at the home, and endeavor to knock the "duck-stone" off the "mammy."

So far there is not much life in the game; but the player having pitched his pebble, has to get it back again for his next shot: the instant he touches his stone he lays himself open to be touched by the Duck, in which

case he has to take Duck's place; Duck, however, has this power of touching the other players only as long as the "mammy" is crowned—that is, as long as his pebble rests on it—so that the displacement of this is the signal for a general scurry homeward, and Duck must be very quick in replacing the stone, to get even a chance of touching one of the players.

"Fly the Garter."

A line, or, as it is technically termed, a "garter," is marked out on the ground: the "first back," chosen by lot as before, stands a foot from the "garter," and sets a "back;" the rest "over" him in succession, springing from *inside* the "garter." He then advances one foot more, and they "over" him again as before; then another foot, and if now all succeed in "overing" him, he takes a close-footed leap forward as far as he can, and sets a fresh "back" where he alights. If they still succeed in "overing" him, the game begins again, and he starts from the "garter" afresh. If, however, at any time one fails to "over" him, they change places, and the game begins anew.

Nine Holes.

Strictly, this game should be played by nine players, and nine only, but the actual number is not material to the spirit of the game, and the number of holes may be

modified at will, to suit the number of players. To play it, nine holes, about six inches wide and three deep, are dug near a wall, and a line is drawn opposite these at a distance of five or six yards. Each of the players takes one hole, and one of them, standing at the line, pitches a ball (a tennis or soft rubber ball is best) into one of these holes. The player to whom the hole belongs snatches the ball out and throws it at one of the others, who have meanwhile scattered in all directions. If he hits him, the player just struck becomes "pitcher;" if he misses him he loses one, and himself becomes "pitcher." When a player has thus missed three times, or technically has "lost three lives," he is considered "dead," and stands out until the conclusion of the game. The winner is he who holds out to the last. Caps are sometimes used instead of holes, and serve the purpose equally well, though perhaps they would be better on the heads of their respective owners.

Hop-Scotch.

This is very good practice for balancing the body and acquiring steadiness on the legs. Chalk or otherwise mark out on the ground a figure like the accompanying diagram, on a scale of about four feet to the inch.

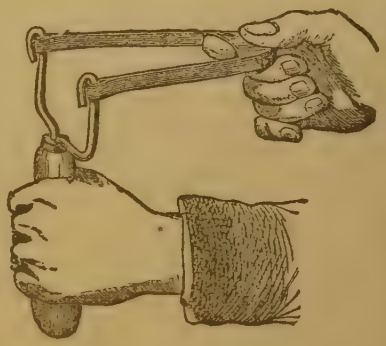
Not more than two or three should play at one figure, or there will be too long a time between the turns. The players "pink" for first turn; that is, they pitch the stone or piece of tile with which they are going to play at the cat's face at the rounded extremity, sometimes also called and drawn as "the pudding." He who gets nearest leads off.

Standing at the square end, he throws his tile into compartment 1, hops in and kicks the tile out—still hopping—to the starting-point. He next throws the tile into No. 2, hops into 1, thence to 2, and kicks the tile out as before. He next goes on to 3, and so on until he reaches 8, which is called the "resting-bed;" having reached this he may rest himself by putting his feet into 6 and 7, resuming his hopping position, however, before he goes on with the game, in which he proceeds as before. Until he reaches the "cat's face" or "pudding," he may have as many kicks as he likes in kicking the tile out, but when he reaches that he must kick it through all the other divisions at one single kick, the successful achievement of which crowns the game.

If the tile is pitched into a wrong number, or rests on one of the lines, either in pitching or kicking, or it is kicked over the side lines, the player loses his innings; if he puts down both feet while in the figure, except at the resting-bed, or sets his foot, in hopping, on either of the lines, he suffers the same penalty. Some players who are particular, and cultivate the refinements of the game, are in the habit of using a circular disk of lead, instead of the usual irregular, and therefore uncertain piece of tile.

The Bean Shooter or Catapult.

Catapults may be made by any boy with very little trouble. Get a forked stick, the shape of the letter Y, about six or seven inches in length, the prongs about two inches apart. To the extremity of each of these prongs lash securely a strip of strong India-rubber sping about six inches in length, and attach the loose ends of these springs to an oval piece of soft leather, 1½ inches long by an inch in width, whipping them carefully



and strongly for a distance of nearly an inch; this oval forms a kind of pocket in which to place the missile.

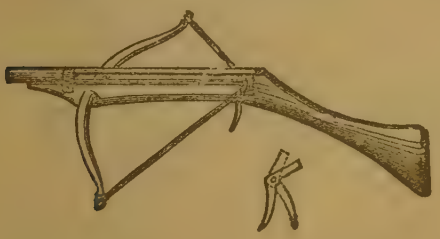
The most useful ammunition is duck-shot; clay marbles do very well, and even gravel-stones at a pinch may be made to do good service; but the first named are preferable

in every way, for range, accuracy, penetration and portability; they can be fired in volleys, too, when occasion requires, which the others cannot, on account of their size.

With a tolerably powerful catapult, such a one, for instance, as described above, large birds may be brought down by a well-directed volley of heavy shot.

Cross-Bow.

A cross-bow is in effect nothing more nor less than an ordinary bow set crosswise in a butt in shape like an ordinary gunstock.



A great deal of amusement may be got out of a cross-bow by shooting at a butt or target. In default of more properly constructed missiles, pipe-stems form excellent bolts, and will give a very good account at a dozen paces or so.

Hare and Hounds.

This is a good running game, and in high repute among our boys. In playing it one boy (or in a long course two) represents the Hare, and the rest the Hounds. The hares carry with them bags full of paper torn up very small, which they scatter behind them as they run, to represent scent, and by this the hounds trace them up and endeavor to capture them. The hares, of course, endeavor to mislead them by all sorts of doublings and twistings, or by going over difficult country.

The hares are debarred, by the rules of the game, from employing all such artifices as making one or more false starts at any part of the run, and from returning on or crossing their previous track. Should they break either of these rules, or should the "scent" give out, they are considered as caught, and lose the game accordingly. They must, of course, always scatter a sufficient amount of scent to be plainly visible to the hounds. If there be two hares, they must not separate under any circumstances: for all the purposes of the game they are to be considered as strictly only one individual.

The hounds will find a little organization and discipline a wonderful assistance to them in baffling the tricks of the hare. A captain and a whipper-in should be chosen, the former to lead and direct, and the latter to bring up in the rear. As long as the scent is strong, the whole band will go somewhat in Indian file, merely following their captain; but when he is at fault he must sound the horn, which he carries *ex officio*, and call a halt. The whipper-in thereupon takes up his post at the point where the scent is broken and the others sweep round in a great circle, covering every inch of ground, to discover the lost trail. Sometimes the captain and whipper-in carry white and red flags respectively, and use them to mark the points where the scent is broken.

The hares should not be the swiftest runners, or they would never be caught. Endurance, pluck, and a readiness of invention are the great points in a hare. The more he trusts to his head and the less to his legs, the better the chase. The hares are generally allowed not less than five or more than ten minutes' law, according to circumstances. They should take care to survey their ground before they go over it, or they may get themselves into all sorts of difficulties. A pocket compass will be found an invaluable companion both to hares and hounds. From twelve to fourteen miles is a good run; but some little training and practice are requisite before such a long course can be covered.

Handball.

Handball may be played, in a rough way almost anywhere: the only absolute requirements are a tolerably smooth and lofty wall, fronted by a reasonably smooth and level piece of ground. With these and an india-rubber or tennis ball a game may be got up at almost a moment's notice.

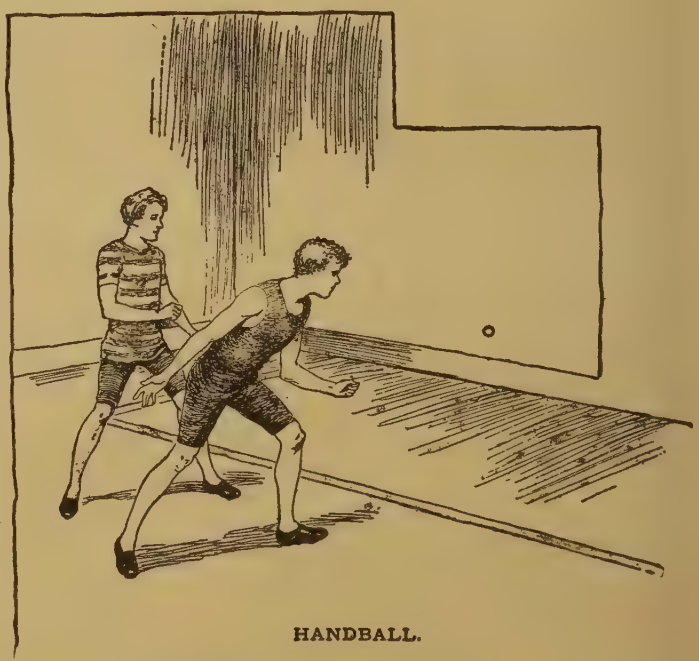
The wall and ground need some little preparation, which need not, however, take more than a few minutes. A line must be drawn horizontally along the wall with chalk or other suitable substance, at about

thirty inches from the ground; and three lines *on* the ground, two extending parallel from the wall, about fifteen feet apart, to a distance of some eighteen or twenty feet; and one parallel with the wall and about six feet from it. The line on the wall is called simply "the line," the two long ones on the ground "the boundaries," and the cross-line "the scratch." The ball when in play must be made to strike the wall above the line and must fall to the ground inside the boundaries.

The number of players may be two or four. As there is no material difference between the game with two and that with four players, the description of the one will do for the other; for simplicity's sake, therefore, the game with two players will be described.

The theory of the game is as follows: One player strikes the ball with his hand up against the wall above the line, making it fall beyond the scratch, and the other is then bound to meet it, and before it touches the ground a *second* time, to return it again to the wall for the first player to meet it in like manner, and so on alternately, only that after the ball is "served" it is not requisite that it should fall outside the scratch. The players toss up for first lead-off, and the winner serves or delivers the ball as above described; if he himself is first to fail in properly returning the ball to the wall, he is out, and player No. 2 becomes server; but if the second player so fails, the server counts one toward his game, and serves the ball afresh for a new bout. The game is mostly eleven or fifteen, the former number being perhaps the more common and the most interesting.

The real art, after the knack of striking the ball fairly with the hand is once mastered, lies in the serving. The server, as will be preceived, has every advantage: in the first place, if he fails, he only loses his turn, while if his opponent fails, he loses one to his score, which is no slight advantage, especially near the end of the game. In the next place, the server takes his own time in delivering the ball, and is left perfectly cool and collected to make it as difficult as possible to his opponent to play it, while the latter must take it as it comes, and very often be only too glad if he can get it duly back to the wall, without any consideration of the chance it may offer to th former; so that the server may often have a series of easy balls to play, while he is enabled to return them in such a manner that his opponent must strain every nerve to keep the ball up. This cannot but tell in his favor, and in this way a first-rate server will very often get the better of a much more active and brilliant, though less crafty player.

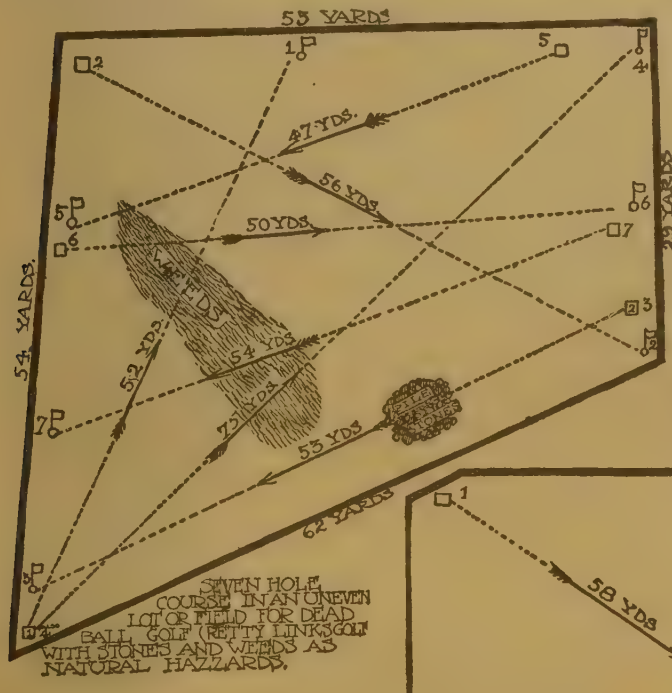


HANDBALL.

When four play, they play two against two, and the game proceeds exactly as above, it only being necessary that the ball should be played by one of either side alternately. Usually they divide the ground between them, one of either side standing near the wall and the other well back.

How to Play Real Golf on a Five Acre Meadow.

It is interesting for all lovers of golf to know that golf is being played on small links with a new ball in place of the hard, ivory ball, which is used on large links. This ball was born of necessity, on the New England coast, and has filled a long felt want.


55 YARDS
47 YDS.
56 YDS.
50 YDS.
54 YARDS.
52 YDS.
54 YDS.
55 YDS
62 YARDS
SEVEN HOLE COURSE IN AN UNEVEN LOT OR FIELD FOR DEAD BALL GOLF (PETTY LINKS GOLF) WITH STONES AND WEEDS AS NATURAL HAZZARDS.

Certain naval officers fond of golf found it difficult to get to the club links to which they were invited at places visited by the fleet, and so were often deprived of much needed exercise and relaxation; whereupon Captain Wright, of the North Atlantic Squadron, devised a ball of cork (or of pine) and improvised a course in a five acre meadow where successful golf was played, at ports visited by this squadron.

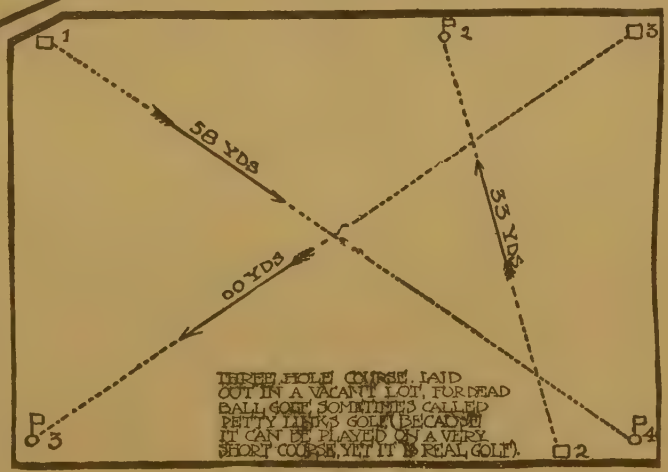
This ball might be utilized extensively by the vast army of people deprived of regular links by distance, expense or want of time. The new ball of cork or of light wood is the same size as the regulation ball, and when painted resembles it closely.

The principle involved is, of course, lightness, which deprives it of carrying power. As this ball cannot be driven more than fifty yards, it calls for a shorter course, and thus makes it possible to play the regular game on abbreviated links.

Any lawn or large lot or old field will do to begin on. The holes may be placed at fifty, seventy-five or one hundred yards apart, and be situated according to the ingenuity or taste of the player or players.

Where the ground will permit it the wooden clubs should be used, especially if the balls are of soft wood, as the irons split and scar them readily. Yet these balls of wood are so cheap that their destruction is really of small moment.

These balls are not generally on the market, but persons who find it difficult to get them made of cork, will find the pine ones are easily made and might be


58 YDS
33 YDS
60 YDS
THREE HOLE COURSE, LAID OUT IN A VACANT LOT, FOR DEAD BALL GOLF, SOMETIMES CALLED PETTY LINKS GOLF (BECAUSE IT CAN BE PLAYED ON A VERY SHORT COURSE, YET IT IS REAL GOLF).

turned in any carpenter shop where there is a lathe. Soft white pine will be found to be the lightest and most satisfactory material for a cheap and useful ball. They can be made at a ridiculously low price—say fifteen cents per dozen.

The balls should be about one and three-quarters of an inch in diameter, or a shade

less, and crisscrossed on the surface with the edge of the chisel.

To paint them stick a pin in lightly and submerge in a can of thin enamel paint (white) and suspend by a string attached to the pin till thoroughly dry.

Suggestions for laying off small links will be seen in the accompanying diagrams.

The advantages of this ball are the following :—

No caddy is necessary (though always desirable), as the short distance enables the player to locate his lies easily, and the use of but one club (wooden driver) leaves no bag to carry.

For those seeking economy it can be played at slight expense.

Convenience is its chief recommendation.

It affords both increased practice and exercise.

This ball "lofts" beautifully, and at the start off sails away as promisingly as the heavier ball, so that the eye loses none of the delight experienced in a successful drive.

If it has a disadvantage it will be found in "putting" practice, where its lightness may prove disappointing at first.

But, taken all together, the dead ball is a real discovery, and will meet with favor and prove a boon generally.

Aerial Archery Game.

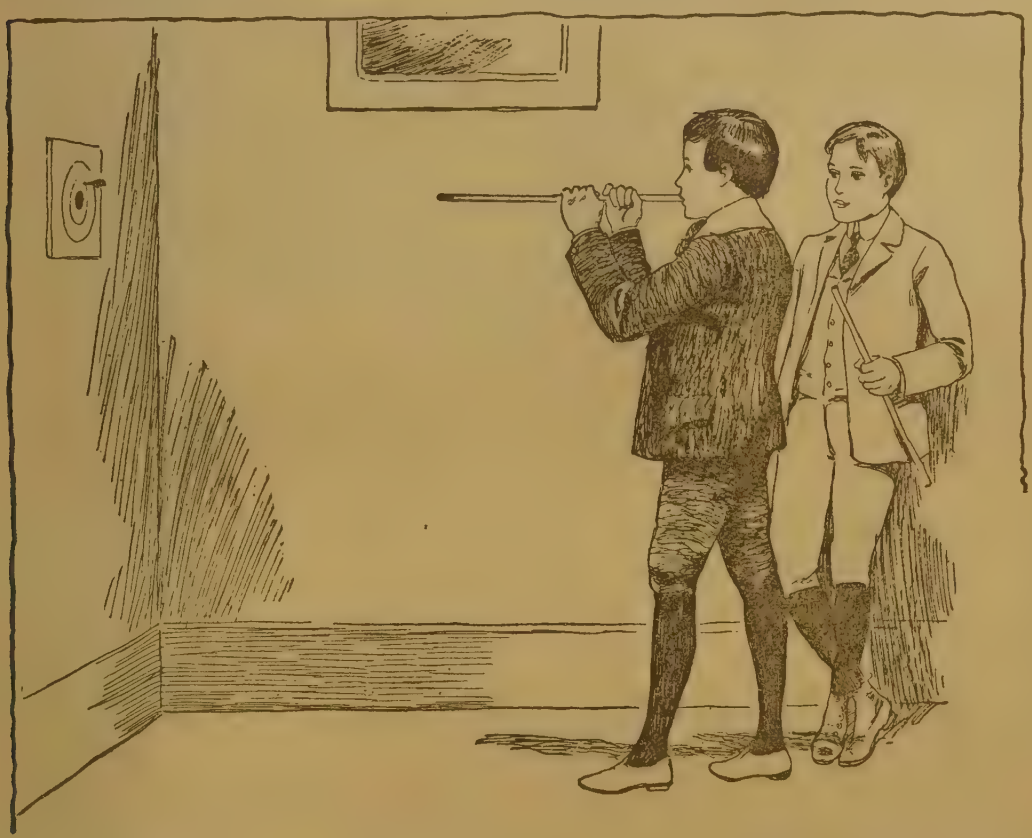
Shooting at artificial birds with bows and arrows is a new sport. The target in such cases is at the top of a pole, which is about ninety feet in height, and it is composed of a series of small wooden birds, into which feathers have been deftly stuck and which are securely fitted into a rack or frame. One of the birds is a little higher than the others and is known as the cock. The aim of the archers is to dislodge all the birds, and when this is done the rack is let down to the ground and a new target is placed in it.

In order to become skilled at this sport long practice and exceptional keenness of sight are necessary. Moreover, as the birds are fastened very firmly in the rack, unusually strong bows must be used to dislodge them, and such bows can only be handled by men of considerable strength.

The arrows used for this purpose, instead of terminating in a point in the ordinary manner, have at the end a piece of horn shaped like a bullet. While the game is going on a man collects the arrows that have fallen, and, in order to protect himself from being injured by those in the air, he wears an immense hat, made of wicker work, the brim of which is an admirable safeguard for his head, shoulders and back.

It is estimated that in France alone there are thirty thousand men who practise archery and who belong to societies devoted to this sport. These societies hold a tournament every year, at which handsome prizes are offered in competition. Archers from all

parts of the country attend on such occasions, and, while some display their skill in shooting at the ordinary target, others elicit admiration by the skill with which they knock from their pedestals artificial birds that are ninety feet up in the air. Indeed, no archer at any of these tournaments wins more admiration than the man who dislodges the topmost bird, the cock, from his lofty perch.



Puff and Dart.

This is a weapon of warfare—and a terrible one too—reduced to the condition of a toy.

Strictly the game consists in blowing a dart out of a tube like an enlarged pea-shooter at a target similar in arrangement to that used in archery, but, of course, much smaller; but the tube may also be used and do much execution with clay pellets instead of the darts. For this purpose the tube is much used by the youth of Paris and other towns in France, and tubes form a regular article of sale in the toy-shops, where they may be had of all degrees of excellence, from the simple, roughly got up metal tube to the highly finished production—a piece of bamboo with a copper tube running through the centre, with a screw top and ferule to protect it when not in use, exactly like our walking-stick fishing-rods.

The natives of Borneo and of the tropical parts of South America use tubes and darts as weapons of warfare and the chase; but the tubes are of much greater length, ranging up to ten or even twelve feet; and the darts, quite insignificant in size, derive their whole efficacy from the terrible poison in which their points are dipped—a poison so deadly that a mere flesh wound is sufficient to seal the doom of man or beast.

Very efficient darts for all the purposes of the game may be made as follows: Get a few penholder sticks, and cut them into lengths of about two inches; next take some worsted, and bind it firmly to the end of each stick, leaving a series of loops projecting beyond; the exact quantity for each dart must be ascertained by experiment. Now for the spike. Take a common brad, file up the sharp end into a good point, not too fine; dip the point into the grease of a candle, and hold it in the flame till it is nearly red hot, and then plunge it into cold water; this will harden it. Now file off the projecting piece of metal at the end, and, having bored a hole somewhat too small in the end of your stick, force the blunt end of the nail into it, and then bind it round firmly with waxed thread. A little sealing-wax varnish over all will both improve its appearance and add to the strength of the binding. Now trim the worsted off carefully with a pair of scissors, and your dart is complete; a far better one, too, than those ordinarily sold in the shops. Such a dart from a three-foot tube will go through an almost incredible number of sheets of paper at ten or twelve paces distance, and will, if carefully made, fly with wonderful accuracy.

There is, however, a kind of dart you may buy in the shops, which is far superior to anything likely to be produced by home work. It consists of a sharp, bayonet-shaped steel spike, almost two inches in length, fitted into the smaller end of a funnel-shaped piece of gutta-percha (see figure). The gutta-percha, being thin, readily takes the shape of the bore, and the cavity gives an extraordinary purchase for the action of the wind.

Ring the Bull.

This amusing game requires more care and delicacy of touch than at first seems to be the case.

The apparatus of the game is very simple, consisting of a bull's head painted on a board, with a hook in its nose and another on each horn. In the top of the board is fixed a horizontal rod, to the end of which is suspended a ring by a piece of string. The players stand in succession in front of the bull, take the ring and try to fling it so that

it shall be caught on the nook in the bull's nose. Each player has nine throws, and he who succeeds the greatest number of times wins the game.

It is tolerably easy to throw the ring on the hook, but not easy to throw it so that it shall stay there, and the "knack" of the game consists in throwing it with just sufficient force to reach the hook.

In another modification of the game the string is lengthened to twelve or fifteen feet, and has a slip-noose at the end. The other end of the string is not fastened to the end of the horizontal rod, but held in the left hand, while with the right the player tries to throw the loop over the two hooks in the bull's horns. If he can catch them both he scores two, and if he catches only one of them, he scores one. Each player has six throws.

Jack's Alive.

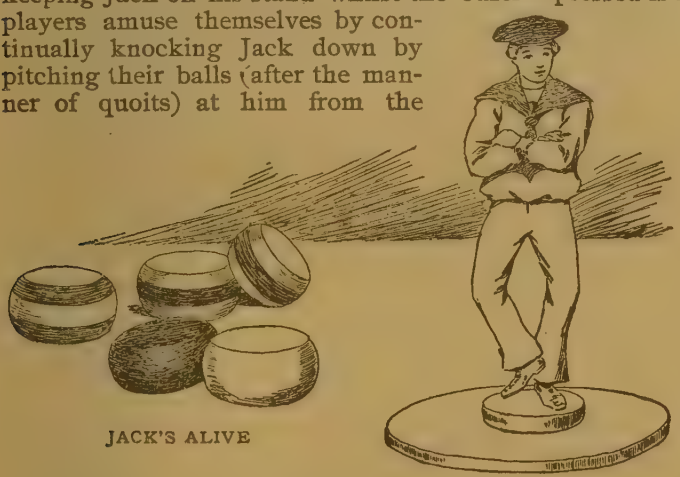
In this very amusing game little is required except the Jack, i. e., the figure of a sailor cast in metal so as to be very heavy, a number of colored balls, and three drawing-pins.

Before commencing the game the three drawing-pins are stuck into the floor in a line, the Jack being placed on the central pin, which is generally some five paces from each of the others. The whole of the space behind the line of the three pins is called "Jack's ground." Sometimes the game is played on a lawn, and in this case three wooden pegs are substituted for the drawing-pins. The following are the rules, as

entered at Stationer's Hall, London, England, by Messrs. Jaques & Son:

LAWS AND INSTRUCTIONS.—The game of Jack's Alive can be played by eight or a lesser number of players; each player to take a ball of distinctive color, and retain it during the game; Jack to be placed upon his stand ten or twelve yards from the throwing point.

These points settled, each player stations himself at the starting-peg and pitches his ball toward Jack. The unlucky player whose ball shall be decided to be the greatest distance from Jack becomes "Jack's master." The game now begins. Jack's master has the active duty to perform of keeping Jack on his stand whilst the other players amuse themselves by continually knocking Jack down by pitching their balls (after the manner of quoits) at him from the starting-point. Every time Jack is knocked off his stand that player scores one.



JACK'S ALIVE

When a player has delivered his ball he has then to fetch it back to the starting-point; in so doing he must pass within either of the pegs defining Jack's ground.

If Jack's master capture any player in returning to the starting-point whilst Jack is alive, or on his stand, that player becomes Jack's master. Jack is alive when on his stand; but if knocked off he is dead, and, when dead, any player can return with his ball to the starting-point with safety.

In returning to the starting-point each player must take up his ball fairly with his hand or hands; if he once touch it his ball is alive or in play, and Jack's master can capture the player.

The game may be made twenty-five, fifty, or any number up. If a sweepstake be played for, the player who first scores the number agreed upon as game claims the stake. If all players should have delivered their balls, so that no player remains within the starting-point, Jack's master may in that case—Jack being alive—regain the starting-point if he can, and if he does so before any other player he ceases to be Jack's master. A new master is determined as at first.

Any player going outside the pegs defining Jack's ground in returning to the starting-point is guilty of foul play.

Any attempt to remove the balls by kicking or other means than the one above expressed is foul.

Any player detected at foul play must at once become Jack's master; and in all cases of dispute the matter must be instantly decided "fair" or "foul" by a show of hands of all the players.

When Jack is replaced upon his stand, the next player, before delivering his ball, must call out "Play."

Modifications of these rules can be arranged and agreed to, but they should be clearly understood at the commencement of the game. This exciting pastime can be played almost anywhere if there be space enough. It requires no previous tuition, and it invariably provokes laughter and good spirits; the exercise, though not fatiguing, is sufficient to produce good health.

Royal Star.

This game is useful in testing accuracy of eye and aim, and is very popular with English boys, though almost unknown in this country.

The machinery of the game consists of a large wooden star with eight long rays, each painted of a different color. The rays are not fastened but their bases are merely slipped into grooves in the body of the star, so that they can be easily knocked out.

There are also eight wooden balls, colored to correspond with the rays of the star. In

order to play the game, each player takes the balls, and, standing at a specified distance, throws them at the star, so as to knock out the rays. If he succeeds in striking out a ray of the same color as the ball, he scores two points; but if the ray and ball are of different colors, he scores one point. If he should miss the star altogether, three points are deducted from his score.

When he has thrown the eight balls, the rays are replaced and the next player takes the balls.

Sometimes each player plays a counter into a pool, and instead of deducting three points from his score when he misses the star, he pays three counters into the pool.

When this game is played, a curtain should be arranged behind the star to stop the balls.

Revolving Ring.

This game is played something like lawn billiards, except that there are six revolving rings instead of one, and that the ball is thrown and not pushed with a cue. As in the previous game, the rings and balls are painted of corresponding colors.

The object of the game is to throw the six balls through the rings, each successful throw counting as three; but when a ball passes through a ring of its own color the player scores six.

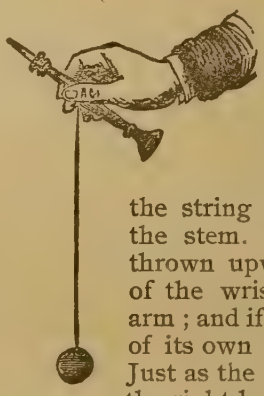
This game is best played by having a pool, as mentioned in the royal star.

Cup and Ball.

In this game there is no infusion of chance, the whole interest lying in the dexterity of the player.

The cup is a piece of wood or ivory, with a point at one end, and a cup—the shallower and smaller the better—at the other. The ball is solid, with the exception of a hole, which ought to be just large enough to receive the point, and no larger. The ball is connected with the stem of the cup by means of a string, which, if possible, should be of soft silk, so as to avoid "kinking," which is obstructive to all play.

The learner should begin with catching the ball in the cup. He should take the stem by the middle, taking care to hold it as lightly as possible between the ends of the fingers and thumb, and not to grasp it firmly. Many good players pass the string over the forefinger; but we believe, after long experience, that the ball can be thrown more accurately, if the string hangs directly from the stem. The ball should be thrown upward by a slight jerk of the wrist, not of the whole arm; and if properly done, it falls of its own accord into the cup. Just as the ball touches the cup, the right hand should be allowed to drop a little; otherwise the ball, though it may fall into the cup, will roll out again.



When the player can make sure of catching the ball in this manner, he should hold the stem by the very point between the forefinger and thumb, and practice catching the ball as before. He will find this rather difficult as the cup is apt to yield to one side or the other, and so let the ball roll out. In order to avoid this, the cup should be rather *balanced* than held, so that it is perfectly upright when the ball comes into it.

The next feature is to *swing* the ball into the cup instead of throwing it; and the most difficult feat that can be accomplished with the cup is to jerk the ball into the air as usual, and then rapidly pass the cup under the left wrist, so that when the ball settles in the cup the wrist is encircled by the string. A good player ought to be able to catch the ball in the cup with his eyes shut.

Now we come to catching the ball on the point, which is a very difficult matter, and yet, difficult as it may seem, a moderate player ought to succeed ten times in twelve.

In order to do this properly, hold the stem as represented in the illustration, and with the fingers of the right hand give the ball a smart spin. Let it spin as far as it

can in one direction, and allow it to spin back again for ten or twelve times; watch that it is quite steady, and then throw it up as before. Turn the point upward as if you were aiming at the spot where the string enters the ball, and just as the ball touches the point let your hand sink slightly.

If this be done properly, the ball settles itself on the point almost mechanically, and the proof of a really good catch is that the ball revolves several times after it has been caught.

This game is invaluable for giving lightness of touch, dexterity of hand and quickness of eye.

The Whizzer.

Get a circular piece of tin, three inches or more in diameter, and cut it round the edges in the form of a star. Bore two

holes through it about an inch and a half apart; pass the two ends of a string through the holes; tie them, and the toy is complete. When the tin star cannot be procured, a big button will serve the purpose admirably.

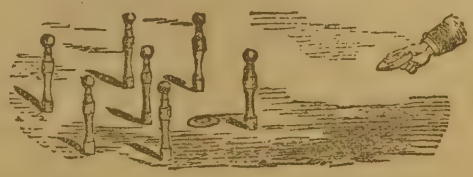
Hold an end of the double string in each hand, as seen in the illustration, and spin the tin star, or "whizzer" as we shall call it, until the string is twisted as far as it will bear. Now separate the hands, and the whizzer will revolve rapidly, and, when the hands are stretched wide, will come to rest as shown in the illustration.

But if, instead of allowing the hands to reach their fullest extent and to remain there, they are brought gradually together again, the cutter will revolve in the opposite direction, and wind itself up again. Thus it may be made to wind and unwind itself as long as the player likes.

Lawn Cupolette.

This game is played by means of seven pins, made so that they may either be driven into the ground or fixed on a board. Each pin is numbered, from one to seven. There is a slight cup at the top of the pins. In each cup is placed a small ball or marble.

To play the game, six of the pins are fixed in a circle, with the seventh in the



middle; and the players, standing at a given distance, take the wooden quoits with which they try to knock the balls out of the cups. Before playing, they must name the pin at which they aim, and if they strike off the ball belonging to any other pin, the score goes to the adversary. If, however, he knocks off the ball at which he aims, and by the same throw strikes off one or more besides, he may score them all.

In another version of the game, if the player can strike off the seven balls and have one or more quoits to spare, he may try to throw the quoits so as to fall upon the pins, and for every case in which he succeeds he adds the number of the pin to his score.

Parlor Ringolette.

This game, as seen from the illustration, is played with pegs which can be fastened firmly into a board, and with a corresponding number of wooden rings or quoits. When the pegs are set in their places, the first player takes the quoits and, standing at a specified distance, endeavors to throw the rings over the pegs. For every ring that fairly encircles a peg the thrower scores the number which is attached to the peg; but

should more than one ring fall on the same peg, the score goes to the opponent.

In this, as in all games where a ring has to be thrown, the ring should be held just

like a quoit, so that a spin may be communicated to it and make it fly steadily to its mark.

RULES.—1. The game of Ringolette is adapted for two or more players.

2. The first player being decided upon, he places the board in the centre of the table, and standing about three feet or more from the board, commences his play.

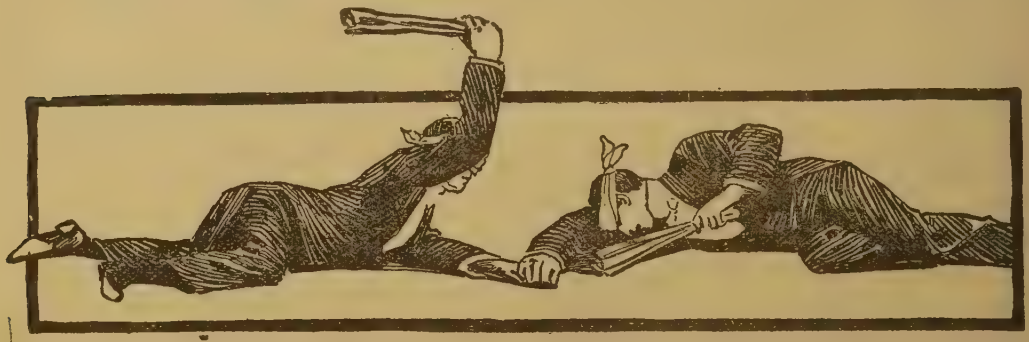
3. Each player takes the eight rings, and plays by pitching the rings on the pegs.

4. Each ring that is fairly on the pegs counts according to the number indicated on the board.

5. Should a player place more than one ring on each peg, it scores to the opposition.

6. Three-score and one is a medium game; five-score and one a long game.

These rules may be modified by agreement among the players, but not otherwise.



The New Cudgel Game.

Here is a new game, which is causing a great deal of amusement at social gatherings in Europe.

Two boys, or young men, are blindfolded, and in the right hand of each is placed a stout roll of paper in the form of a club or cudgel. The players then have to lie down on the carpet and to grasp each other by the left hand. Thereupon the fun begins. One of the players asks the other:—

"Are you there?"

When the answer "Yes" comes he raises his right hand and strives to hit with his cudgel the spot where, from the sound of the voice, he supposes the other player's head to be.

The other player, however, is at perfect liberty to move his head after he has answered "Yes," and the result is that in nine cases out of ten the blow misses his head and falls on his shoulders or some other part of his body.

In that case it is his turn to retaliate, and so the game goes on indefinitely, the sole object of the player who asks the question being to strike the other player's head, and that of the player who answers to save his head from being struck.

Stage-Coach.

This game depends entirely for its spirit upon the inventive faculties of the person who tells the story upon which the game hinges.

The players sit in a circle, and all but the story-teller take names, each of some part of the coach or its equipment: door, step, boot, wheels, coachman, horses, traces, etc.

The storyteller—when all are ready and know their respective names—begins a long tale about the adventures of this old coach, bringing it to all sorts of grief, and making the story as humorous as possible. The story ought to be told fluently, but not too fast to be readily followed by the audience. Every time any part of the coach is mentioned, the player who has assumed its name must rise from his seat and sit down again, under penalty of a forfeit; and every time the old coach is mentioned, the whole party, with the exception of the story-teller, must do likewise.

"My Lady's Toilet"

Somewhat like "Stage-coach." Each player represents some article of the toilet—brush, comb, soap, perfume, brooch, etc.—

and the lady's maid stands in the middle of the circle, and calls for any article the lady is supposed to want. The personator of that article must then jump up, or be fined a forfeit for negligence. Every now and then the abigail announces that her lady wants her whole toilet, when the whole circle of players must rise and change places. The lady's maid herself makes a bolt for a chair, and the player who is left chairless in the scuffle becomes lady's maid.

Jackstraws.

This is a game of pure manual dexterity, and is rare practice for cultivating steadiness of hand and delicacy of touch.

Its worst fault is that in the very nature of the game a constant series of deadlocks are inevitable, only to be overcome by the self-sacrifice of one or other of the players.

Jackstraws are a number of thin narrow slips of wood, bone or ivory, each more or less notched, sometimes cut into fantastic shapes, and numbered.

These being held together in a bundle, are allowed to fall on the table, and the players, two or more in number, each in turn pull them out one by one with a small hook. As long as a player can go on abstracting from the heap, without in any way shaking or disturbing more than one jackstraw at the time, his turn continues, and all he thus secures he keeps; at the least shake his turn ceases, and the next player goes on.

When all the jackstraws have been thus abstracted, each player counts his heap, each jackstraw being valued at the number inscribed on it, and he who has most wins.

German Dwarf.

This is a capital deception, and, if well carried out, one sure to please the spectators, who, unless they are in the secret, will try in vain to solve the mystery.

To produce this entertaining illusion two persons only are absolutely necessary, but the assistance and co-operation of a third will prove of great service both in making preliminary preparations and in carrying out the deception.

The other requisites are a table, of the dressing-table character, with a long cloth sweeping the ground, and a pair of curtains.

These curtains must be hung over the doorway between the two rooms, or at the opening of some suitable recess, and the

table, with its cloth so arranged as to allow no one to see underneath it, must be placed in front.

The exhibition should be held, if possible, in a separate room, from which the public must be rigorously excluded whilst the dwarf is being "got up." If, however, this be not practicable, another curtain should be brought over the front of the table until the dwarf is in his place; in fact, in either case a double set of curtains, one in front and the other behind the table, is a great advantage.

The dwarf is managed thus: The taller of the two chosen to enact that part carefully

disguises his face with a wig, a false mustache and beard, and a liberal application of burnt cork and rouge, and having divested himself of his coat, pulls over his hands and arms a pair of stockings, which should be of some bright color—preferably scarlet—and over them a pair of shoes, ornamented at the instep with enormous buckles or rosettes.

The shorter of the two then standing behind him, thrusts his arms as far as they will go under his confederate's armpits, and a kind of tunic or other suitable garment is brought over all.

This tunic, of course, must be made for the purpose, and should be as extravagant as possible in color and cut: a good-sized crimped frill or enormous turn-down collar is very effective.

Thus arrayed, the first-mentioned, standing behind the table, places his shoe-clad hands upon it, which thus represent the feet of the dwarf, and the curtains, which are fastened together a few inches above his head, are drawn apart so as just to reveal what appears to be the body of a dwarf with a most disproportioned head. By the way, a boy with a big head should generally be selected for this part, and its size should be exaggerated by art.

He must remember to lean slightly over the table; in fact, he should stand in the attitude of a man making an after-dinner speech, or the legs will not appear to support the body, and thus much of the likeness to a freak will be destroyed.

The third accomplice, who also undertakes the part of showman, must now admit the public, and introduce to them his wonderful *lusus naturæ*.

The part of showman is, perhaps, the most important of the three, for upon his wit and readiness will depend all the real fun of the affair; the dwarf by itself can be but an object of passing curiosity, unless occasion be taken to make it a peg to hang some fun upon.

It is impossible for us to put words into the showman's mouth; we would only advise him to get up his "patter," as the showman's talk is called, as far as possible beforehand, imitating and parodying the regular professional giant and dwarf showman to the best of his ability.

Of course, the more ridiculous and impossible his statements are the better. His history, geography, etc., should be hopelessly at fault. A very good plan is to describe his dwarf as a thousand years old, and make him take part in the most incongruous historical events, jumbling up persons, localities and dates in hopeless confusion.

This "patter" must be poured out in one continuous stream, and with perfect confidence and self-possession, or it loses half its attraction.

Both dwarf and showman, if they want to produce a really striking effect, must practice their parts together for some time previously.

If the dwarf can get up a dance, or play a short tune upon a penny whistle, or perform some other similar feat, it will add much to the success of the show.

This whistle business is difficult at first, because the hands do not belong to the owner of the mouth, and they must be guided by feeling alone, for their owner cannot see anything; but the difficulty *may* be overcome, and that without very much demand upon the learner's patience.

He who does the head and legs' part must be careful not to forget his part: a momentary forgetfulness may betray him into the most ludicrous mistakes.

The writer's brother one day, while officiating in this capacity, was suddenly afflicted with an intense itching of the nose. Momentarily oblivious of his part, he lifted his shoe-clad hand to his nose to scratch the seat of irritation, an action that, of course, raised shouts of laughter from the audience, for the dwarf appeared to be "taking a sight," not with his thumb and fingers, but with his toes.

Fortunately the spectators looked upon this as part of the performance, and were proportionately delighted; but similar mistakes may not prove equally fortunate.

A Spectre Lamp: A Party Pastime.

Here is a trick which is always very effective at a party or any gathering of young people, and sometimes with older persons, too.

Take a tin cup, or a cup of some other metal, and fill it almost full of spirits of

wine, into this put a teaspoonful of common table salt and stir it thoroughly until the salt is dissolved. Place this upon a wire frame and fix the frame over a spirit lamp, or a dark lantern, so that none of the light from the lantern can shine into any part of the room. This should be done in one end of the room and the company seated in a line as near the centre of the room as possible for convenience to all.

As soon as the cup gets so hot that you cannot rest the tip of your finger against it, will lose all its previous tint and become a ghastly solid yellow.

You will hardly be able to recognize your little friends, and they will scarcely know you. Their hair, faces, clothes, the chairs they sit on and all the rest of the furniture, the carpet, in fact, everything in the room will look as if it had suddenly received a thick coat of yellow paint. This is a very quick way of changing brunettes to blondes, and there will not be a single laddie or lassie with raven tresses in the room.

THE SPECTRE LAMP

hold a lighted match near the mixture of spirits of wine and salt. A very small yellow flame will arise from the surface and gradually increase in size. Now put out the other light in the room and in a moment you will observe a most peculiar effect. Everything in the room, whatever its previous color, will now be a most positive yellow. If the yellow light from the cup is not quite strong enough, throw some more salt in the mixture and then the yellow flames will be still stronger in color. Reds, blues, blacks, whites, greens, everything

Now place an ordinary light at the extreme other end of the room, and the effect will be two lights, one white and the other yellow. You must be careful not to have the white light stronger than the yellow one, and then while one-half of each will appear in its proper colors, the other half will still be a vivid yellow and the dividing lines will be sharply defined.

To get the best effect of this you and your friends should be seated in two lines facing each other, with a light on each end of the lines.

A little girl with black hair and a gray dress, for instance, will present a most peculiar appearance—looking perfectly natural on one side, while on the other side she will be yellow from head to toe.

Fright.

This is a very lively game, with plenty of fun and excitement in it. It is played as follows :

Supposing there be twelve players, one is chosen as leader ; ten chairs are then placed in a row, facing different ways, alternately back and front, and the remaining eleven players range themselves in a line round them, with their right sides to the chairs. The leader now gives the word " Slow march ! " upon which they march in slow time round the chairs in single file ; " Quick march ! " and then " Slow march ! " again, until, watching his opportunity when they are least prepared, he shouts out, " Halt ! " At this word they must all endeavor to sit down, and as only one may occupy one chair, and as there are only ten chairs for eleven would-be-sitters, one must necessarily be " left out in the cold."

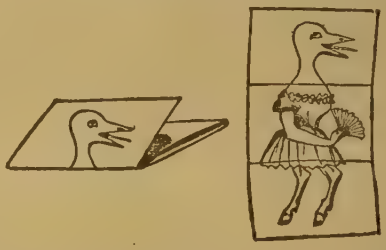
This fate entails a forfeit ; the struggle, therefore, for seats is very exciting, for none is willing to be the " old man out," and *sauve qui peut*—each one for himself—is the order of the day. The arrangement of the chairs alternately back and front adds amazingly to the perplexity of the unfortunate member in search of a seat, and it is very amusing to notice how lovingly the crafty ones cling to the chairs which have their seats towards them, how carefully they eschew the backs—how it takes at least three steps to pass the former, while the latter are easily cleared in one.

It adds very much to the spirit of the game, and indeed improves it very much in every way, if, instead of having a leader, a march is played on the piano. The players must keep time to the music, and its cessation is the signal to be seated. A good pianist will lead the players a pretty life, trying them with all sorts of time, and involving them in all sorts of troubles. A very effective plan is to make pretense with a good sounding chord or two of coming to a full stop, and then dart off into a lively quick march. One or two of the extra sharp players are sure to be taken in, and to make a dart for seats ; give them just time to get out of their seats and rejoin the ranks, and then, while they are yet covered with confusion, and demoralized by their mistake, stop in right earnest. A " heavy bag " may be looked upon as a certainty.

Head, Body and Legs.

This is a very amusing game, and will afford an almost endless fund of amusement.

Though it is a drawing game, yet it does not require that the players should be artists, or even in the ordinary sense be able to draw ; a mere faculty—which nearly all



schoolboys possess—of being able to scrawl some distant resemblance to a living creature is all that is necessary ; in fact, the worse the drawing of the several parts the more amusing is commonly the result of the whole. The most approved method of procedure is as follows :

Three or more players sit round a table, each with a sheet of paper folded into three, and a pencil. Each draws a head, of man, of beast, of fish, etc., according to the fancy of the moment, on the upper third, carrying the lines of the neck just over the fold as a guide to the next artist, and folds it down, and then passes it to his left-hand neighbor.

Each then, on this new paper, draws a body, working from the lines of the neck above mentioned, but, of course, in total ignorance of the nature of the head thereto belonging, carries the lines over the next fold, doubles down, and passes the paper as before.

Each now, working from the lines brought over, affixes a pair of legs—the more eccentric the better—to the unknown body. The papers are then passed to the chairman who

opens them and shows them for public inspection. The combinations produced in this way are most extraordinary, and often raise shouts of laughter.

The illustration is a facsimile of a drawing thus produced while describing the game to the draughtsman.

The Giant.

This may be done in two ways: first and most difficult, by one boy standing on another's shoulders, and then putting over both a long loose garment, long enough to reach to the knees of the lower one.

This method, however, may be made much more easy by the upper player putting his feet in a kind of stirrup fastened to straps passing over the under one's shoulder's, and hanging just down to the hips. Height, of course, is sacrificed, but greater safety is secured; the giant, too, can exhibit thus for a longer time, as the attitude is not so fatiguing.

The other and simpler method is to place a huge mask, which should represent a head and neck, on the top of a pole about five feet long, with a cross-piece to represent arms, and then tying a long cloak—it should be made for the purpose: any common material will do—round the neck of the mask and get bodily inside.

Now, by raising or depressing the pole. the giant may be made to attain an extraordinary stature or to shrink down again to ordinary dimensions as well.

The lower end of the cloak, about two feet from the bottom, must be fastened to

the performer's waist, so that when the head is depressed the cloak may fall in folds, and not sweep the ground as it otherwise would.

There is a very entertaining illusion of this sort exhibited under the name of "The Nondescripts." Two figures with enormous heads, alternately giants and dwarfs, run about the circus and indulge in the most surprising vagaries, being able apparently to contort themselves in every imaginable direction.

Their final *coup* is to put their heads deliberately through their legs, and make their exit with their eyes thus looking over their own shoulders.

A Cheap Way of Being Generous.

Take a little common white or beeswax, and stick it on your thumb. Then speaking to a bystander, you show him a dime, and tell him you will put the same into his hand; press it down upon the palm of his hand with your waxed thumb, talking to him the while and looking him in the face. Suddenly take away your thumb, and the coin will adhere to it; then close his hand, and he will be under the impression that he holds the dime, as the sensation caused by the pressing still remains. You may tell him he is at liberty to keep the coin; but on opening his hand to look at it he will find, to his astonishment, that it is gone.

The Famous Mountebank Trick.

In the days when merry-andrews and mountebanks met with a hearty welcome on every English village green no conjuring trick was more popular than this; yet there are few that can be performed with less difficulty. You first of all procure a long strip of paper, or several smaller strips pasted together, two or three inches wide. Color the edges red and blue, and roll up the paper like a reel of ribbon. Before doing so, however, securely paste a small piece of cotton at the end you begin to roll. Then, when the proper time has arrived, you take hold of this cotton, and begin to pull out a long roll which very much resembles "a barber's pole." In order to perform this trick with good effect, have before you some paper shavings, which may easily be procured at any bookbinder's, and commence to appear to eat them. The chewed paper can be removed each time a fresh handful is put into the mouth; and when the proper time and opportunity have arrived, put the roll into the mouth and pull the bit of cotton, when a long roll comes out, as before described, to the astonishment of the audience.

A more elegant but similar feat is the following, which we will style

Bringing Colored Ribbons From the Mouth.

Heap a quantity of finely carded cotton-wool upon a plate, which place before you. At the bottom of this lint, and concealed from the company, you should have several narrow strips of colored ribbons, wound tightly into one roll, so as to occupy but little space. Now begin to appear to eat the lint by putting a handful in your mouth. The first handful can easily be removed and returned to the plate unobserved while the second is being "crammed in." In doing this, care should be taken not to use all the lint, but to leave sufficient to conceal the roll. At the last handfull, take up the roll and push it into your mouth without any lint; then appear to have had enough, and look in a very distressed state, as if you were full to suffocation; then put your hands up to your mouth, get hold of the end of the ribbon and draw, hand over hand yards of ribbon as if from your stomach. The slower this is done the better the effect. When some ribbon is off the roll, your tongue will assist you in pushing another end ready for the hand. You will find you need not wet or damage the ribbons in the least. This is a trick which is frequently performed by one of the cleverest conjurers of the day.

Curious Watch Trick.

By means of this trick, if a person will tell you the hour at which he means to dine, you can tell him the hour at which he means to get up next morning. First ask a person to think of the hour he intends rising on the following morning. When he has done so, bid him place his finger on the hour, on the dial of your watch, at which he intends dining. Then—having requested him to remember the hour of which he first thought

—you mentally add twelve to the hour upon which he has placed his finger, and request him to retrograde counting the hours you mention, whatever that may be, but that he is to commence counting with the hour he thought of from the hour he points at. For example, suppose he thought of rising at eight, and places his finger on twelve as the hour at which he means to dine, you desire him to count back twenty-four hours: beginning at twelve he counts eight, that being the hour he thought of rising, eleven he calls nine, ten he calls ten (mentally, but not aloud), and so on until he has counted twenty-four, at which point he will stop, which will be eight, and he will probably be surprised to find it is the hour he thought of rising at.

Plumes for the Ladies.

The following very clever trick was a favorite with M. Houdin, and was performed by him at St. James's Theatre, where it drew forth a good deal of admiration. When known, however, it appears like a great many other tricks, very simple and easy.

Procure two or three large plumes of feathers, or a lot tied together. Take off your coat and hold one lot in each hand, so that the plumes will be in a line parallel with the arms. Put your coat on again, and press the feathers into small compass. Ask some one to lend you a large silk handkerchief, throw it over one hand and part of the arm, and with the other quickly draw the feathers from that arm. The plumes being released from their imprisonment will spread out and resume their bulky appearance, and the onlookers will be completely baffled as to where they could have come from. Then repeat the process with the other arm.

The Ink and Fish Trick.

This trick, originally introduced by M. Houdin, has been performed by every wizard since. On the table is placed a large goblet containing apparently several pints of ink. A small quantity of ink is taken out with a ladle, and, being poured out into a plate, is handed round to the company to satisfy them that it really is ink. A handkerchief is then covered over the goblet, and upon being instantly withdrawn, reveals the glass now full of water, in which swim gold- and silver-fish. The trick is thus performed: A black silk lining is placed inside the goblet, and kept in its place by a wire ring. It thus forms a bag without a bottom, as it were, and when wet adheres close to the glass in which are the water and the fish. The next part of the deception is the ladle, which must be capable of containing as much ink as will induce the audience to believe that it was got from the goblet before them. The ink must be concealed in the handle of the ladle, so that when it is lying on the table it will not be perceived; but on being elevated, it must run into the ladle, through a small aperture made for the purpose. The black silk is easily withdrawn by the thumb and finger at the time the handkerchief is removed. It must be concealed within the folds of the handkerchief.

Evanescent Money.

"'Tis here, and 'tis gone!" This simple but effective trick is done in the following manner: Stick a small piece of white wax on the nail of your middle finger; lay a dime on the palm of your hand, and state to the company that you will make it vanish at the word of command, at the same time observing that many perform the feat by letting the coin fall into their sleeve; but to convince them that you have not recourse to any such deception, turn up the cuffs of your sleeves. Then close your hand, and by bringing the waxed nail in contact with the piece it will firmly adhere to it. Then blow upon your hand, and cry, "Begone!" and suddenly opening it and extending your palm, you show the dime has vanished.

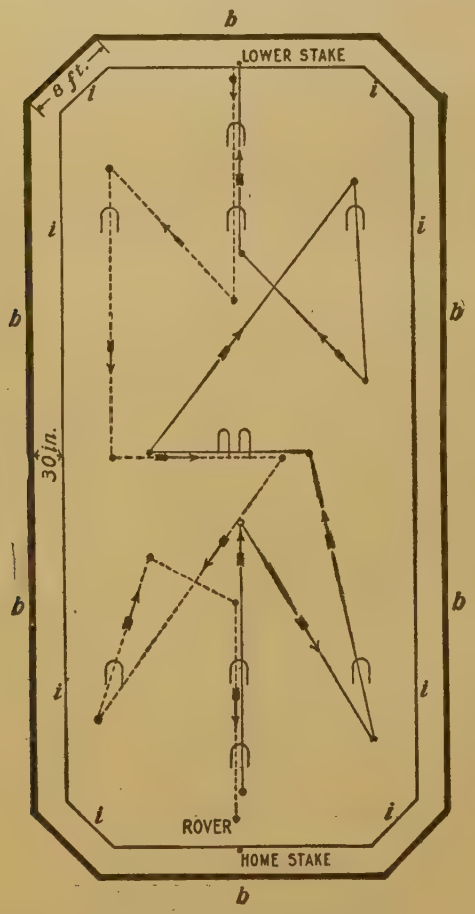
Care must be taken to remove the wax from the coin before you restore it to the owner.

The New Game of Roque.

Roque—pronounced roke—is the perfected game of croquet. Any one familiar with the latter can play roque. Croquet is played with large arches, wooden balls, long-handled mallets, on grass courts. To make it a scientific game the arches were narrowed, involving greater accuracy of stroke. Then came the perfecting of the balls, until

a hard-rubber ball, almost equal to ivory, has been evolved, weighty, steady, and admitting of perfect play. Next came the court, and from a grass court was evolved the present roque court, entirely free from grass, rolled and scraped and slightly sanded.

The length of the court is seventy-two feet and the width thirty-six. This is the regulation size. But provided the proportions are retained a very satisfactory court may be made with a length of sixty feet and a width of thirty. The corners are eight feet inside



THE NEW GAME OF ROQUE

measurement. The outside border, *b*, *b*, in the diagram given, is of timber about six inches by four, laid flat and jointed, against which caroms are made as in billiards. The inside line, *i*, *i*, *i*, is simply a line on the surface made by a marker with a projecting nail point, and is, as indicated upon the diagram, thirty inches from the border. All balls resting nearer than thirty inches to the border are laid out on this line.

THE CONSTRUCTION OF A COURT.—The wickets should be of steel seven-sixteenths of an inch in diameter and three inches and a half between the wires, except the centre arch, which is a double one, eighteen inches from one arch to the other, but only three inches and three-eighths between the wires. The stakes, one inch in diameter but only an inch and a half high, are set just outside the border line.

The first arch is seven feet distant from the border line. Seven feet farther is the second arch. At right angles to the second arch and six feet three inches from the timber border is the third arch. The centre arch is set crosswise of the field at the centre. All the other arches are easily placed because of relative settings.

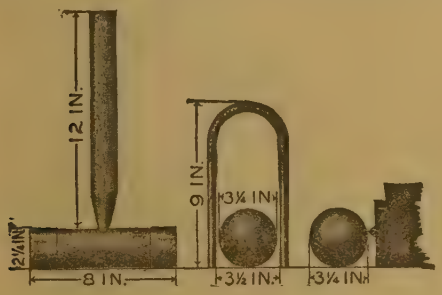
Upon the timber borders a ball readily caroms. But the more perfectly equipped courts are provided with rubber strips placed at the proper height on the timber borders so as to make the caroming of a ball easy. This rubber is generally the discarded rubber of billiard tables.

The natural soil in almost any section is suitable for a court. Sometimes the surface will need grading. It should be as level as the foundation of a house. The early spring is the best time to begin to get the court ready. The upper part for at least two inches should be sifted to make it free from all pebbles, and before the arches are set, or even the border is put down, it should be scraped and rolled, until a twelve or sixteen foot "straight edge" laid in any direction will come in contact with the earth at every point. Then let the timber border be placed by some skilled workman, and lastly set the arches. These are set firmly in heavy blocks of wood at least four inches by six by eight in size and to the depth of four or five inches. A piece of steel, frequently half an inch in diameter, is used. Thirty-two inches long before bending will be ample, leaving the arch about nine or ten inches above the surface.

The arches are set rigidly and earth well packed about them and all made perfectly

level, as the finest and most skillful playing is about the arches.

The balls are of solid rubber three inches and a quarter in diameter, and as the arches, regulation size, are only three inches and a half, it follows that only one-eighth of an



inch is left on each side when the ball is placed in, or passes through, the arch. This gives an idea of the skill required in playing the game. The mallet is about seven inches long, with a short handle.

How the Game is Played. — The course of the balls may be gathered from the diagram given by observing the direction of the arrow-marked lines.

The game is begun and continued as follows, invariably only two persons playing, each with two balls. The order of the colors is red, white, blue, black. Red and blue are partners, also white and black.

Suppose red has the choice of play. The red ball will be placed at either corner, as desired, at the head of the field; its partner, blue, being diagonally opposite. White will be placed at the corner across the field from red, and black diagonally opposite white. Red can begin the game by playing at any other ball, as they are all in play. Generally he plays for a ball at the lower end of the field, and, of course, has to bring them up before he or his partner can make the first arch. In case he cannot do this he will try to hide the next player (white) behind some wicket, so as to make it difficult for white to gain the balls. If red could not make progress he would leave the balls as favorably located as possible for his partner, blue, who, after white's failure to gain the balls, would commence his run of the arches, and bring white into play, too, if it rested at the lower end of the field. Blue makes the first, the second and the third arches in the usual way by using the other balls, and as black is now the "danger-ball" he leaves it hidden behind the third arch after passing it, and having previously placed a ball at the centre he now utilizes this in making the difficult centre arch. Each succeeding arch made requires a repetition of similar tactics, till red and blue, or black and white, become rovers.

EXERCISES FOR DEVELOPING THE BODY AND PRESERVING THE HEALTH

It is only recently that people generally have begun to realize the importance of regular exercise for the development of the body and the preservation of the health. We are beginning to feel that it is *a sin* to be sick. Physicians tell us that one-half of the sickness is due to the sin of over-eating, and almost the entire other half is due to the lack of properly exercising the body.

There is a story in the Arabian Nights Tales of a king who had long languished under an illness, and had taken an abundance of remedies to no purpose. At length, says the fable, a physician cured him by the following method: He took a hollow ball of wood and filled it with several drugs, closing it up artificially. He also took a mall, and having hollowed the handle and that part of the mall which was used to strike the ball, enclosed in them such other drugs as had been usually administered to the patient. He then ordered the sultan, who happened to be this distinguished patient, to exercise himself in the morning by striking the ball with this mall until he should be in a vigorous perspiration. The ignorant sultan thought it was the drugs that cured him, but the wise physician knew it was the exercise. He only placed the drugs in the ball and the mall because the sultan had the faith in them necessary to induce the laborious exercise which alone could cure him.

The moral of this story is, there ought to be regular exercise every day in some systematic manner. The great majority of mankind have not the time or opportunity to join in athletic games or attend gymnasiums; but physical culturists have discovered that a simple system of home training, without apparatus, may accomplish for the body nearly all the good results of the gymnasium.

The following simple exercises, practiced by male or female, in their private apartments every morning, or better still, where it can be so arranged, by the whole family, once a day in concert (to the strength limit of the weakest, the stronger members continuing individually until their requirements are met) will prove not only a health-producing, doctor-bill-preventing exercise, but a very pleasing pastime as well, in which the boys and girls and older members of the family will take delight. But these home gymnastics, if they are to be decided benefits, must be performed with persistent regularity, and the mind of the child should be trained to feel like they must be taken like the food, every day, and they should no more be missed than one of the meals.

The average length of time for these exercises should be about half an hour, or even less according to the strength. Very strong persons may extend it to an hour, and the practice should be so long persisted in, that it grows into one of the habits of life. Those who look for striking results in a very short practice are doomed to disappointment, while persistence in these exercises will make strong and healthy men and women out of the weakest and most delicate children. Regularity in exercises will bring good result.

President Roosevelt, one of the most vigorous and enduring of men, was so weak when he was a child that he could not be sent to the public schools. He recognized his weakness, and began a regular system of exercises in the open air, which each day grew more strenuous as his vigor and endurance increased. He is a prominent example of what exercise, properly taken and persistently indulged in, will do for a weak and delicate constitution.

We recommend to those about to enter upon the following course of movements to memorize the brief instructions which accompany them, and to decide for themselves the number of times that each movement is to be taken, and then with strict attention persistently discipline themselves to take these movements a definite number of times each day, increasing as you grow stronger.

While the movements are being taken, the muscles as a rule should be tense, and the number of movements which are to be taken should be governed by the physical condition of the performer, ceasing when a moderate fatigue is arrived at, never continued until complete exhaustion. The stomach should be as empty as possible when the exercise is begun, and the dress should be comfortable and easy, leaving the movements free and unimpeded by the clothing. The neck and arms should be bare, or covered with very light garments, and females should avoid the use of stays or heavy skirts.

Fig. 1. Head Bending Sidewise.

Exercises for the Head and Neck.

a. HEAD TORSION. Stand in erect position; turn the head alternately to the right and left, looking first over one shoulder and then over the other. Hold the shoulders perfectly straight and avoid moving them.

b. HEAD BENDING. First, forward and backward. The head is bent forward as far as possible, so the chin touches the chest lightly, in a regular steady movement. The chin remains a moment on the chest, and is then raised until it is again erect. Next it is bent backward as far as possible, and raised to an erect position. Repeat several times.

c. HEADBENDING SIDEWISE (Fig. 1.) The head is bent exactly in the direction indicated in Fig. 1, without twisting and without lifting the shoulders on one side or lowering on the other.

d. HEAD ROTATION. The head is bent forward, then turned sidewise to the left, then backwards, then sidewise to the right and again forward. The movement must be made in a regular steady manner.

Fig. 2. Trunk Bending Forward and Backward.

Exercises for the Trunk.

a. TRUNK BENDING FORWARD AND BACKWARD (Fig. 2.) Hold the legs rigidly, place the hands firmly on the hips as in Fig. 2. First the head is bent forward and backward, then the trunk is moved quickly in the same direction, the angle being

Fig. 3. Trunk Bending Sidewise.

formed at the hip joints, without bending the body or moving the legs. (See Fig. 2.) The shoulders should not be moved out of their position. The stretching should be done slowly.

b. TRUNK BENDING SIDEWISE (Fig. 3.) With the hands resting on the hips the head

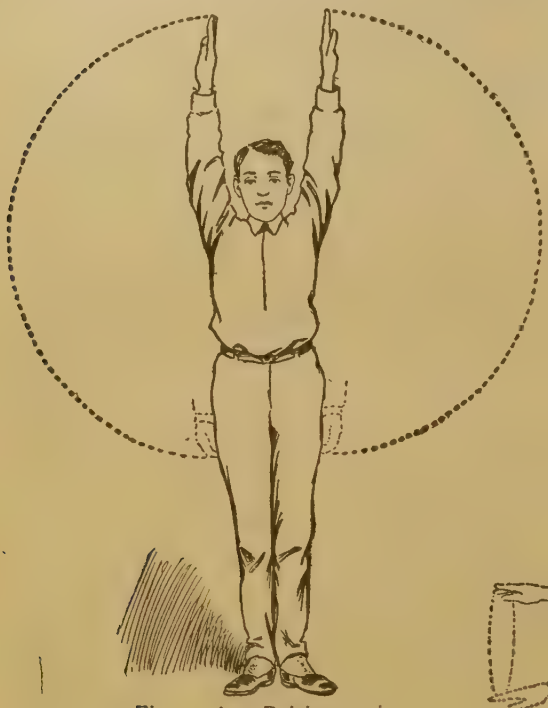


Fig. 4. Arm Raising.

is bent sidewise to the right and left, then the trunk follows in the same direction as far as possible, without lifting the opposite foot. (See Fig. 3.) Avoid twisting the head or changing the position of the shoulders or hips.

c. TRUNK ROTATION. The trunk is bent forward, and then, without straightening it again, sidewise to the left and then backward and sidewise-to the right, or in reverse order, then again forward, and so on. The movements in this exercise should be quick.

Shoulder and Arm Movements.

a. SHOULDER MOVEMENTS. Hands on hips. Both shoulders are first moved forward easily, and then drawn backward vigorously, the elbows simultaneously with the shoulders are moved forward and backward as far as possible. Take a deep breath as the shoulders are moved backward, and expel it, sinking the chest as much as possible, as they are moved forward.

b. ARM RAISING SIDEWISE (Fig. 4.) Stand erect, arms hanging straight at side; holding them at full length raise them straight out from the side steadily, until they reach a vertical position, as shown in Fig. 4. Observe not to twist or bend the arms. While they are vertical, the palms are turned outwards and the backs of the hands toward each other. Hold the fingers together as shown in the figure. In this position the arms should be raised and lowered slowly, the muscles being tense, a deep breath taken as they are raised and expelled slowly while being lowered.

c. ARM SPREADING. First raise the arms forward into a horizontal position. Starting from this the arms are moved outward and backward, then again forward without being lowered, until they are in the same position as at the beginning, with the hands touching

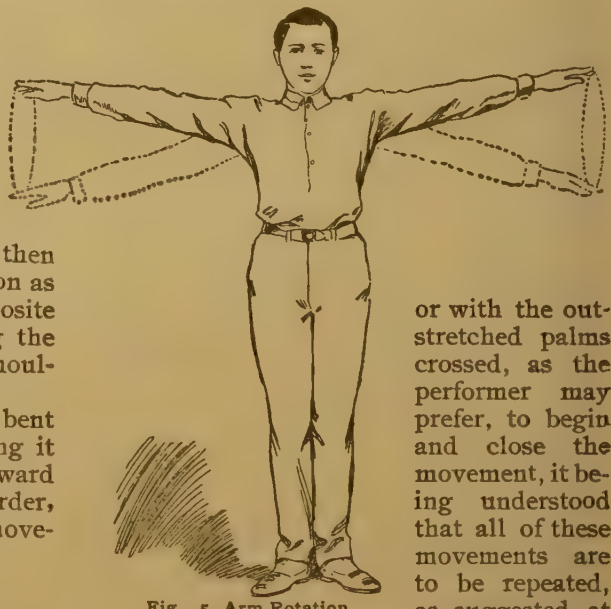


Fig. 5. Arm Rotation.

or with the outstretched palms crossed, as the performer may prefer, to begin and close the movement, it being understood that all of these movements are to be repeated, as suggested at the beginning, according to the strength of the operator.

d. ARM ROTATION (Fig. 5.) Assume the position of Fig. 5, except that the arms make

a perfect right angle from the shoulders. Then whirl them by moderately rapid motion, so as to describe a circle, as shown in the figure, the center of the circle being always even with the height of the shoulders, and the back of the hands always turned upward as shown in the figure.

e. THE MILL (Fig. 6.) The mill is an extension of the last movement, or arm rotation, into larger circles, and is performed in a continuous motion, backward as well as forward, by whirling the arms around in large circles, as shown in the figure, being careful to keep the arms always perfectly straight and the muscles tense.

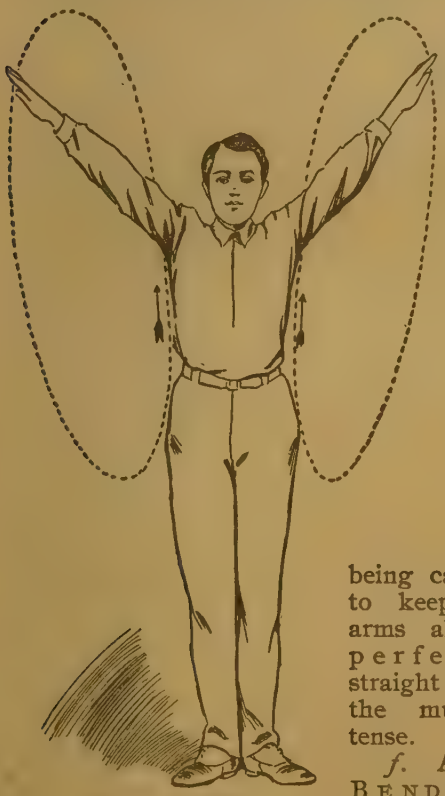


Fig. 6. The Mill.

f. ARM BENDING, STRETCHING (Fig. 7.) With the elbows resting against the sides, the forearms are drawn up so the fists touch the shoulders, as shown in the figure. In this bent position the arms are vigorously stretched upward, forward, sidewise, backward and downward, the fingers being held firmly together and extended, the hands pointing in the same direction as the arms. In the backward stroke avoid bending the trunk.

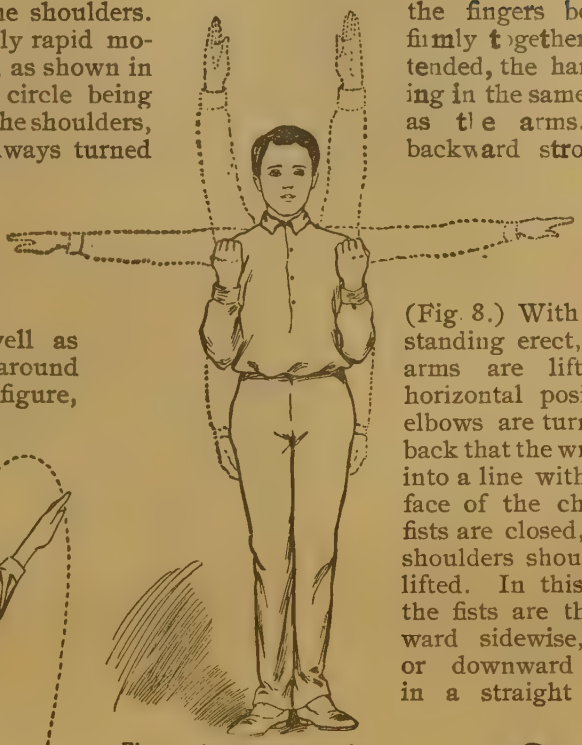


Fig. 7. Arm Bending and Stretching.

g. ARM THRUST (Fig. 8.) With the figure standing erect, the forearms are lifted to a horizontal position, the elbows are turned so far back that the wrists come into a line with the surface of the chest; the fists are closed, and the shoulders should not be lifted. In this position the fists are thrust forward sidewise, upward or downward (always in a straight line) by stretching the arms quickly and vigorously. In order to do the thrusting downward energetically, the elbows should first be lifted upwards, as in Fig. 8. Then the thrust follows.

Fig. 8. Arm Thrusting.

h. BEATING WITH THE FOREARM IN RAISED

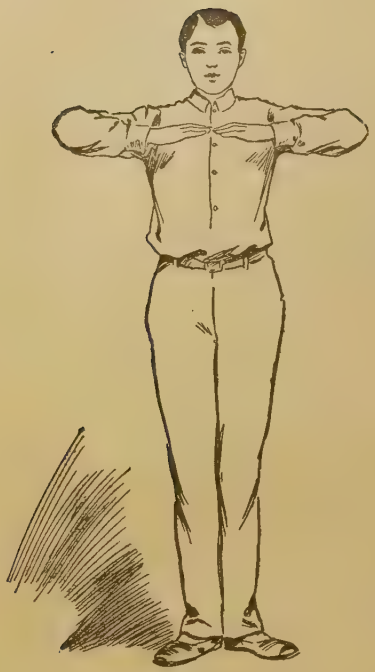


Fig. 9. Beating with Forearm in Raised Position.

Position (Fig. 9.) The arms are raised sidewise into a horizontal position, backs of hands upward, forearms bent forward until the ends of the fingers touch. In this position the arms are moved slowly as far backward as possible on a level with each other and at full stretch. They may be moved slowly or with a swinging motion. If desired, the hands may be closed into fists. This is an excellent exercise for warming the blood. In an improper manner we frequently see it done on cold days by car drivers, and others who are exposed to the weather.

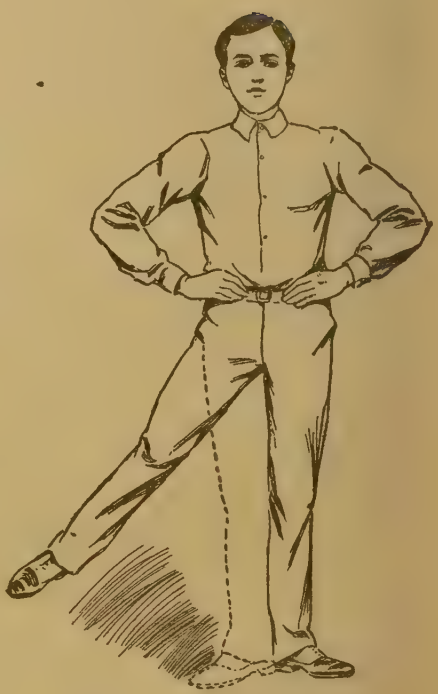


Fig. 11. Leg Raising Sidewise.

i. Hand Bending and Stretching (Fig. 10.) The arms are fully extended sidewise as in Fig. 10 (or forward to vary the shoulder support), the backs of the hands being turned upward. In this position the operator bends the hand upward in direction of the backs of the hands, and then downward in direction of the palms as far as possible, and follows with an equal number of sidewise bendings alternately toward the thumb and toward the little finger.

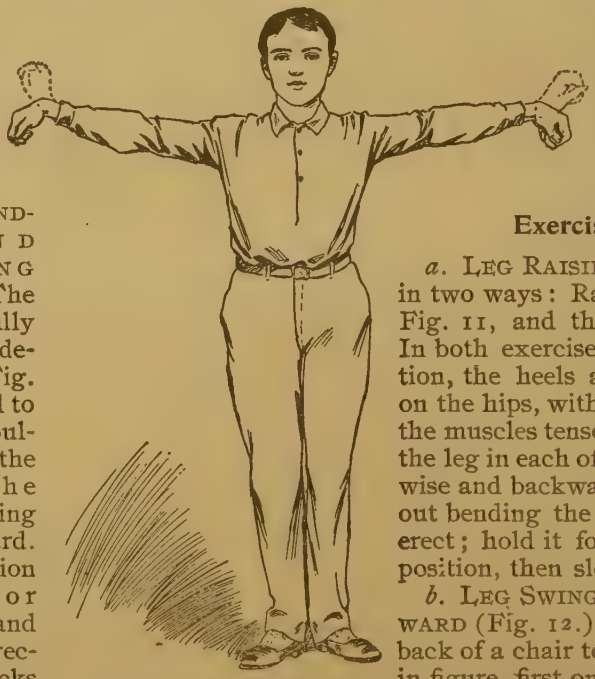


Fig. 10. Hand Bending and Stretching.

Exercises for the Legs.

a. Leg Raising (Fig. 11), should be done in two ways: Raising the leg sidewise as in Fig. 11, and then backward and forward. In both exercises, begin with an erect position, the heels always touching, the hands on the hips, with the leg fully stretched, and the muscles tense. Stiffening the knee raise the leg in each of the directions named (sidewise and backward) as far as possible, without bending the body, which must be kept erect; hold it for a moment in this raised position, then slowly lower it.

b. Leg Swinging Forward and Backward (Fig. 12.) Placing the hand on the back of a chair to steady the body, as shown in figure, first one leg and then the other is swung energetically forward past the other

leg, and then backward with equal force. In this exercise great care should be observed to hold the swinging foot so that the toes are pointed slightly downward and outward.

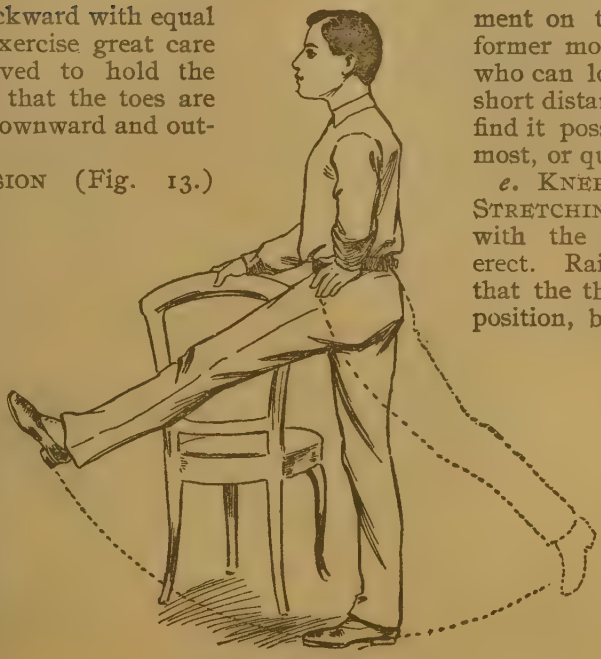


Fig. 12. Leg Swinging.

c. LEG TORSION (Fig. 13.) Assume an erect position, with the hands on the hips and the heels touching. With the muscles tense, the performer then leaps with a straddling motion, bringing the feet together so that one time the heels and then the toes are turned outward, as shown by the diagrams below, Fig. 13. Follow this by assuming the same positions without lifting the feet. This is done by a slight simultaneous raising of the heels or of the toes and balls of the feet.

d. THE DEEP KNEE BEND (Fig. 14.) In this motion the bend should be as low as possible, until the seat almost touches the heels. The upper part of the body should not incline to the front, but on the contrary, should be held in a vertical position from beginning to end of the exercise. The small of the back is drawn in, and the heels are raised as high as possible, and must be kept together. There is no exercise which will show improvement on the part of the performer more than this. Those who can lower themselves but a short distance at first will soon find it possible to go down almost, or quite, upon their heels.

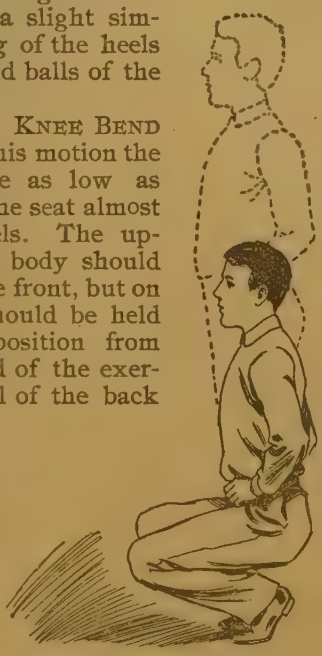


Fig. 14. Deep Knee Bend.

e. KNEE RAISING AND LEG STRETCHING (Fig. 15.) Begin with the heels together, body erect. Raise the knee so high that the thigh is in a horizontal position, being careful that the trunk is always held upright. With the knee hanging vertically downward, the foot bent slightly upward, as in Fig. 15, the whole leg is now quickly and vigorously extended and lowered, the thigh being lowered slightly, as the foot is extended, but not enough to make the full stretching of the leg impossible. The supporting leg, of course, must be held rigid during the exercise.

f. RAISING THE LOWER LEG (Fig. 16.) Assume an upright position, with the thumbs in the waistband and heels together. Alternately the left and right lower legs are raised backward

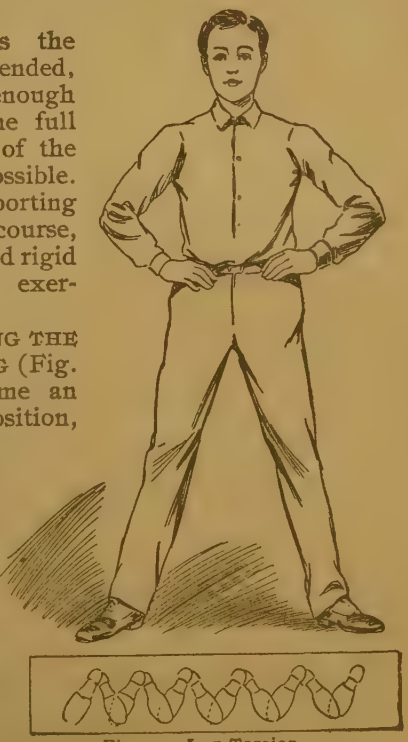


Fig. 13. Leg Torsion.

by bending the knee as in Fig. 16, and lowered again slowly or with a swing. With practice, the leg may be carried so far that the heel will touch the seat. To perform the exercise properly and most effectively great care must be taken that the thigh of the moving leg be held perfectly vertical and close against the supporting leg.

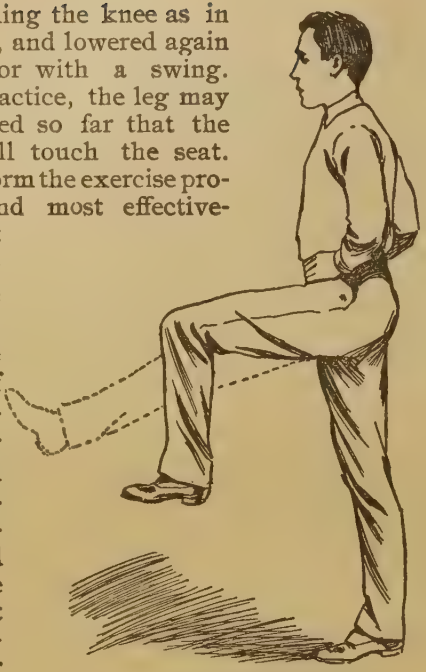


Fig. 15. Knee Raising Forward and Stretching.

g. STANDING ON THE TOES. Starting from an upright position, with the weight resting full on the soles, the foot is bent upward (without bending any joints except those of the ankle and the toes) until the whole weight of the body rests on the toes and balls of the only feet. The heels should be lifted as high as possible; then let the body down slowly, and repeat until a slight fatigue is felt.

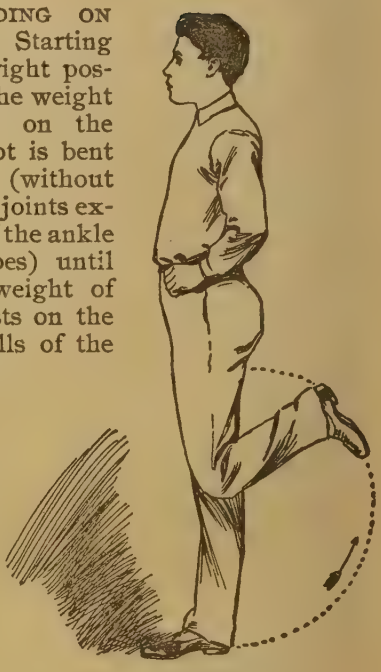


Fig. 16. Raising Lower Leg.

BOOK IV

THE SONGS WE LOVE TO SING

—EMBRACING—

About a Half Hundred of the Dear Old Songs that Everybody Loves and Other Bright Popular New Pieces

SONGS OF PATRIOTISM
RELIGIOUS FAVORITES
SONGS OF LOVE AND
ROLLICKING JOLLY SONGS

That all may sing around the Family Piano or Fireside. Everybody knows them, Everybody loves them; and to those who have forgotten the words or music this book will refresh the memory

Columbia, the Gem of the Ocean, America, The Star-Spangled Banner, Yankee Doodle, Dixie, The Old Oaken Bucket, The Last Rose of Summer, Robin Adair, Annie Laurie, Nancy Lee, Rocked in the Cradle of the Deep, Listen to the Mocking Bird, Old Folks at Home, and dozens of others as familiar and almost as popular. Both words and music are found in this volume.

THE SONGS WE LOVE TO SING

Prepared Originally and Expressly for this Volume

BY GEORGE M. VICKERS

Author of "Guard the Flag" etc.

THE LITTLE FORESTERS.

A Musical Sketch for Arbor Day.

Preparation: A platform, with walls at sides and rear decorated with evergreen; several palms and rubber plants ranged along sides of platform. Benches or stools right and left of platform, leaving plenty of room in the centre for evolutions of the children.

CHARACTERS.

Colonel Acorn,
Major Hickory
Captain Juniper, } Foresters.
Lieutenant Spruce,
Sergeant Peach,

Lily Hawthorn,
Daisy Primrose,
Violet Cornflower, } School Girls.
Pansy Pink,
Lady Slipper,

Also, ten boys and ten girls for chorus and evolutions.

COSTUMES.

Foresters: Brown muslin blouses, with orange colored sashes worn over right shoulder, and tied in a bow at left hip. Each boy wears an evergreen wreath, and carries a staff with red, white and blue ribbon tied near the top.

School Girls: Pink lawn dresses with green sashes; wreaths of flowers to be worn on the head. Each girl to carry a bunch of flowers.

Ten Boys: Dark pants, white shirt-waists.

Ten Girls: White dresses, pink sashes. Each boy and girl to wear a red, white and blue rosette on left breast, and all to carry a small bunch of evergreen.

Directions: The ten boys and ten girls enter upon the platform, singing the following words; the girls enter from the right, the boys from the left; they countermarch, and take up positions along the sides, the boys at right, the girls at left of platform.

SONG OF THE TREES.

Tune: "Comin' Thr'o the Rye."

1.

HAIL the day with cheers of gladness,
Let your voices ring;
Of the trees, their use and beauty,
Merrily we sing:
By the roadside, in the orchard,
Or the forest grand,
All the trees, wher'er we find them,
Grow to bless the land.

2.

Trees that shade the dusty wayside,
These should have our care,
For they shield the weary trav'ler
From the sun's bright glare;
'Neath their green and cooling branches,
Ling'ring while we may,
Oh, how restful, how refreshing
In the heat of day!

3.

Apple blossoms, cherry blossoms,
Fair are they to see,
Full of promise of the fruitage
Soon to deck the tree.
Golden quince, and rosy apple,
Ripe and luscious pear,
Are among the orchard's treasures
That we all may share.

4.

Sturdy oak and stately poplar,
Cedar, elm and pine,
I would spare you, I would shield you,
If the power were mine.
Hail the day with cheers of gladness,
Let your voices ring;
Plant your trees that they for others
Blessings sweet may bring.

DIRECTIONS. The boys and girls should take positions at the right and left of platform while singing the last stanza.

Immediately after the singing ceases The Five Foresters enter and advance to front of platform.

Colonel Acorn. Ladies and gentlemen, we have been attracted by your merry voices—may we join in your festivities?

Boys and Girls. Welcome! We too are tree-planters, and foresters are our friends.

Foresters. Thanks, many thanks.

Colonel Acorn.

"Who sows a field, or trains a flower,
Or plants a tree, is more than all.
For he who blesses most is blest;
And God and man shall own his worth,
Who toils to leave, as his bequest,
An added beauty to the earth."

Major Hickory. The man or woman who plants a tree is a public benefactor, and the tree will need no epitaph upon it to proclaim the virtue of the one who planted it. It will be a beautiful monument to a generous soul.

Captain Juniper.

I'm Captain Juniper,
Friends, as you see,
Named for a popular
Sort of a tree;
Though valued by many,
Some think it a sin,
That juniper berries
Get mixed up with gin.

Boys and Girls. It is not the tree, nor its berries; it is not the golden grain; it is simply the use, or abuse of berry and grain that makes them good or evil.

Lieutenant Spruce. Ladies and gentlemen, I am Lieutenant Spruce, and, while I admit that I spruce up once in a while, it must not be inferred that I am a dude. The spruce tree is very useful, it is a pretty ornament in a landscape; besides, you've all tasted spruce beer.

Sergeant Peach. (Bowing low) I'm a Peach, ladies and gentlemen, a descendant of the old and honorable Peach family—Like the tree and its luscious fruit—which bear our ancient name, everybody likes the Peaches.

Captain Acorn. Hark! I hear approaching footsteps.

School girls enter, singing the following:

JOY FOR THE STURDY TREES.

Tune: "My Country 'tis of Thee."

1.

"Joy for the sturdy trees!
Fanned by each fragrant breeze,
Lovely they stand!
The song-birds o'er them thrill,
They shade each tinkling rill,
They crown each swelling hill,
Lowly or grand.

Directions: At the beginning of the second stanza the Foresters march, followed by the school girls, the ten boys and ten girls following—All sing and countermarch.

2.

"Plant them by stream and way,
Plant where the children play
And toilers rest;
In every verdant vale,
On every sunny swale,
Whether to grow or fail—
God knoweth best.

3.

"Select the strong, the fair,
Plant them with earnest care—
No toil is vain.
Plant in a fitter place,
Where, like a lovely face,
Set in some sweeter grace,
Change may prove gain.

4.

"God will His blessing send—
All things on Him depend.
His loving care
Clings to each leaf and flower
Like ivy to its tower.
His presence and His power
Are everywhere."

While singing the last stanza, all resume their original positions. The Foresters and school girls to occupy the front centre of platform.

Captain Acorn. Much has been said of the trees, and very justly; but from the flowers I see, I think they, too, deserve our praise, even if some of them are old fashioned.

Lady Slipper. Indeed I love old fashioned flowers, and these are my friends, Miss Hawthorn, Miss Primrose, Miss Pink, and Miss Cornflower. I'm sure they are all sweet and charming.

Lily H. You love them, so suppose you sing us something about them.

School girls, Oh, please do!

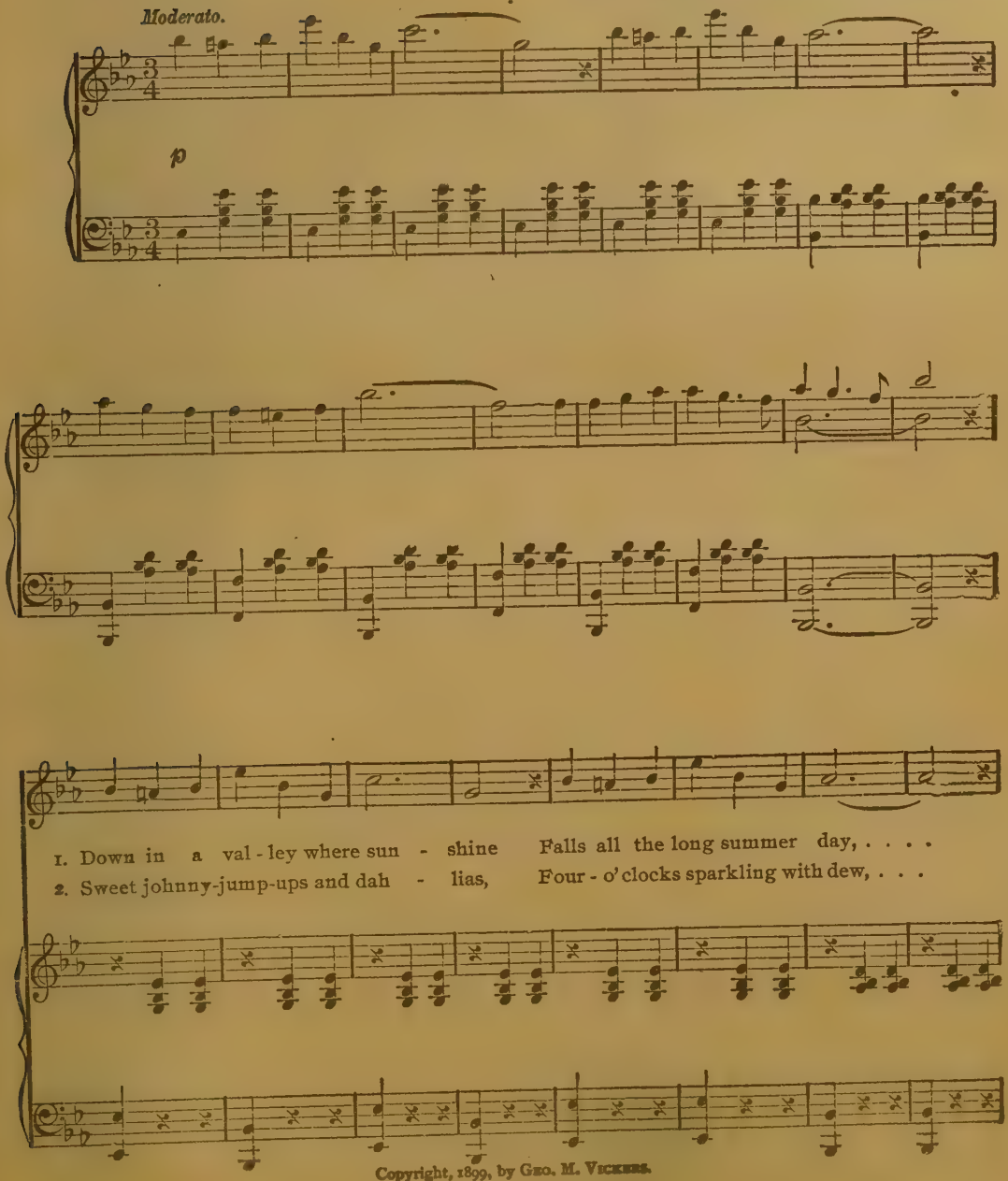
Lady Slipper sings the following song; all the children joining in the chorus.

ETHEL BARRYMORE AND HER SWEET-TONED HARP

THE BEAUTIFUL SPANISH SINGER AND HER MANDOLIN

OLD-FASHIONED FLOWERS.

Words and Music by GEO. M. VICKERS.


Moderato.
p
1. Down in a val - ley where sun - shine Falls all the long summer day, ...
2. Sweet johnny-jump-ups and dah - lias, Four - o'clocks sparkling with dew, . . .

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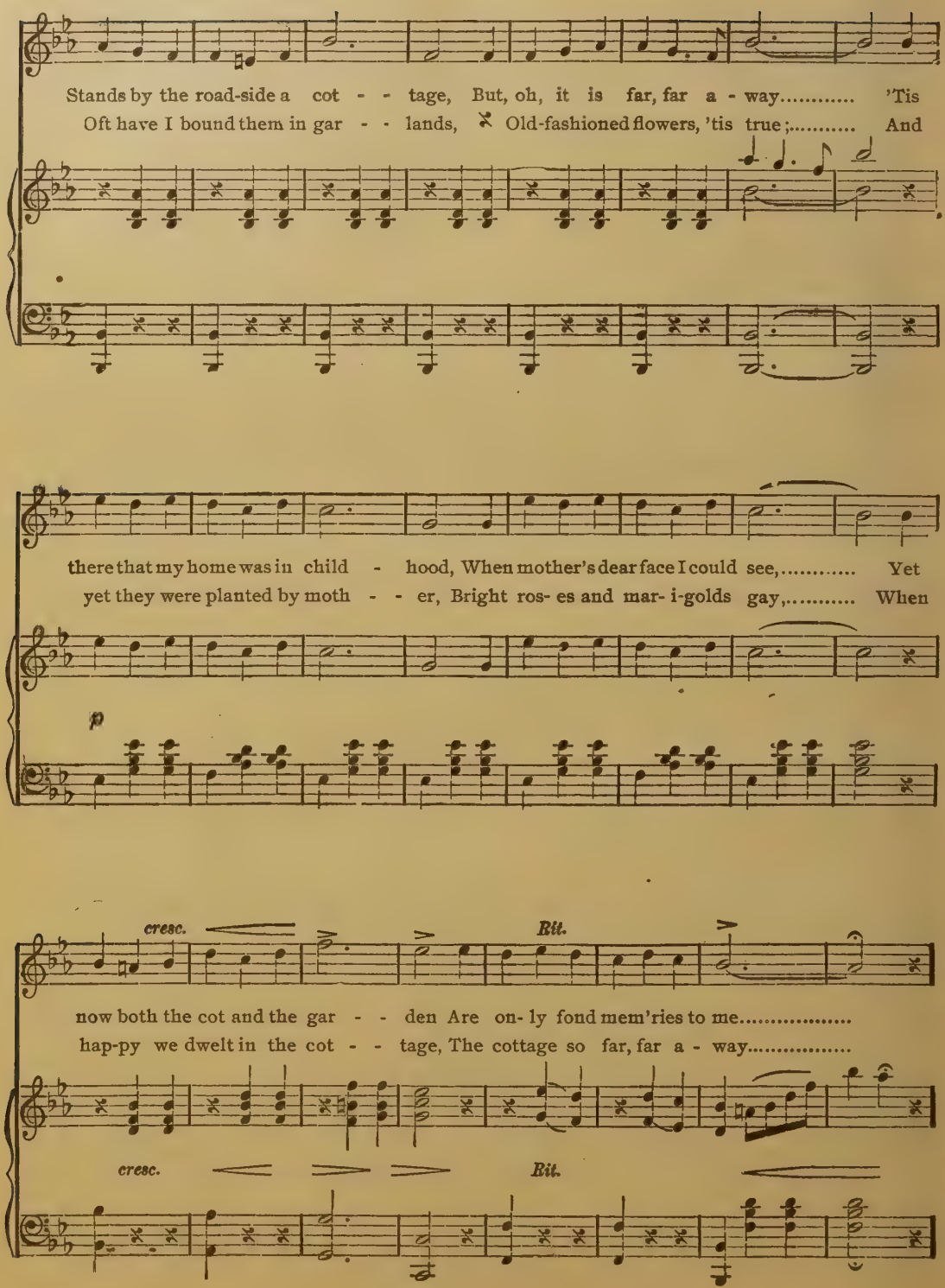
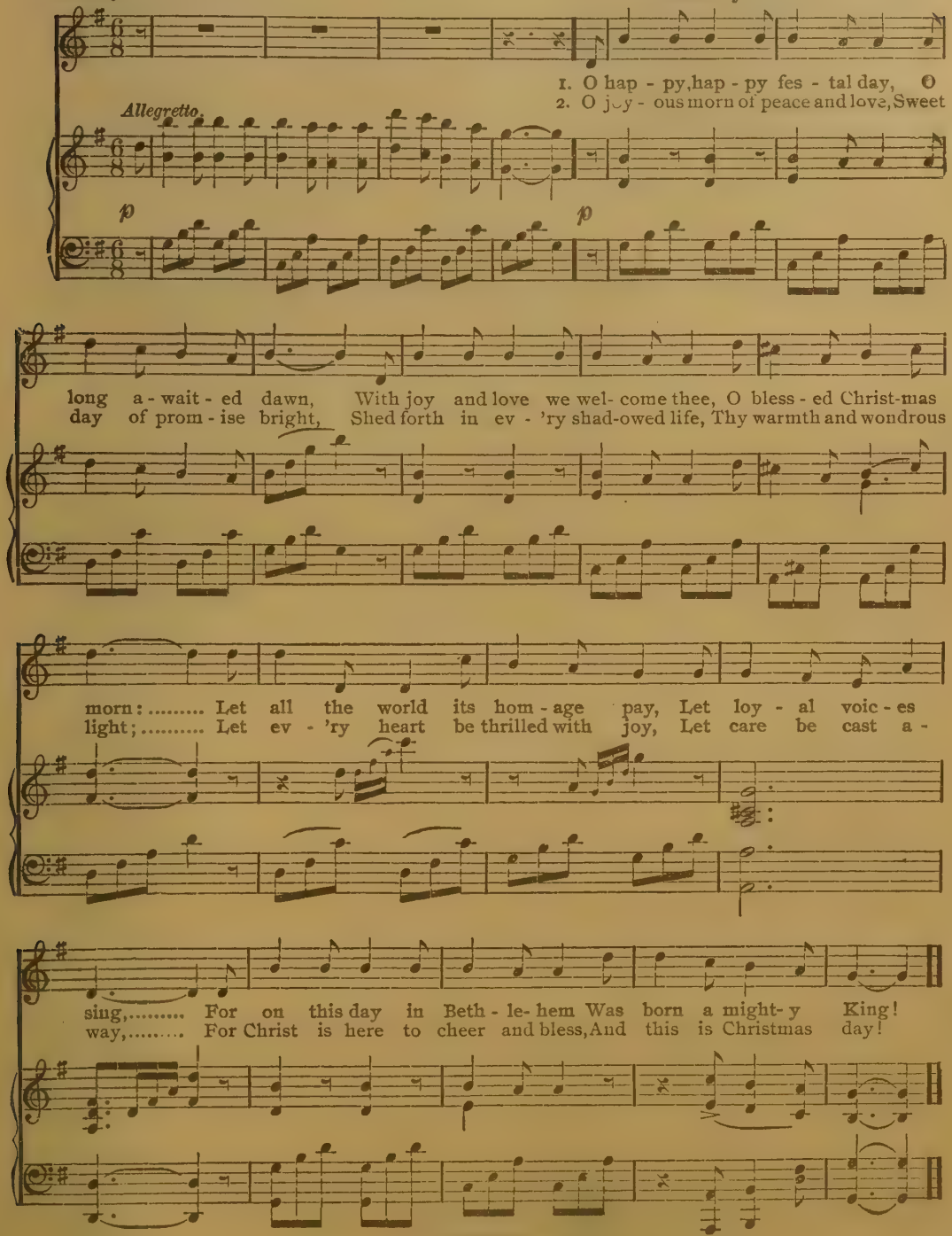

Stands by the road-side a cot - - tage, But, oh, it is far, far a - way..... 'Tis
Oft have I bound them in gar - - lands, Old-fashioned flowers, 'tis true;..... And
there that my home was in child - hood, When mother's dear face I could see,..... Yet
yet they were planted by moth - - er, Bright ros- es and mar- i-golds gay,..... When
p
cresc.
Rit.
now both the cot and the gar - - den Are on- ly fond mem'ries to me.....
hap-py we dwelt in the cot - - tage, The cottage so far, far a - way.....
cresc.
Rit.

A CHRISTMAS SONG.

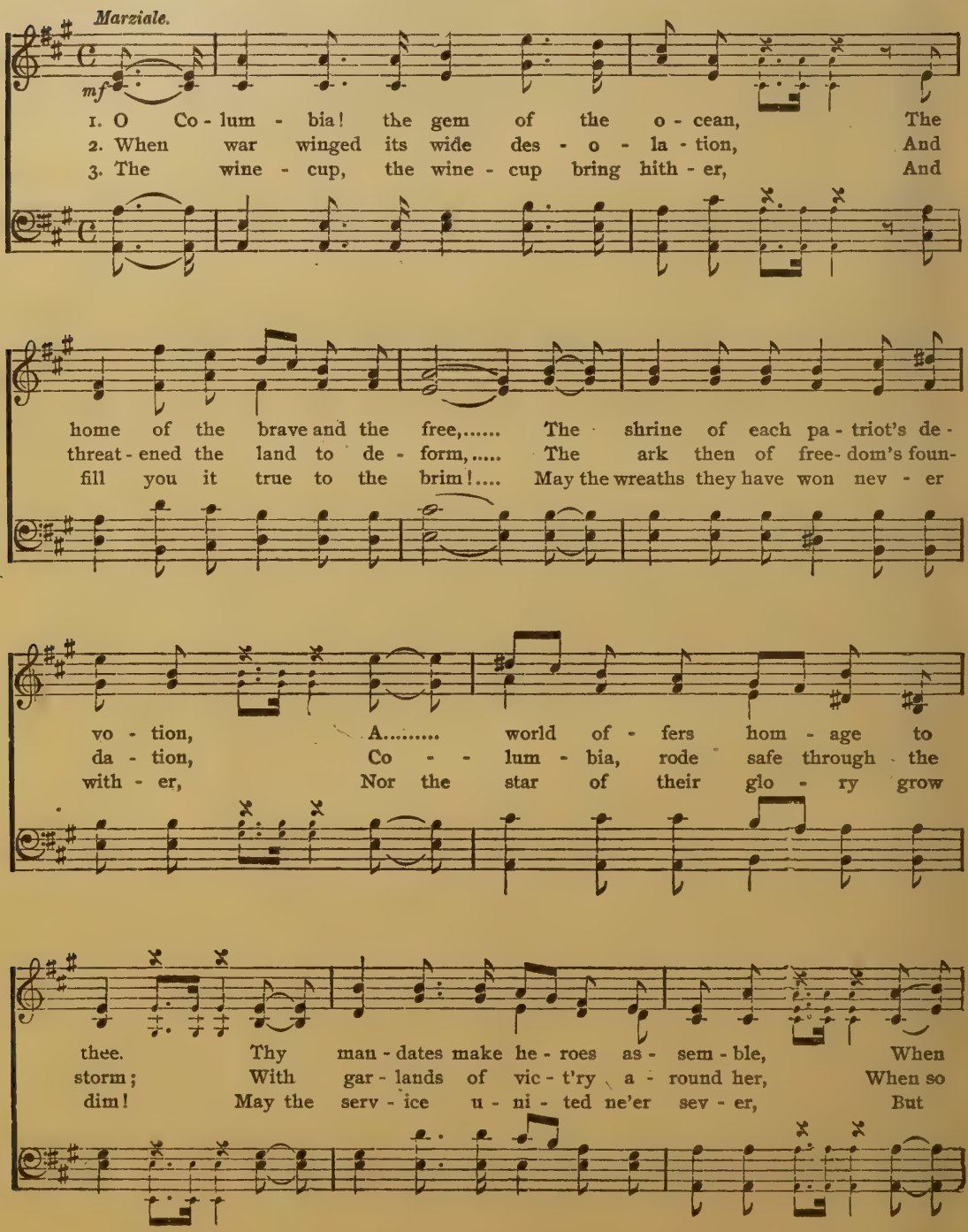
Words by GEO. M. VICKERS. Music by STANLEY ADAMS.


1. O hap - py, hap - py fes - tal day, O
2. O joy - ous morn of peace and love, Sweet
Allegretto.
p
p
long a - wait - ed dawn, With joy and love we wel- come thee, O bless - ed Christ-mas
day of prom - ise bright, Shed forth in ev - 'ry shad-owed life, Thy warmth and wondrous
morn: ..... Let all the world its hom - age pay, Let loy - al voic - es
light; ..... Let ev - 'ry heart be thrilled with joy, Let care be cast a -
sing, ... For on this day in Beth - le- hem Was born a might- y King!
way, ... For Christ is here to cheer and bless, And this is Christmas day!

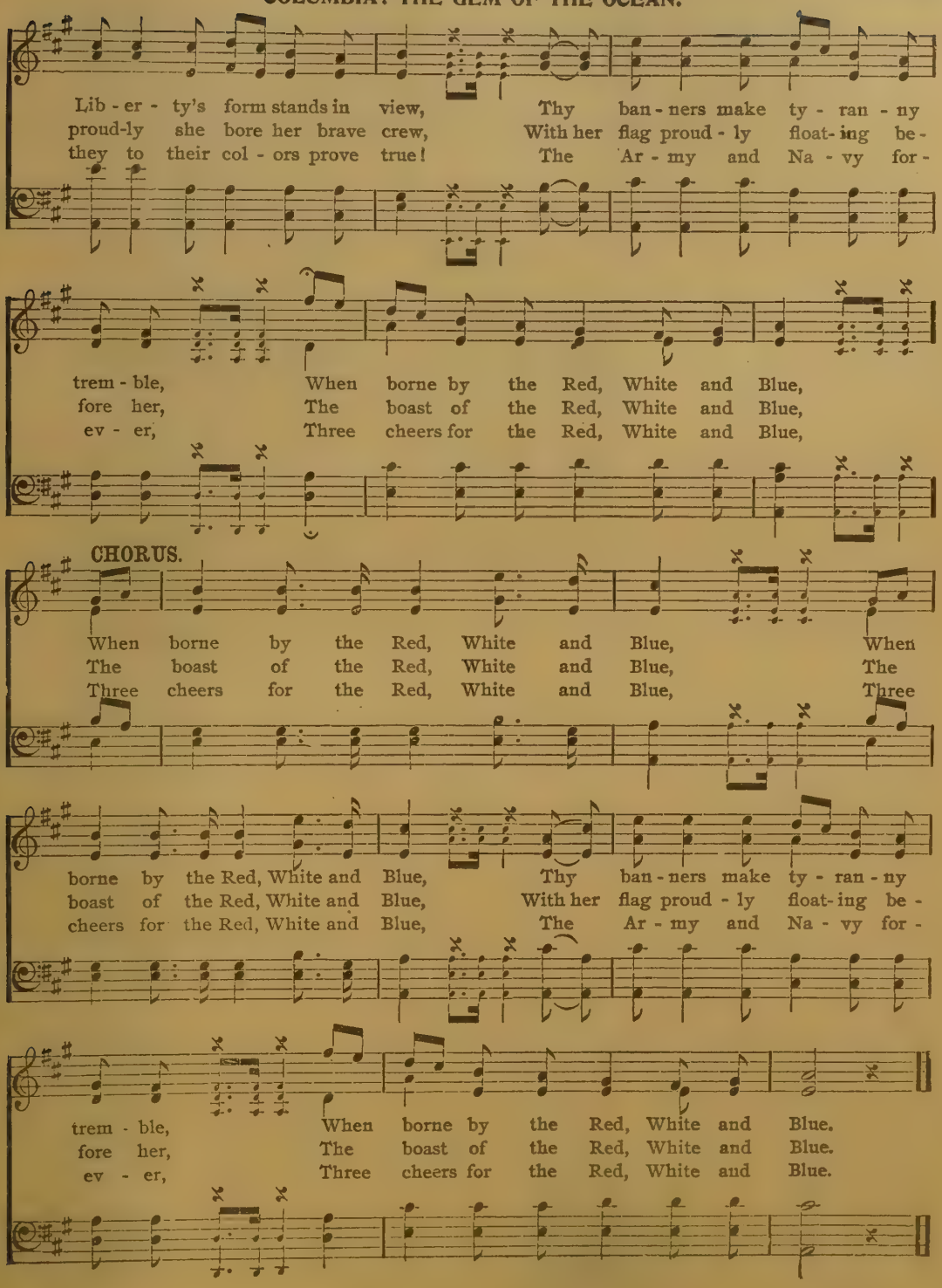
By permission.

COLUMBIA! THE GEM OF THE OCEAN.

May be sung as Solo or Quartet.


Marziale.
mf
1. O Co - lum - bia! the gem of the o - cean, The
2. When war winged its wide des - o - la - tion, And
3. The wine - cup, the wine - cup bring hith - er, And
home of the brave and the free,..... The shrine of each pa - triot's de -
threat - ened the land to de - form,..... The ark then of free - dom's foun -
fill you it true to the brim!.... May the wreaths they have won nev - er
vo - tion, A..... world of - fers hom - age to
da - tion, Co - - lum - bia, rode safe through the
with - er, Nor the star of their glo - ry grow
thee. Thy man - dates make he - roes as - sem - ble, When
storm; With gar - lands of vic - t'ry a - round her, When so
dim! May the serv - ice u - ni - ted ne'er sev - er, But

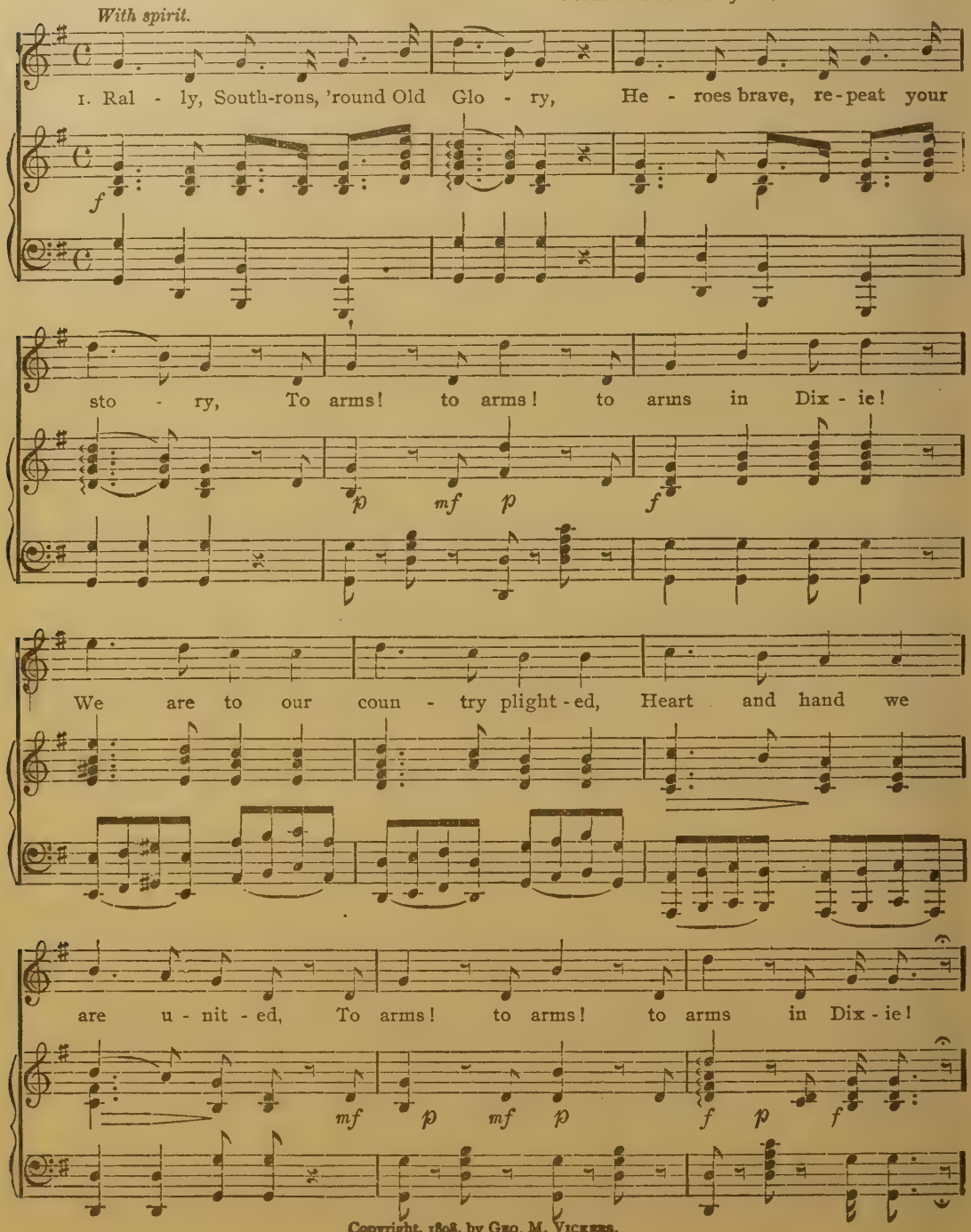
COLUMBIA! THE GEM OF THE OCEAN.


Lib - er - ty's form stands in view, Thy ban - ners make ty - ran - ny
proud-ly she bore her brave crew, With her flag proud - ly float-ing be -
they to their col - ors prove true! The Ar - my and Na - vy for -
trem - ble, When borne by the Red, White and Blue,
fore her, The boast of the Red, White and Blue,
ev - er, Three cheers for the Red, White and Blue,
CHORUS.
When borne by the Red, White and Blue, When
The boast of the Red, White and Blue, The
Three cheers for the Red, White and Blue, Three
borne by the Red, White and Blue, Thy ban - ners make ty - ran - ny
boast of the Red, White and Blue, With her flag proud - ly float-ing be -
cheers for the Red, White and Blue, The Ar - my and Na - vy for -
trem - ble, When borne by the Red, White and Blue.
fore her, The boast of the Red, White and Blue.
ev - er, Three cheers for the Red, White and Blue.

THE NEW DIXIE.

NOTE.—The words of this song can be sung to the old tune, "DIXIE'S LAND;" they fit exactly. Use the old tune, Key of C, the last time the Chorus is sung; the effect is thrilling.

Words and Music by GEO. M. VICKERS.


With spirit.
1. Ral - ly, South-rons, 'round Old Glo - ry, He - roes brave, re-peat your
f
sto - ry, To arms! to arms! to arms in Dix - ie!
p mf p f
We are to our coun - try plight-ed, Heart and hand we
are u - nit - ed, To arms! to arms! to arms in Dix - ie!
mf p mf p f p f

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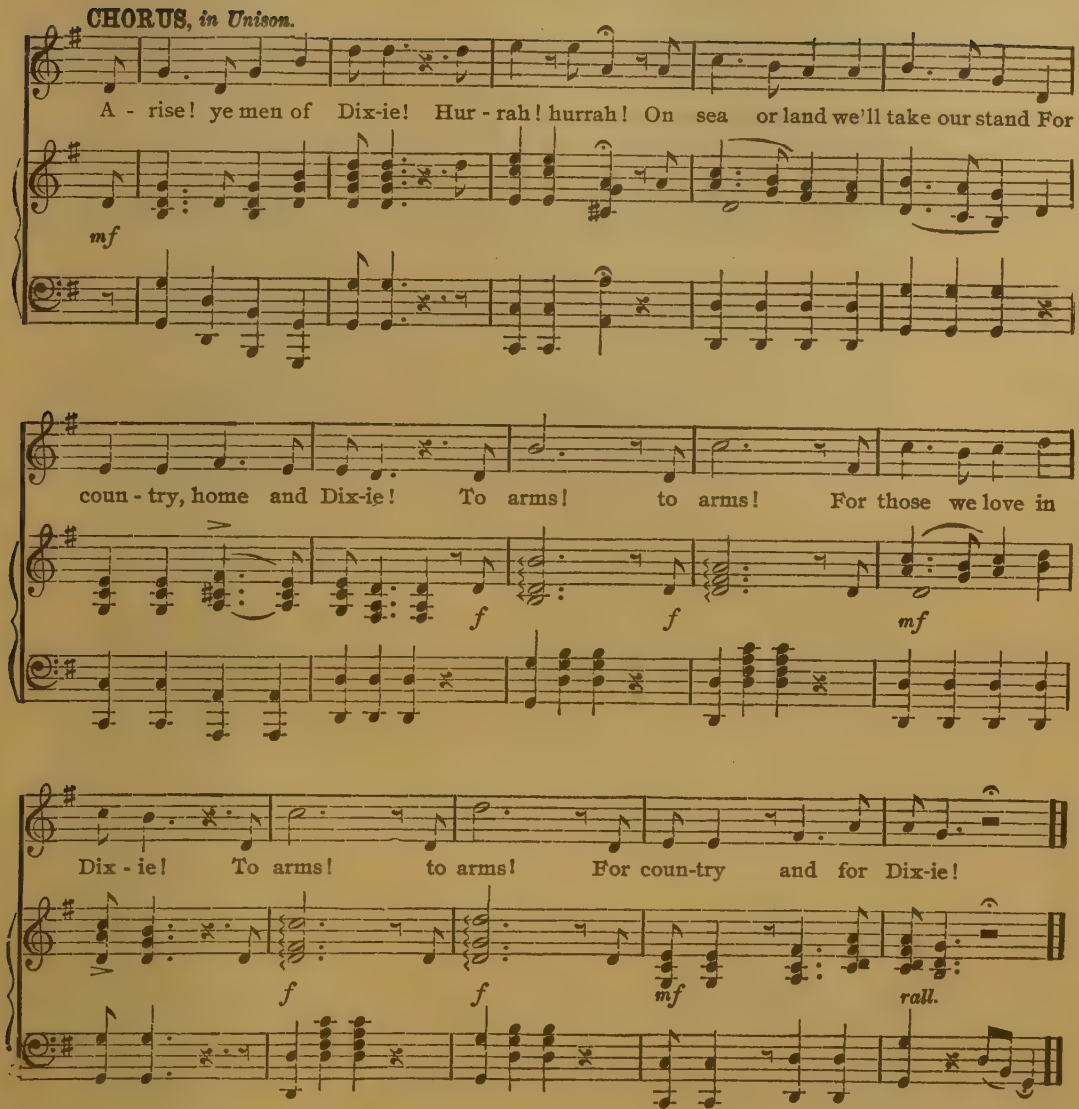

CHORUS, in Unison.
A - rise! ye men of Dix-ie! Hur - rah! hurrah! On sea or land we'll take our stand For
mf
coun - try, home and Dix-ie! To arms! to arms! For those we love in
f
f
mf
Dix - ie! To arms! to arms! For coun-try and for Dix-ie!
f
f
mf
rall.

2 Sons of heroes, shout defiance,
On just Heaven place reliance,
To arms! to arms! to arms in Dixie!
Southron arms will shield the nation,
Save our flag from degradation,
To arms! to arms! to arms in Dixie!

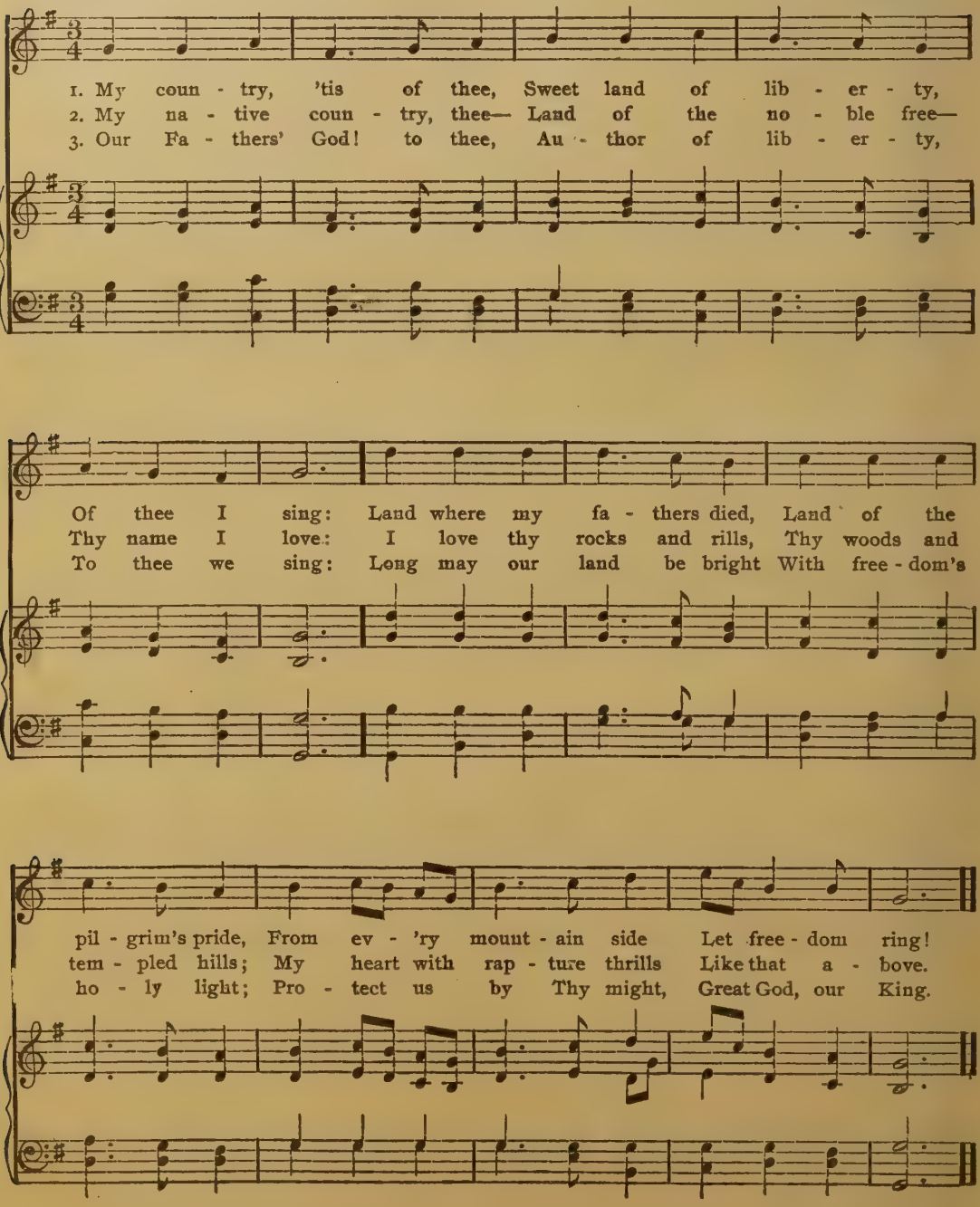
3 Up and march to meet the foemen,
Let your war-cry be their omen,
To arms! to arms! to arms in Dixie!
'Neath the flag, a band of brothers,
For your sweethearts, wives and mothers,
To arms! to arms! to arms in Dixie!

4 Rally, men, from every station,
Show the valor of your nation,
To arms! to arms! to arms in Dixie!
Keep ablaze your beacon fires,
Strike for honor of your sires!
To arms! to arms! to arms in Dixie!

AMERICA.—"My Country, 'tis of Thee."

May be sung as Solo or Chorus.

S. F. SMITH. HANDEL.


1. My coun - try, 'tis of thee, Sweet land of lib - er - ty,
2. My na - tive coun - try, thee— Land of the no - ble free—
3. Our Fa - thers' God! to thee, Au - thor of lib - er - ty,
Of thee I sing: Land where my fa - thers died, Land of the
Thy name I love: I love thy rocks and rills, Thy woods and
To thee we sing: Long may our land be bright With free - dom's
pil - grim's pride, From ev - 'ry mount - ain side Let free - dom ring!
tem - pled hills; My heart with rap - ture thrills Like that a - bove.
ho - ly light; Pro - tect us by Thy might, Great God, our King.

ADELINA PATTI.

The greatest singer, (with the possible exception of Jenny Lind) that the world has ever known

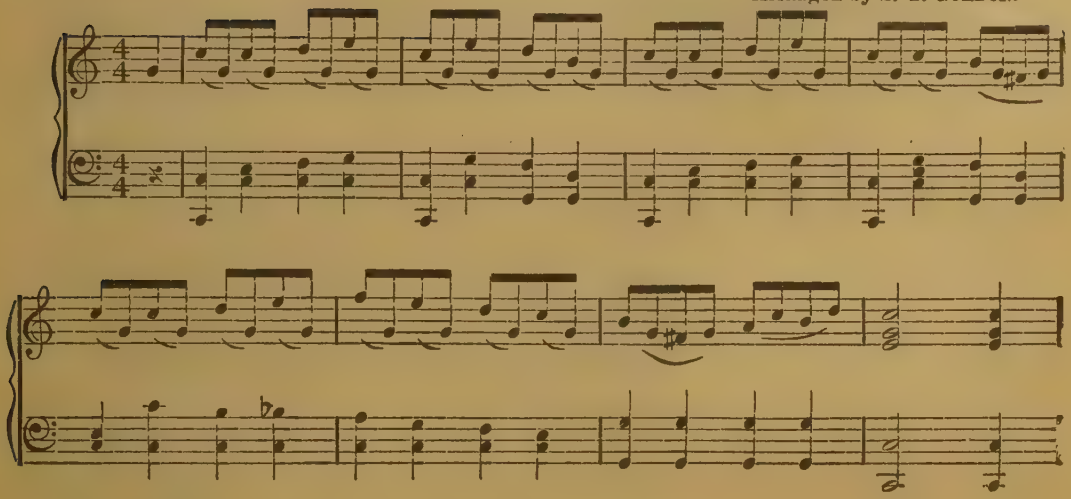
THE FOUR BEASY SISTERS

Famed for their great musical talent and their skill with the violin

YANKEE DOODLE.

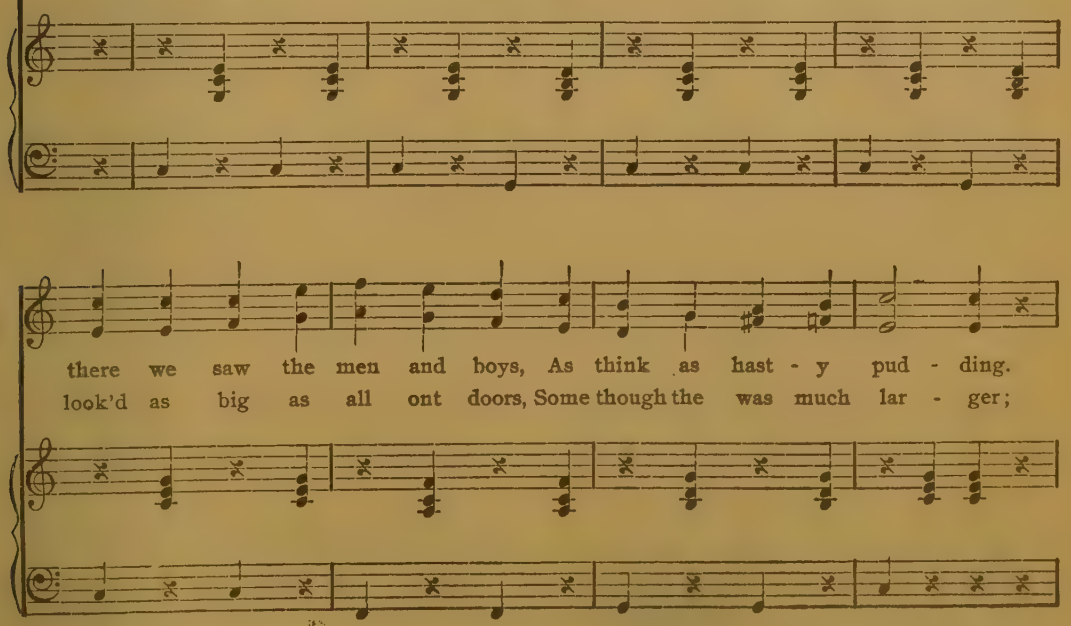
Song Duett and Chorus.

Arranged by S. T. GORDON.

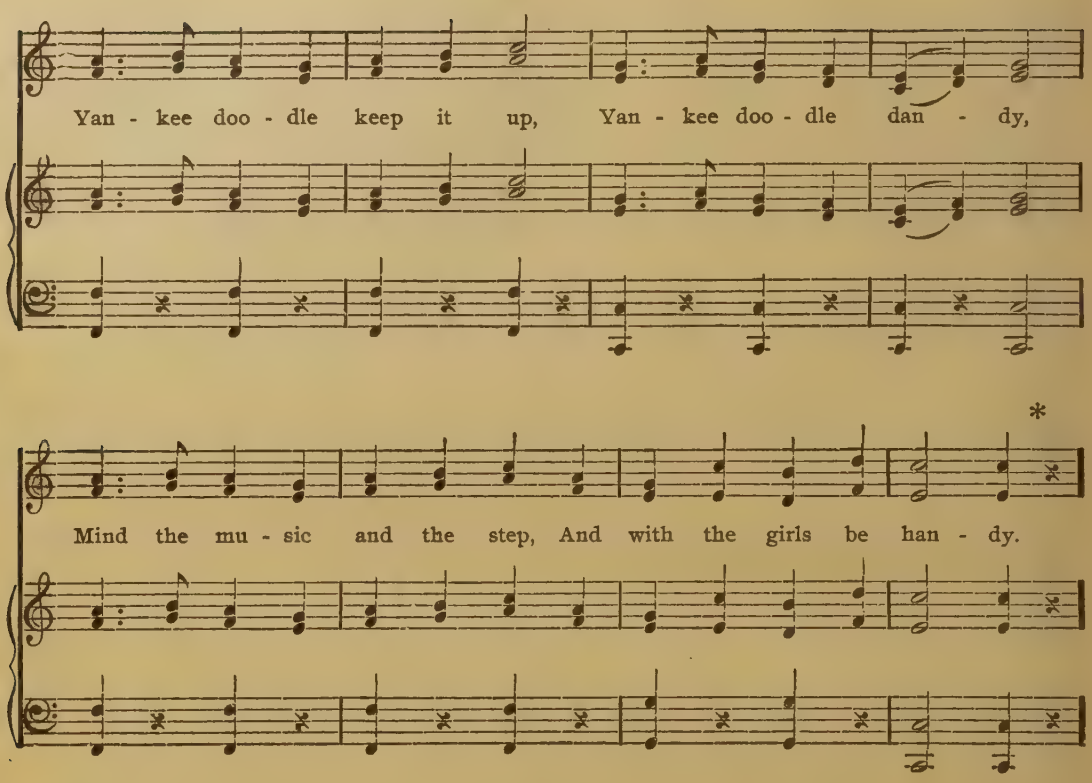


Song or Duett.

1. Fa - ther and I went down to camp, A - long with Cap - tain Good - win, And
2. And there was Gen - 'ral Wash- ing - ton, Up - on a snow white Char - ger, He



there we saw the men and boys, As think as hast - y pud - ding.
look'd as big as all ont doors, Some though the was much lar - ger;



3.

And there was Col'nel Putnam too,
Drest in his regimentals,
I guess as how the Brittish King,
Can't whip our Continentals.

4.

And there they had a copper gun,
Big as a log of maple,
They tied it to a wooden cart,
A load for Father's cattle.

5.

And ev'ry time they fir'd it off,
It took a horn of powder,
It made a noise like Father's gun,
Only a nation louder.

6.

I went as near to it myself,
As any body dare go,
And Father went as near again,
I thought he dar'nt do so.

7.

And there I see'd a little keg,
All bound around with leather,
They beat it with two little sticks,
To call the men together.

8.

And there they fif'd away like fun,
And play'd on cornstalk fiddles,
And some had ribbins round their hats,
And some around their middles.

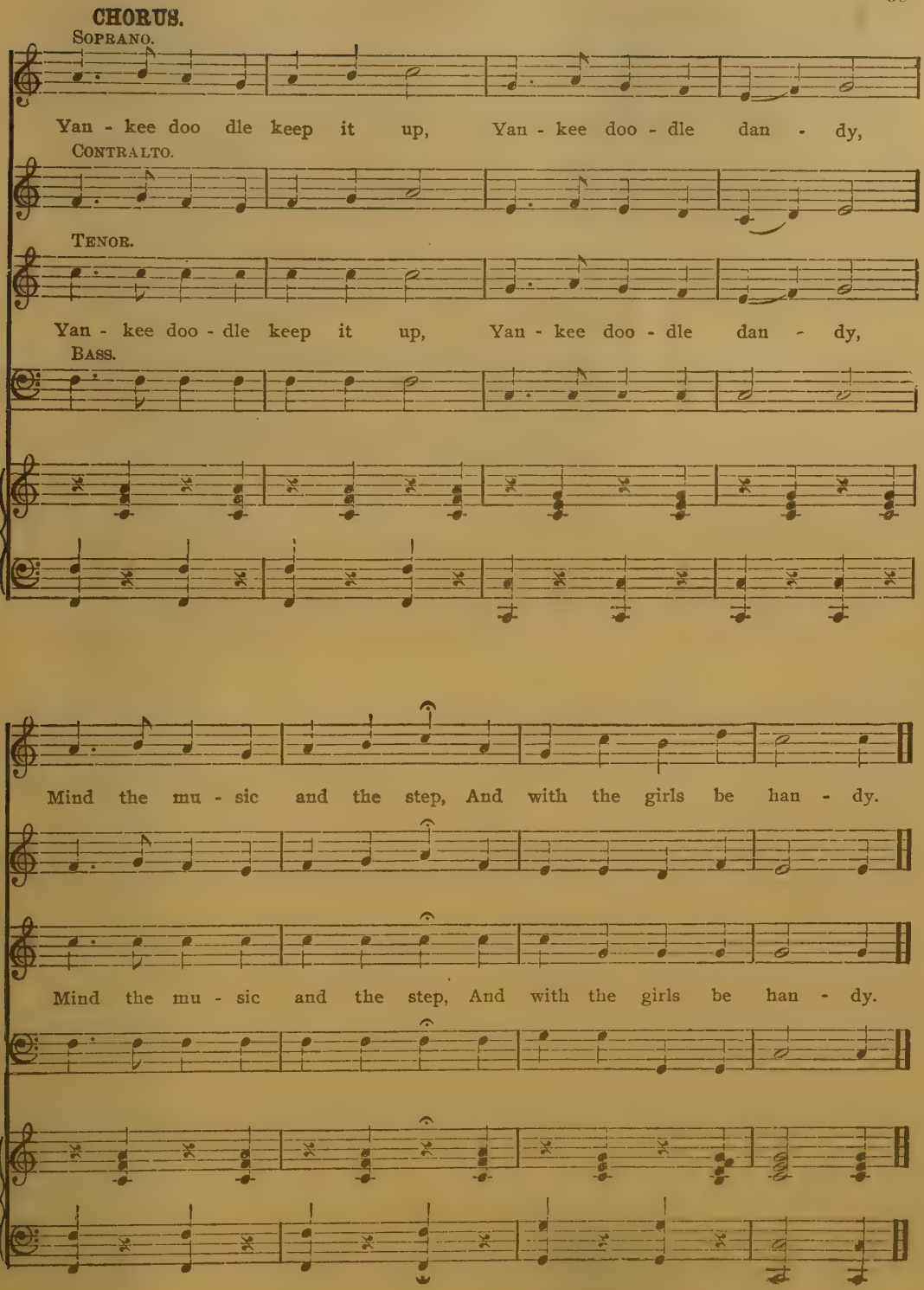
9.

The troopers too, would gallop up,
And fir'd in all direction,
I thought they really meant to kill
All the cow boys in the nation.

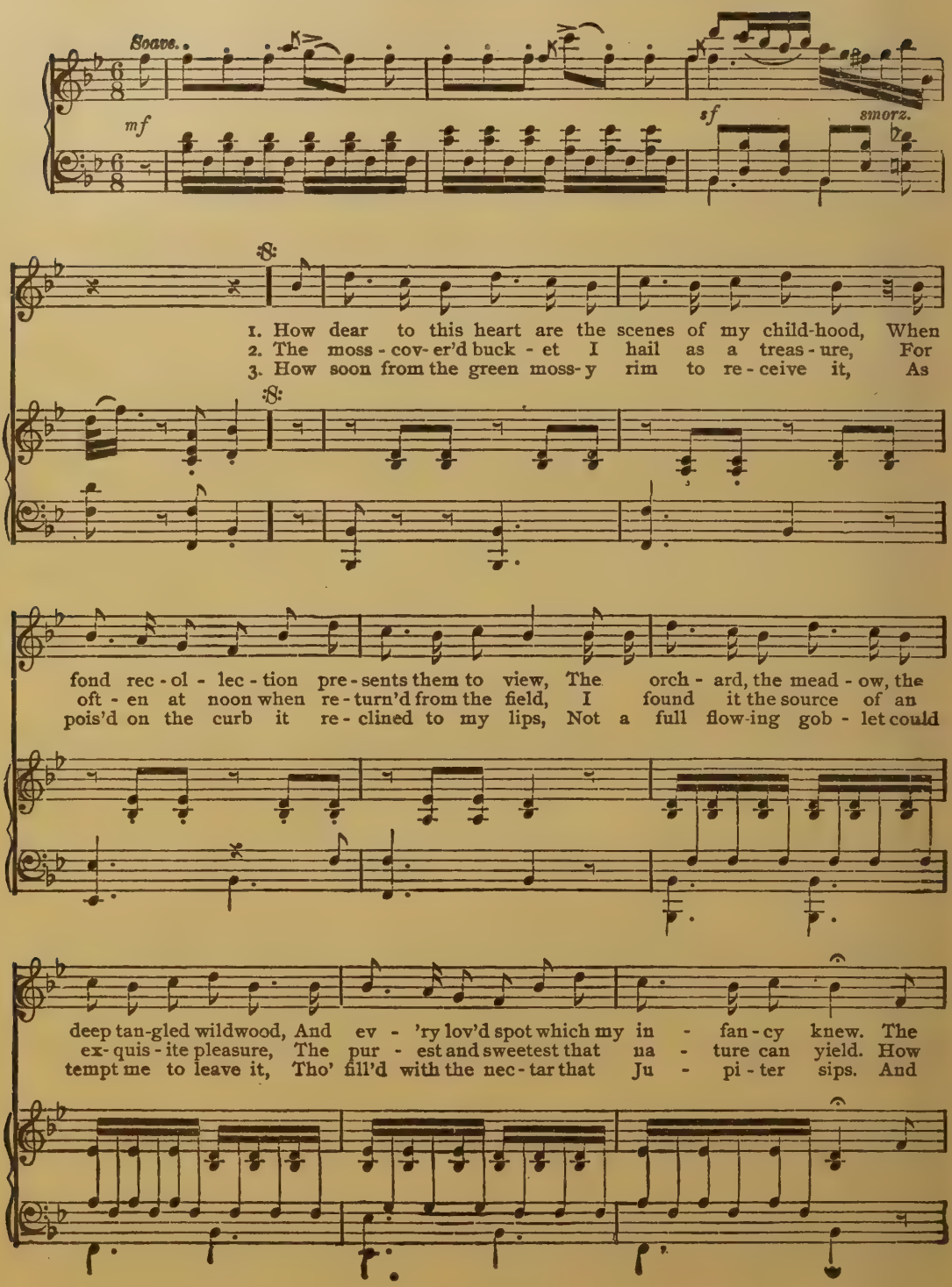
10.

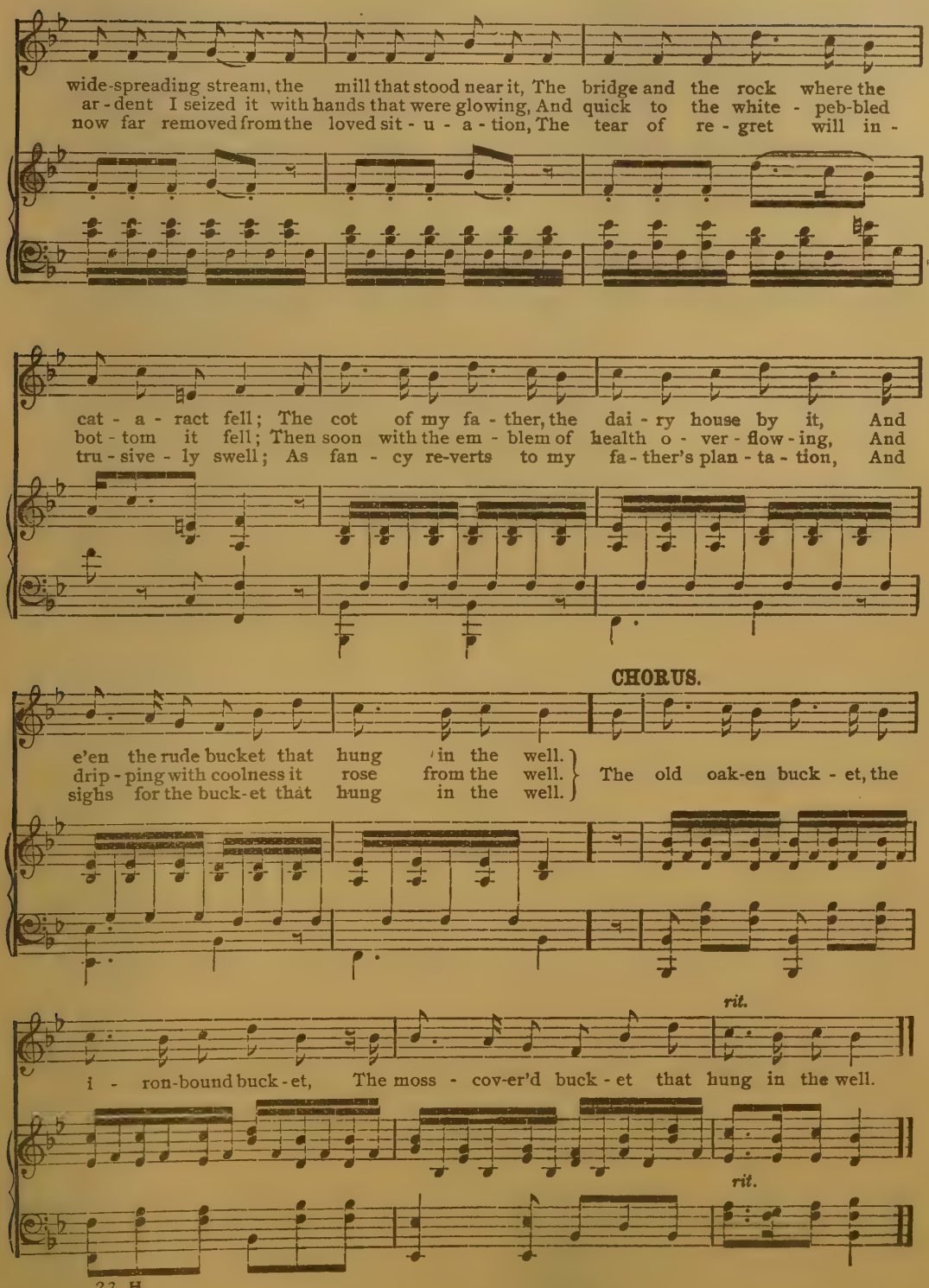
But I can't tell you half I see'd,
They kept up such a smother,
I took my hat off, made a bow,
And scamper'd home to Mother.

*(*For Chorns, see page 472.*)


CHORUS.
SOPRANO.
Yan - kee doo dle keep it up, Yan - kee doo - dle dan - dy,
CONTRALTO.
TENOR.
Yan - kee doo - dle keep it up, Yan - kee doo - dle dan - dy,
BASS.
Mind the mu - sic and the step, And with the girls be han - dy.
Mind the mu - sic and the step, And with the girls be han - dy.

THE OLD OAKEN BUCKET.

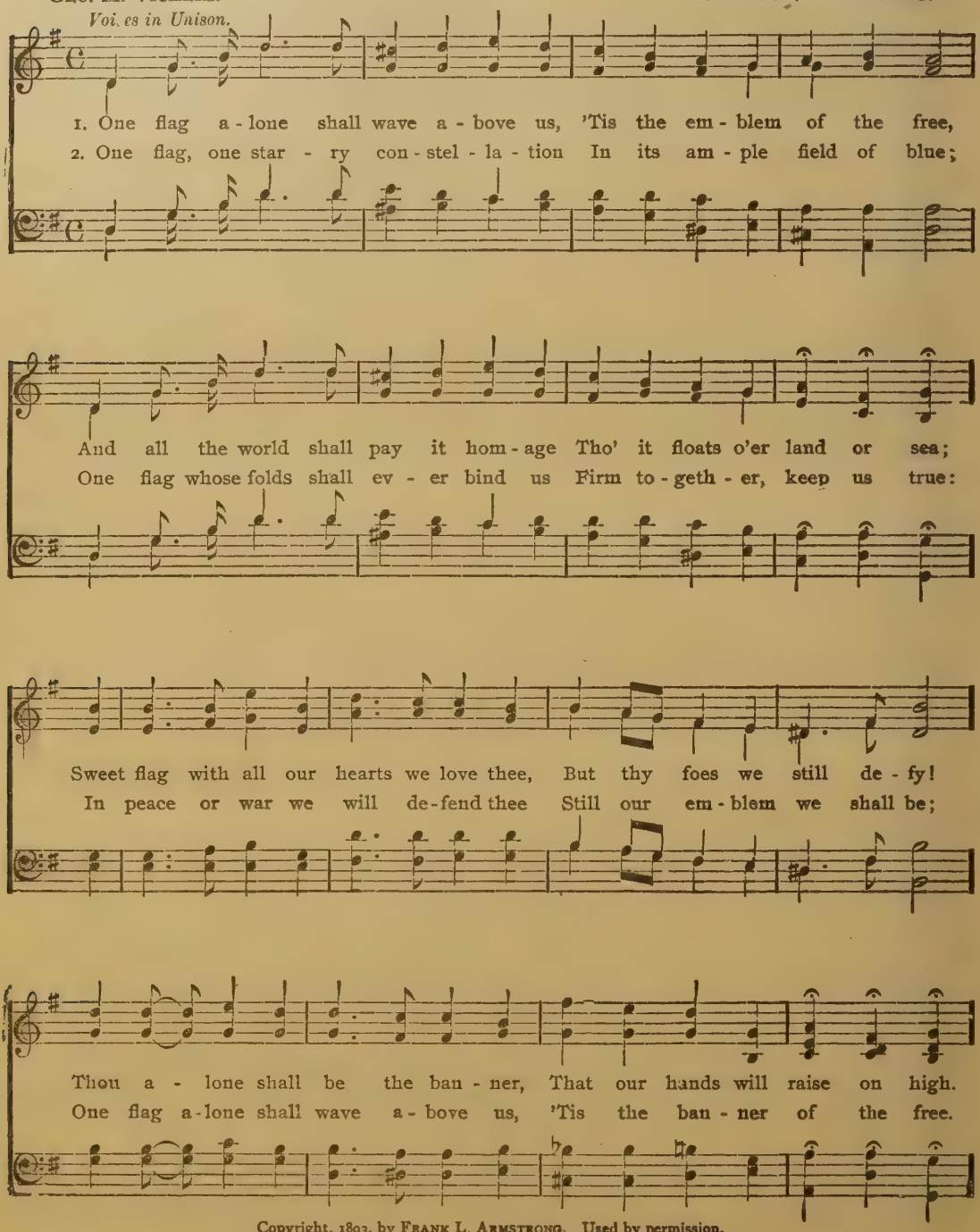

Soave.
mf
sf
smorz.
1. How dear to this heart are the scenes of my child-hood, When
2. The moss - cov- er'd buck - et I hail as a treas - ure, For
3. How soon from the green moss-y rim to re - ceive it, As
fond rec - ol - lec - tion pre - sents them to view, The orch - ard, the mead - ow, the
oft - en at noon when re - turn'd from the field, I found it the source of an
pois'd on the curb it re - clined to my lips, Not a full flow-ing gob - let could
deep tan-gled wildwood, And ev - 'ry lov'd spot which my in - fan - cy knew. The
ex- quis - ite pleasure, The pur - est and sweetest that na - ture can yield. How
tempt me to leave it, Tho' fill'd with the nec - tar that Ju - pi - ter sips. And


wide-spreading stream, the mill that stood near it, The bridge and the rock where the
ar-dent I seized it with hands that were glowing, And quick to the white-peb-bled
now far removed from the loved sit-u-a-tion, The tear of re-gret will in-
cat-a-ract fell; The cot of my fa-ther, the dai-ry house by it, And
bot-tom it fell; Then soon with the em-blem of health o-ver-flow-ing, And
tru-sive-ly swell; As fan-cy re-verts to my fa-ther's plan-ta-tion, And
CHORUS.
e'en the rude bucket that hung in the well.
drip-ping with coolness it rose from the well.
sighs for the buck-et that hung in the well.
The old oak-en buck-et, the
rit.
i-ron-bound buck-et, The moss-cov-er'd buck-et that hung in the well.
rit.

THE STARS AND STRIPES FOREVER.

GEO. M. VICKERS. FRANK. L. ARMSTRONG.

Voices in Unison.


1. One flag a-lone shall wave a-bove us, 'Tis the em-blem of the free,
2. One flag, one star-ry con-stel-la-tion In its am-ple field of blue;
And all the world shall pay it hom-age Tho' it floats o'er land or sea;
One flag whose folds shall ev-er bind us Firm to-geth-er, keep us true:
Sweet flag with all our hearts we love thee, But thy foes we still de-fy!
In peace or war we will de-fend thee Still our em-blem we shall be;
Thou a-lone shall be the ban-ner, That our hands will raise on high.
One flag a-lone shall wave a-bove us, 'Tis the ban-ner of the free.

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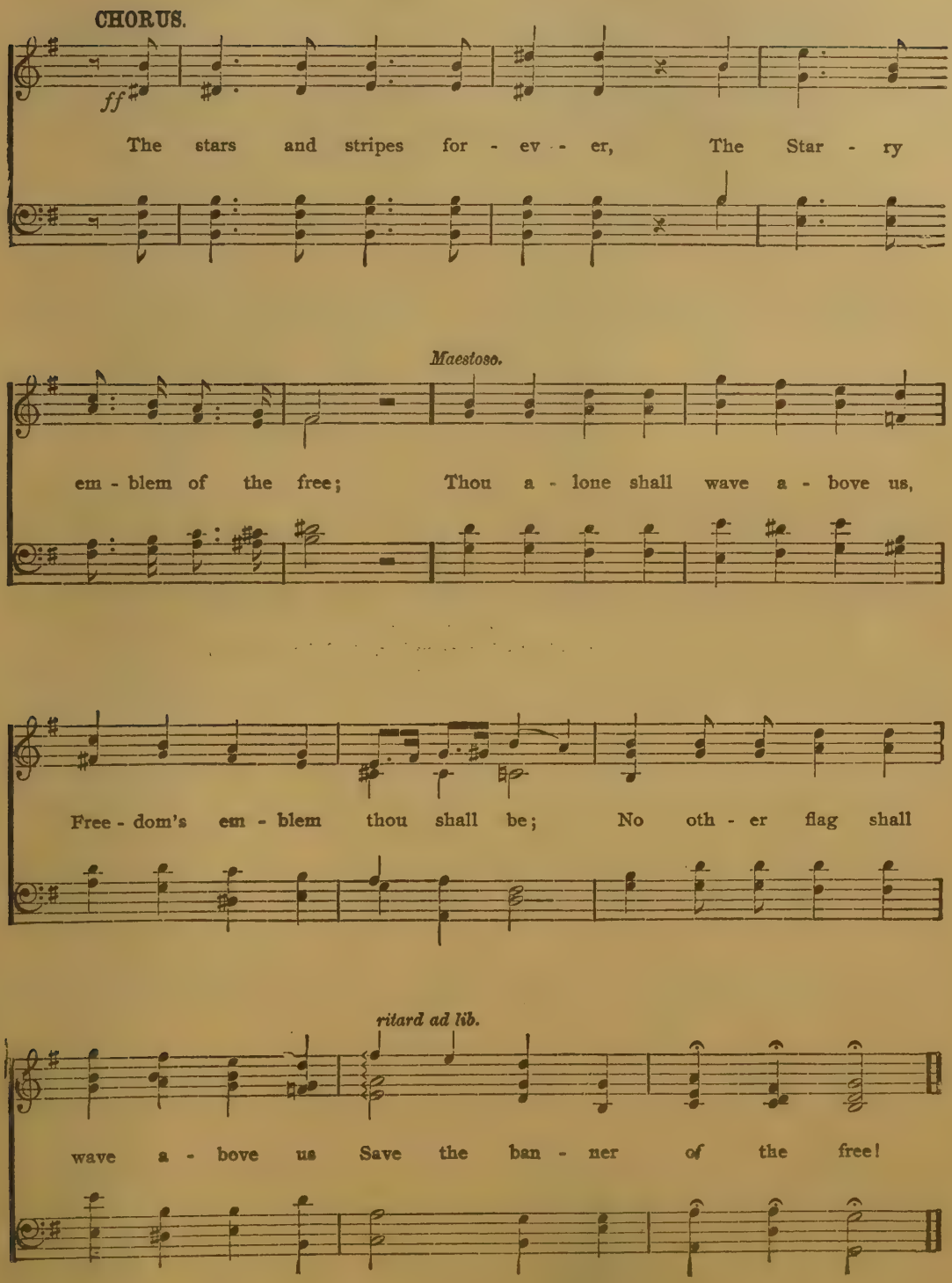
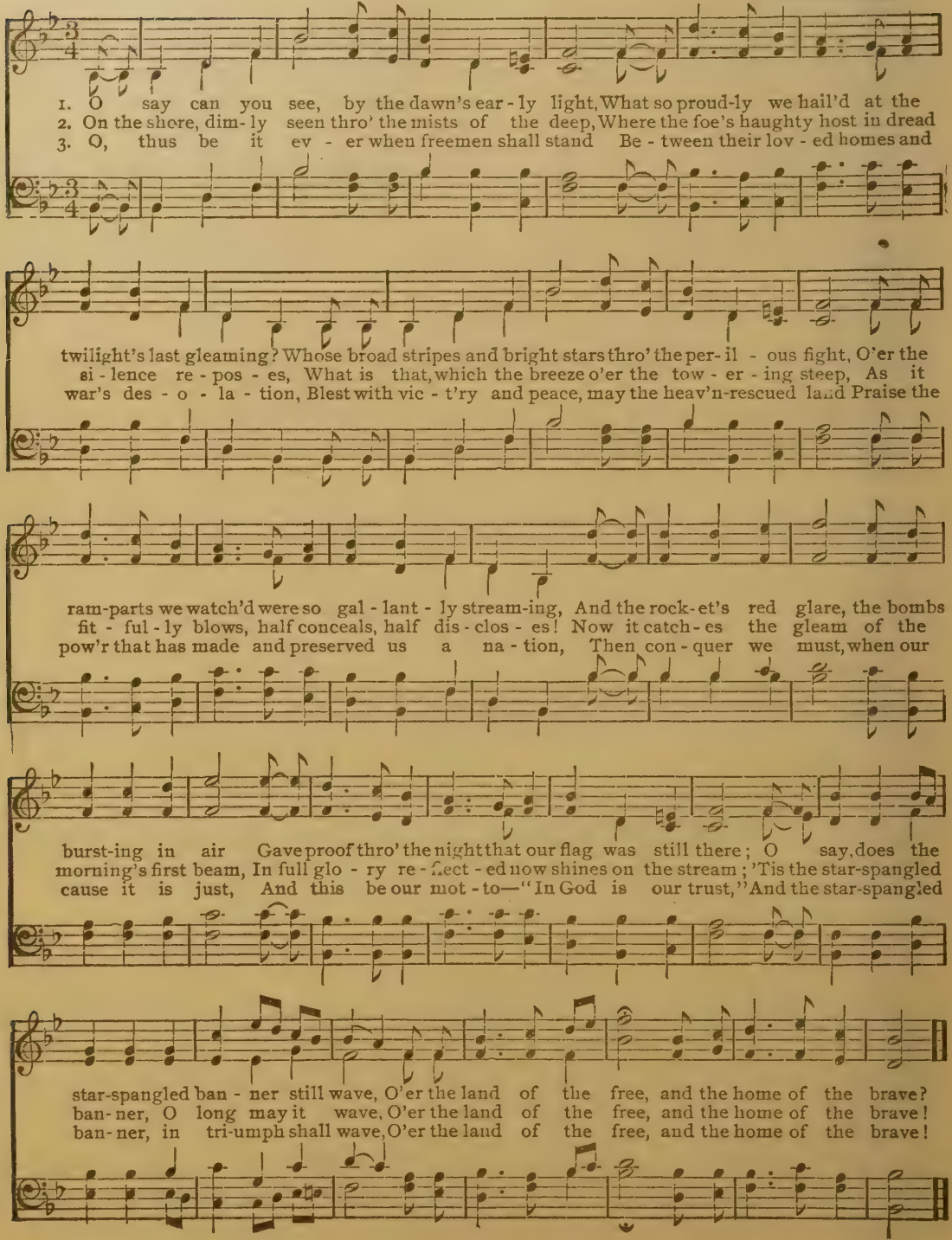

CHORUS.
ff
The stars and stripes for - ev - er, The Star - ry
Maestoso.
em - blem of the free; Thou a - lone shall wave a - bove us,
Free - dom's em - blem thou shall be; No oth - er flag shall
ritard ad lib.
wave a - bove us Save the ban - ner of the free!

STAR SPANGLED BANNER.

FRANCIS KEY.


1. O say can you see, by the dawn's ear - ly light, What so proud-ly we hail'd at the
2. On the shore, dim- ly seen thro' the mists of the deep, Where the foe's haughty host in dread
3. O, thus be it ev - er when freemen shall stand Be - tween their lov - ed homes and
twilight's last gleaming? Whose broad stripes and bright stars thro' the per- il - ous fight, O'er the
si - lence re - pos - es, What is that, which the breeze o'er the tow - er - ing steep, As it
war's des - o - la - tion, Blest with vic - t'ry and peace, may the heav'n-rescued land Praise the
ram-parts we watch'd were so gal - lant - ly stream-ing, And the rock-et's red glare, the bombs
fit - ful - ly blows, half conceals, half dis - clos - es! Now it catch - es the gleam of the
pow'r that has made and preserved us a na - tion, Then con - quer we must, when our
burst-ing in air Gave proof thro' the night that our flag was still there; O say, does the
morning's first beam, In full glo - ry re - flect - ed now shines on the stream; 'Tis the star-spangled
cause it is just, And this be our mot - to—"In God is our trust," And the star-spangled
star-spangled ban - ner still wave, O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave?
ban- ner, O long may it wave, O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave!
ban- ner, in tri-umph shall wave, O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave!

COLUMBIA, MY COUNTRY.

(Copy.)

Philadelphia, March 20th, 1893.

To whom it may concern:—

In consideration of the blessings of American Liberty, which I have always enjoyed, and for the purpose of encouraging a love of Country in the hearts of the young, I hereby transfer the Copyright of the anthem "Columbia, My Country" to the United States of America, so that it may be published and used by any person free of royalty or claim. GEO. M. VICKERS.

Witnesses—
W. WES. CHEW.
JOSEPH W. MORTON, Jr.

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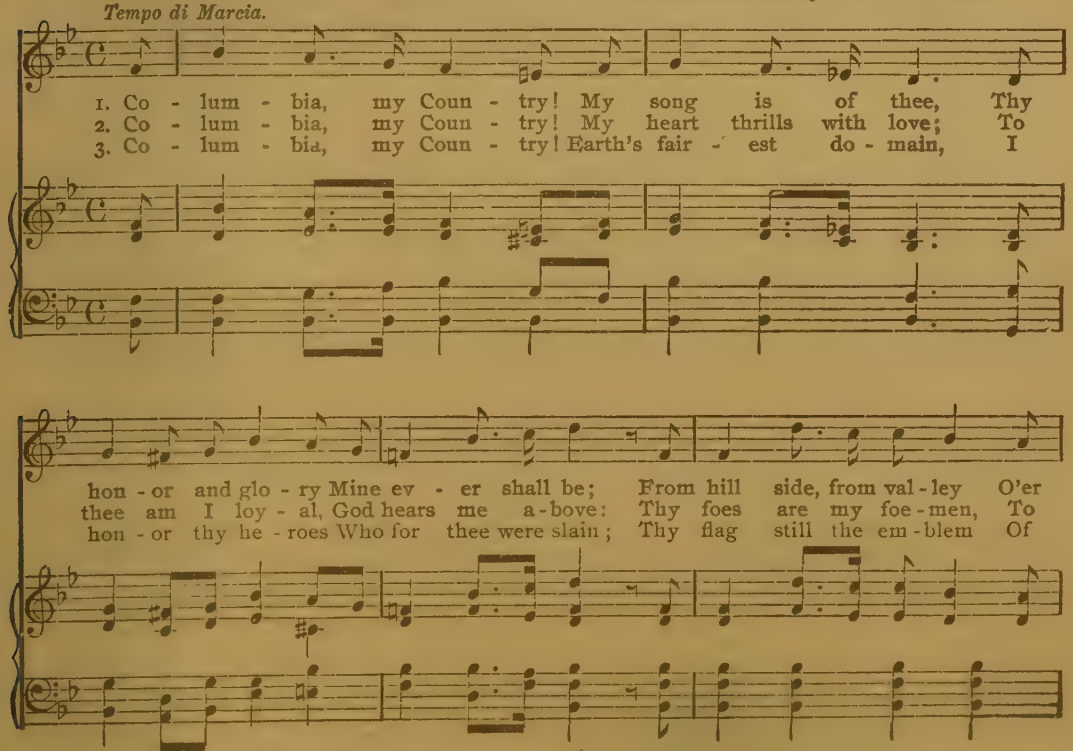
Witness my hand and the seal of my office, this 23 day of March, 1893. A. R. SPOFFORD, Librarian of Congress.

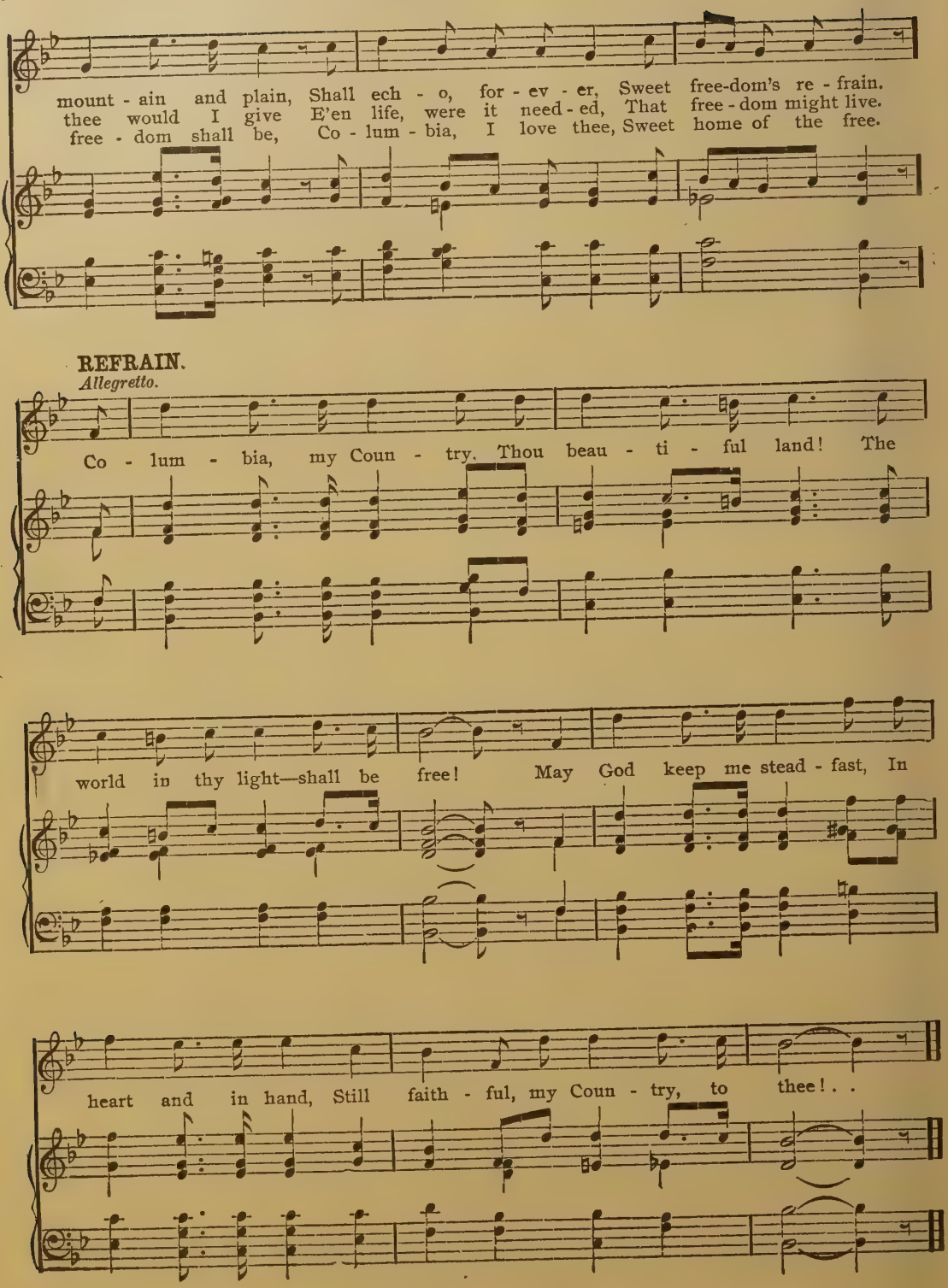
WORDS OF ENDORSEMENT AND APPRECIATION.

"The sentiment of the song will, I am sure, be indorsed by every true American," WILLIAM MCKINLEY; "Full of patriotic sentiment, well expressed," GOVERNOR WILLIAM E. RUSSELL, Massachusetts; "It is patriotic in sentiment and the music is charming," GOVERNOR J. M. STONE, Mississippi; "It is a patriotic gem, and will probably remain one of the patriotic songs of our country," GOVERNOR ELISHA P. FERRY, Washington; "I trust it may be welcomed by an appreciative public with the favor it deserves," GOVERNOR LYMAN E. KNAP, Alaska; "I regard such music as an important part of the education of the young people of the land," HON. JOHN WANAMAKER; and representative Americans in all parts of the United States.

Words and Music by GEO. M. VICKERS.

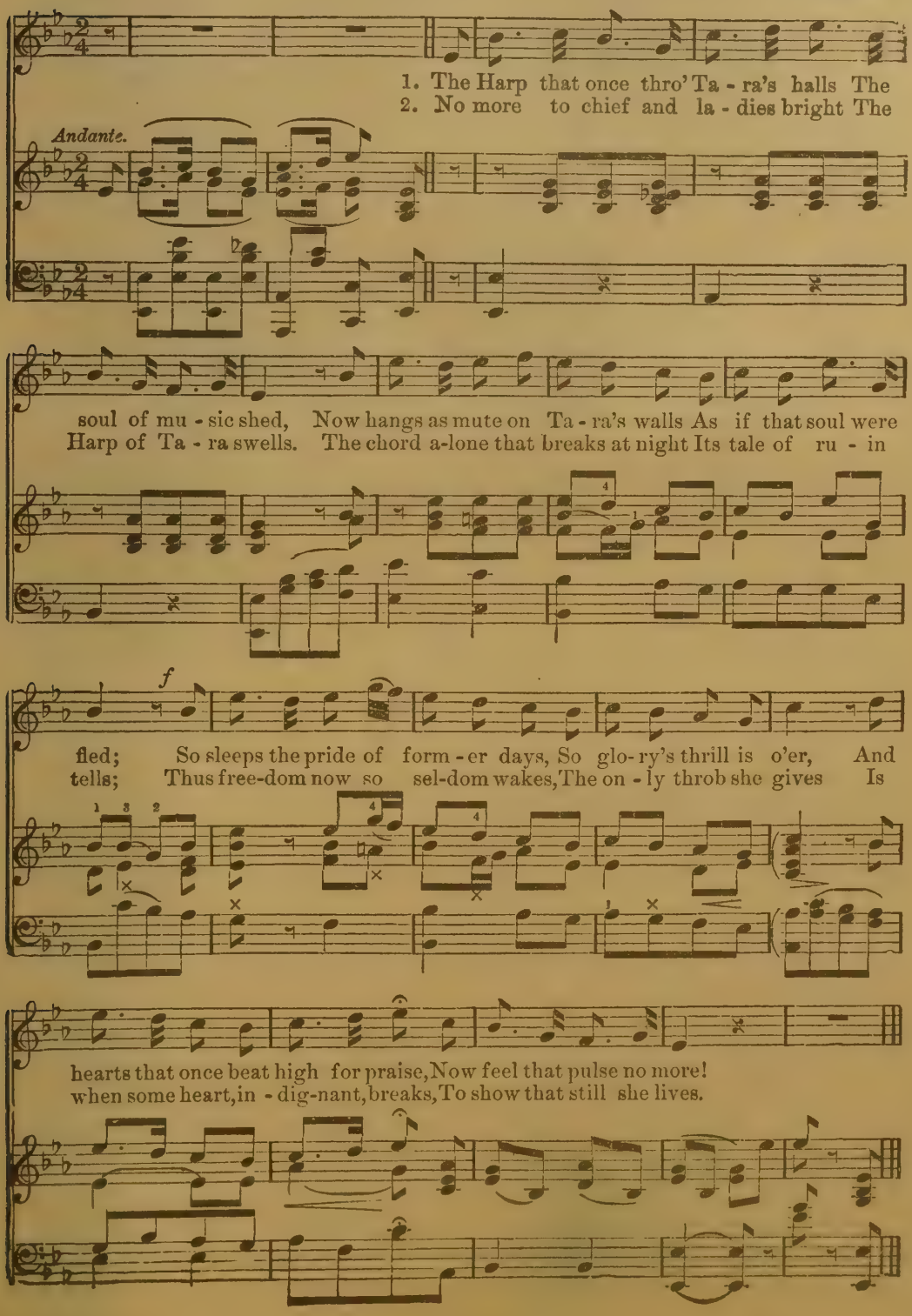

Tempo di Marcia.
1. Co - lum - bia, my Coun - try! My song is of thee, Thy
2. Co - lum - bia, my Coun - try! My heart thrills with love; To
3. Co - lum - bia, my Coun - try! Earth's fair - est do - main, I
hon - or and glo - ry Mine ev - er shall be; From hill side, from val - ley O'er
thee am I loy - al, God hears me a - bove: Thy foes are my foe - men, To
hon - or thy he - roes Who for thee were slain; Thy flag still the em - blem Of

COLUMBIA, MY COUNTRY.


mount - ain and plain, Shall ech - o, for - ev - er, Sweet free-dom's re - frain.
thee would I give E'en life, were it need - ed, That free - dom might live.
free - dom shall be, Co - lum - bia, I love thee, Sweet home of the free.
REFRAIN.
Allegretto.
Co - lum - bia, my Coun - try. Thou beau - ti - ful land! The
world in thy light—shall be free! May God keep me stead - fast, In
heart and in hand, Still faith - ful, my Coun - try, to thee! . .

THE HARP THAT ONCE THRO' TARA'S HALLS.

MOORE


1. The Harp that once thro' Ta - ra's halls The
2. No more to chief and la - dies bright The
Andante.
soul of mu - sic shed, Now hangs as mute on Ta - ra's walls As if that soul were
Harp of Ta - ra swells. The chord a-lone that breaks at night Its tale of ru - in
f
fled; So sleeps the pride of form - er days, So glo-ry's thrill is o'er, And
tells; Thus free-dom now so sel-dom wakes, The on - ly throb she gives Is
hearts that once beat high for praise, Now feel that pulse no more!
when some heart, in - dig-nant, breaks, To show that still she lives.

THE MUSICAL ASTERS

A PRETTY FEATURE WITH WHICH TO CONCLUDE AN ENTERTAINMENT

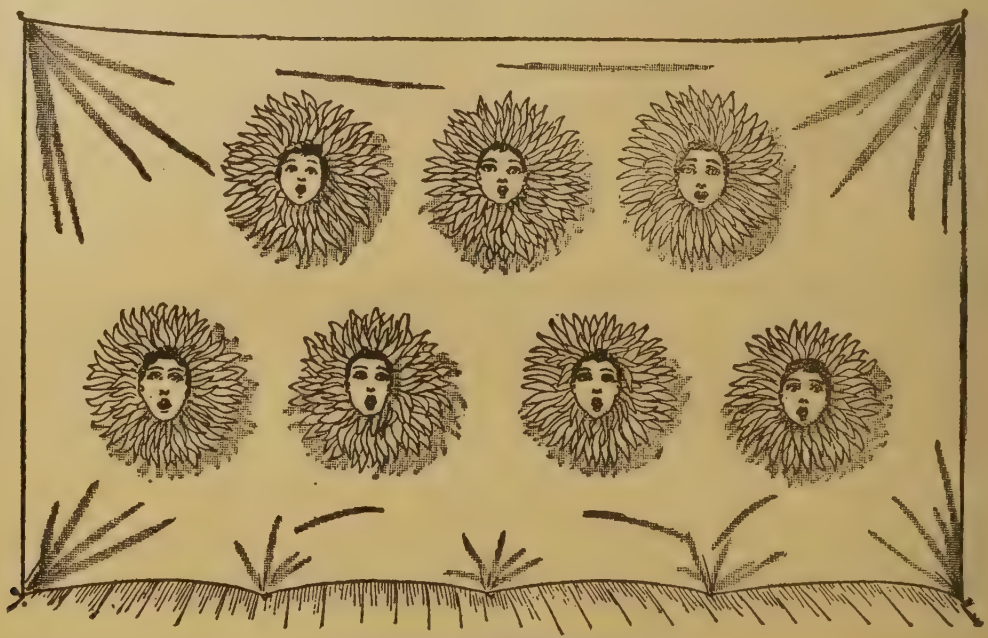


DIAGRAM OF MUSLIN SCREEN

DIRECTIONS: Seven good voices, either male or female, or both. Three young men for the top holes, and four young ladies for the lower ones, make the most effective combination. Get a piece of sheeting muslin, six feet wide and long enough to reach across the platform. By getting plenty of length, the same muslin will do for various platforms. In the centre of the muslin, at the height of five feet from the bottom, cut three round holes, the size of a human face. The holes must be three feet apart. Two feet below the three holes, cut four holes, three feet apart, as shown in the diagram. Around each hole paint the petals of the Aster flower. As these flowers are of almost every color, scarlet, orange and blue can be used with good effect.

Fasten the lower edge of the muslin to the floor of the platform; the top can be attached to a rope or wire, the ends of which are secured to the side walls.

The singers take position behind the screen, and each one placing his or her face in the hole, those at the top ones standing, those at the lower ones kneeling. The seven singers are named after the seven notes in music, thus; A, B, C, D, E, F and G. Following is the manner in which the song is sung:

DEAR ANNIE LAURIE.

Tune—"Annie Laurie."

VOICE A.

MAXWELTON braes are bonnie,
Where Annie used to sigh,
And for her, 'tis said a Scotchman
Would lay him down and die.

ALL VOICES.

Would lay him down and die,
The same as you and I:
For his own sweet Annie Laurie
He would lay him down and die.

VOICE B.

Her brow was like the snow-drift,
Yet warm her heart and true;
Oh, she was as fair a sweetheart
As e'er in Scotland grew.

ALL VOICES.

As e'er in Scotland grew,
Where early falls the dew;
And she was as fair a lassie,
As e'er in Scotland grew.

VOICE C.

Her feet 'tis said were dainty,
Yet no one ever knew;
Either from a song or story,
The number of her shoe,

ALL VOICES.

The number of her shoe,
Nor do they give a clue;
Yet still she loved a Scotchman,
And for that she gets her due.

VOICE D.

Her voice was low and dulcet,
A charm that all folks prize;
And her blue eyes in their splendor
Outvied the azure skies.

ALL VOICES.

Outvied the azure skies,
With all that this implies;
Yet we know gray, black, or brown ones
Are sure to charm likewise.

VOICE E.

Somewhere, an Annie Laurie,
Somewhere, a Scotchman dwells;
And for both, each heart in whispers
The same old story tells.

ALL VOICES.

The same old story tells,
That works its mystic spells;
For we're all Scotch lads and lassies,
Wherever true love dwells.

VOICE F.

Let all praise Annie Laurie,
And him who for her sighed;
And we'll hope, though 'tis not mentioned,
He won her for his bride.

ALL VOICES.

He won her for his bride,
For hard, indeed, he tried;
And we'll hope, though oft disheartened,
He laid not down and died.

VOICE G.

Farewell to Annie Laurie,
That maiden pure and true;
All the world will love her ever,
'Twill love the Scotchman, too.

ALL VOICES.

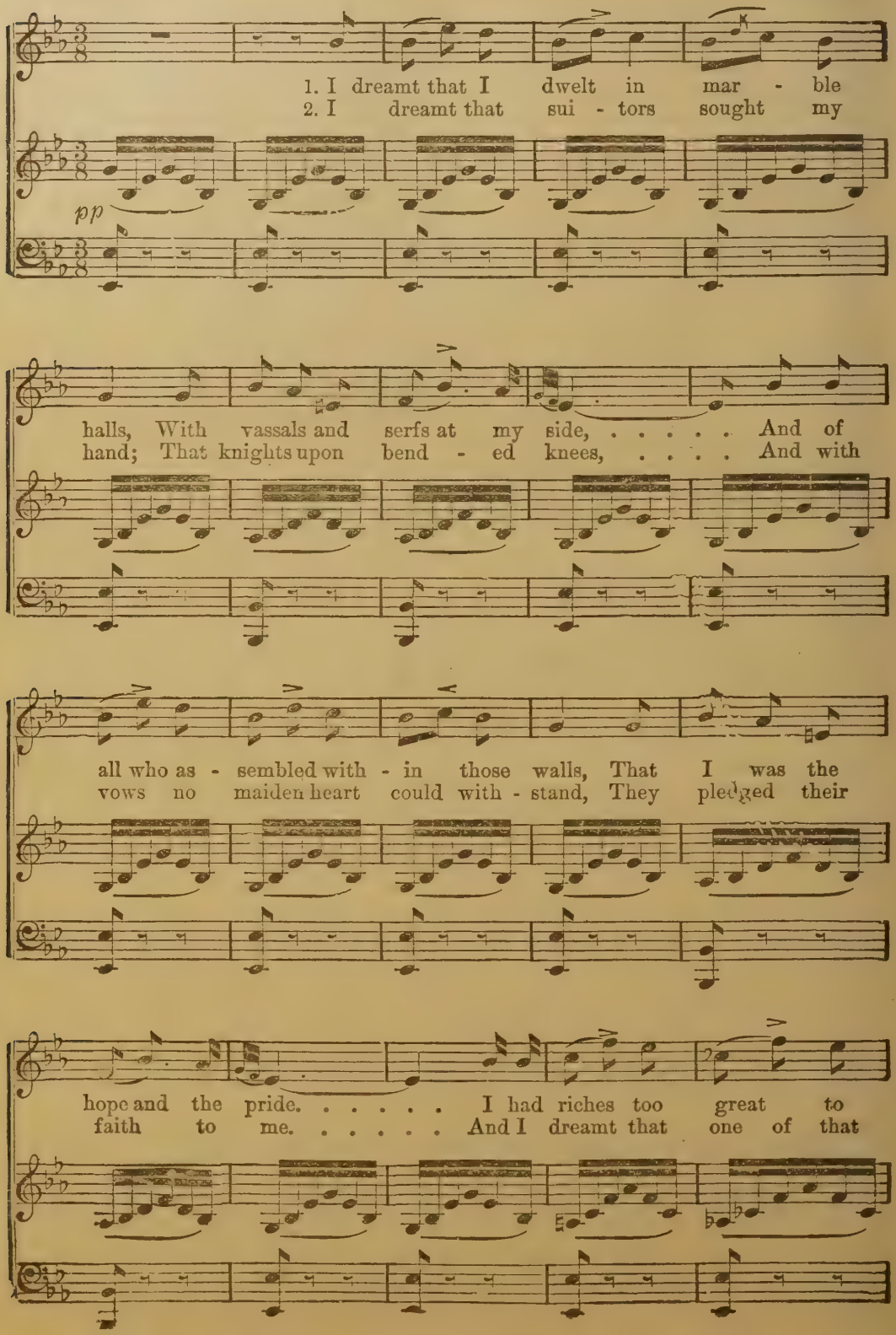
'Twill love the Scotchman, too,
For what he meant to do;
But we'll all love Annie Laurie
For her heart so warm and true.

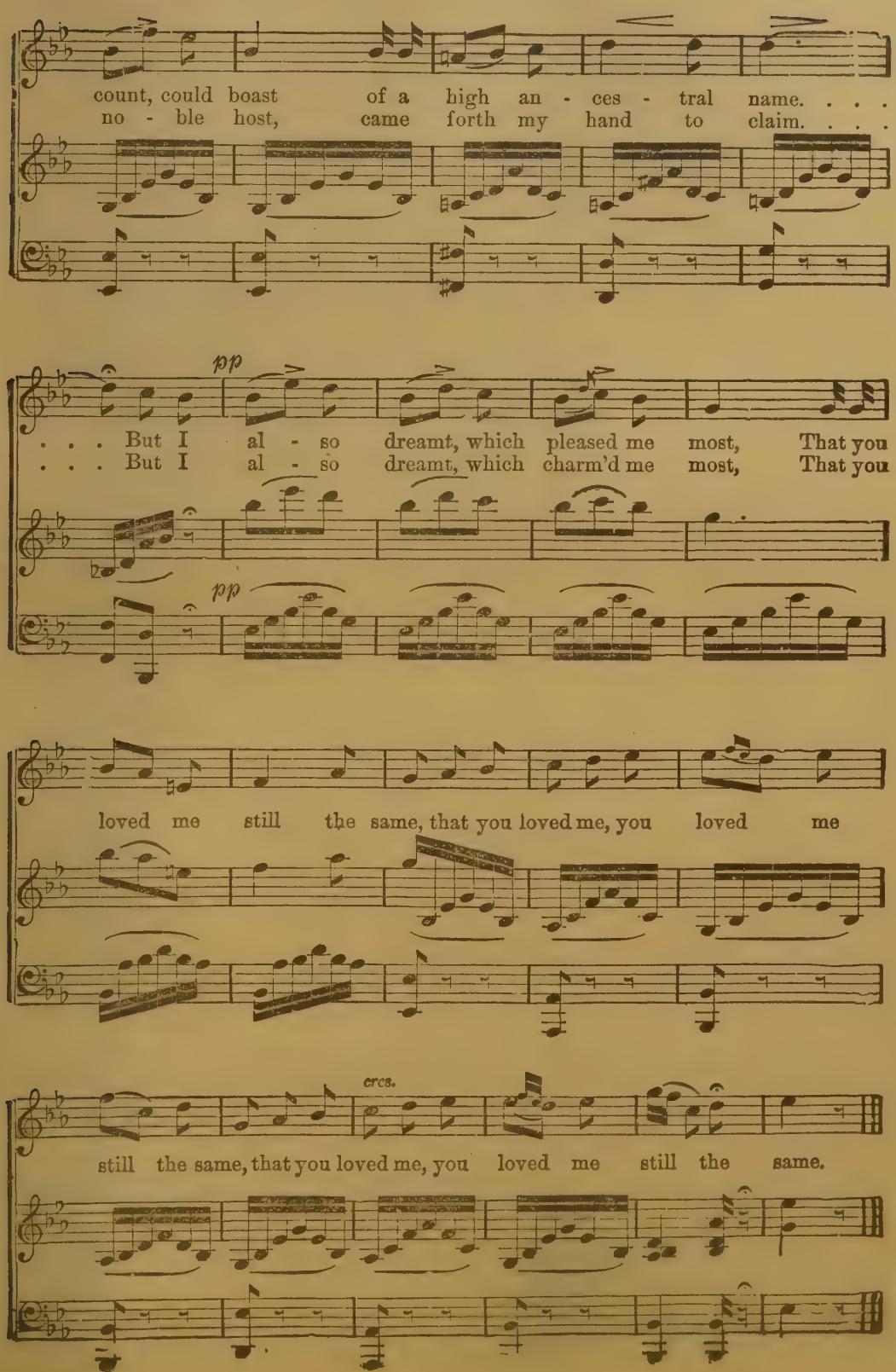
THE END.

NOTE.—Any song can be adapted to this form of entertainment and all that is necessary is to apportion the words among the several singers.

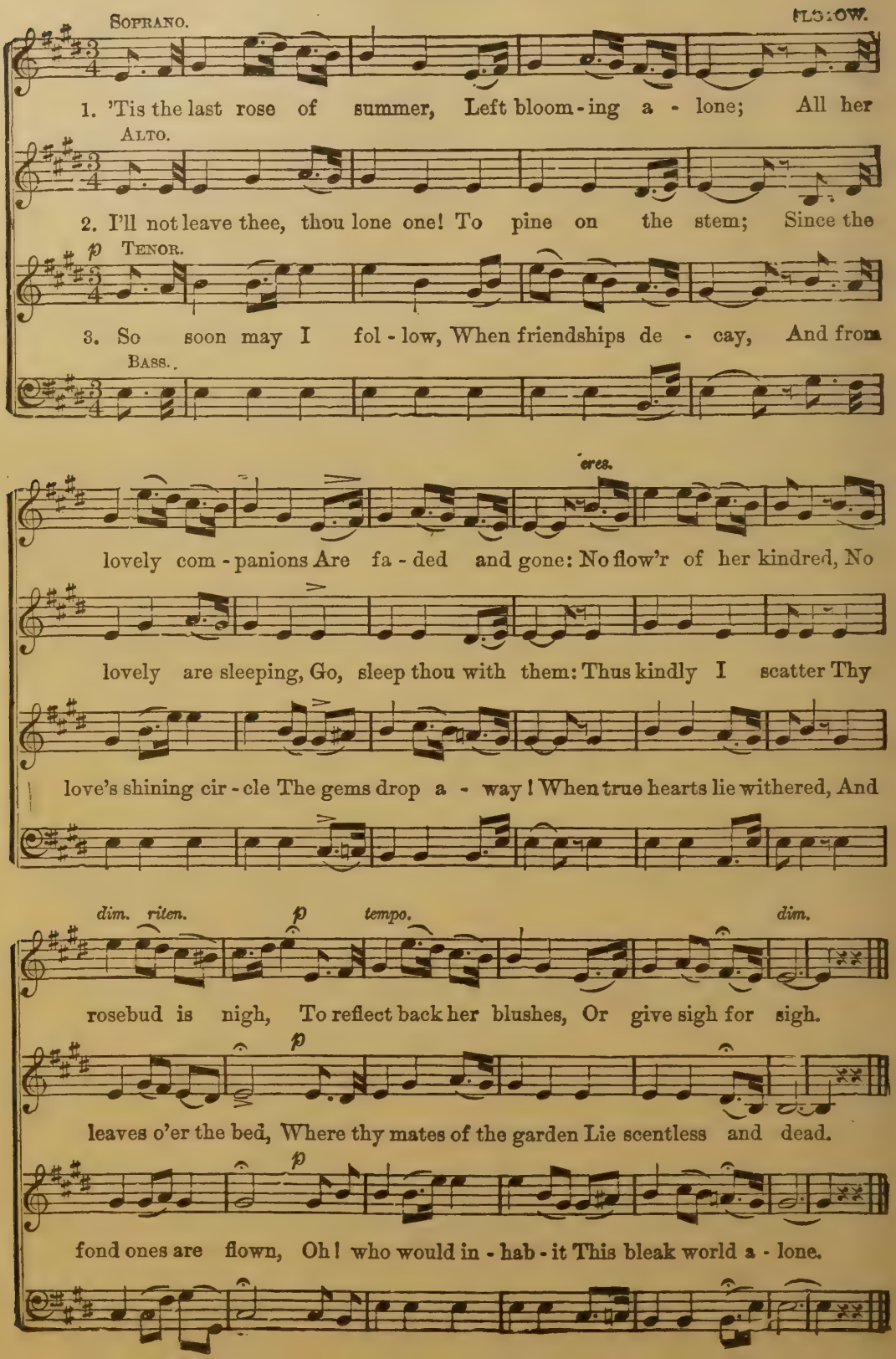
I DREAMT THAT I DWELT IN MARBLE HALLS.

"BOHEMIAN GIRL." BALFE.


1. I dreamt that I dwelt in mar - ble
2. I dreamt that sui - tors sought my
pp
halls, With vassals and serfs at my side, ... And of
hand; That knights upon bend - ed knees, ... And with
all who as - sembled with - in those walls, That I was the
vows no maiden heart could with - stand, They pledged their
hope and the pride. . . . . I had riches too great to
faith to me. . . . . And I dreamt that one of that

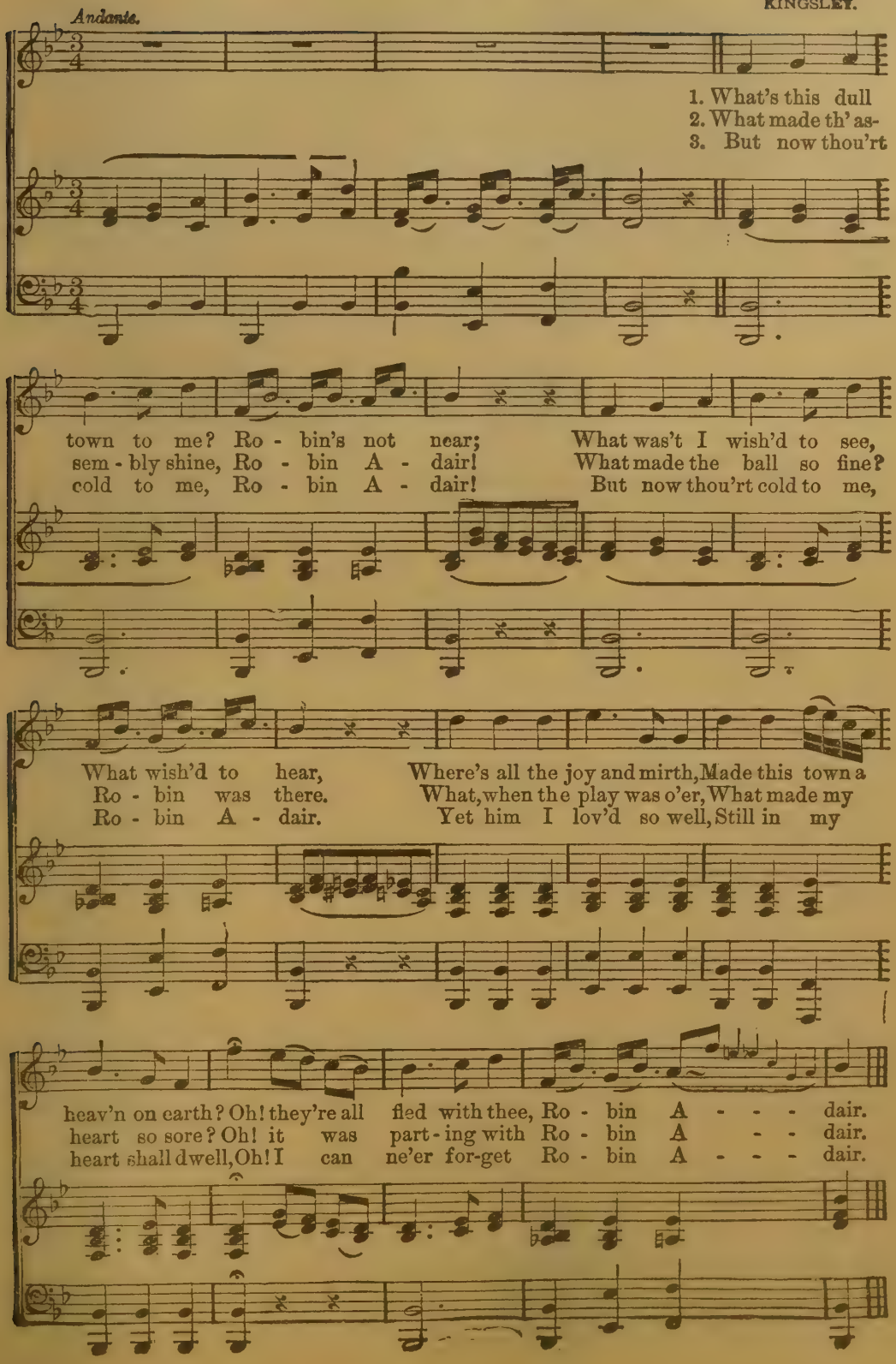

count, could boast of a high an - ces - tral name. . . .
no - ble host, came forth my hand to claim. . . .
pp
. . . But I al - so dreamt, which pleased me most, That you
. . . But I al - so dreamt, which charm'd me most, That you
pp
loved me still the same, that you loved me, you loved me
cres.
still the same, that you loved me, you loved me still the same.

'TIS THE LAST ROSE OF SUMMER.


Soprano.
Slow.
1. 'Tis the last rose of summer, Left bloom-ing a - lone; All her
Alto.
2. I'll not leave thee, thou lone one! To pine on the stem; Since the
p
Tenor.
3. So soon may I fol - low, When friendships de - cay, And from
Bass.
eres.
lovely com - panions Are fa - ded and gone: No flow'r of her kindred, No
lovely are sleeping, Go, sleep thou with them: Thus kindly I scatter Thy
love's shining cir - cle The gems drop a - way! When true hearts lie withered, And
dim.
riten.
p
tempo.
dim.
rosebud is nigh, To reflect back her blushes, Or give sigh for sigh.
p
leaves o'er the bed, Where thy mates of the garden Lie scentless and dead.
p
fond ones are flown, Oh! who would in - hab - it This bleak world a - lone.

ROBIN ADAIR.

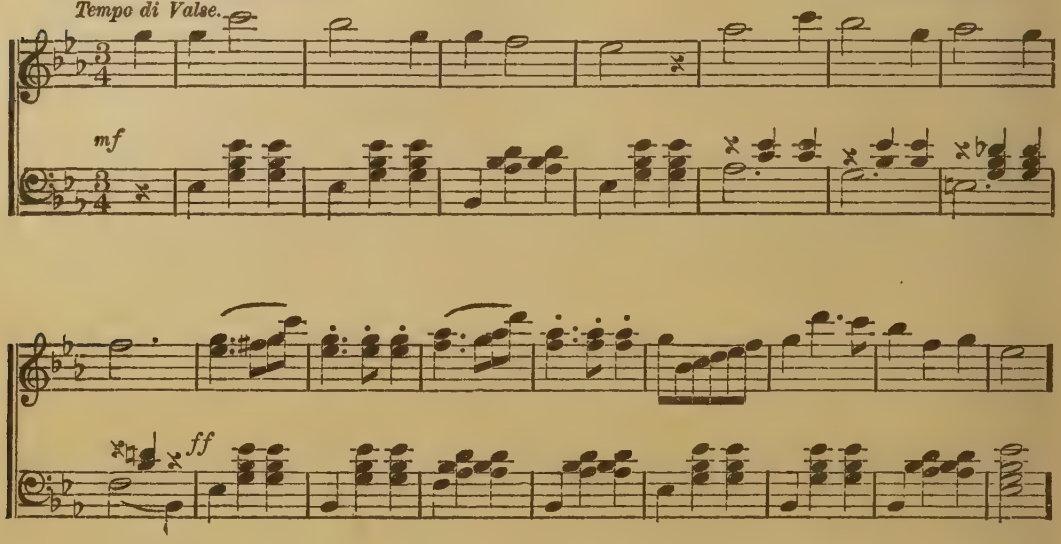
KINGSLEY.

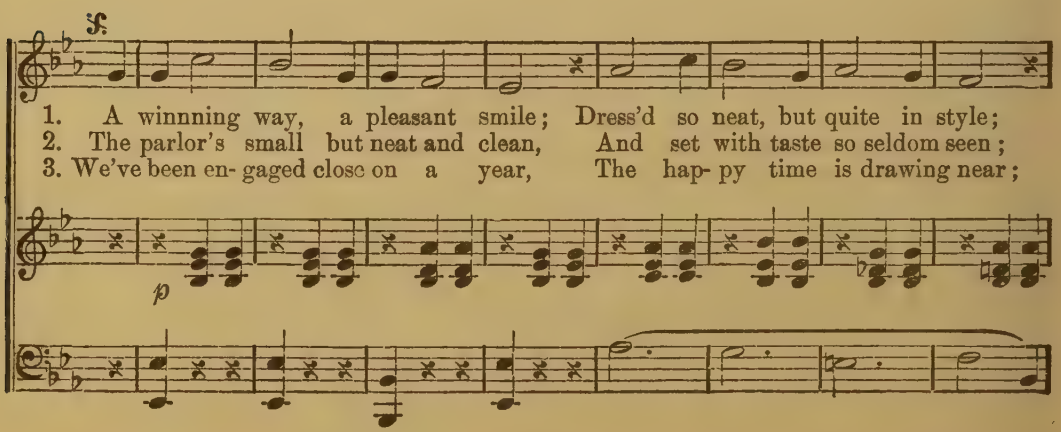

Andante.
1. What's this dull
2. What made th' as-
3. But now thou'rt
town to me? Ro - bin's not near; What was't I wish'd to see,
sem - bly shine, Ro - bin A - dair! What made the ball so fine?
cold to me, Ro - bin A - dair! But now thou'rt cold to me,
What wish'd to hear, Where's all the joy and mirth, Made this town a
Ro - bin was there. What, when the play was o'er, What made my
Ro - bin A - dair. Yet him I lov'd so well, Still in my
heav'n on earth? Oh! they're all fled with thee, Ro - bin A - - - dair.
heart so sore? Oh! it was part - ing with Ro - bin A - - dair.
heart shall dwell, Oh! I can ne'er for-get Ro - bin A - - - dair.

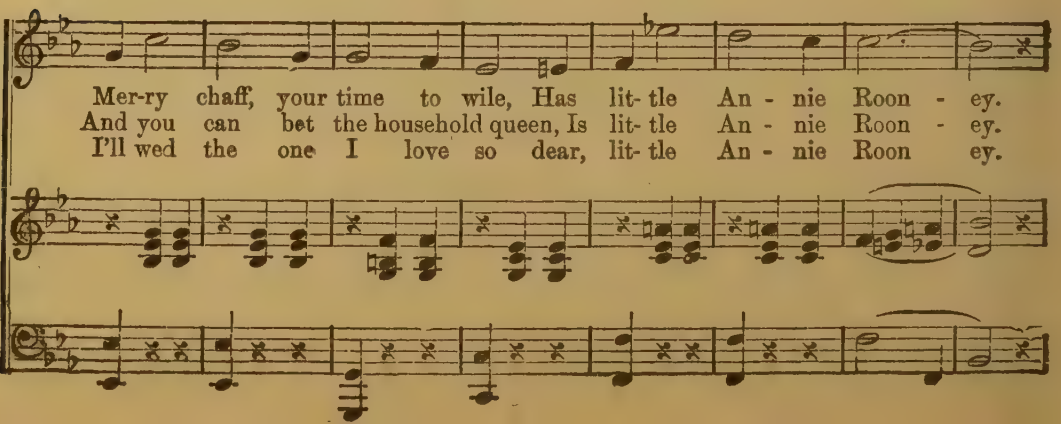
LITTLE ANNIE ROONEY.

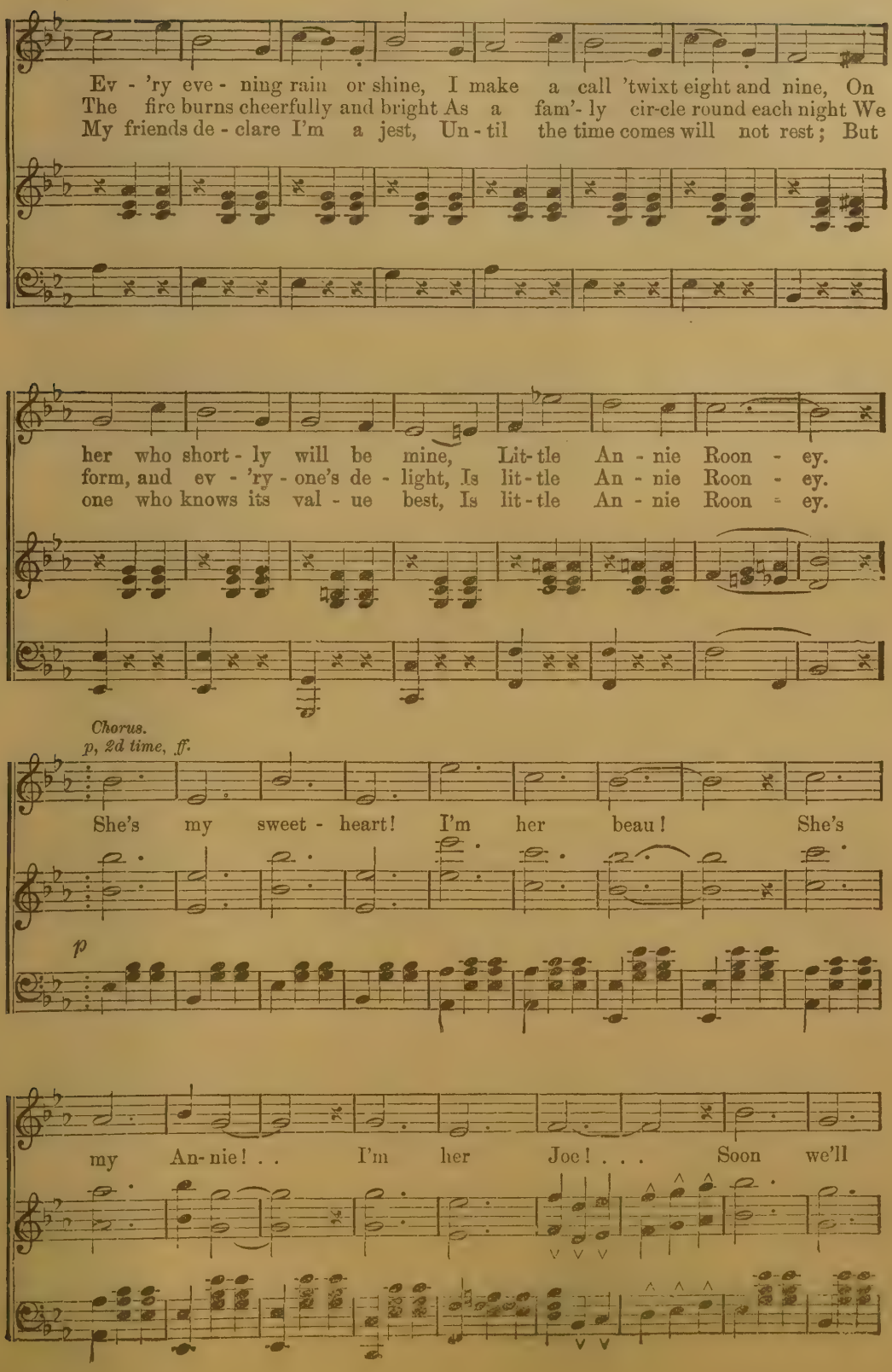
WRITTEN AND COMPOSED BY MICHAEL NOLAN.

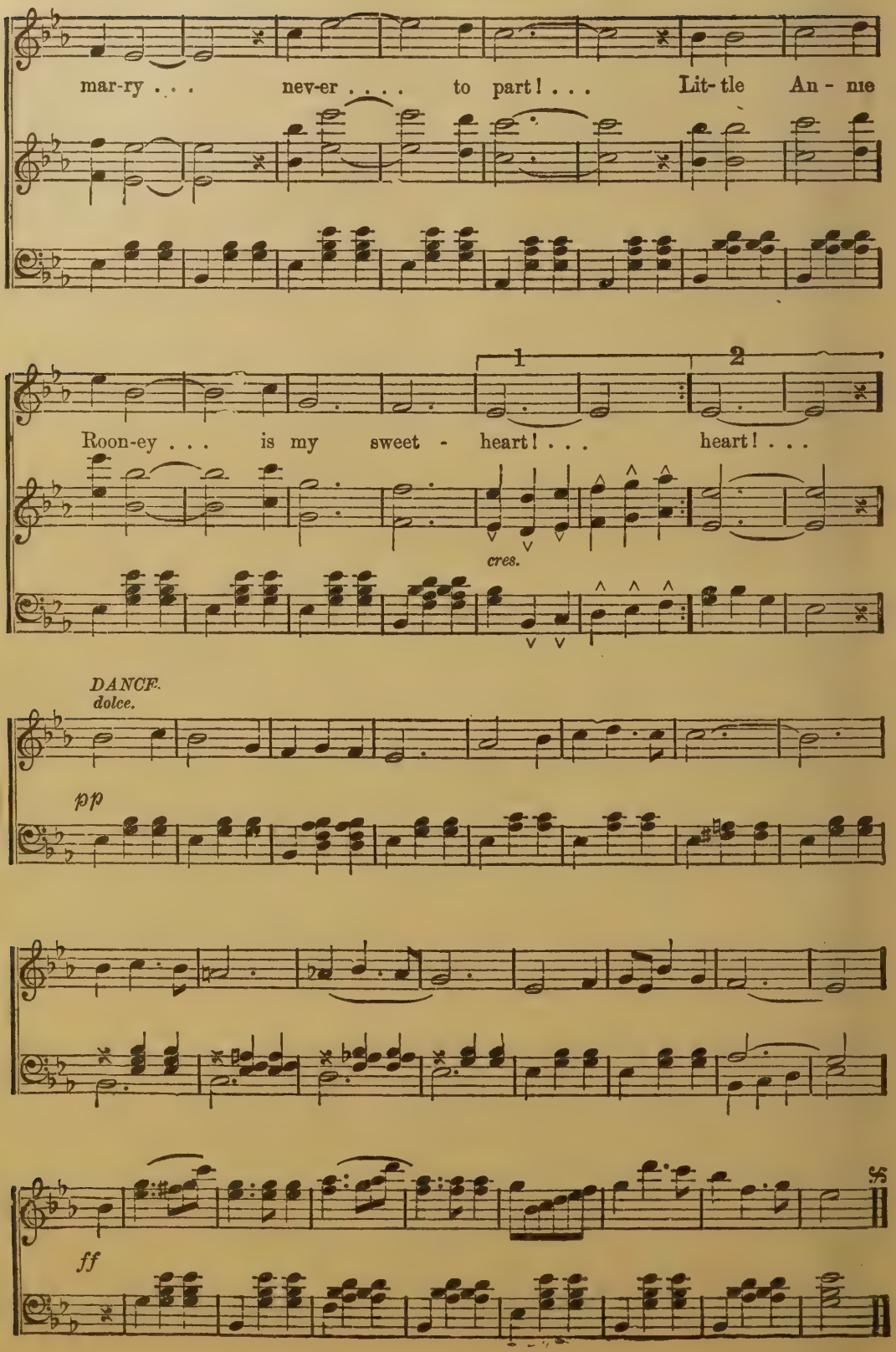
Tempo di Valse.




f
1. A winnning way, a pleasant smile; Dress'd so neat, but quite in style;
2. The parlor's small but neat and clean, And set with taste so seldom seen;
3. We've been en- gaged close on a year, The hap- py time is drawing near;
p

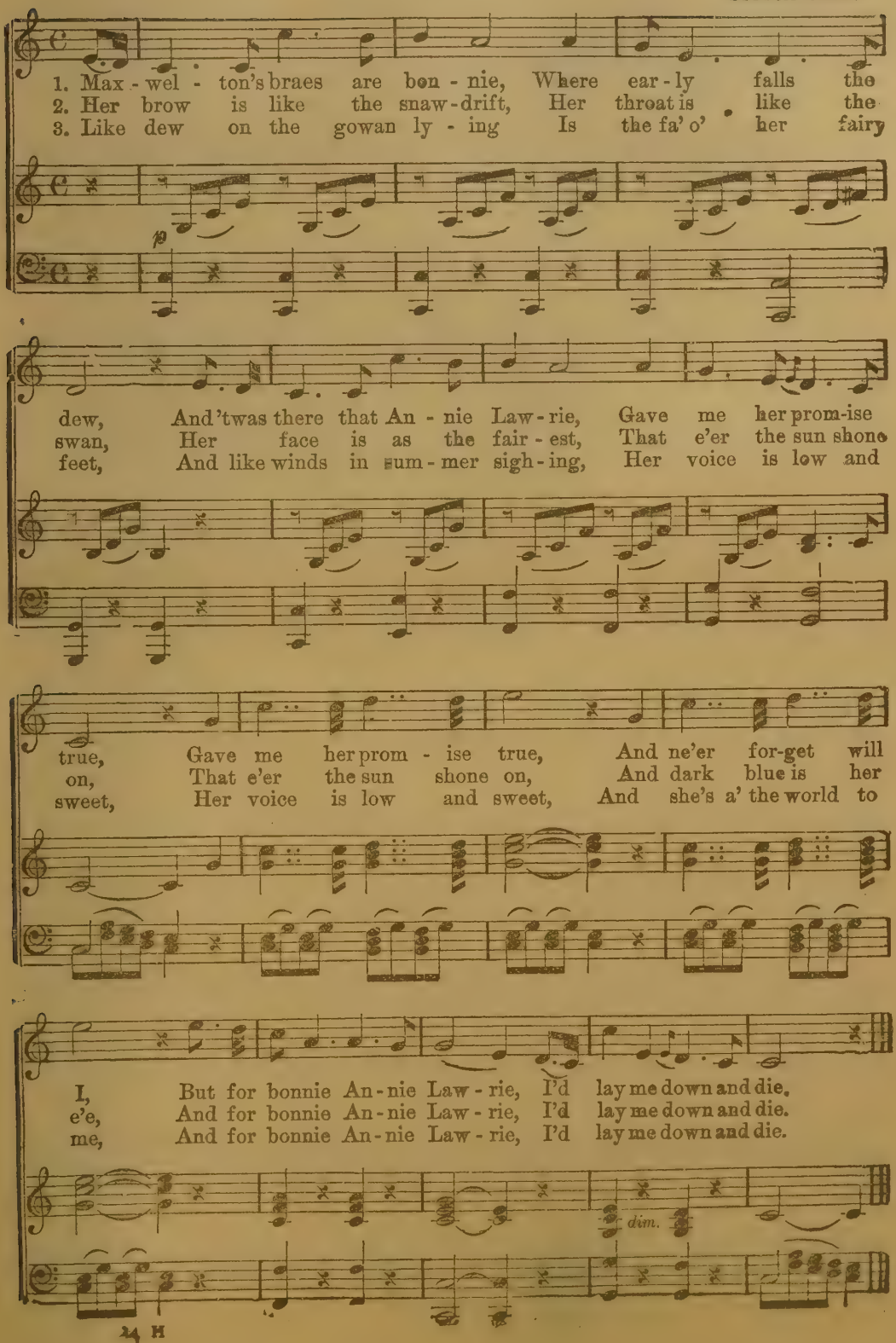

Mer-ry chaff, your time to wile, Has lit- tle An - nie Roon - ey.
And you can bet the household queen, Is lit- tle An - nie Roon - ey.
I'll wed the one I love so dear, lit- tle An - nie Roon ey.


Ev - 'ry eve - ning rain or shine, I make a call 'twixt eight and nine, On
The fire burns cheerfully and bright As a fam'- ly cir-cle round each night We
My friends de - clare I'm a jest, Un - til the time comes will not rest; But
her who short - ly will be mine, Lit- tle An - nie Roon - ey.
form, and ev - 'ry - one's de - light, Is lit - tle An - nie Roon - ey.
one who knows its val - ue best, Is lit - tle An - nie Roon - ey.
Chorus.
p, 2d time, ff.
She's my sweet - heart! I'm her beau! She's
p
my An- nie! . . I'm her Joe! . . . Soon we'll


mar-ry . . . nev-er . . . . to part! . . . Lit-tle An-nie
1
2
Roon-ey . . . is my sweet - heart! . . . heart! . . .
cres.
DANCE.
dolce.
pp
ff

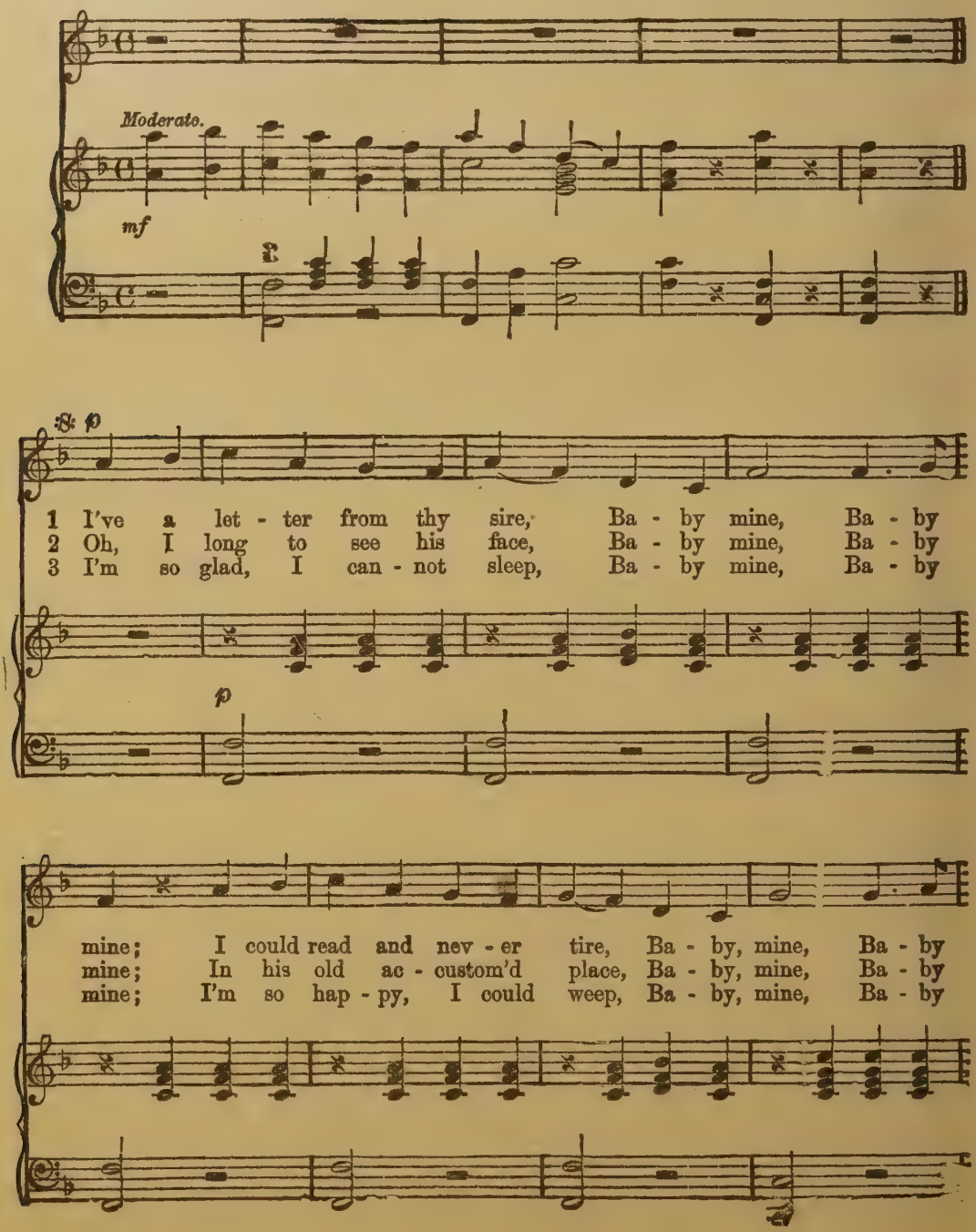
ANNIE LAWRIE.

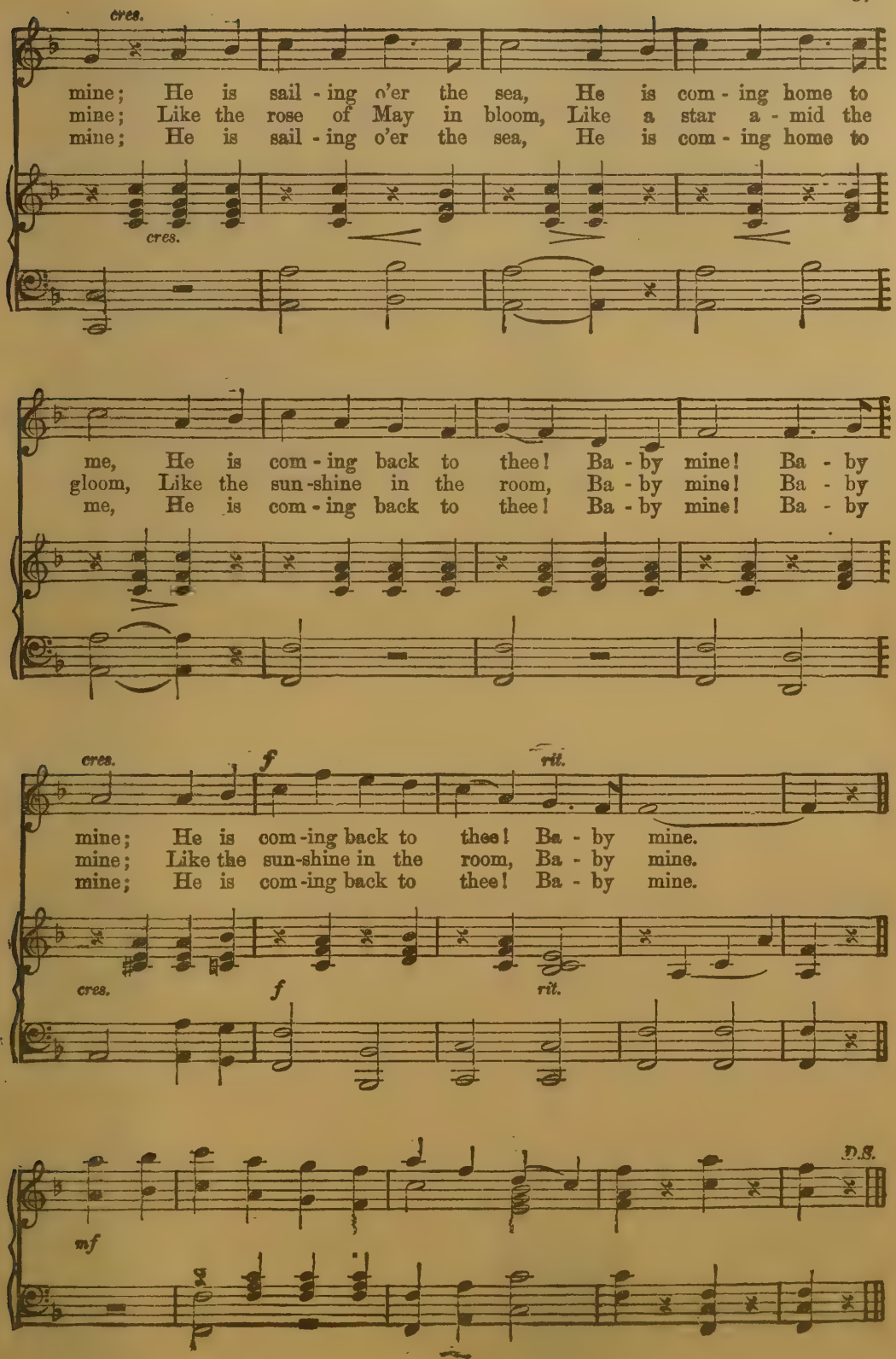
SCOTCH SONG.


1. Max - wel - ton's braes are bon - nie, Where ear - ly falls the
2. Her brow is like the snaw - drift, Her throat is like the
3. Like dew on the gowan ly - ing Is the fa' o' her fairy
p
dew, And 'twas there that An - nie Law - rie, Gave me her prom - ise
swan, Her face is as the fair - est, That e'er the sun shone
feet, And like winds in sum - mer sigh - ing, Her voice is low and
true, Gave me her prom - ise true, And ne'er for - get will
on, That e'er the sun shone on, And dark blue is her
sweet, Her voice is low and sweet, And she's a' the world to
I, But for bonnie An - nie Law - rie, I'd lay me down and die.
e'e, And for bonnie An - nie Law - rie, I'd lay me down and die.
me, And for bonnie An - nie Law - rie, I'd lay me down and die.
dim.

"BABY MINE."

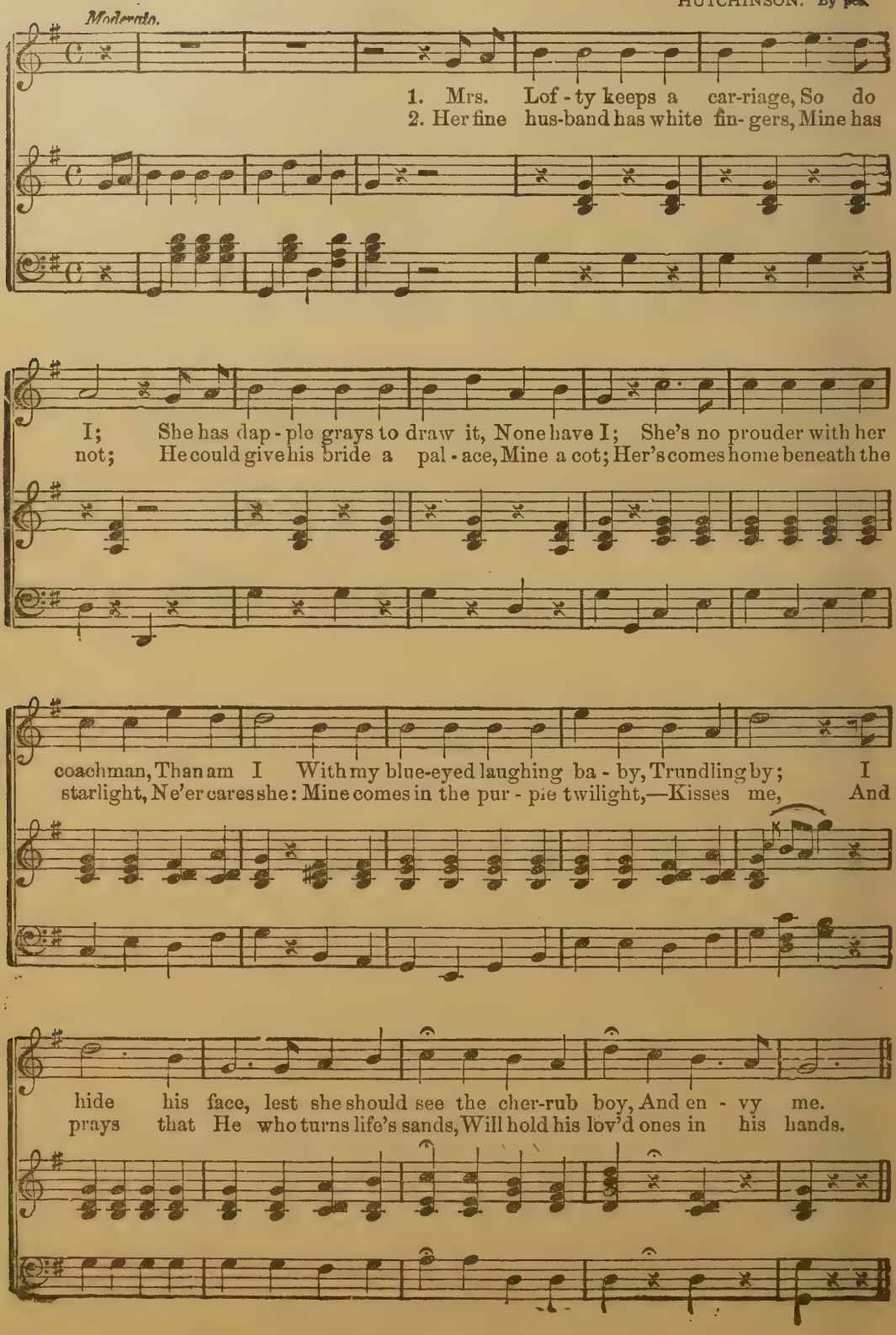
CHARLES MACKEY. ARCHIBALD JOHNSTON.

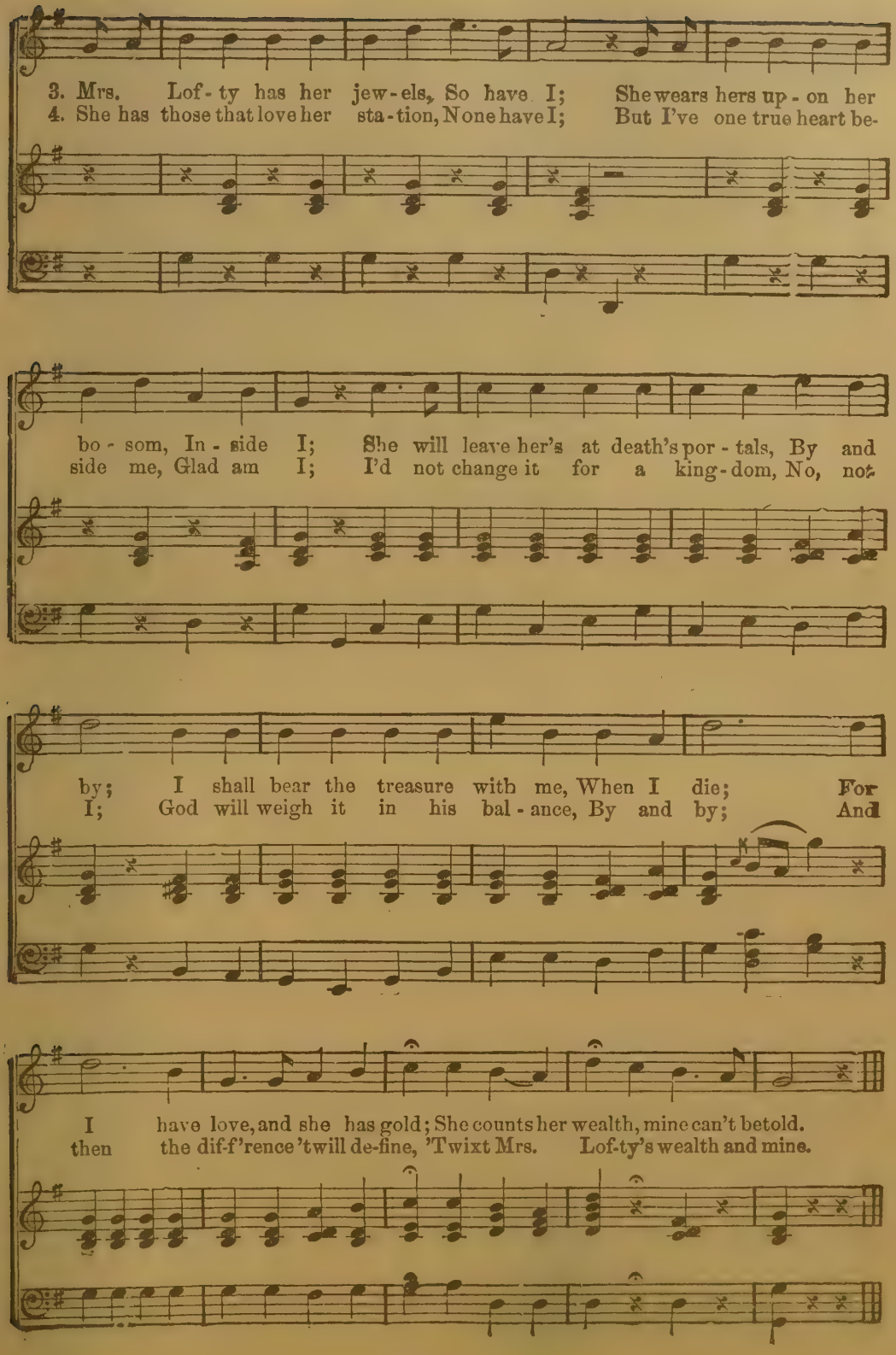

Moderato.
mf
1 I've a let - ter from thy sire, Ba - by mine, Ba - by
2 Oh, I long to see his face, Ba - by mine, Ba - by
3 I'm so glad, I can - not sleep, Ba - by mine, Ba - by
p
mine; I could read and nev - er tire, Ba - by, mine, Ba - by
mine; In his old ac - custom'd place, Ba - by, mine, Ba - by
mine; I'm so hap - py, I could weep, Ba - by, mine, Ba - by


cres.
mine; He is sail - ing o'er the sea, He is com - ing home to
mine; Like the rose of May in bloom, Like a star a - mid the
mine; He is sail - ing o'er the sea, He is com - ing home to
cres.
me, He is com - ing back to thee! Ba - by mine! Ba - by
gloom, Like the sun-shine in the room, Ba - by mine! Ba - by
me, He is com - ing back to thee! Ba - by mine! Ba - by
cres.
f
rit.
mine; He is com-ing back to thee! Ba - by mine.
mine; Like the sun-shine in the room, Ba - by mine.
mine; He is com-ing back to thee! Ba - by mine.
cres.
f
rit.
D.S.
mf

MRS. LOFTY AND I.

HUTCHINSON. By per.

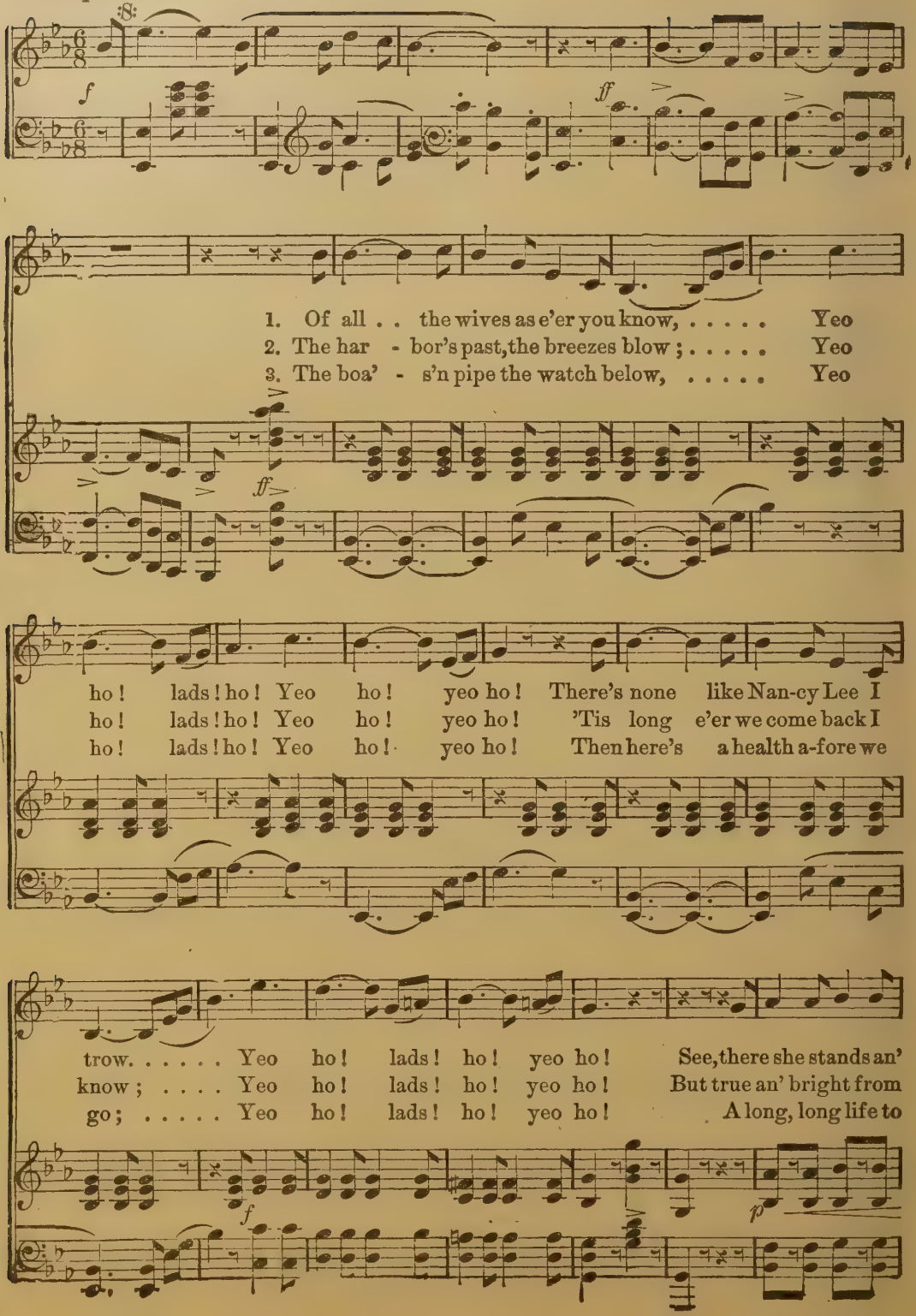

Moderato.
1. Mrs. Lof - ty keeps a car-riage, So do I; She has dap - ple grays to draw it, None have I; She's no prouder with her coachman, Than am I With my blue-eyed laughing ba - by, Trundling by; I hide his face, lest she should see the cher-rub boy, And en - vy me.
2. Her fine hus-band has white fin- gers, Mine has not; He could give his bride a pal - ace, Mine a cot; Her's comes home beneath the starlight, Ne'er cares she: Mine comes in the pur - ple twilight,—Kisses me, And prays that He who turns life's sands, Will hold his lov'd ones in his hands.

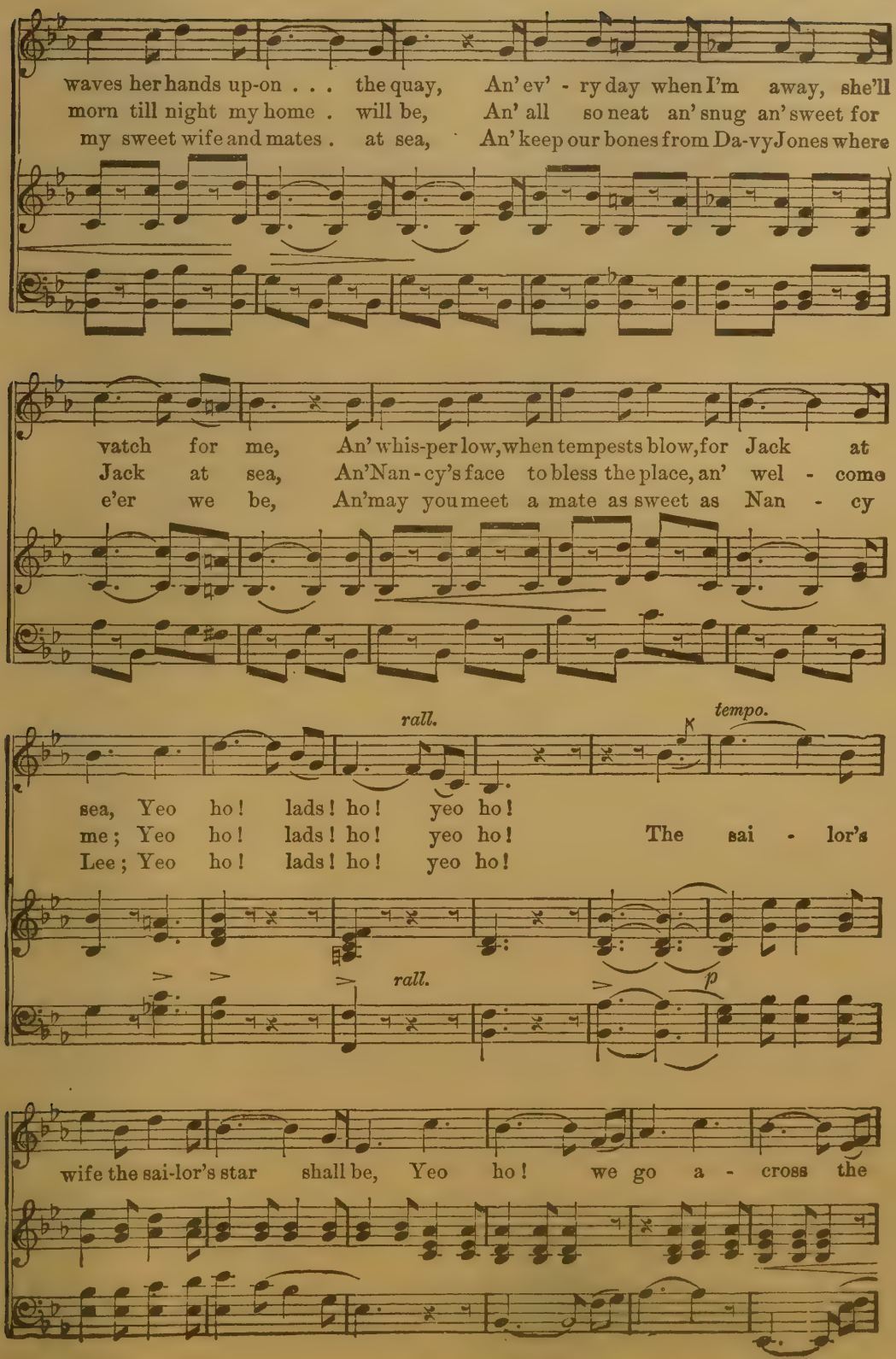

3. Mrs. Lof-ty has her jew-els, So have I; She wears hers up-on her
4. She has those that love her sta-tion, None have I; But I've one true heart be-
bo-som, In-side I; She will leave her's at death's por-tals, By and
side me, Glad am I; I'd not change it for a king-dom, No, not
by; I shall bear the treasure with me, When I die; For
I; God will weigh it in his bal-ance, By and by; And
I have love, and she has gold; She counts her wealth, mine can't be told.
then the dif-f'rence 'twill de-fine, 'Twixt Mrs. Lof-ty's wealth and mine.

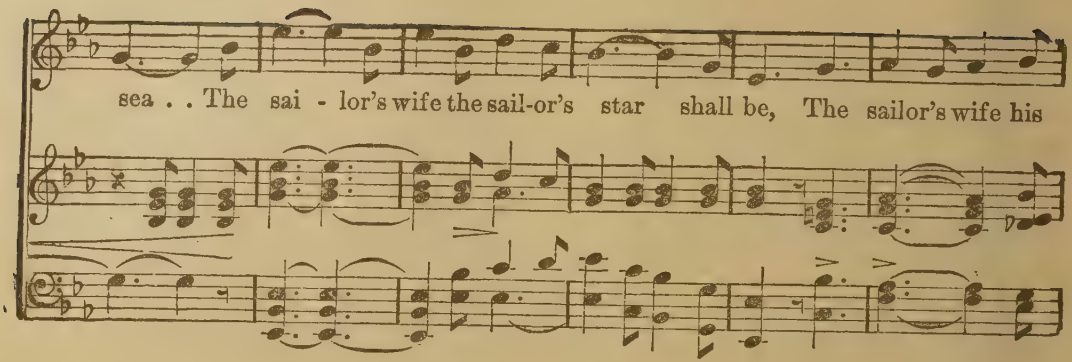
NANCY LEE.

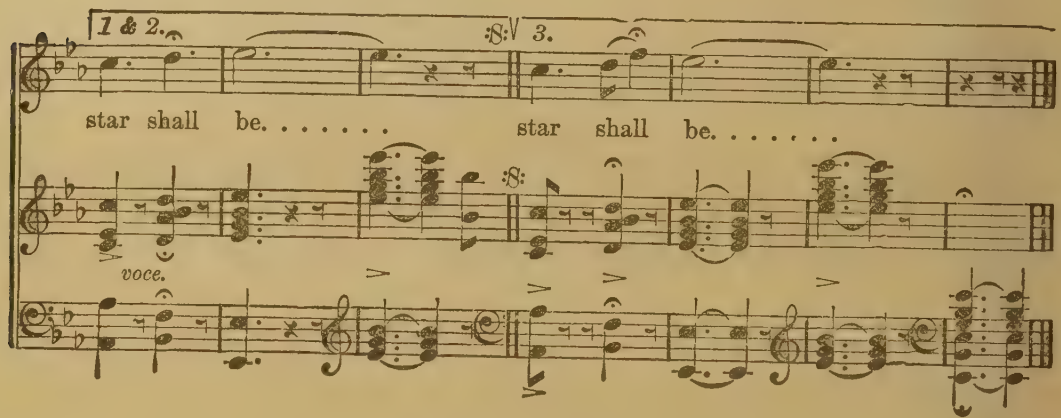
WEATHERLY. ADAMS.

With Spirit.


1. Of all . . the wives as e'er you know, ... Yeo
2. The har - bor's past, the breezes blow; . . . . . Yeo
3. The boa' - s'n pipe the watch below, ... Yeo
ho! lads! ho! Yeo ho! yeo ho! There's none like Nan-cy Lee I
ho! lads! ho! Yeo ho! yeo ho! 'Tis long e'er we come back I
ho! lads! ho! Yeo ho! yeo ho! Then here's a health a-fore we
trow. . . . . Yeo ho! lads! ho! yeo ho! See, there she stands an'
know; . . . . Yeo ho! lads! ho! yeo ho! But true an' bright from
go; . . . . . Yeo ho! lads! ho! yeo ho! A long, long life to


waves her hands up-on . . . the quay, An' ev' - ry day when I'm away, she'll
morn till night my home . will be, An' all so neat an' snug an' sweet for
my sweet wife and mates . at sea, An' keep our bones from Da-vy Jones where
vatch for me, An' whis-per low, when tempests blow, for Jack at
Jack at sea, An' Nan - cy's face to bless the place, an' wel - come
e'er we be, An' may you meet a mate as sweet as Nan - cy
rall.
tempo.
sea, Yeo ho! lads! ho! yeo ho!
me; Yeo ho! lads! ho! yeo ho! The sai - lor's
Lee; Yeo ho! lads! ho! yeo ho!
rall.
p
wife the sai-lor's star shall be, Yeo ho! we go a - cross the



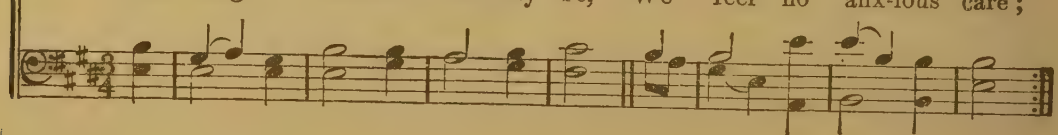


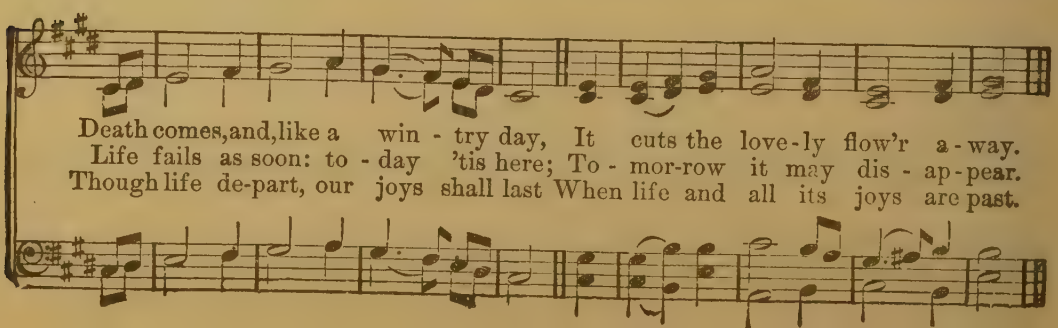
WILLCOTT.

Andantino.

MARSHALL. By per.

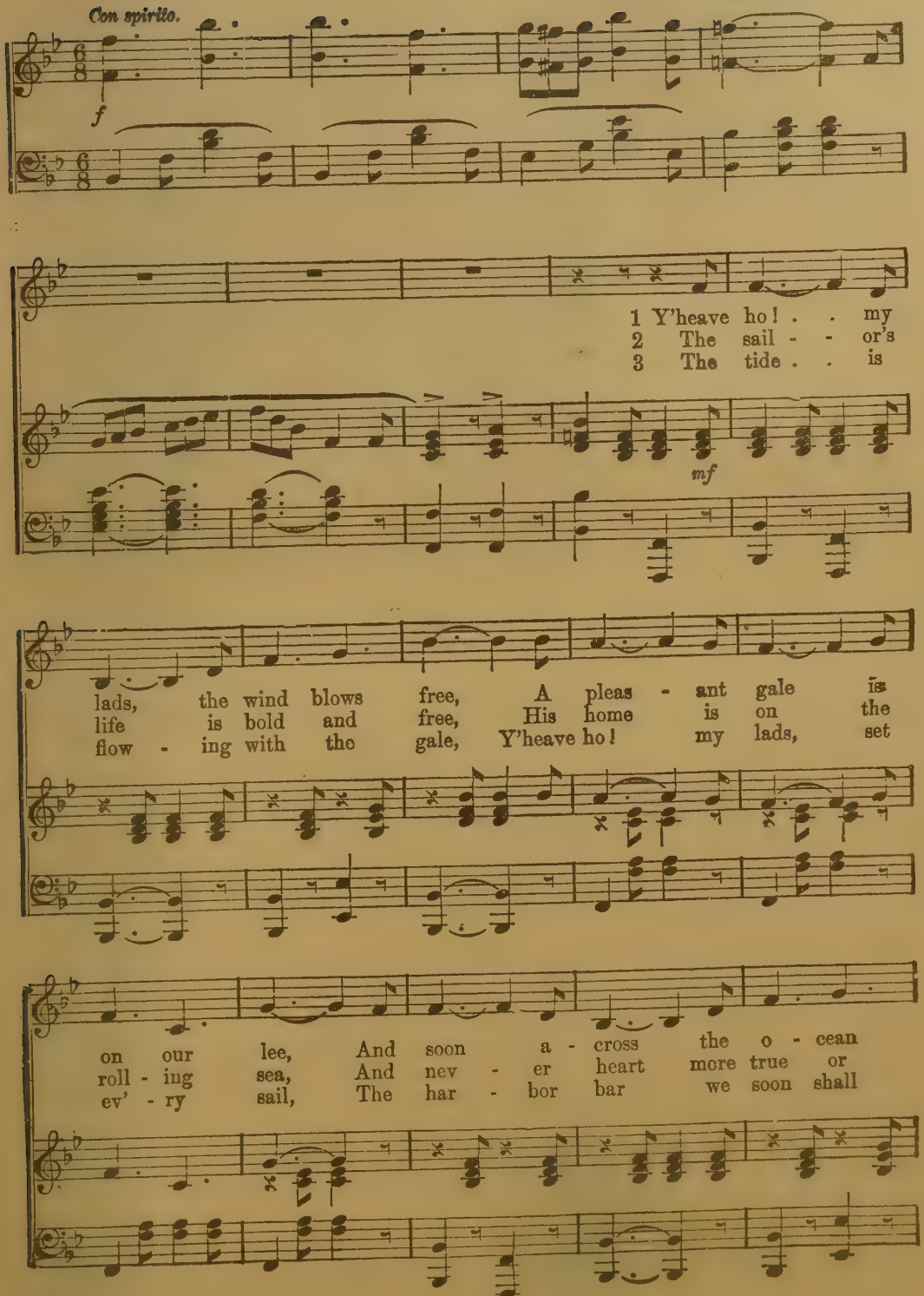
1. O what is life? 'tis like a flow'r That blos - soms and is gone;
   It flour-ish - es its lit tle hour, With all its beau - ty on;
2. O, what is life? 'tis like the bow That glis - tens in the sky:
   We love to see its col - ors glow; But, while we look, they die:
3. Lord, what is life? if spent with thee, In hum - ble praise and prayer,
   How long or short our life may be, We feel no anx-ious care;




Death comes, and, like a win - try day, It cuts the love-ly flow'r a - way.
Life fails as soon: to - day 'tis here; To - mor-row it may dis - ap-pear.
Though life de-part, our joys shall last When life and all its joys are past.

SAILING.

GODFREY MARKS.


Con spirito.
f
1 Y'heave ho! . . my
2 The sail - - or's
3 The tide . . is
mf
lads, the wind blows free, A pleas - ant gale is
life is bold and free, His home is on the
flow - ing with the gale, Y'heave ho! my lads, set
on our lee, And soon a - cross the o - cean
roll - ing sea, And nev - er heart more true or
ev' - ry sail, The har - bor bar we soon shall

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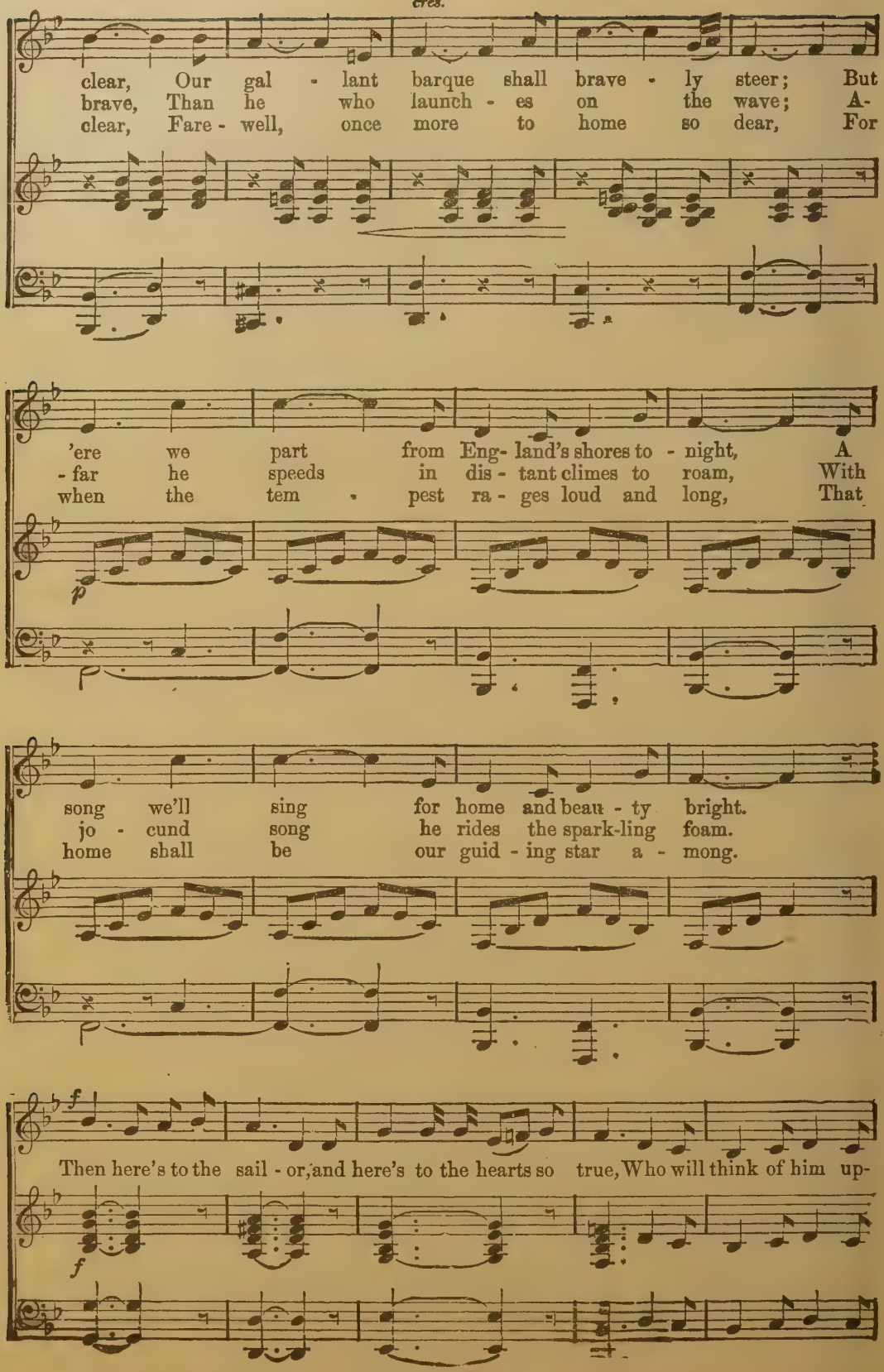
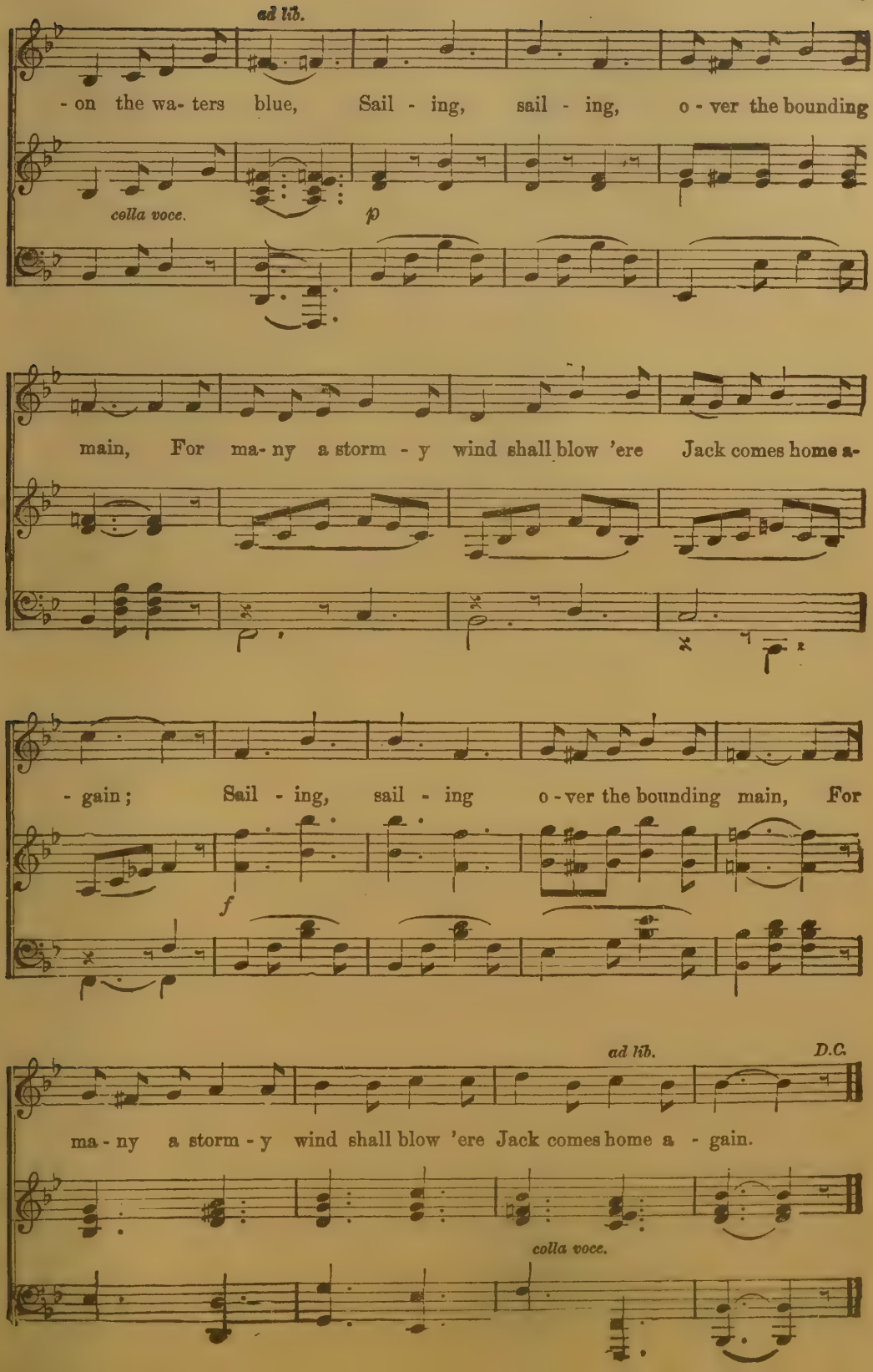
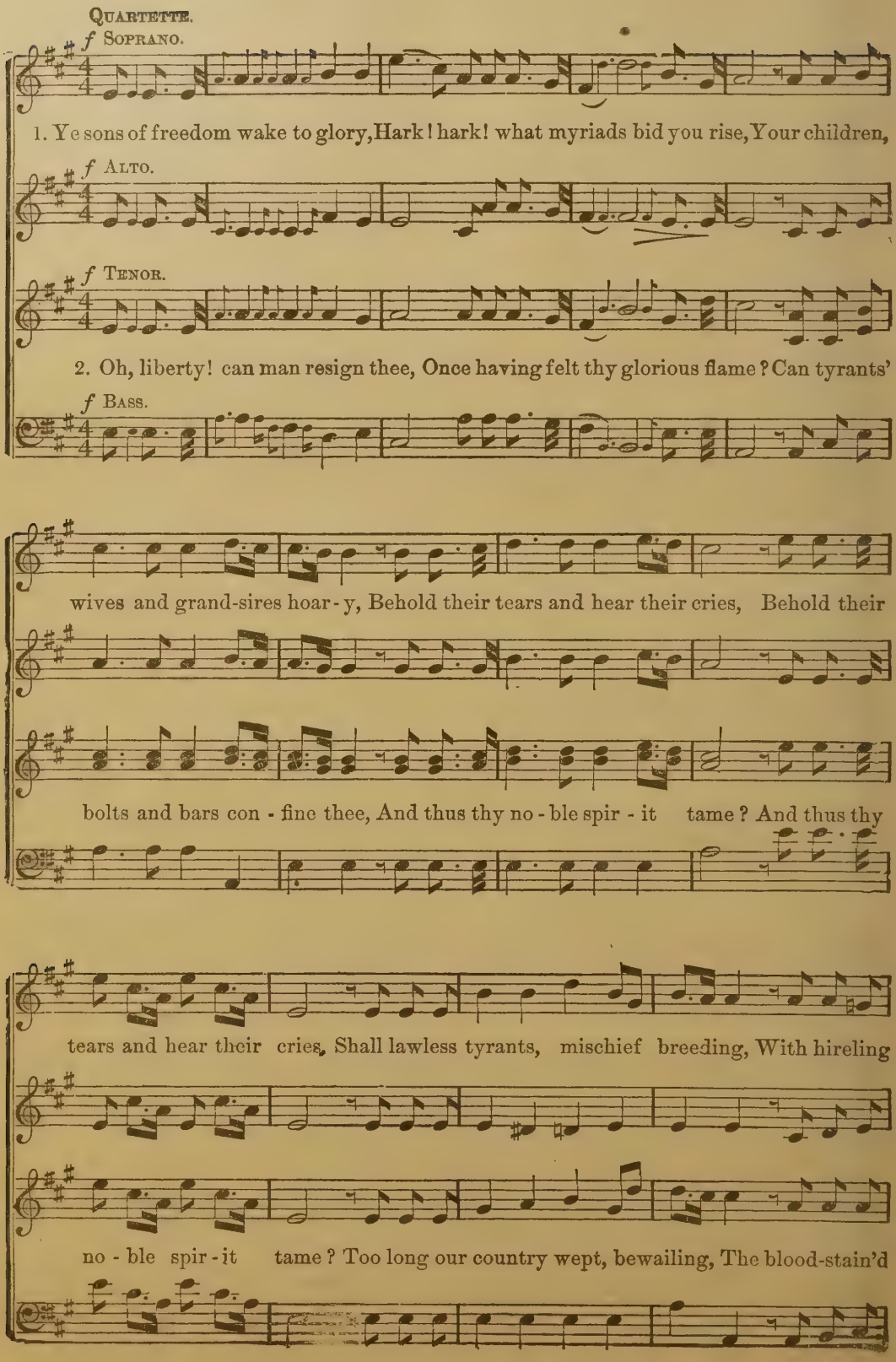
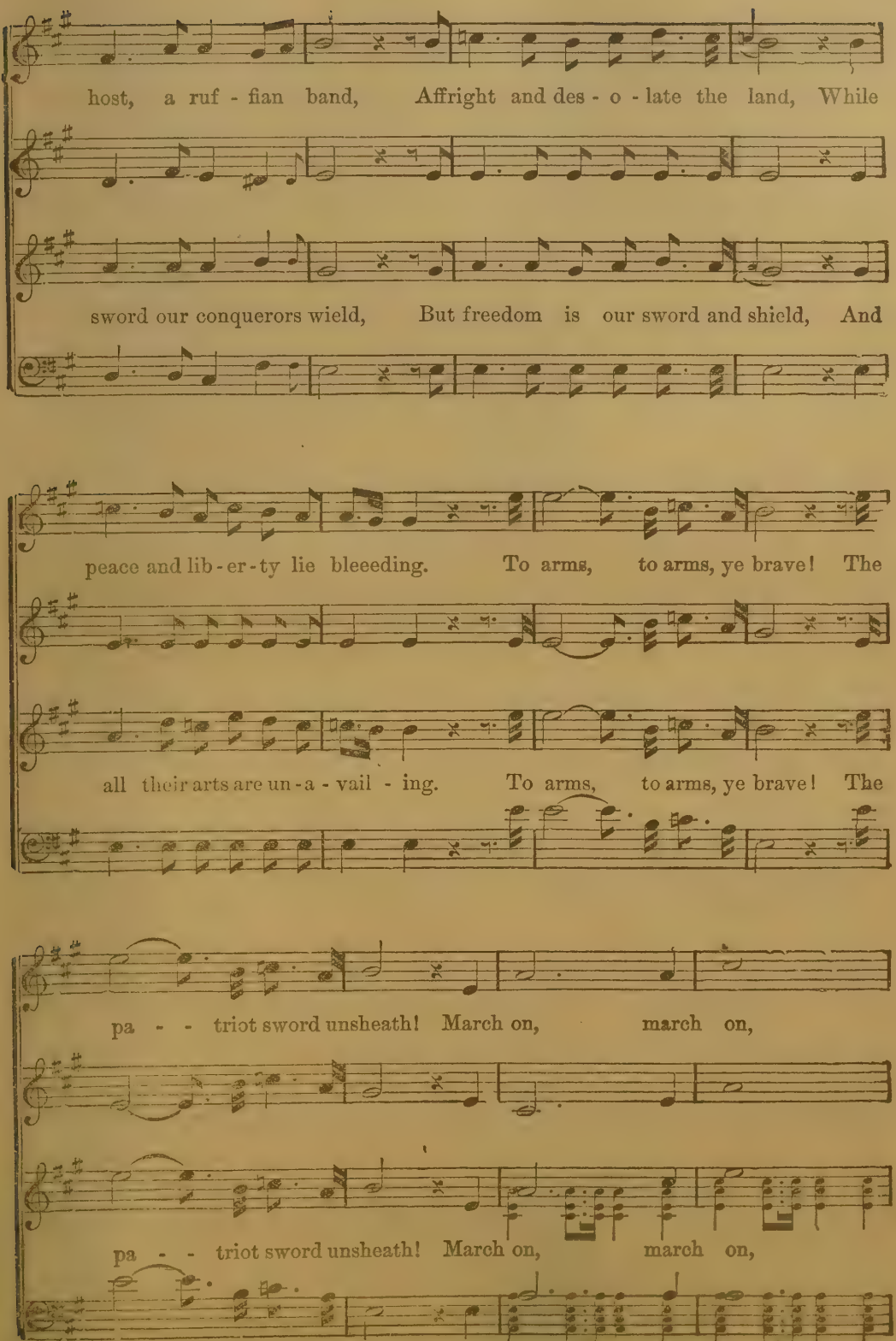
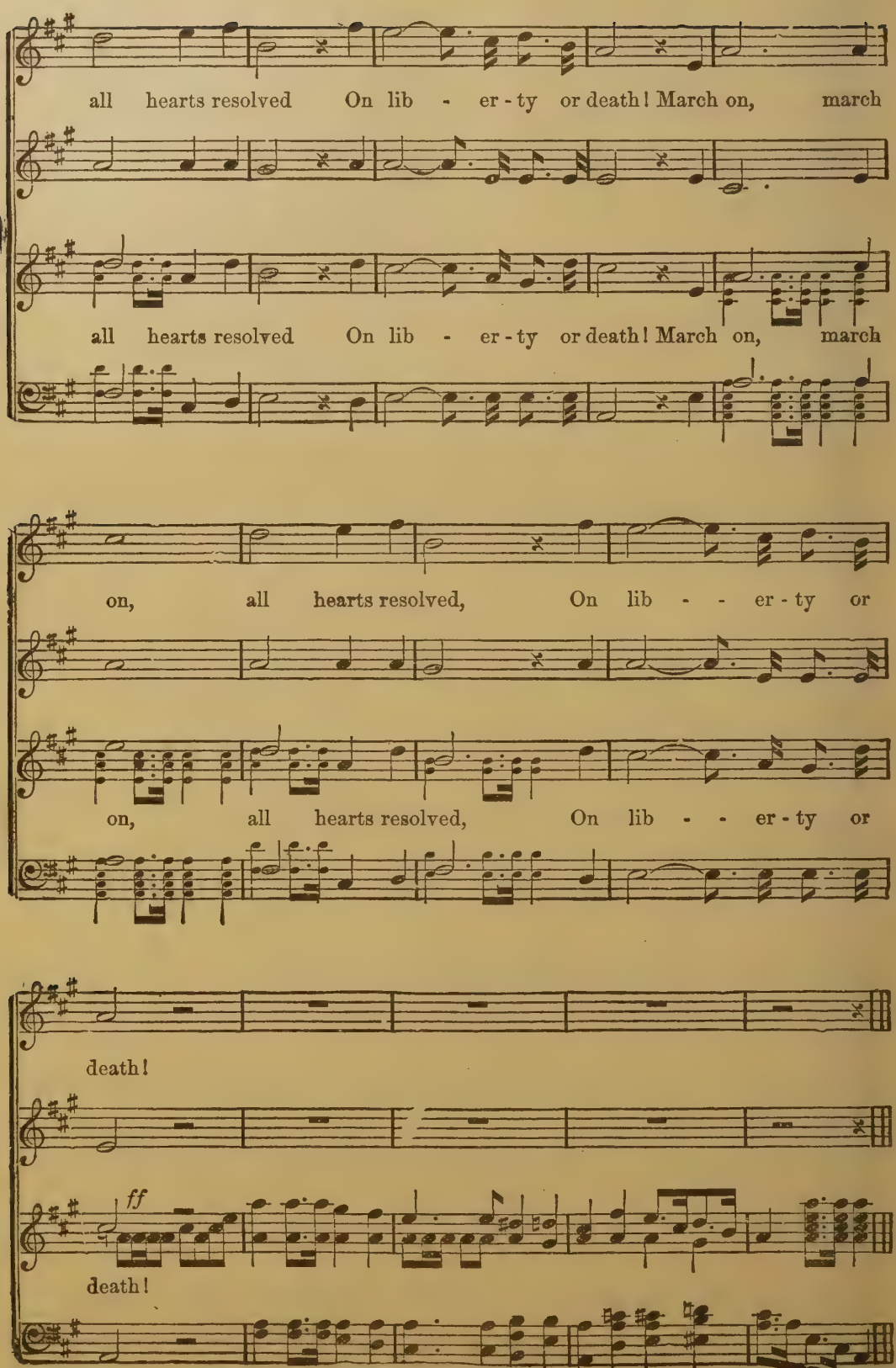

cres.
clear, Our gal - lant barque shall brave - ly steer; But
brave, Than he who launch - es on the wave; A-
clear, Fare - well, once more to home so dear, For
'ere we part from Eng- land's shores to - night, A
- far he speeds in dis - tant climes to roam, With
when the tem - pest ra - ges loud and long, That
p
song we'll sing for home and beau - ty bright.
jo - cund song he rides the spark-ling foam.
home shall be our guid - ing star a - mong.
f
Then here's to the sail - or, and here's to the hearts so true, Who will think of him up-
f


ad lib.
- on the wa- ters blue, Sail - ing, sail - ing, o - ver the bounding
colla voce.
p
main, For ma- ny a storm - y wind shall blow 'ere Jack comes home a-
- gain; Sail - ing, sail - ing o - ver the bounding main, For
f
ad lib.
D.C.
ma - ny a storm - y wind shall blow 'ere Jack comes home a - gain.
colla voce.

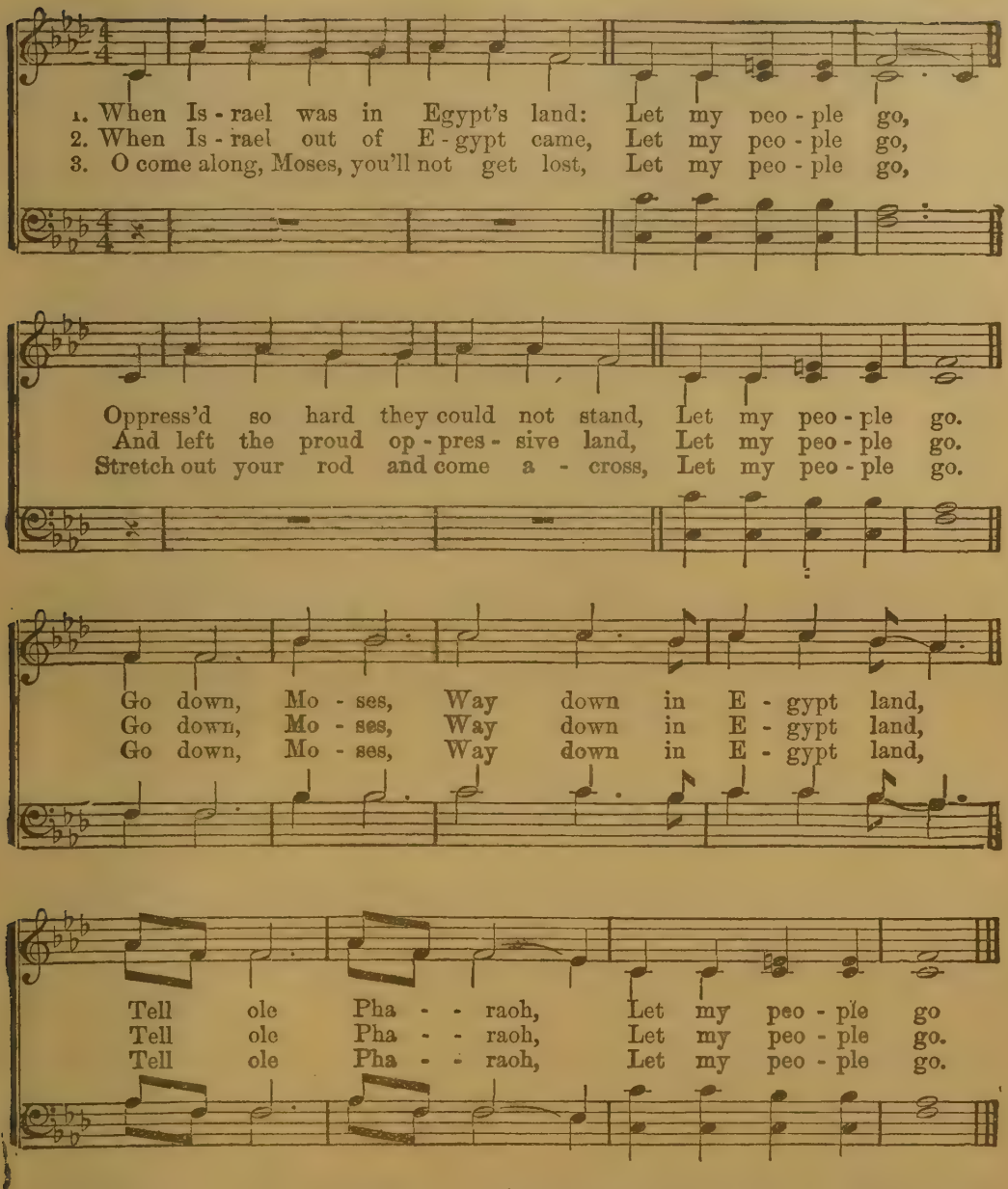
MARSEILLES HYMN.


QUARTETTE.
f SOPRANO.
1. Ye sons of freedom wake to glory, Hark! hark! what myriads bid you rise, Your children,
f ALTO.
f TENOR.
2. Oh, liberty! can man resign thee, Once having felt thy glorious flame? Can tyrants'
f BASS.
wives and grand-sires hoar-y, Behold their tears and hear their cries, Behold their
bolts and bars con-fine thee, And thus thy no-ble spir-it tame? And thus thy
tears and hear their cries, Shall lawless tyrants, mischief breeding, With hireling
no-ble spir-it tame? Too long our country wept, bewailing, The blood-stain'd


host, a ruf - fian band, Affright and des - o - late the land, While
sword our conquerors wield, But freedom is our sword and shield, And
peace and lib - er - ty lie bleeeding. To arms, to arms, ye brave! The
all their arts are un - a - vail - ing. To arms, to arms, ye brave! The
pa - - triot sword unsheath! March on, march on,
pa - - triot sword unsheath! March on, march on,


all hearts resolved On lib - er - ty or death! March on, march
all hearts resolved On lib - er - ty or death! March on, march
on, all hearts resolved, On lib - - er - ty or
on, all hearts resolved, On lib - - er - ty or
death!
ff
death!

GO DOWN, MOSES.


1. When Is - rael was in Egypt's land: Let my peo - ple go,
2. When Is - rael out of E - gypt came, Let my peo - ple go,
3. O come along, Moses, you'll not get lost, Let my peo - ple go,
Oppress'd so hard they could not stand, Let my peo - ple go.
And left the proud op - pres - sive land, Let my peo - ple go.
Stretch out your rod and come a - cross, Let my peo - ple go.
Go down, Mo - ses, Way down in E - gypt land,
Go down, Mo - ses, Way down in E - gypt land,
Go down, Mo - ses, Way down in E - gypt land,
Tell ole Pha - - raoh, Let my peo - ple go
Tell ole Pha - - raoh, Let my peo - ple go.
Tell ole Pha - - raoh, Let my peo - ple go.

4.

As Israel stood by the water side,
Let my people go,
At the command of God it did divide,
Let my people go.
Go down, Moses, &c.

5.

Pharaoh said he would go across,
Let my people go,
But Pharaoh and his host were lost,
Let my people go.
Go down, Moses, &c.

6.

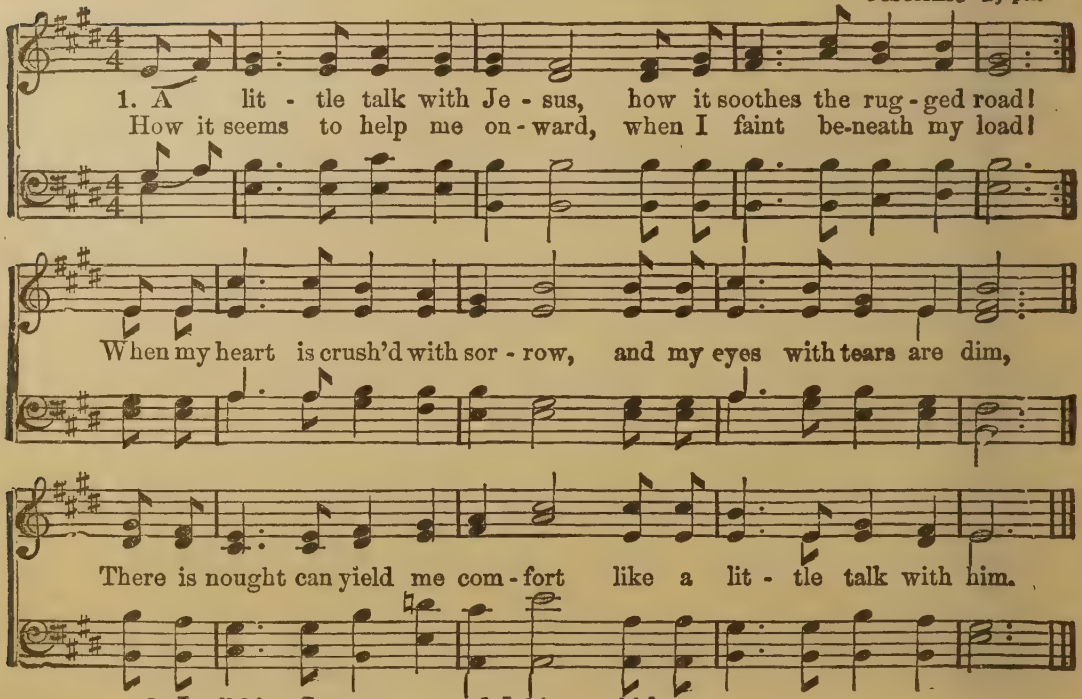
O bretheren, bretheren, you had better be [engaged,
Let my people go,
For the devil he's out on a big rampage,
Let my people go.
Go down, Moses, &c.

7.

O take your shoes from off yer feet,
Let my people go,
And walk into the golden street,
Let my people go.
Go down, Moses, &c.

A LITTLE TALK WITH JESUS.

FISCHER. By per.


1. A lit - tle talk with Je - sus, how it soothes the rug - ged road!
How it seems to help me on - ward, when I faint be-neath my load!
When my heart is crush'd with sor - row, and my eyes with tears are dim,
There is nought can yield me com - fort like a lit - tle talk with him.

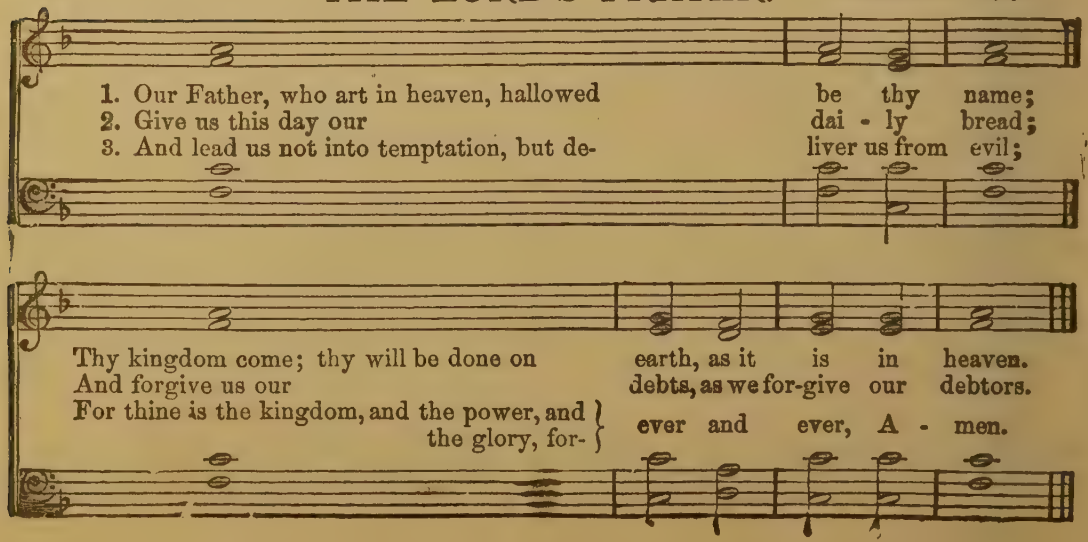
2. I tell him I am weary, and I fain would be at rest;
That I am daily, hourly longing to repose upon his breast;
And he answers me so sweetly, in the tenderest tones of love,
"I am coming soon to take thee to my happy home above.

3. The way is long and weary to yonder far-off clime,
But a little talk with Jesus doth while away the time.
The more I come to know him, and all his grace explore,
It sets me ever longing to know him more and more.

4. So I'll wait a little longer, 'till his appointed time,
And along the upward pathway my pilgrim feet shall climb.
There, in my Father's dwelling, where many mansions be,
I shall sweetly talk with Jesus, and he will talk with me.

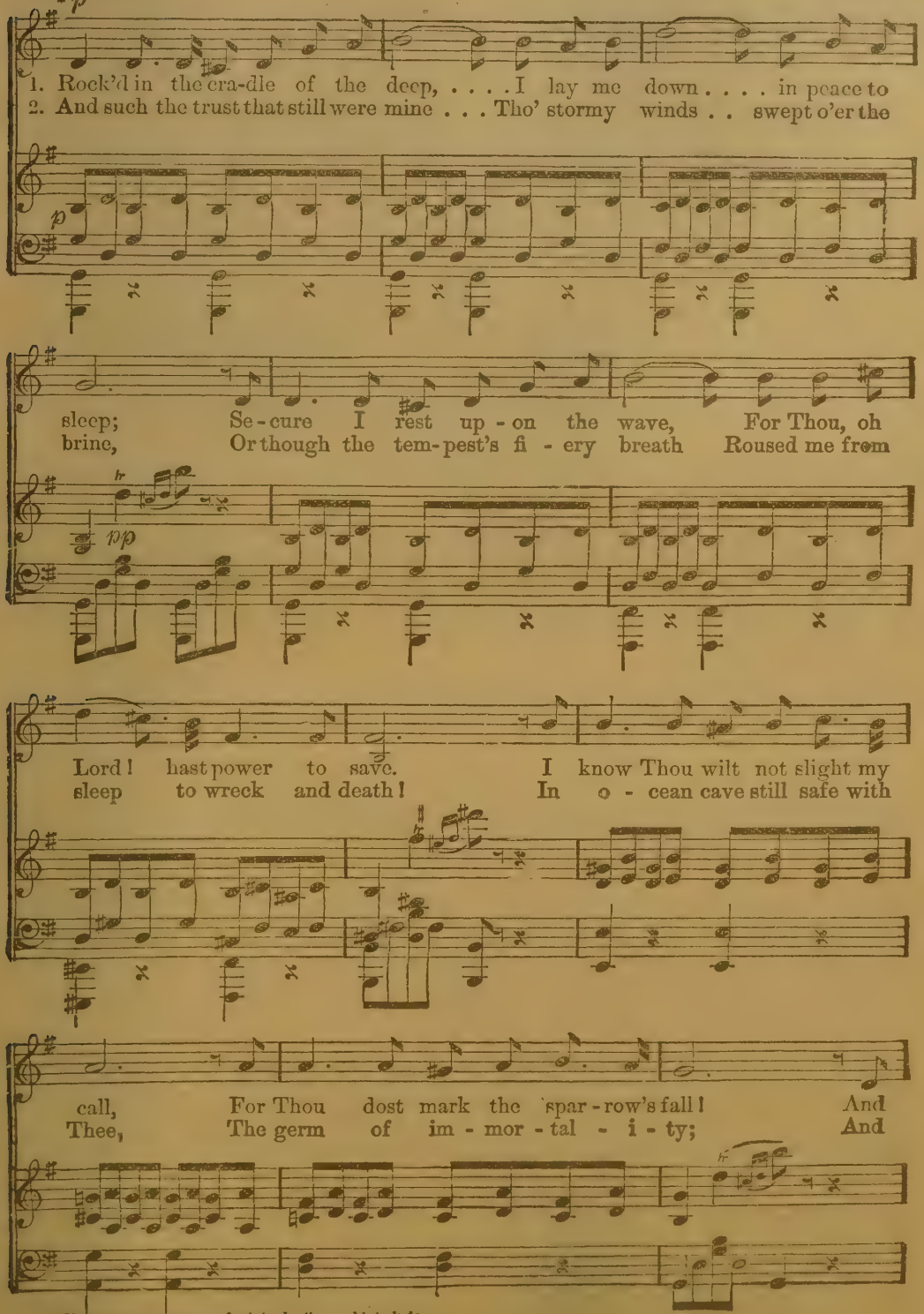
THE LORD'S PRAYER.

MARSHALL. By per.

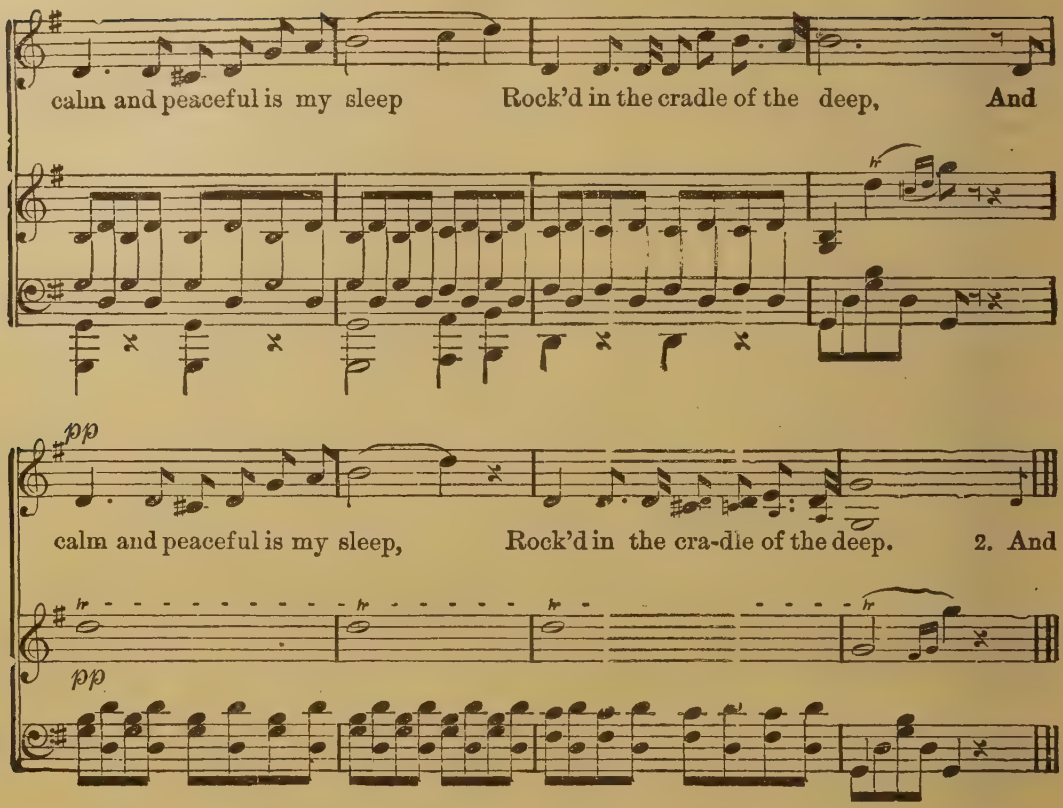

1. Our Father, who art in heaven, hallowed be thy name;
2. Give us this day our dai - ly bread;
3. And lead us not into temptation, but de- liver us from evil;
Thy kingdom come; thy will be done on earth, as it is in heaven.
And forgive us our debts, as we for-give our debtors.
For thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory, for- ever and ever, A - men.

ROCK'D IN THE CRADLE OF THE DEEP.

WILLARD. KNIGHT.

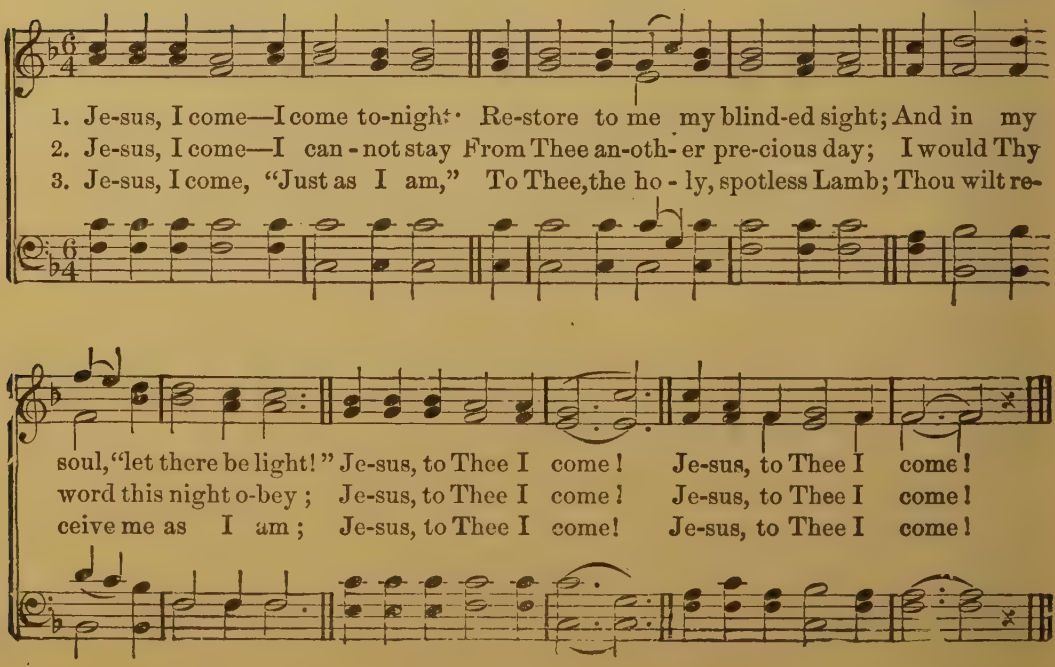

*p
1. Rock'd in the cra-dle of the deep, ... I lay me down . . . . in peace to
2. And such the trust that still were mine . . . Tho' stormy winds . . swept o'er the
p
sleep; Se-cure I rest up-on the wave, For Thou, oh
brine, Or though the tem-pest's fi-ery breath Roused me from
pp
Lord! hast power to save. I know Thou wilt not slight my
sleep to wreck and death! In o-cean cave still safe with
call, For Thou dost mark the spar-row's fall! And
Thee, The germ of im-mor-tal-i-ty; And

*Play first four measures for introduction and interlude.


calm and peaceful is my sleep Rock'd in the cradle of the deep, And
pp
calm and peaceful is my sleep, Rock'd in the cra-dle of the deep. 2. And
pp

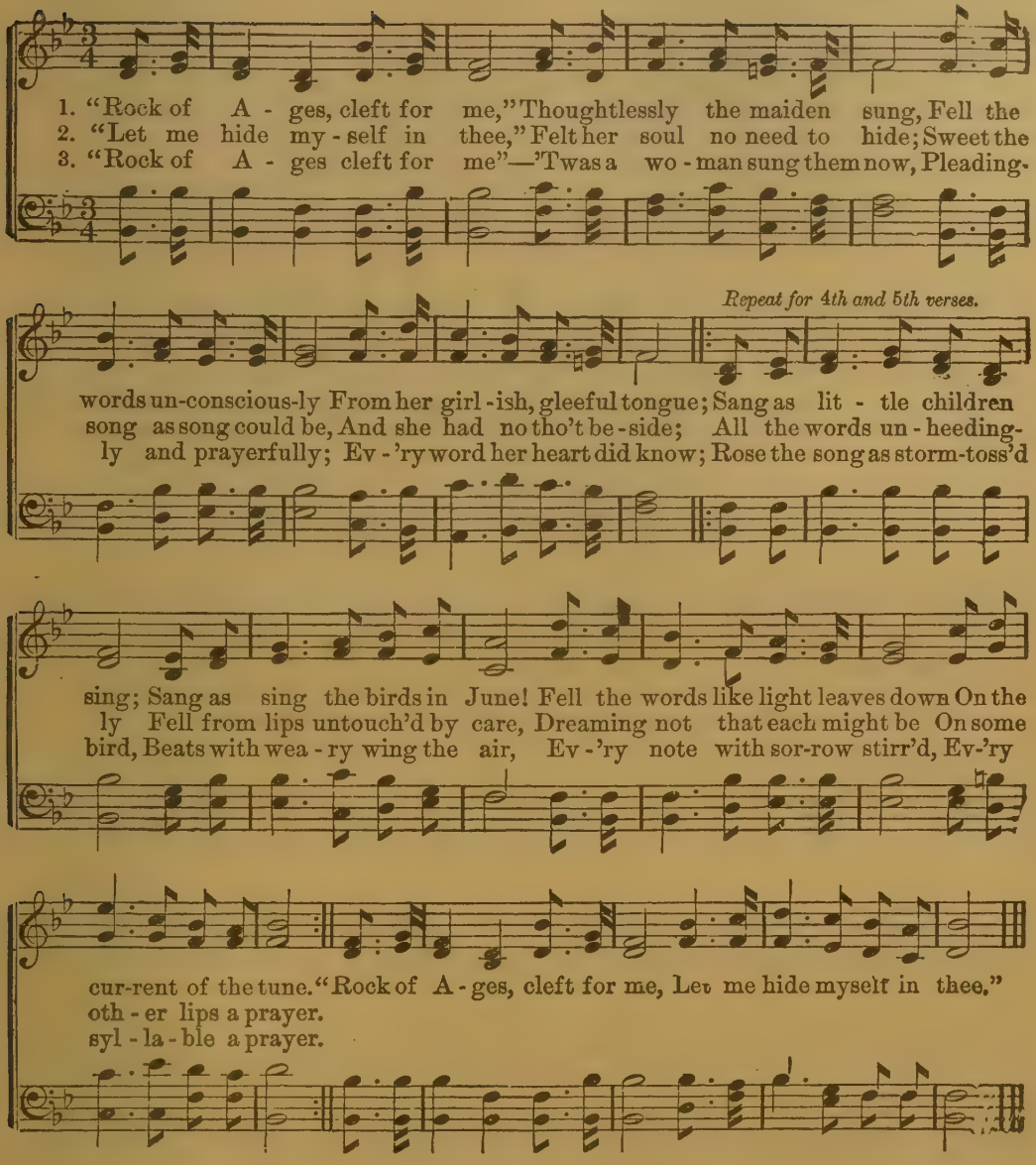
JESUS, TO THEE I COME.

GOULD.


1. Je-sus, I come—I come to-night· Re-store to me my blind-ed sight; And in my
2. Je-sus, I come—I can-not stay From Thee an-oth-er pre-cious day; I would Thy
3. Je-sus, I come, "Just as I am," To Thee, the ho-ly, spotless Lamb; Thou wilt re-
soul, "let there be light!" Je-sus, to Thee I come! Je-sus, to Thee I come!
word this night o-bey; Je-sus, to Thee I come! Je-sus, to Thee I come!
ceive me as I am; Je-sus, to Thee I come! Je-sus, to Thee I come!

CLEFT FOR ME.

BRUCE. By per.


1. "Rock of A - ges, cleft for me," Thoughtlessly the maiden sung, Fell the
2. "Let me hide my - self in thee," Felt her soul no need to hide; Sweet the
3. "Rock of A - ges cleft for me"—'Twas a wo - man sung them now, Pleading-
Repeat for 4th and 5th verses.
words un-conscious-ly From her girl - ish, gleeful tongue; Sang as lit - tle children
song as song could be, And she had no tho't be - side; All the words un - heeding-
ly and prayerfully; Ev - 'ry word her heart did know; Rose the song as storm-toss'd
sing; Sang as sing the birds in June! Fell the words like light leaves down On the
ly Fell from lips untouch'd by care, Dreaming not that each might be On some
bird, Beats with wea - ry wing the air, Ev - 'ry note with sor-row stirr'd, Ev-'ry
cur-rent of the tune. "Rock of A - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide myself in thee."
oth - er lips a prayer.
syl - la - ble a prayer.

4.

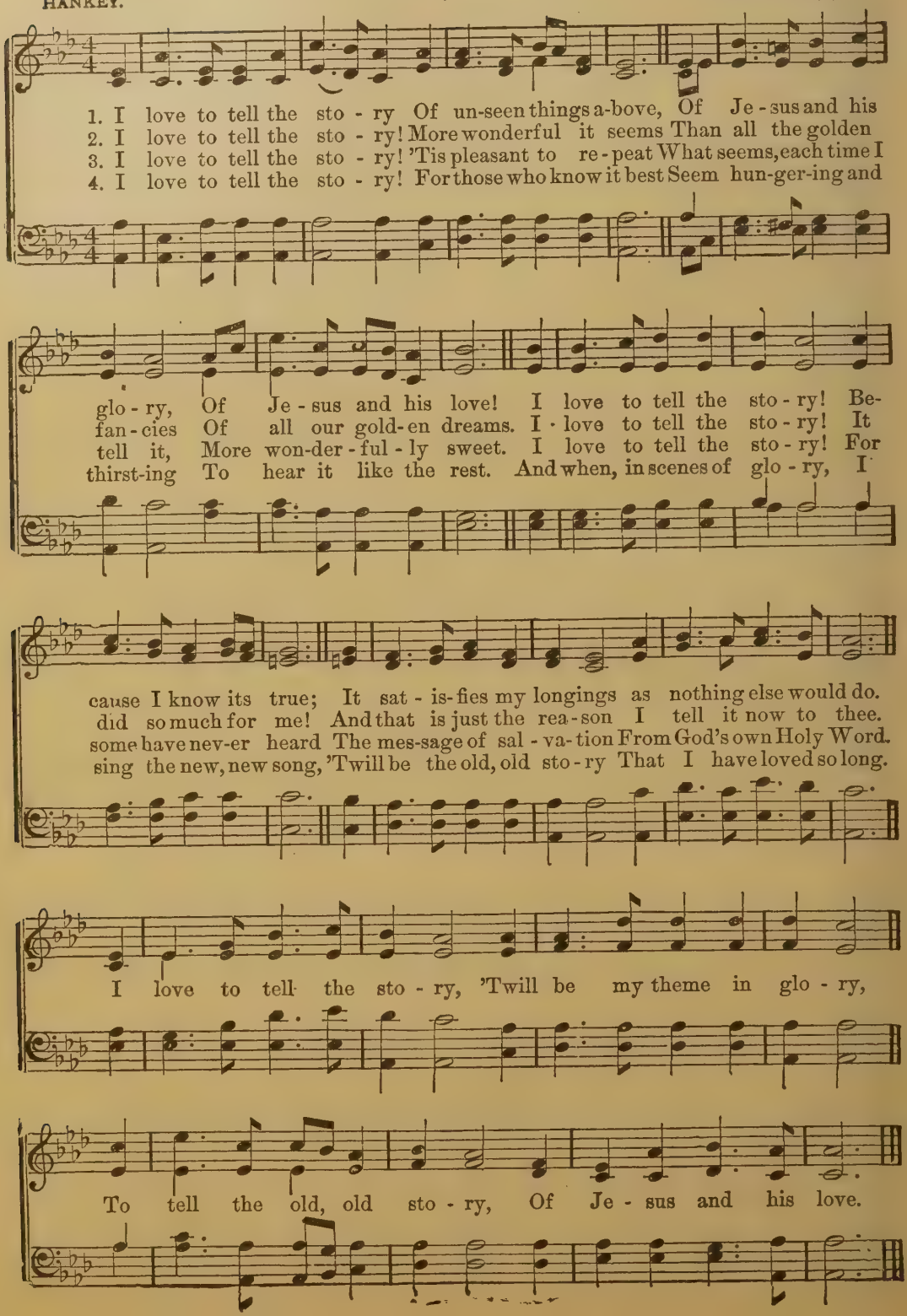
"Rock of Ages, Cleft for me,"
Lips grown aged sung the hymn
Trustingly and tenderly,
Voice grown weak, and eyes grown dim.
"Let me hide myself in thee,"
Trembling though the voice, and low,
Ran the sweet strain peacefully,
Like a river in its flow.
Sung as only they can sing,
Who life's thorny paths have pressed;
Sung as only they can sing,
Who behold the promised rest—
"Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee."

5.

"Rock of Ages, cleft for me,"
Sung above the coffin-lid;
Underneath, all restfully,
All life's joys and sorrows hid,
Nevermore, O storm tossed soul!
Nevermore from wind or tide,
Nevermore from billow's roll,
Wilt thou need thyself to hide.
Could the sightless, sunken eyes,
Closed beneath the soft gray hair,
Could the mute and stiffened lips
Move again in pleading prayer,
Still, aye, still the words would be,
"Let me hide myself in thee."

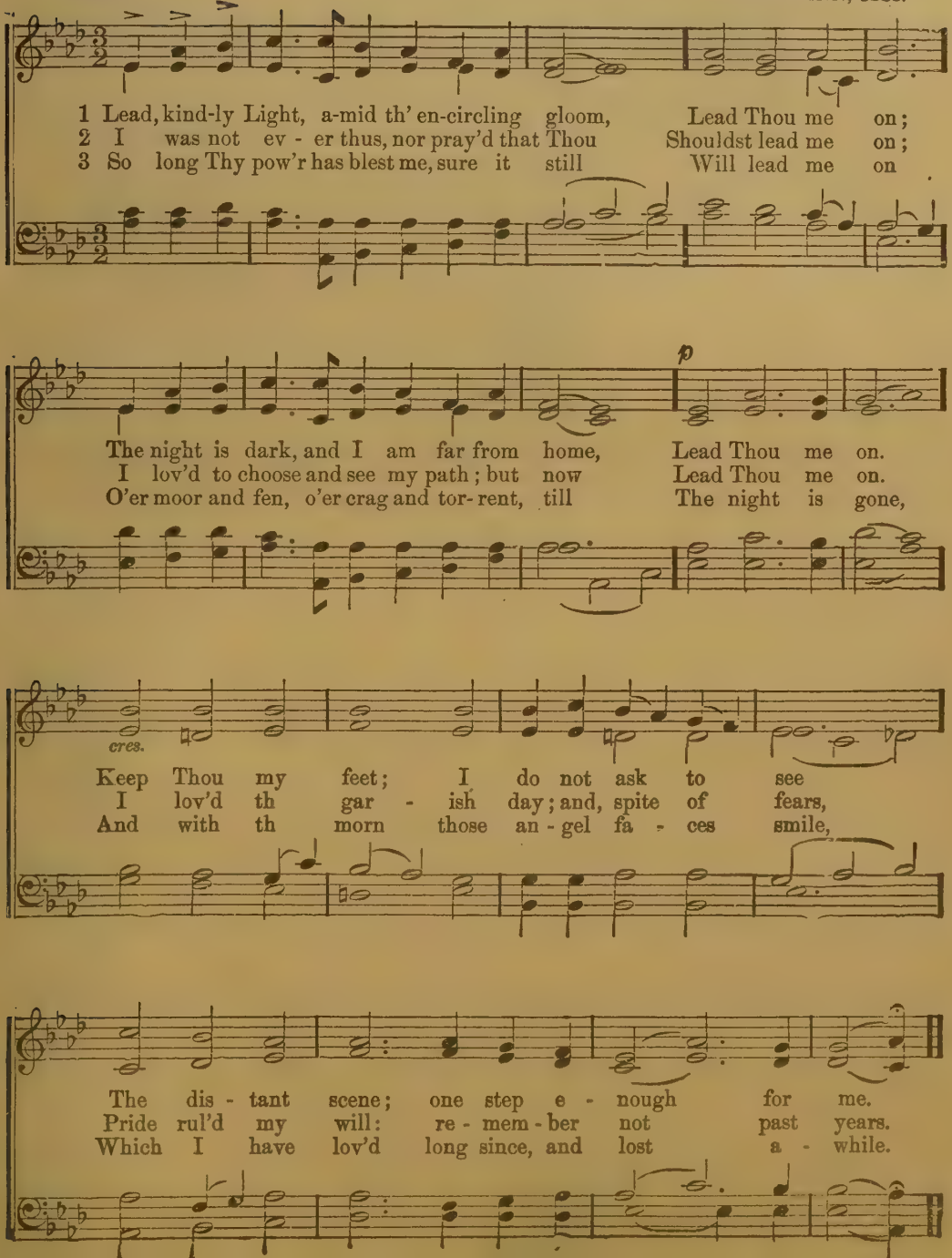
I LOVE TO TELL THE STORY.

HANKEY. FISCHER. By per.


1. I love to tell the sto - ry Of un-seen things a-bove, Of Je - sus and his
2. I love to tell the sto - ry! More wonderful it seems Than all the golden
3. I love to tell the sto - ry! 'Tis pleasant to re - peat What seems, each time I
4. I love to tell the sto - ry! For those who know it best Seem hun-ger-ing and
glo - ry, Of Je - sus and his love! I love to tell the sto - ry! Be-
fan - cies Of all our gold-en dreams. I love to tell the sto - ry! It
tell it, More won-der - ful - ly sweet. I love to tell the sto - ry! For
thirst-ing To hear it like the rest. And when, in scenes of glo - ry, I
cause I know its true; It sat - is-fies my longings as nothing else would do.
did so much for me! And that is just the rea - son I tell it now to thee.
some have nev-er heard The mes-sage of sal - va - tion From God's own Holy Word.
sing the new, new song, 'Twill be the old, old sto - ry That I have loved so long.
I love to tell the sto - ry, 'Twill be my theme in glo - ry,
To tell the old, old sto - ry, Of Je - sus and his love.

LEAD, KINDLY LIGHT.

DYKES. NEWMANN, 1833.

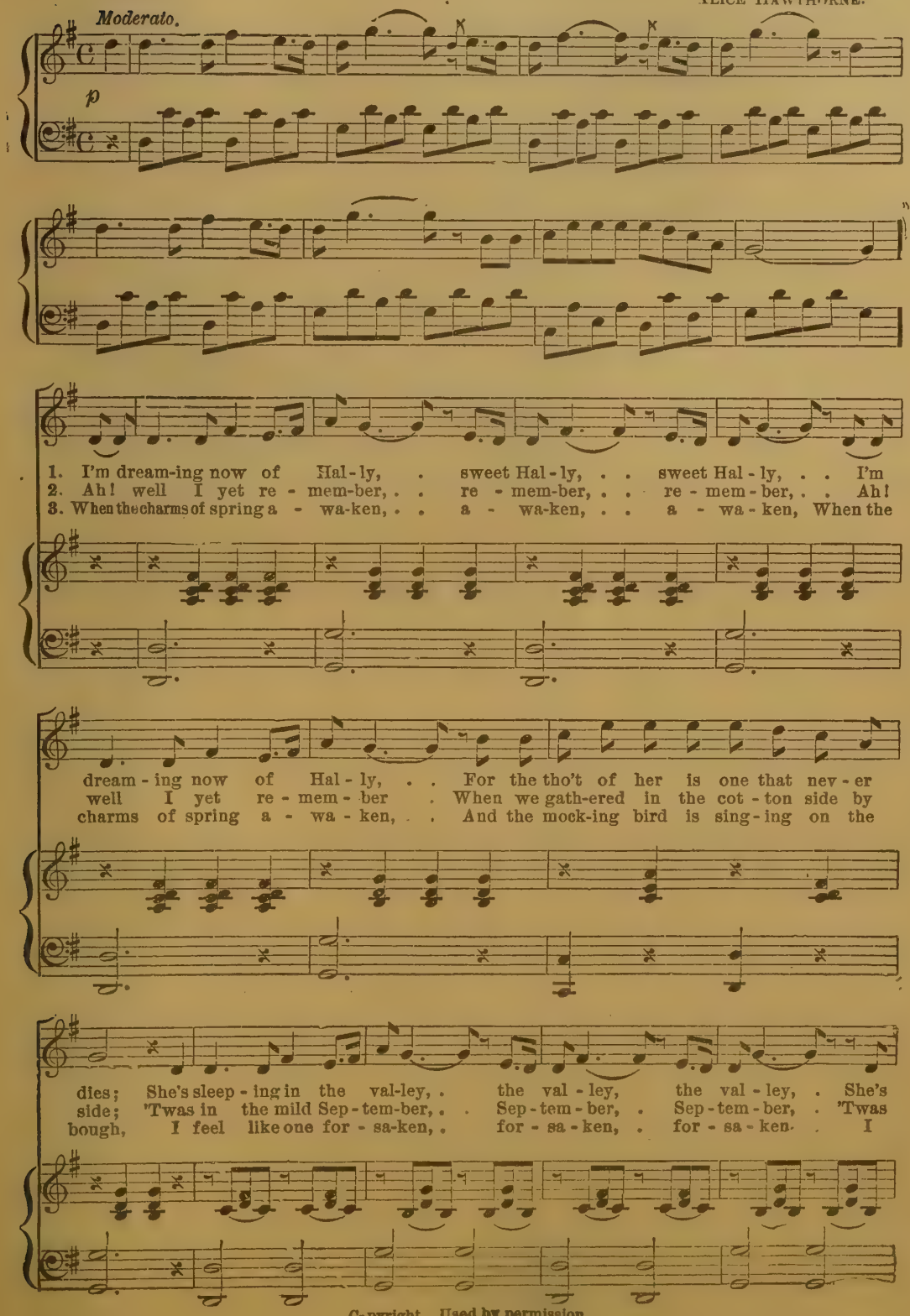

1 Lead, kind-ly Light, a-mid th' en-circling gloom, Lead Thou me on;
2 I was not ev - er thus, nor pray'd that Thou Shouldst lead me on;
3 So long Thy pow'r has blest me, sure it still Will lead me on
The night is dark, and I am far from home, Lead Thou me on.
I lov'd to choose and see my path; but now Lead Thou me on.
O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and tor- rent, till The night is gone,
p
cres.
Keep Thou my feet; I do not ask to see
I lov'd th gar - ish day; and, spite of fears,
And with th morn those an - gel fa - ces smile,
The dis - tant scene; one step e - nough for me.
Pride rul'd my will: re - mem - ber not past years.
Which I have lov'd long since, and lost a - while.

SWING LOW SWEET CHARIOT.

Swing low, sweet char - i - ot, Coming for to car - ry me home,
FINE.
Swing low, sweet char - i - ot, Coming for to car - ry me home.
1. I looked o - - ver Jor - dan, and what did I see,
2. If you get there be - - fore I do,
3. The bright - est day that ev - - er I saw,
4. I'm some - - times up and some - times down,
Coming for to car - ry me home? A band of an - gels
Coming for to car - ry me home, Tell all my friends I'm
Coming for to car - ry me home, When Je - sus wash'd my
Coming for to car - ry me home, But still my soul feels
D.C.
com - ing af - ter me, Com - ing for to car - ry me home.
com - - ing too, Com - ing for to car - ry me home.
sins a - - way, Com - ing for to car - ry me home.
heav - en - ly bound, Com - ing for to car - ry me home.

LISTEN TO THE MOCKING BIRD.

ALICE HAWTHORNE.


Moderato.
p
1. I'm dream-ing now of Hal-ly, . sweet Hal-ly, . . sweet Hal-ly, . . I'm
2. Ah! well I yet re - mem-ber, . . re - mem-ber, . . re - mem-ber, . . Ah!
3. When the charms of spring a - wa-ken, . . a - wa-ken, . . a - wa-ken, When the
dream-ing now of Hal-ly, . . For the tho't of her is one that nev-er
well I yet re-mem-ber . When we gath-ered in the cot-ton side by
charms of spring a - wa-ken, . . And the mock-ing bird is sing-ing on the
dies; She's sleep-ing in the val-ley, . the val-ley, the val-ley, . She's
side; 'Twas in the mild Sep-tem-ber, . . Sep-tem-ber, Sep-tem-ber, . 'Twas
bough, I feel like one for - sa-ken, . for - sa-ken, . for - sa-ken. . I

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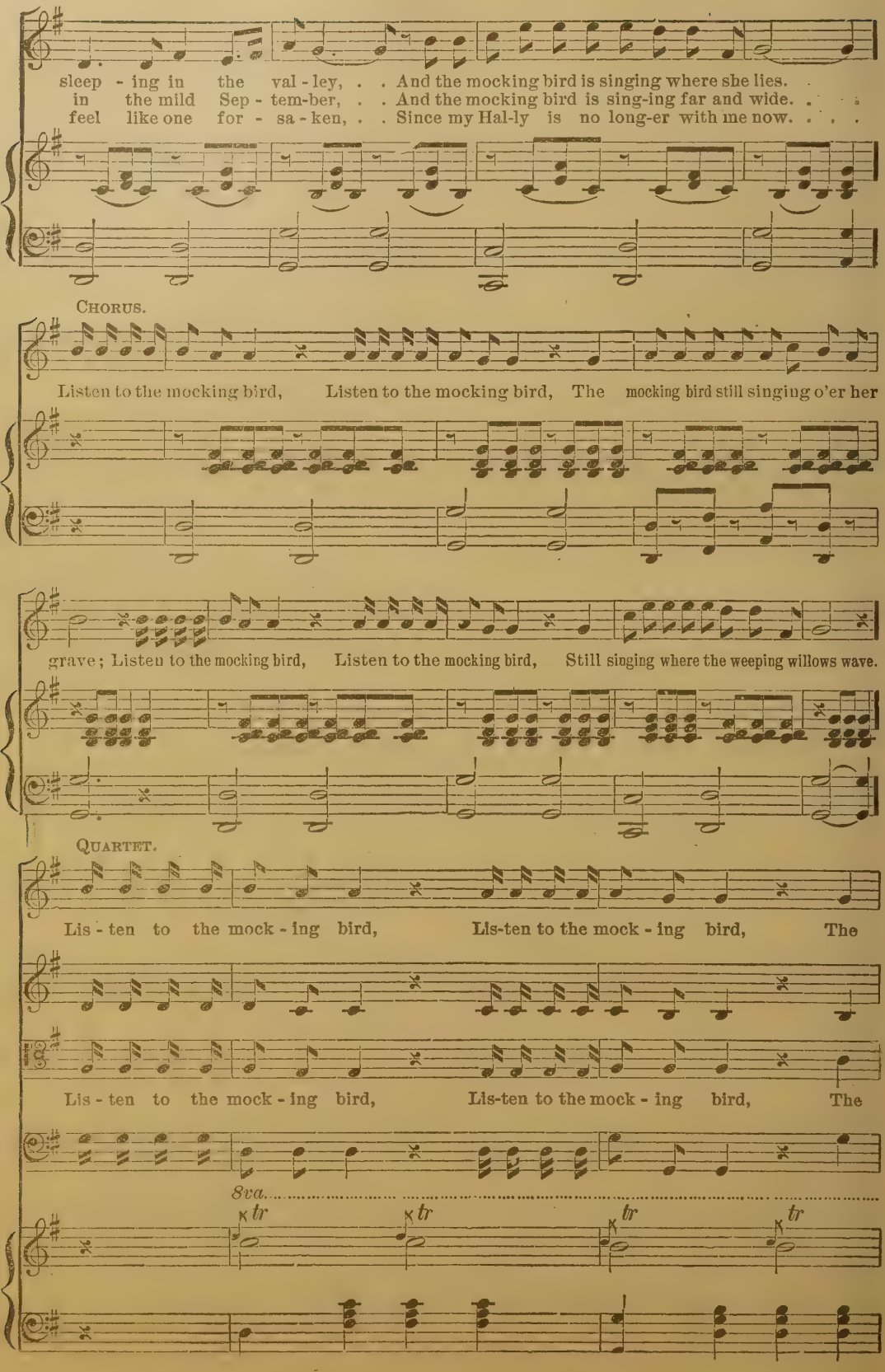
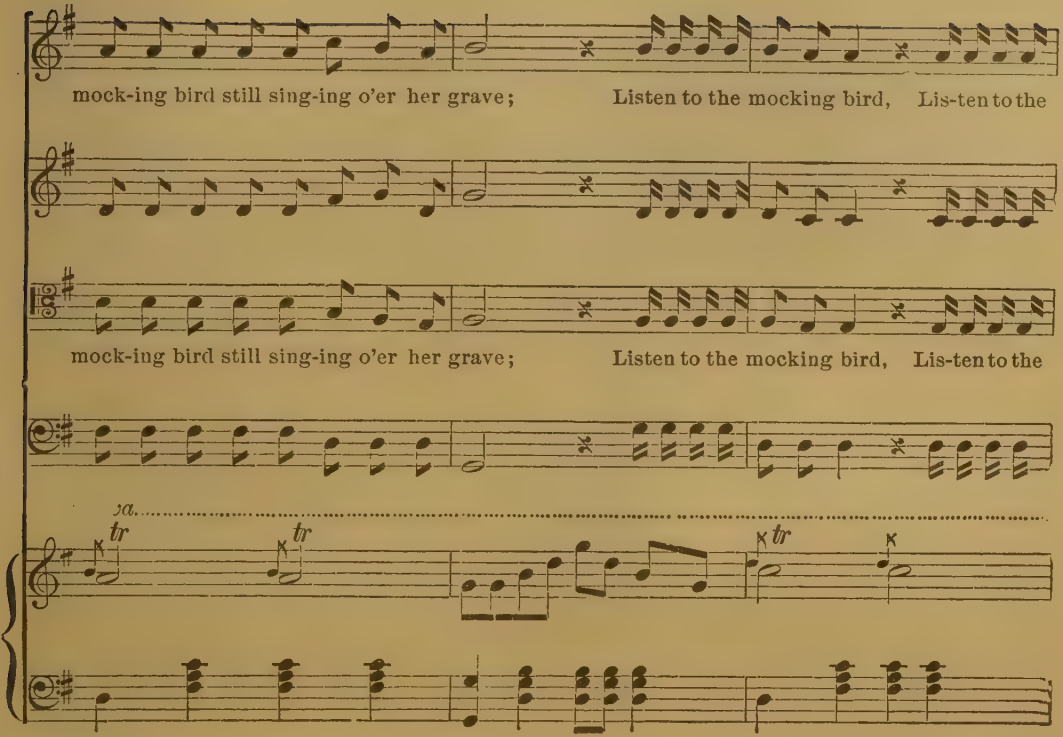
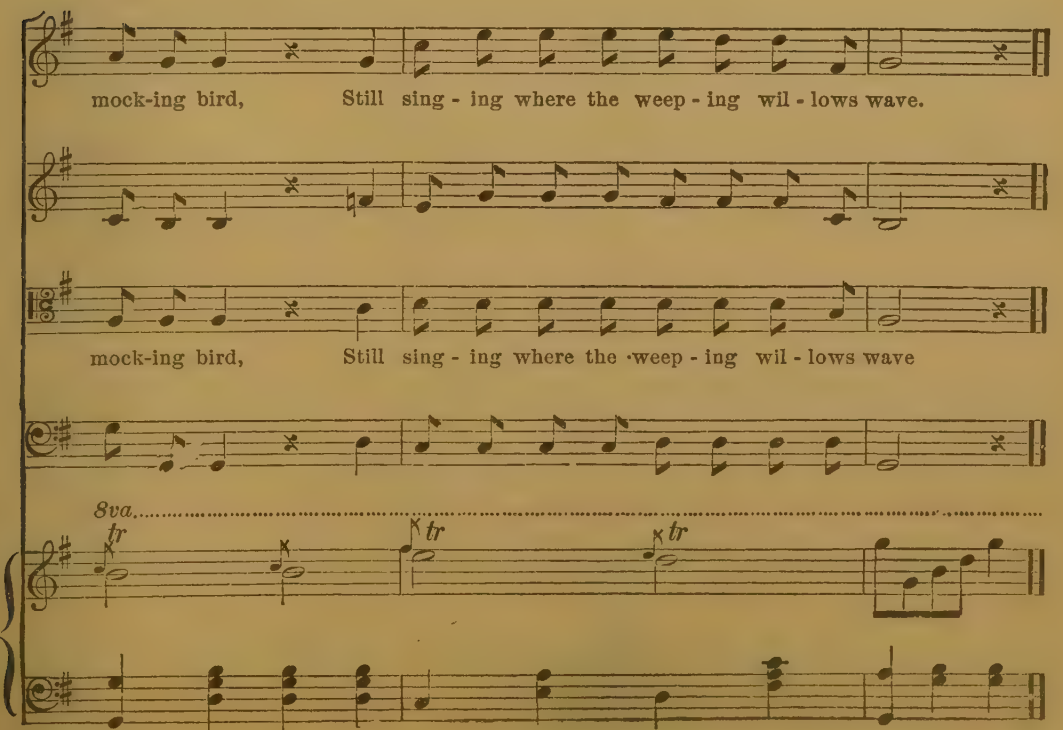

sleep - ing in the val - ley, . . And the mocking bird is singing where she lies.
in the mild Sep - tem-ber, . . And the mocking bird is sing-ing far and wide. . . .
feel like one for - sa - ken, . . Since my Hal-ly is no long-er with me now. . . .
Chorus.
Listen to the mocking bird, Listen to the mocking bird, The mocking bird still singing o'er her
grave; Listen to the mocking bird, Listen to the mocking bird, Still singing where the weeping willows wave.
Quartet.
Lis - ten to the mock - ing bird, Lis-ten to the mock - ing bird, The
Lis - ten to the mock - ing bird, Lis-ten to the mock - ing bird, The
8va.
tr
tr
tr
tr


mock-ing bird still sing-ing o'er her grave; Listen to the mocking bird, Lis-ten to the
mock-ing bird still sing-ing o'er her grave; Listen to the mocking bird, Lis-ten to the
8va.
tr
tr
tr


mock-ing bird, Still sing - ing where the weep - ing wil - lows wave.
mock-ing bird, Still sing - ing where the weep - ing wil - lows wave
8va.
tr
tr
tr

BONNIE DOON.

BURNS. MILLER.

Andante.

1. Ye banks and braes o' bonnie Doon, How can ye bloom sae fresh and fair? How
2. Oft hae I rov'd by bonnie Doon, To see the rose and woodbine twine; When

p

can ye chaunt, ye lit - tle birds, And I sae wea - ry, fu' of care? Thou'lt
il - ka bird sang o' its love, And fond-ly sae did I o' mine. Wi'

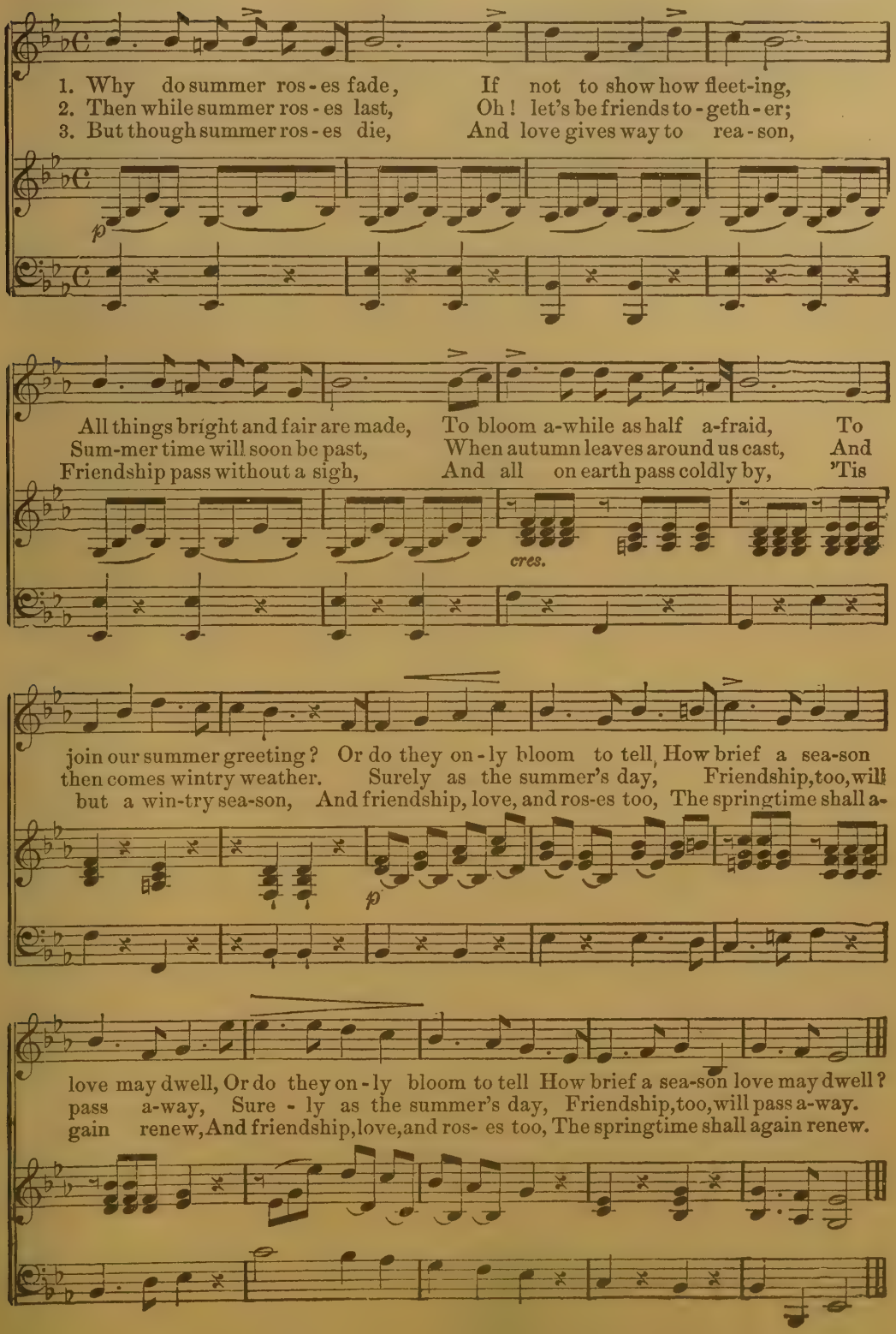
break my heart, thou warbling bird, That wantons thro' the flow'ry thorn, Thou
lightsome heart I pu'd a rose, Fu' sweet up-on its thorn - y tree; But

mf *p dolce.*

mindst me o' de - part - ed joys, De - part-ed nev - er to re- turn.
my fause lov - er stole my rose, And, ah! he left the thorn wi' me.

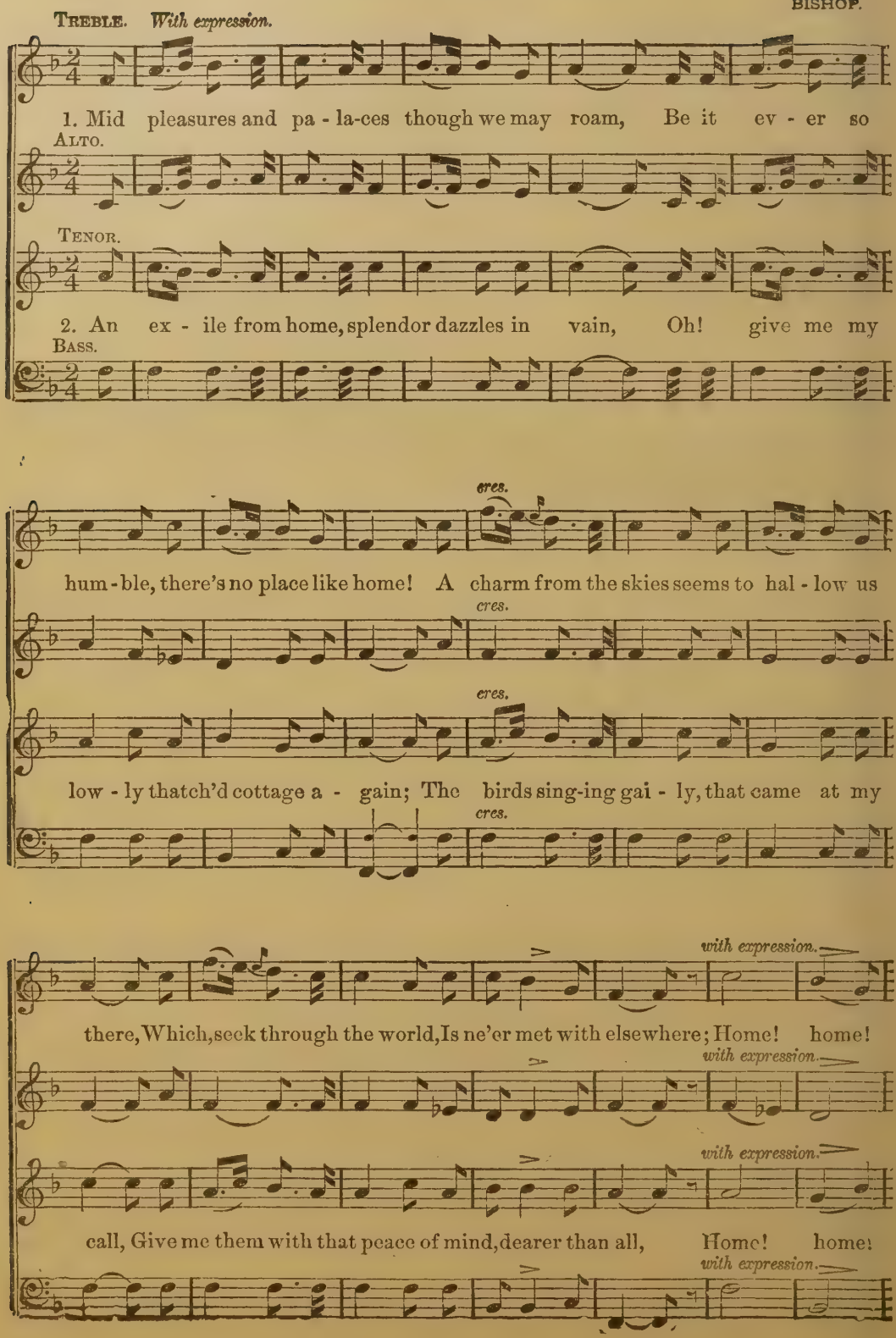
WHY DO SUMMER ROSES FADE.

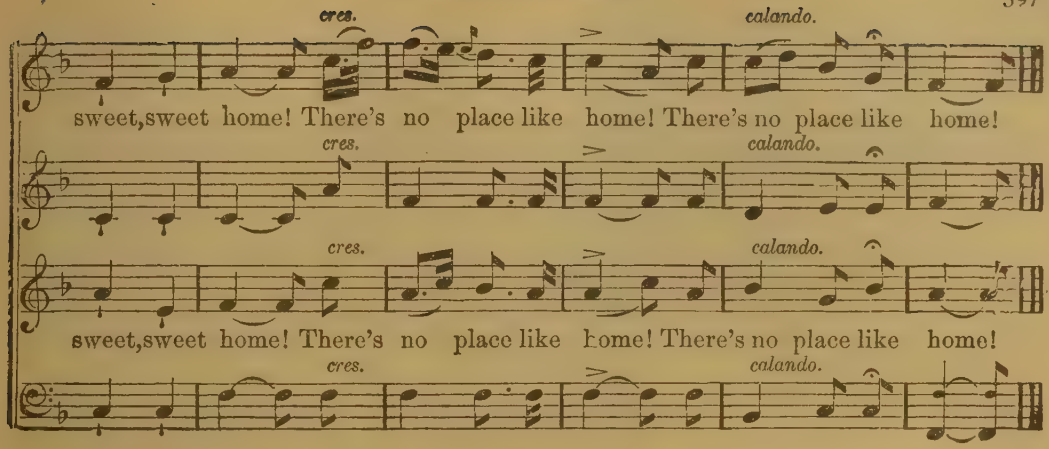
CARPENTER. BARKER.


1. Why do summer ros-es fade, If not to show how fleet-ing,
2. Then while summer ros-es last, Oh! let's be friends to-geth-er;
3. But though summer ros-es die, And love gives way to rea-son,
p
All things bright and fair are made, To bloom a-while as half a-fraid, To
Sum-mer time will soon be past, When autumn leaves around us cast, And
Friendship pass without a sigh, And all on earth pass coldly by, 'Tis
cres.
join our summer greeting? Or do they on-ly bloom to tell How brief a sea-son
then comes wintry weather. Surely as the summer's day, Friendship, too, will
but a win-try sea-son, And friendship, love, and ros-es too, The springtime shall a-
p
love may dwell, Or do they on-ly bloom to tell How brief a sea-son love may dwell?
pass a-way, Sure-ly as the summer's day, Friendship, too, will pass a-way.
gain renew, And friendship, love, and ros-es too, The springtime shall again renew.

HOME, SWEET HOME.

BISHOP.


Treble. With expression.
1. Mid pleasures and pa - la-ces though we may roam, Be it ev - er so
Alto.
Tenor.
2. An ex - ile from home, splendor dazzles in vain, Oh! give me my
Bass.
cres.
hum - ble, there's no place like home! A charm from the skies seems to hal - low us
cres.
cres.
low - ly thatch'd cottage a - gain; The birds sing-ing gai - ly, that came at my
cres.
with expression.
there, Which, seek through the world, Is ne'er met with elsewhere; Home! home!
with expression.
with expression.
call, Give me them with that peace of mind, dearer than all, Home! home!
with expression.



WAITING, ONLY WAITING.

A. L. C. PERKINS. By per.

Solo. With feeling.

1. Wait-ing, on - ly wait-ing, till the shadows long-er grow; Wait-ing, on - ly
2. Wait-ing, on - ly wait-ing, for our sor-rows to be o'er; Wait-ing, on - ly
3. Wait-ing, on - ly wait-ing, life is on - ly one long wait; Wait-ing, on - ly

wait-ing, for the sunshine to break thro'. Wait-ing, on - ly wait-ing, for God's
wait-ing, till we reach the golden shore. Wait-ing, on - ly wait-ing, for our
wait-ing, for our pleas-ure and our fate. Wait-ing, dear Lord, waiting, oh, how

mes-sage from on high; Wait-ing, on - ly wait-ing, to be summon'd to the sky.
triumphs to be through; Waiting, dear Lord, waiting: it is all that we can do.
much some have to wait! Wait-ing, oh yes, wait-ing, till per-haps it is too late.

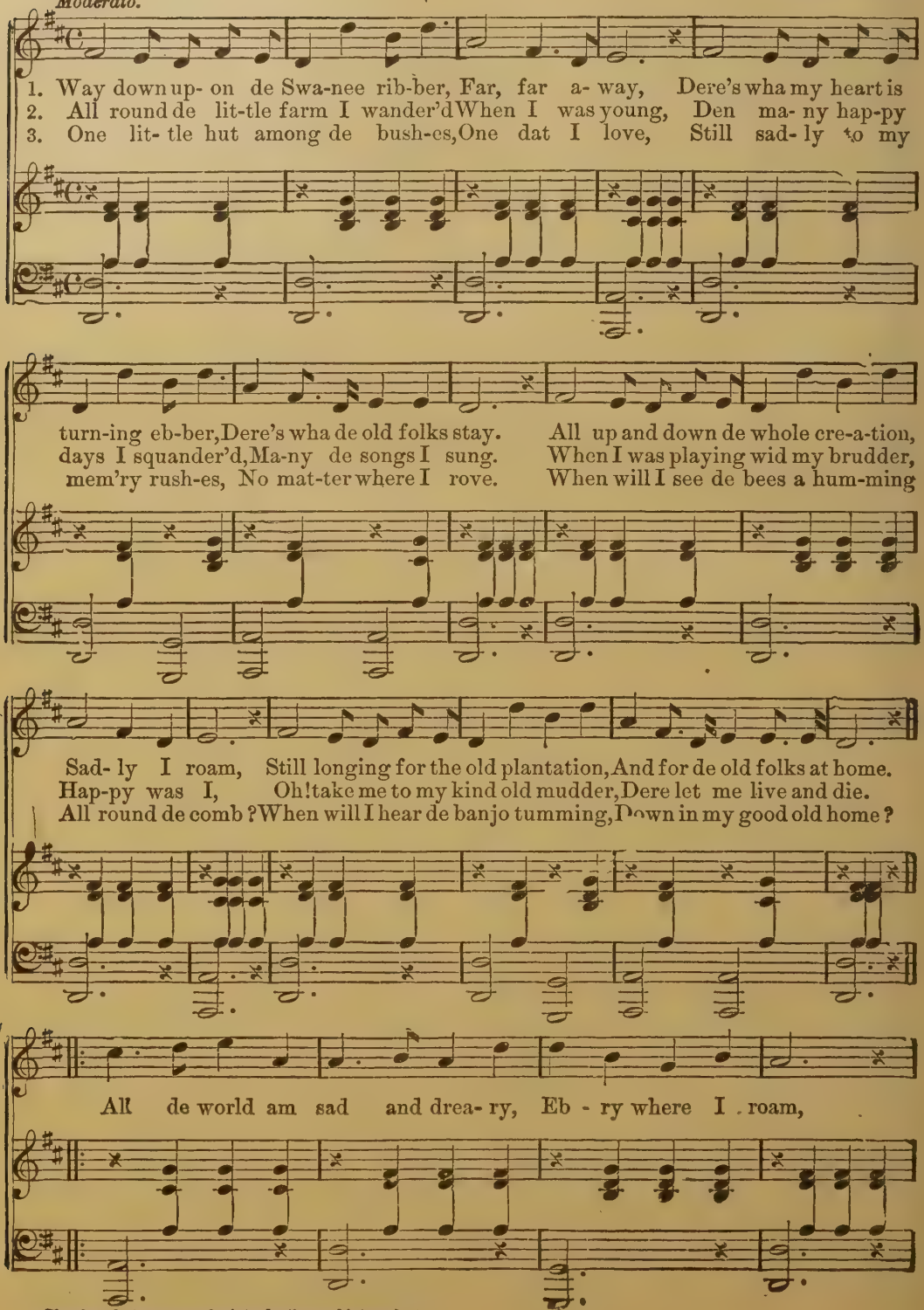
p Chorus. tempo ad lib. *pp*

Wait - ing, wait - ing, to be summon'd to the sky— Wait - ing.
Wait - ing, wait - ing: it is all that we can do— Wait - ing.
Wait - ing, wait - ing, till per-haps it is too late— Wait - ing.

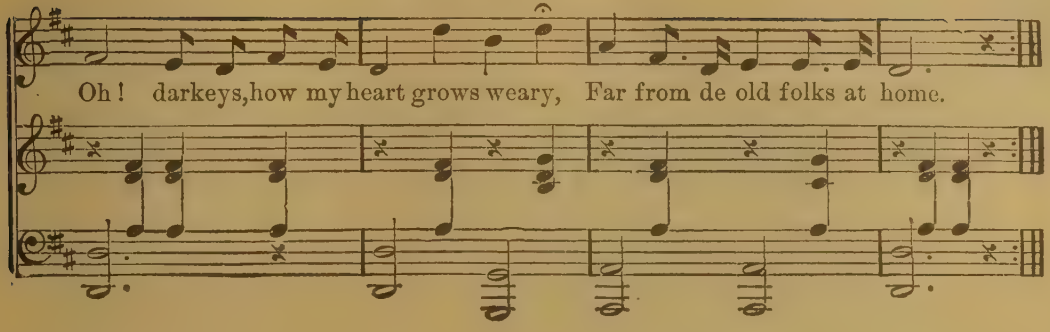
OLD FOLKS AT HOME.*

FOSTER. FOSTER. By per.

Moderato.

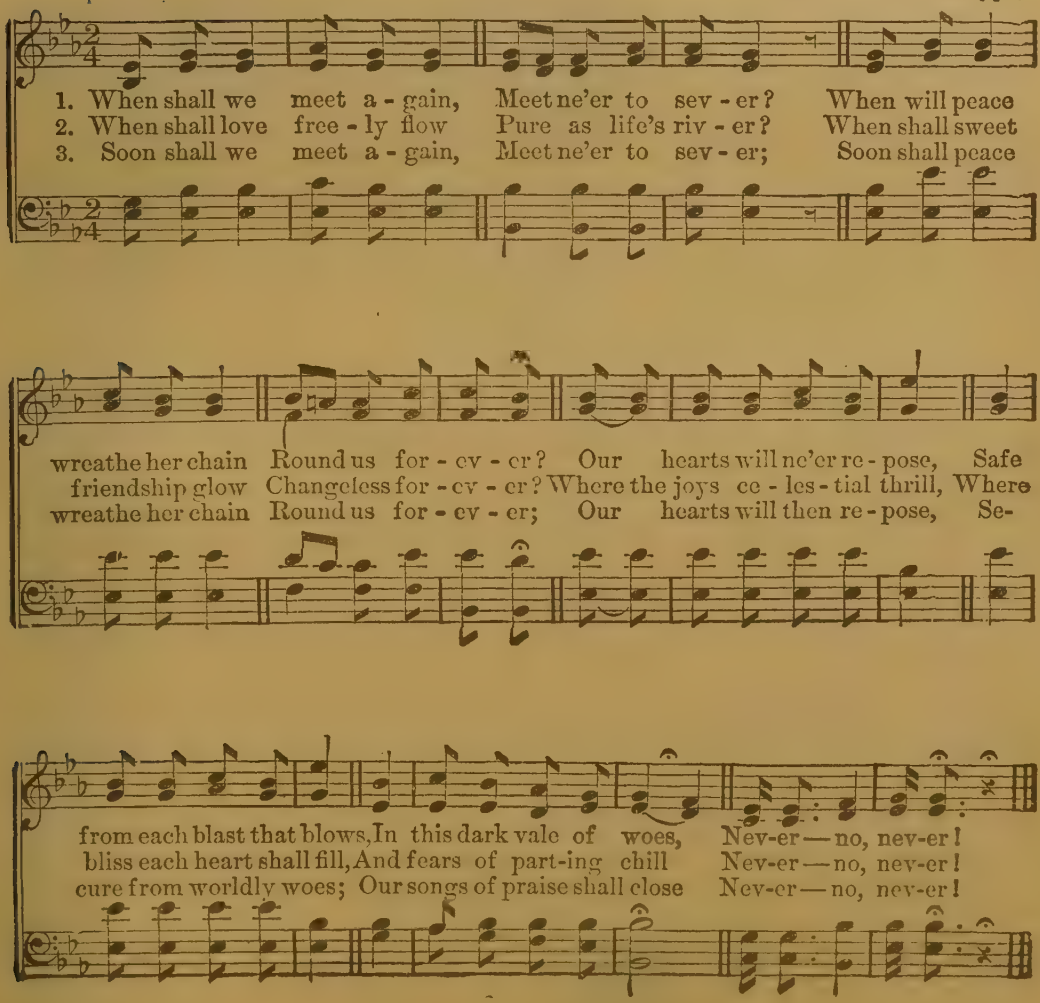

1. Way down up- on de Swa-nee rib-ber, Far, far a- way, Dere's wha my heart is
2. All round de lit-tle farm I wander'd When I was young, Den ma- ny hap-py
3. One lit- tle hut among de bush-es, One dat I love, Still sad- ly to my
turn-ing eb-ber, Dere's wha de old folks stay. All up and down de whole cre-a-tion,
days I squander'd, Ma-ny de songs I sung. When I was playing wid my brudder,
mem'ry rush-es, No mat-ter where I rove. When will I see de bees a hum-ming
Sad- ly I roam, Still longing for the old plantation, And for de old folks at home.
Hap-py was I, Oh! take me to my kind old mudder, Dere let me live and die.
All round de comb? When will I hear de banjo tumming, Down in my good old home?
All de world am sad and drea- ry, Eb - ry where I roam,

Play four first measures for introduction and interlude.



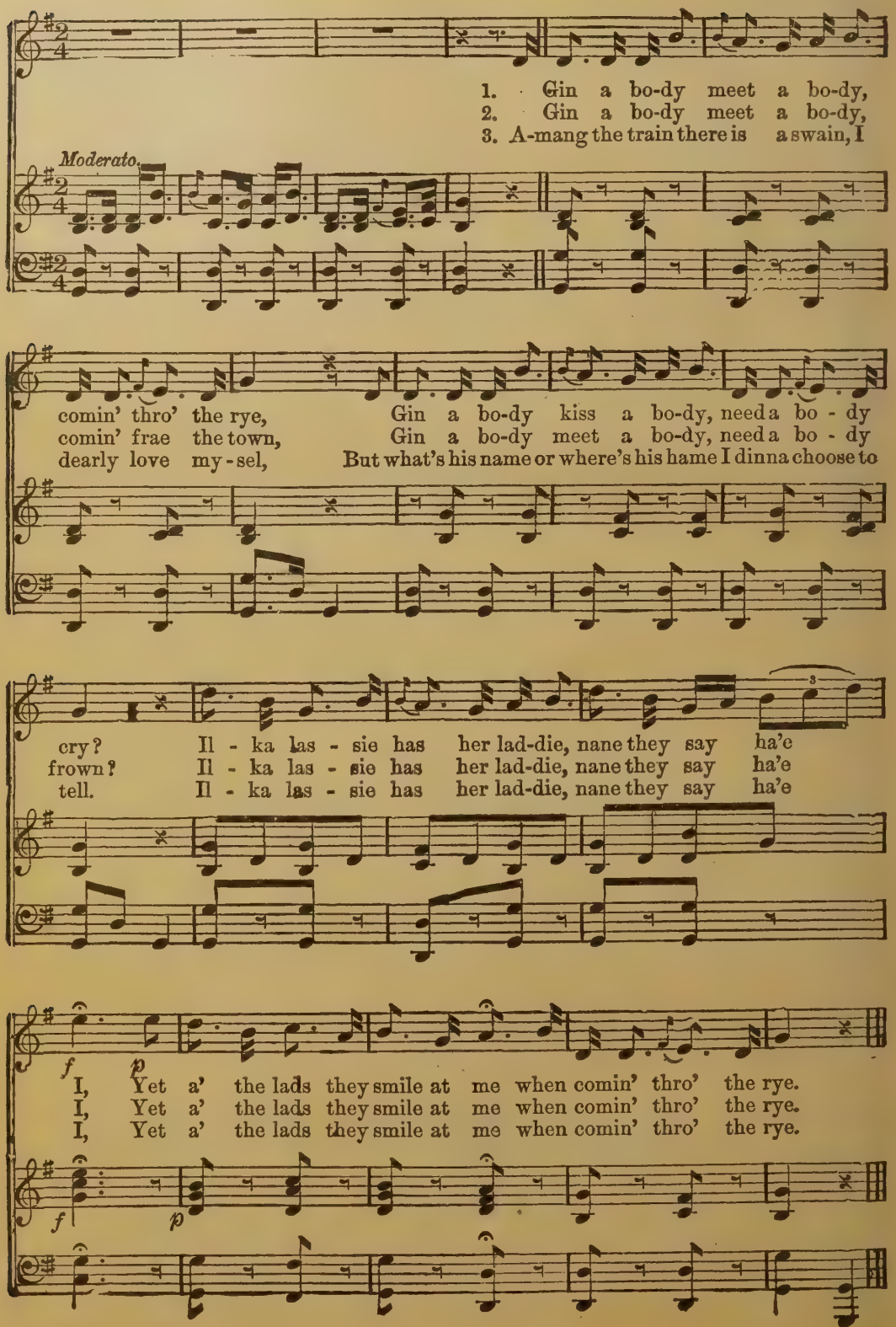
WHEN SHALL WE MEET AGAIN.

SPIRITUAL SONGS. By per.


1. When shall we meet a - gain, Meet ne'er to sev - er? When will peace
2. When shall love free - ly flow Pure as life's riv - er? When shall sweet
3. Soon shall we meet a - gain, Meet ne'er to sev - er; Soon shall peace
wreathe her chain Round us for - ev - er? Our hearts will ne'er re - pose, Safe
friendship glow Changeless for - ev - er? Where the joys ce - les - tial thrill, Where
wreathe her chain Round us for - ev - er; Our hearts will then re - pose, Se-
from each blast that blows,In this dark vale of woes, Nev-er — no, nev-er!
bliss each heart shall fill,And fears of part-ing chill Nev-er — no, nev-er!
cure from worldly woes; Our songs of praise shall close Nev-er — no, nev-er!

COMIN' THRO' THE RYE.

SCOTCH SONG.


1. Gin a bo-dy meet a bo-dy,
2. Gin a bo-dy meet a bo-dy,
3. A-mang the train there is a swain, I
Moderato.
comin' thro' the rye, Gin a bo-dy kiss a bo-dy, need a bo - dy
comin' frae the town, Gin a bo-dy meet a bo-dy, need a bo - dy
dearly love my-sel, But what's his name or where's his hame I dinna choose to
cry? Il - ka las - sie has her lad-die, nane they say ha'e
frown? Il - ka las - sie has her lad-die, nane they say ha'e
tell. Il - ka las - sie has her lad-die, nane they say ha'e
f p
I, Yet a' the lads they smile at me when comin' thro' the rye.
I, Yet a' the lads they smile at me when comin' thro' the rye.
I, Yet a' the lads they smile at me when comin' thro' the rye.
f p

HOME LIFE IN OLDEN TIMES

A glance will show the contrast of life in colonial times and at the beginning of the 20th century

STROLLING THROUGH THE FIELDS

Proper manner of escorting a lady over the fields. The gentleman should walk slightly to the rear to be ready to detect any emergency and render instant assistance. The habit of some in taking the arm is not good form, except where walking is dangerous or difficult.

BOOK V

THE HOME BOOK OF ETIQUETTE

EMBRACING

The General Principles and Rules of Good Manners, Dress, Personal Ornamentation and Deportment for all Occasions

The Art of Conversation, Consideration for the Feelings of Others, the Winning Manner, How to Avoid Incivilities, the Demeanor of the Lady and Gentleman. Apparel suited to various Occasions, Jewelry, What and When and How it should be Worn, Introductions, Salutations, Calls, Formal and Informal, and the Proprieties of the Same, Visiting, Entertaining, Host and Guest, and What is Expected of Each. Etiquette of the Street, Traveling, Driving Parties, Boating, Bicycling Parties, Etc.

Rules of Propriety for

Balls, Evening Parties, Card Parties, Dances, Weddings, Churches, Theatres and Other Public Occasions; Breakfasts, Dinners, Teas, Chaperons, Funeral Etiquette, Mourning Costumes, Etc.

A COMPLETE COMPENDIUM OF

THE WHAT, HOW, WHEN AND WHERE OF POLITE DEPORTMENT

THE HOME BOOK OF ETIQUETTE

WHAT TO DO—WHAT TO WEAR—WHAT TO SAY—WHAT TO WRITE—
THE CORRECT THING AT HOME—AT PARTIES—AT WEDDINGS
—AT ALL PUBLIC AND PRIVATE FUNCTIONS

GENERAL PRINCIPLES OF GOOD MANNERS

Good manners stand next to a good heart in adapting men and women to the community in which they live. Indeed, so far as the opinion of ordinary society rules, they go further, for however gifted by nature or education one may be, or however well-intentioned and virtuous in conduct, if he is ignorant of the customs and requirements of good society, is awkward or ungraceful in manner, careless in speech, and heedless of social demands, and even of the arbitrary dictates of fashion, he risks exposing himself to ridicule, and may be neglected or contemned, while men far below him in character and ability, but with superior knowledge of correct social deportment, may become the admired favorites of the world. In short, it may be said that success in life often depends far more on appearance and deportment than on innate character.

According to Swift, good manners are the art of making those people with whom we converse feel at ease. This is doubtless true so far as conversation is concerned. Persons of generous impulses naturally seek to render themselves agreeable to those into whose company they come, and are no more eager to gain enjoyment for themselves than to bestow pleasure upon others. The art of pleasing is, in truth, a simple one, but frequently its cultivation is too much neglected. Many persons become so solicitous for the promotion of their own pleasure as to forget that their neighbors have claims upon them. Yet every man who enters society should bear in mind that, in a sense, he ceases to be an individual, and becomes part of an association, a social organism, as it has been called; met together, not for any one's personal gratification, but for the pleasure of the whole company.

The first requisite in our intercourse with the world, and the chief in giving pleasure to our associates, is sincerity of heart, a quality which lends the same ornament to character which modesty does to manners. A second important element of social behavior is lack of self-assertion, a modesty of manner, native or acquired, which is in no sense inconsistent with firmness and dignity of character. The well-bred man feels at ease in all companies, is modest without appearing bashful, and self-possessed without an undue forwardness of manner.

The Art of Conversation.

To one who would make his way in the society of intelligent people, a well selected fund of information and anecdote is a highly important prerequisite. An enlightened understanding and a store of interesting knowledge are essential to him who would shine in conversation. None can hope to make small talk go far with people of culture, and all who wish to win credit in social circles will need something deeper and more enduring than chat on passing trifles and local events.

The faculty of communicating thought is, in a great measure, peculiar to man, and the pleasure which he derives from the interchange of ideas is one of his leading elements of enjoyment. There is nothing more agreeable to most persons than pleasant, sprightly, fluent conversation, spiced with anecdote, and seasoned with the results of good reading, and we are all happily constituted to take delight in the mutual interchange of thoughts.

The best rule of conversation undoubtedly is, to "adapt yourself to your company." Thus commercial men enjoy conversation on subjects having some relation to affairs of business; men of pleasure, whose thoughts are given only to entertainment, prefer light talk on pastimes or social events; and professional men love to dwell on new books, the discoveries of scientists, the latest doings in the arts, and similar learned subjects.

Attention to these suggestions will be of use in helping men of learning and men of pleasure alike to derive mutual advantage from their different qualifications, and we need but say further that those who wish to please should be well informed on subjects of most general interest, whether this interest be of temporary or permanent character. An accurate and extensive knowledge on learned subjects is far from being sufficient for conversational needs, and may lead to prosy and wearisome talk in the opinion of less erudite people; one must also have a ready knowledge of the common occurrences of life, and of important events which are arising day after day, must know something of the fine art of chatting, and how to spice heavy subjects with anecdote and illustration. The art of conversation is a difficult one to acquire, and fine conversers must be born with a native faculty in that direction.

Avoid Heated Argument.

Speech is so vital an element of social intercourse that too much attention cannot be given to its requisites, or too much study to its cultivation.

In conversation it is of high importance to avoid heated argument. Difference of opinion is likely to arise very frequently, but one should always express his views calmly and gently, and avoid all eager or loud assertion. It is not so important that you should force your auditors to accept your special views. If your antagonist begins to grow warm, you should at once put an end to the argument by a quiet turning of the conversation. Disputes severely try the temper of many men, and are likely to end in the mortification of one disputant, generally with no advantage to the victor. They should, therefore, be avoided.

Yet no one is called upon, for the sake of avoiding argument, to give a general assent to all that is said in company. Assent without conviction indicates a mean and subservient spirit, and may tend to confirm others in wrong opinions. Yet it is wise to oppose calmly and correct with gentleness, and, while showing that you have a mind of your own, to show that you respect the opinions of your companions.

Consider the Feelings of Others.

Do not speak in a loud voice or assume a dictatorial tone, and if a statement is made which you know to be incorrect, be careful of the manner in which you correct the speaker. Suggest a correction, rather than make it; and if the matter is unimportant it is far better to let it pass unnoticed. There is nothing more unwise than to insist on trifles. Those who go abroad to correct the world's mistakes are apt to find themselves very frequently in hot water. If addressed in an offensive tone, it is the part of wisdom not to notice it; an intention even to insult or annoy can safely be passed over for the time being. One should consider the feelings of the other persons present, and not annoy them with personal affairs of a disagreeable character, nor permit others to force him into a quarrel in company. There is, of course, a limit of insult which a self-respecting man can not let pass; but to bear and forbear is the part of good manners. Quarrels can be left to bide their time, and there is no better way of repelling an inuendo than by ignoring it or treating it as unworthy of notice. Such a thing as a "scene" in society is, above all things, to be avoided. It is the insulter who loses social caste, not the insulted.

Care in the Use of Witticisms.

If you have wit, or fancy you have, which is oftener the case, it is well to use it with caution and judgment, and particularly to avoid seeking butts for your wit among your associates. Wit is a quality which all admire, yet which most fear, and which no one enjoys being made the victim of. If used in a satirical manner it is often malignant in character, and any man possessed of this cutting weapon may find much better occasions for its use than against the self-love or the foibles of his acquaintances. A wise man, indeed, will live as much within his wit as within his income, and it is far better to be content with good sense and reason, which can never hurt, than with this shining but cutting plaything of wit. However you may be admired for your sharpness of repartee, it is still true that respect and affection can be won only by good sense and amiable consideration of the feelings of others.

There is a species of minor wit, that known as raillery, which is much used, and much abused. It is a dangerous and mischievous weapon in unskilful hands, and had better be left entirely alone. In truth, the injustice of a bad man is often more quickly forgiven than the insults of a witty one. The former injures us in property; the latter hurts us in soul, mortifying that secret pride which we all possess. Raillery, indeed, is not always offensive; it may even be used to flatter, as when we accuse one of faults which they are notoriously free from. But this sort of raillery needs a skilled hand to manage, and had better be left quite alone if it cannot be handled judiciously.

All can be Agreeable.

It is not given to every man to be a brilliant talker, or to express himself in writing with elegance or force. Both of these are gifts of the few, not possessions of the many. There is, however, no reason why any person who goes into society should be ignorant of the rules of polite intercourse, or fail to master all the customary forms of address.

It is almost useless to repeat that your conversation should be adapted to your company, for that is a golden rule which one should know almost by intuition. In mixed groups one should sedulously avoid all such mooted points as politics and religion, and every topic likely to excite argument or lead to heated discussion.

You cannot be too careful in avoiding, in mixed assemblages, subjects which may prove to point directly to some persons present. For instance, do not speak of the laxity of the divorce laws when Mr. M. or Mrs. N. may, unknown to you, have passed through the divorce court. And do not express yourself strongly against second marriages, when there may, perhaps, be one or two examples among your listeners If a sudden silence, with perhaps a conscious look, follows your words, you had better change the subject as quickly as possible, and be glad that you have escaped from a hornets' nest without a sting.

Avoid Referring to Your Own Exploits.

Talk of yourself and your own affairs as little as possible, and bear in mind that to drag into a general conversation the names of distinguished persons to whom you may be related, or who may be numbered among your friends, is more apt to excite contempt than to yield admiration. To speak of your own exploits, or give examples of your special prowess and sagacity, without request of the company, is always in bad taste, and is more likely to gain you credit for self-conceit than for the qualities boasted of. Leave matters of this kind for people to find out and you will gain more credit.

Above all, avoid any effort to monopolize the conversation. It is presumptuous and offensive in any person to imagine that his or her words alone are of interest, and impolite to rob others of the opportunity to speak. This is a common fault in fluent talkers, who are, besides, often so interested in what they wish to say as to be plainly inattentive to what others are saying.

Personal allusions or flattering remarks are often in very bad taste. Words spoken in jest may be taken in earnest, and should be guarded against unless you are with intimate friends, who will not be likely to put a false construction on your words. If you intend a jest, you are wasting your effort if your point cannot be seen.

Puns and slang terms should, as a rule, be avoided. They at times fit in neatly, but a habit of indulging in them is a bad one. It must be remembered that there is a slang of the mansion as well as of the hovel, of the drawing-room as of the street. The technical terms of professions or trades have occasionally the effect of slang in general society, and simple, plain language should always be used in preference. It is not always advisable to bring the phrases of the office or the factory into social circles.

Express yourself simply and clearly. Avoid all attempts at elegance or pomposity. Use the easiest and plainest language you can, and stop speaking when you have said what you desired. "Brevity is the soul of wit," therefore "speak little, but speak well, if you would be thought a person of good sense."

Other Rules Worth Observing.

Should a person enter the room in which you are conversing, and the conversation be continued after his arrival, it is only courteous to acquaint him with the nature of the subject to which it relates, and to give him an idea of what has passed.

Be cautious in relating anecdotes. Unless you can tell a story with ease and effect, it is better not to attempt it, and, above all, do not mimic the peculiarities, infirmities, or short-comings of others in general society. You may give offense to some one present who is a friend of the person caricatured, and in any case such a proceeding is not commendable.

Do not speak of what passes in a house that you are visiting. To do so may often give great offence.

You need not tell all the truth unless to those who have a right to know it all. But let all you tell be the truth.

Do not offer advice unless you know it will be followed, and carefully beware how you advise an angry or an opinionated person. As a rule, advice not asked is not welcomed.

Be cautious as to asking questions. The reply may be very embarrassing to the person of whom the question is asked.

Do not volunteer information, especially in public; but be very sure you are correct in what you state as facts.

Do not sit dumb in company, but bear your share in the general conversation. Do this with modesty and self-possession, neither thrusting yourself forward, nor hesitating where you should speak. It is better to be a good listener than a good talker, yet it is a duty to take your part in entertaining.

It is not necessary to express your opinions upon all subjects; but if you give utterance to them, do so fearlessly, frankly, and with courteous regard for the opinions of others. The greater your learning, the more modest should be your manner of expressing it.

A Winning Manner.

Another important element of social deportment is a graceful and easy bearing, and that softness and amiability of manner which is so engaging in our intercourse with the world. Such a manner is more easily felt than described. It is a compound of several elements of character and conduct; not a servility of demeanor, but an affability and courtesy in speech and expression; and this, whether or not you agree with the person or persons with whom you are conversing.

This should be particularly considered when we are obliged to refuse a favor asked of us, or to say what cannot be very agreeable to the person to whom we say it. If we have a bitter pill to administer, we should at least seek to sweeten it with courtesy and kindness. Yet this softness of manner will sink into a mean and timid complaisance, or insincere affectation, if not supported by firmness and dignity of character; and one should, while cultivating courtesy, be careful to avoid insincerity or fear of truthful expression. To be winning at the expense of truth and honesty is to convert a virtue into a fault.

Genuine easy manners result from a constant attention to the relation of persons and things, times and places. When we converse with one much superior to us in station or in the world's appreciation, we should seek to be as easy and unembarressed as with our equals, avoiding sedulously any show of servility or flattery, yet indicating in word, look and action, the greatest respect. In the society of our equals greater ease and liberty are allowable; but they, too,

have their proper limitations. There is a social respect in every case necessary, and though our language may have a greater degree of latitude among friends and equals, its freedom should never be unbounded. It is always safer to say too little than too much.

An engaging ease of carriage and behavior widely differs from negligence and inattention, and by no means implies that one is justified in consulting only his own pleasure in society; it only means that he should not be formal or embarrassed, disconcerted or diffident. It need only be said that the thing it is correct to do should be done with ease and ability; the improper thing should not be done at all.

In mixed companies different ages and sexes should be differently addressed. Although it is our duty to be respectful to all; old age particularly requires to be treated with a degree of deference and regard. It is a good general rule to accustom ourselves to have a kindly feeling towards every thing connected with our fellows, and when this is the case, we shall seldom err in the application. The inward feeling will appear in the outward conduct.

Principles of Politeness.

Another important point in decorum is, not to force upon others our own present humor or passing sentiment, but to observe and adopt theirs. If for the moment we are impressed with some strong feeling or in a humor out of tone with that of the company, we should either restrain ourselves, keep silent, or confine our conversation to those who are most likely to be in sympathy with our frame of mind. Peremptoriness and conceit, especially in young people, is contrary to good breeding: they should seldom seem to dissent, and always use some softening mitigating expression.

There is a decorum also with regard to people of the lowest degree; a gentleman observes it with his coachman, and even indeed with the beggar in the street. He considers them as objects of compassion, not of insult; he speaks to neither in a harsh tone, but corrects the one gently, and refuses the other with humanity.

Politeness is one of those social virtues which we never estimate rightly but from the inconvenience of its loss. Though perhaps not distinctly perceived when present, its absence is strongly indicated. The difference between a polite person and one who is impolite is very marked, yet those who do not possess good breeding rarely understand its importance and worth. But as sickness shows us the value of health, so a little familiarity with those who do not trouble themselves to contribute to the gratification of others, but regulate their behavior merely by their own will, will soon make evident the necessity of established modes and formalities to the happiness and quiet of common life.

Wisdom and virtue are by no means sufficient, without the supplemental laws of good breeding, to secure freedom of manners from degenerating into rudeness, or prevent self-esteem from developing into insolence. Incivility and neglect of proper social observances do not necessarily yield remorse of conscience or reproach from reason in those who have not been taught to consider the feelings of others as well as their own. Yet genuine politeness always gives ease and pleasure, while its opposite is likely to impart pain or disgust. The power of pleasing must in great part be conferred by nature, though in a considerable measure it may be cultivated. But though it be the privilege of the few to charm and shine in society, yet all may hope, by the cultivation of good breeding and polite manners, to make themselves agreeable to their associates, though they should have no claim to higher distinction.

The axiom from which flows all the formalities of cultivated society is: "Let no man give preference to himself." This is a comprehensive rule, and it is difficult to imagine an incivility unless it is in some measure broken.

Good Breeding.

Yet there are everywhere particular ceremonial requisites of good breeding, often of local application, which, being arbitrary or accidental, can be learned only by residence and observation. Among these are forms of salutation, gradations of reverence, and various rules of place and precedence. Yet these may be violated without giving offence

by one who is evidently a stranger to them, and when it is apparent that neither malice nor pride had a share in their non-observance. And however rigidly these and other rules of behavior be observed, they can never condone insolence or selfishness. True courtesy is that which flows from the heart, not that which is worn only on the surface.

Real good breeding is not always to be found among those who spend their time in visiting, in frequenting public entertainments, in studying ceremonial rules, and in keeping in pace with the changes of fashionable regulations. Such people may know what fashion demands in acts of deportment and ceremony, but they too often confine themselves to the exterior and unessential elements of civility, and are much too apt to consider their own gratification as of more value than the pleasure of others.

The most certain way to give any man pleasure is to persuade him that you receive pleasure from him, to encourage him to freedom and confidence, and to avoid any such appearance of superiority as may overbear and depress him. We see many who, by this art alone, spend their days in the midst of caresses, invitations, and civilities; and, without any extraordinary qualities or attainments, are the universal favorites of both sexes.

In assemblies and places of public resort it is frequently observed that at the entrance of some particular person every face brightens with gladness, and every hand is extended in salutation. Yet, often, if you follow this favorite beyond the first exchange of civilities, you will find him of only ordinary abilities, and welcome to the company simply as one by whom all conceive themselves to be admired, and with whom any one is at liberty to amuse himself when he can find no other auditor or companion. He can place all at ease if he will hear a jest without criticism, and a narrative without contradiction, laugh at every wit, and yield to every disputer.

All are at some hour or another fond of companions whom they can entertain upon easy terms, and who will relieve them from solitude, without requiring them to guard their speech with vigilance and caution. We are most inclined to love when we have nothing to fear, and he that encourages us to please ourselves, will not be long without preference in our affection to those whose learning holds us at a distance, or whose wit calls all attention from us, and leaves us without importance and without regard. All men dislike to be placed in such unpleasant contrast, even though they cannot but admire the abilities which they are incapable of rivalling or even unable to imitate.

The Demeanor of a Lady.

An agreeable, modest, and dignified bearing is not only one of the most desirable requisites of a young woman, but her best warrant to claim the title of lady. Whatever may be the transient demand of fashion, whatever the passing rule of custom, that which is amiable, graceful and true in taste will always please the majority of mankind. A young lady, if she have any true claim to the title, should not require to have allowances made for her. If properly trained, and blessed with a just conception of social requisites, her address will be gentle and polite, her manner courteous, and she will need but an opportunity for observation to gain those minor graces and habits which the local customs of society may demand. The general rules of social observance are world-wide in their application, and familiarity with them flows almost inevitably from good sense and a good disposition.

On being introduced to a stranger, there is no insincerity in the display of a degree of pleasure. The well-trained girl will acknowledge the introduction to an elder person with a respectful bow and a deferential manner. To one of her own age she will strive to make herself agreeable even if not particularly attracted towards the person introduced. It is the excess of impoliteness to let it be seen that she does not care for her new acquaintance, to look over her dress at once, as if taking an inventory of it, to wear a supercilious manner, or to appear hurried, as if anxious to get away at the first break in the conversation. Politeness demands that she should show a degree of pleasure in the introduction, and courtesy,

that she should avoid any action likely to give pain or offence.

Incivilities to be Avoided.

Such suggestions are hardly necessary. The instinct of a true lady will teach her to observe these basic rules of courtesy. Yet there is a heedlessness in many of the young, and an unacknowledged selfishness, which often lead to incivilities of which they are themselves unaware.

In conversation volubility is to be avoided. The words should be gently spoken, and the voice loud enough to be heard easily, but still with a degree of repression, an undertone below the full powers of the voice. Affectation especially should be avoided. It was once in fashion, but was always strained and unnatural, and, fortunately, has long ceased to be the mode. Like many peculiarities of bygone times, one meets with it now only in vulgar society. The well-bred sedulously avoid affected tricks of speech.

The manner of using the eyes also calls for regulation. The open stare and the shy withdrawal of the eyes are alike to be avoided. They should be raised quietly and with interest to those of the speaker, and only withdrawn when his remarks are concluded. This, of course, is not necessary if he is speaking to a number, but even then the eyes should not indicate inattention, and should be more or less steadily fixed on the speaker's face.

There is, in addition, a certain dignity of demeanor necessary to make even the most superior persons respected. This dignity cannot readily be taught; it can hardly be assumed; it must flow in great measure from intrinsic qualities, though even the finest natural powers may lose their influence through carelessness, and may be enhanced by attention and training. This dignity is distinct from pretension, which yields disgust rather than respect. A true lady will be equal to every occasion, and at home in all grades of society. Her politeness, her equanimity, her presence of mind, should be in evidence alike in the court and in the cottage.

Private vexations should never be allowed to affect a lady's manners, either at home or elsewhere. If not in condition for society, she should refrain from entering it, remembering that every one is expected and should hold herself bound to add something to the general sum of enjoyment. The self-control required in good society is often beneficial alike to the temper and the spirits.

Many a plain woman has won and kept the affection of others merely by being always gentle and womanly in manner. To gain an empire over the affections there must be somewhat of sentiment or sympathy in the nature of a woman. The loud, boastful, positive young lady will never be remembered with a soft interest, unless there be, perchance, some gentle strain in her that redeems her from her assumed hardness.

Flirtation.

With regard to flirtation, it is difficult to draw a limit where the predilection of the moment softens into a more tender and serious feeling, and flirtation sobers into an earnest form of devoted attention.

We all dread for our daughters hasty and questionable attachments; but it must not be supposed that long-practiced flirtations are without their evil effects on the character and manners. They excite and amuse, but they also exhaust the spirit. They expose women to censure and misconstruction, and tend to destroy the charm of manners and the simplicity of the heart. The coquette should remember that, with every successive flirtation, one charm after another disappears, like the petals from a fading rose, until all the deliciousness of a fresh and pure character is lost. On all these points a woman should take a high tone in the beginning of her life. She will learn, as time goes on, how far she may consistently lower it into an easier and more familiar tone of social intercourse.

The bearing of married women should so far differ from that of the unmarried that there should be greater quietness and dignity; a more close adherence to forms; and an abandonment of the admiration which has been received before marriage. All flirtation, however it may be countenanced by the existing custom of society, should be decisively put aside. There is,

however, no reason that conversation should be less lively, or society less agreeable.

If a young married woman wishes to be respected, and therefore happy in life, there should be a quiet propriety of manner, a dignity towards the male sex, which cannot be mistaken in her for prudery, since it is consistent with her position and her ties. She should change her tone, if that has been unrefined; she should not put herself on a level with young unmarried women of her own age, but should influence and even lead her youthful acquaintance into that style of behavior which is much esteemed by men of good taste.

Demeanor of a Gentleman.

One must be a gentleman before he can act the gentleman. To put on a semblance of what we do not possess is simply to expose ourselves to the world, which will not be slow in discovering the false show, and ridiculing or despising the hypocrisy. May good breeding be acquired as an art? Yes, in a measure, so far as dress, ceremonial deportment, and outward display of gentility go. One may ape the gentleman, even while not being the gentleman. Yet there is a something beyond this, visible in every word and tone, which makes the true gentleman, and to gain which one must train his heart as well as his manners.

In the well-chosen words of Ruskin: "A gentleman's first characteristic is that fineness of structure in the body which renders it capable of the most delicate sensation, and of that structure in the mind which renders it capable of the most delicate sympathies—one may say, simply, 'fineness of nature.' This is, of course, compatible with heroic bodily strength and mental firmness; in fact, heroic strength is not conceivable without such delicacy. Elephantine strength may drive its way through a forest, and feel no touch of the boughs; but the white skin of Homer's Atrides would have felt a bent rose-leaf, yet subdue its feelings in glow of battle, and behave itself like iron. I do not mean to call an elephant a vulgar animal; but if you think about him carefully, you will find that his non-vulgarity consists in such gentleness as is possible to elephantine nature; not in his insensitive hide, nor in his clumsy foot, but in the way he will lift his foot if a child lies in his path; and in his sensitive trunk, and still more sensitive mind, and capability of pique on points of honor. Hence it will follow, that one of the probable signs of high breeding in men generally will be their kindness and mercifulness; these always indicating more or less firmness of make in the mind."

What Constitutes Gentlemanly Manners.

The manners of a gentleman are the index of his soul. His speech is innocent, because it springs from a pure spirit. His thoughts are direct, because they are the exponents of upright actions. His bearing is gentle because it arises from gentle impulses and kindliness of heart. Pretentious manners are alien to the nature of the true gentleman. He avoids instead of exacting homage. Ceremonies do not attract him. He is as ready to do kindly acts as to say civil things. He regulates his hospitality by his means, but graces it with heartiness and sincerity of welcome. He chooses his friends for qualities akin to his own, his servants for truthfulness and honesty, his occupations for their elevating tendency or their power of giving aid or enjoyment to others. In a word, a good heart is at the bottom of all his acts, and a kindly spirit is the fountain from which all his thoughts arise. In this consideration it will not be amiss to quote from Ward McAllister the following apposite passage: "The value of a pleasant manner it is impossible to estimate. It is like sunshine, it gladdens; you feel it, and are at once attracted to the person without knowing why. When you entertain, do it in an easy, natural way, as if it was an every-day occurrence, not the event of your life; but do it well. Learn how to do it; never be ashamed to learn. The American people have a *greater* power of 'catching hold' and adapting themselves to new surroundings than any other people in the world. . . .

"If women should cultivate pleasant manners, should not men do the same? Are not manners as important to men as to women? The word 'gentleman' may have its derivation from gentle descent, but my

understanding of a gentleman has always been that he is a person free from arrogance and anything like self-assertion; considerate of the feelings of others; so satisfied and secure in his own position that he is always unpretentious, feeling he could not do an ungentlemanly act; as courteous and kind in manner to his inferiors as to his equals. The best-bred men I have ever met have always been the least pretentious. Natural and simple in manner, modest in apparel, never wearing anything *voyant* or conspicuous; but always so well dressed that you could never discover what made them so,—the good, quiet taste of the whole producing the result.

"Here all men are more or less in business. We hardly have a class who are not. They are, of necessity, daily brought into contact with all sorts and conditions of men, and in self defense oftentimes have to acquire an abrupt, a brusque manner of address, which, as a rule, they generally leave in their offices when they quit them. If they do not, they certainly should. When such rough manners become by practice a second nature, they unfit one to go into society. It pays well for young and old to cultivate politeness and courtesy. Nothing is gained by trying roughly to elbow yourself into society, and push your way through into the inner circle; for when such a one has reached it, he will find the atmosphere uncongenial, and be only too glad to escape from it."

The Demands of Etiquette.

Etiquette makes many demands upon a man, demands which cannot safely be set aside, if he wishes to preserve the high title of gentleman. It is his duty to answer letters, notes, and invitations without delay. He must dress neatly; there is no need that he should dress lavishly. To dress well is to dress appropriately. He must be deferential to the old and courteous to the young, and yield place and precedence to women—the older in preference.

If he be afflicted with physical or mental ailments, let him bear them as philosophically as possible, and, at all events, avoid speaking of them in company. If he be placed under obligation, he should not let it remain any longer than he can help—if it be of a kind that can be returned.

It is not the large, but the little, things that often test and try a man's character and disposition. These make up the bulk of existence. We are rarely called upon to act the hero; we are daily required to act the gentleman.

"Among these trifles light as air," says a recent writer on etiquette, "is the ever-recurrent and not a little vexing question of the payment of fares in a car or omnibus by an acquaintance, and the adjustment of such matters."

In the opinion of this writer, there is only one rule about paying a lady's fare under such circumstances, and that is, "Don't offer to do it," unless called upon to do so through trouble on her part in making change or other exigency.

Women do not altogether like to be put under an obligation of this kind; some do not like it at all, feeling that it is not easy to repay. If she seeks to return the sum, it should be accepted without hesitation. There is no honor gained by attempting to appear magnanimous about a trifle.

Etiquette of Travel.

As regards offering a seat in a street car, that is a matter which should be governed by circumstances. There is no call for an oldish or tired man to give up his seat to a young woman, who is evidently better able to stand than himself. For a young man to give up his seat is a different matter, but in doing so preference should not be given to youth and beauty, as is too often the rule. True courtesy demands that the seat should be offered to the woman evidently least able to stand, no matter whether she be well or ill dressed, handsome or the opposite, rich or poor.

These instances are offered simply as examples of those small occasions for consideration and courteous demeanor which are of daily occurrence, and which are apt to be truer tests of character than many of the greater exigencies of life. There is a streak of selfishness, or, at the least, of self-indulgence, in us all to whose counsel it is dangerous to listen, if we desire to wear at least the outer aspect of a gentleman. The

man who is a gentleman by nature needs no suggestions on these small points; instinct will tell him how to act. Yet in all cases some training in the customs and observances of good society is of utility. The readiness to do the right thing is not all there is to consider. A knowledge of what is the right thing to do in the daily exigencies of life is of equal importance to all.

II. THE ART OF DRESS

The fashion of attire is a question of the passing day; its æsthetics is a question of the ages. Persons of taste will avoid the ridiculous, whatever may be the demands of fashion, yet will not vary so far from the prevailing custom in dress as to expose themselves to ridicule from singularity.

Dress has in it some of the essentials of the fine arts, and to be well dressed requires other requisites than the possession of wealth and a good figure. Good taste and refinement stand first; all other essentials come second. To dress well, the qualities of color, harmony, and contrast need to be observed, and a trained and artistic eye is as essential as a sensible and well-balanced mind. Dress, to be in good taste, by no means needs to be costly. Fit, proportion, and harmony in shade and color are the objects to be observed, and while there should be a reasonable consideration of the dictates of fashion, no person of sense will follow fashion blindly, to the neglect of the essentials of adaptation to figure, face, and occupation.

A Well-Dressed Woman.

Some one says that "as a work of art a well-dressed woman is a study." The toilette of such a person is always well-chosen, with consideration of its purpose, and is always adapted to the situation, whether it be breakfast-room or ball-room, promenade or reception. If she loves bright colors, and they agree with her complexion, they will be as harmoniously arranged as the tints of an artist. If subdued colors are demanded, she will not let any desire for display lead her into the use of garish tints. If she is young, her dress will be youthful; if she is old, it will avoid showiness. She will always rather follow than lead the prevailing fashion, and in no event will permit the costume of the day to lead her into violation of good taste and common sense.

The golden rule in dress is to avoid extremes. To affect peculiarities of costume shows a lack of good taste, while it is not less unwise to follow fashions which are unbecoming to the special person. Ladies who are neither very young nor very attractive in appearance will do best to wear quiet colors and simple styles; while those who are not rich can always appear tastefully dressed, if they exercise care in the choice, and display skill and judgment in the arrangement of materials. A dressmaker of good taste is an essential to good dressing. The dressmaker is a woman's good or evil genius, and may do much to make or mar her position in social circles.

Dress for Various Occasions.

Morning dress should be faultless in its way. For young ladies, whether married or single, there is no prettier summer morning wear than white or very light dresses of washing materials. Yet those must be always fresh and clean, and the collars and cuffs irreproachable. For morning wear simplicity in attire is imperative. Silk should not be worn. Cotton and woolen are the proper materials.

The walking-dress should be quiet. A rich or showy dress in the street is apt to attract more attention than is desirable or always agreeable. For the carriage, however, a lady may dress as elegantly as she wishes.

Elderly ladies should dress as richly as their means permit. A thin old lady may wear delicate colors, while one of stout person or florid complexion will look best in black or dark grey. But for young and old alike the complexion and figure have much to do with determining the suitable colors. Rich colors harmonize well with brunette complexions, but for blondes and those of delicate tints of face the desirable colors to be worn are those of more delicate hue.

At dinner parties, unless they be small and familiar in kind, only the fullest dress is appropriate. But at unceremonious dinners demi-toilette can be worn, and high dresses if the material be sufficiently rich. Real flowers may be worn at dinner parties, but it is better to wear artificial ones at balls, since the heat and dancing are apt to cause real flowers to droop and shed their petals.

Gloves, shoes, and boots must always be faultless. Gloves cannot be too light for the carriage, or too dark for the streets. A woman with ill-fitting gloves lacks one of the essentials of suitable dress. It may be remarked, by the way, that perfumes should be used only in the evening, and with the strictest moderation, and that perfumes to be tolerable must be of the most delicate kind.

There has never been a more telling and sensible criticism than that made by Dr. Johnson on a lady's dress. "I am sure she was well dressed," he said, "for I cannot remember what she had on."

Suitability of Apparel.

Suit your dresses to the occasions upon which they are to be used. In the morning, at home, a lady may wear a loose, flowing dress, made high in the neck, with a belt at the waist, and with loose sleeves fastened at the wrist. On the street a walking-costume should be worn, and the dress should clear the ground. There is nothing more disgusting than to see a rich dress sweeping up the dirt and filth of the street.

Fashion seems to decree this at the present time, with the ungraceful result of seeing nine women out of ten awkwardly holding up their skirts. The tenth sensibly ignores fashion in favor of comfort.

The shoes for the street should be high, warm, and easy to the feet, with a low, broad heel, and should be always neatly blackened. For ordinary street wear a lady may use either a hat or a bonnet. This is a matter of taste. In the dress of ladies great latitude is allowed; but the aim of all who aspire to be well dressed should be simplicity and taste, the character of the occasion being always carefully considered. Latitude or great variety in dress is no longer thought original, and startling innovations are dangerous experiments. With artistic taste they may prove a success, but are much more likely to be a failure.

It is important that a lady should always dress neatly at home. She is then ready to receive a morning caller without having to change her dress. She should change her dress for the evening. Some neat and dainty costume should be worn, according to her taste, for it is in the evening that she is thrown most with the male members of her family, and is most likely to have visitors. In making evening calls upon her friends, a lady should wear a hood, or some light head-wrap easily laid aside. A bonnet should always be removed at the commencement of such a visit.

Public Occasions.

The fashion of the time must govern the evening dress for public occasions. Full dress must always be worn, but it is impossible to give any fixed rule regarding it, in view of the frequent changes in the demands of fashion. A competent dressmaker, or the fashion publications of the time, will give the necessary information. In Europe, the evening dress requires the exposure of the arms and neck; but in this country the more sensible plan of covering these parts of the body is widely the fashion, and should be observed except on very special occasions.

The dress for balls and soirees should be of the richest within the lady's means. Yet a certain degree of repression is important, if one would avoid seeming overdressed. White kid gloves and white satin or kid boots are most suitable to a ball dress. If the overdress is of black lace, black satin shoes are worn. Hints and directions, however, are of little need to ladies for occasions of this kind. Example and experience, either of themselves or their friends, will prevent them from going far wrong.

The richest full dress should be worn at the opera. The head should be bare, and dressed in the most becoming style. Jewelry may be worn, according to taste, as there is no place where it shows to better advantage. A light or brilliant colored opera cloak will add greatly to the lady's appearance and comfort. Gloves of white, or delicately

tinted, kid only are to be worn. The ordinary walking-dress, however, is suitable for other places of amusement. A rich and elegant shawl may be worn, as it can be thrown off when uncomfortable. The sensible fashion is now making its way to remove the hat at theatres and lectures, out of due regard for those whose view of the stage may be obstructed. This being the case, there is no need to spoil the hair by wearing hat or bonnet on the way thither.

Plain and simple dress should be worn for church, with very little jewelry. The costume should be of quiet colors. It is a mark of bad taste for ladies to attend church elaborately or conspicuously dressed. It shows a disregard for the solemnity of the sanctuary, and is calculated to draw off the attentions of others from the duties of the place.

Jewelry.

Much display of jewelry is out of place for young ladies, and the kind of jewelry to be worn demands as careful consideration as that of the dress itself. Diamonds, pearls, and transparent precious stones generally belong to evening costume, and are always in taste at night; but they should not be worn in the earlier parts of the day. In the morning, indeed, only a simple ring or two are admissible, with, perhaps, a gold brooch, and a watch and chain.

As regards cost of jewelry, it is by no means the best criterion of taste. A simple and inexpensive jewel may occasionally have the effect of an exquisite work of art, while a large and showy brilliant may give the impression of vulgar display or showy overdress. To wear much jewelry in the streets is in very bad taste, while in large cities it may subject the wearer to danger from robbery.

In traveling it is inadvisable to make a display of jewelry. It is particularly undesirable if a lady is traveling alone, for the reason just given.

Traveling Dress.

Traveling costume should be simple in style and quiet in color, materials that will not show dirt being preferable. A waterproof cloak is a very desirable addition, as it may be at any time suddenly needed. In summer travel a long linen duster, belted at the waist, should be worn over the dress.

For the country or sea-side, simple and inexpensive dresses should be provided for ordinary wear. The bonnet should give place to a hat with a brim sufficiently wide to shield the face and neck from the sun.

Bathing dresses should be made of blue or gray flannel. The skirt should come down to the ankles, and the sleeves should be long. An oil silk or India-rubber cap, fitting tightly around the head, will protect the hair from the salt water.

It is impossible to prescribe an exact style or mode of dress for ladies in all places and on all occasions. Fashion will change, and, it must be confessed, in the matter of female costume, its changes have often been for the better.

In regard to "overdressing," it is not easy to draw a line, customs in different localities varying so much that what is permissible in one place might be utterly out of place in another. The usual thing for winter dress is a stuff dress—a "cloth suit," it is usually called—worn with a fancy bodice. For elderly women, with money enough to afford it, costumes of silk, with elaborate trimming, are often worn. With toilettes of this kind the custom of wearing lace is on the increase; but these are matters which the dressmaker is most competent to decide upon at any fixed period. As a general rule, however, loud colors should be avoided, and it is best never to risk extremes of costume, whether in or out of the line of fashion, if one wishes to escape the verdict of vulgarity.

A Well-Dressed Man.

Buffon has remarked that a man's clothes are a part of himself, and enter into our conception of his character. And certainly no man who is experienced in the ways of the world and has any regard for social opinion can consider the question of dress as unimportant. We may excuse a man who dresses very negligently, but we rarely hold him in any high regard. Our conception of the interior qualities of a person is influenced, more than we are ordinarily aware, by his exterior appearance.

Walpole truly says: "We must speak to the eyes, if we wish to affect the mind."

In paying a visit, or in mingling in good society, it is complimentary to our hosts to be well dressed, and shows disregard of their wishes to be slovenly in attire. Even in a casual meeting, or in cases where the costume is likely to be of minor consideration, neat and careful dressing is very likely to be of advantage. A negligent attire indicates that a man is heedless of the opinions of others, and indifferent to their good will or respect.

A careful and neat attire, on the contrary, indicates a man who has a regard for himself and for the sentiments of others, one who finds pleasure in social intercourse, and loves to mingle in the society of his fellows. It is a kind of general offer of acquaintance, and proves a willingness to be accosted. Dress is the livery of good society, and he who would advance in the profession of pleasing must pay due regard to his outward aspect.

Dress is also significant of inner feeling, and expresses qualities of mind which are likely to affect the outward conduct. That courtier was not far astray who dated the beginning of the French Revolution from the day when a nobleman appeared at Versailles without buckles on his shoes.

Fashion is called a despot; but if men are willing to be its slaves, we cannot, and ought not, to upbraid fashion. In truth, the man who rebels against fashion is often more open to the imputation of vanity than he who obeys it, because he makes himself conspicuous, and practically announces that he is wiser than his kind. Affectation is always the essence of vulgarity. Between the two it is left to the man of sense and modesty to follow fashion only so far as not to make himself peculiar by opposing it, and in whatever he does or whatever he wears to let good taste, common sense, and a proper regard for the opinion of his fellows be the guides of his conduct

A prime requisite in dress is its simplicity, with which may be coupled harmony of color. This simplicity is the only distinction which a man of taste should aspire to in the matter of dress, for simplicity in appearance must proceed from a nicety in reality. One should not be simply ill-dressed, but simply well-dressed.

All extravagance, all over display, and all profusion must be avoided. The colors, in the first place, must harmonize both with our complexion and with one another; perhaps most of all with the color of our hair. All bright colors should be avoided, even in gloves and neck-ties. The deeper colors are, somehow or other, more manly, and are certainly less striking. The same simplicity should be studied in the avoidance of ornamentation.

Appropriate Costume.

You should dress according to your occupation and means. If you are a salesman, you would not think it appropriate to appear in the regulation garb of a bishop. Good sense and good taste form the first rule, and about the only one to be considered.

In the shifting climate of our country, gentlemen of late years have very sensibly adopted the mode of dressing especially for comfort. They have to brave all kinds of weather, sometimes wade through mud and slush, sometimes face a summer shower or cyclone, and they find it more essential to be protected against these climatic changes than to appear in elegant costume.

Their dress does not undergo so many modifications as that of ladies, and it is comparatively easy for them to wear apparel that will be simple and serviceable, and at the same time in good taste.

There is much less to be said about the dress of men than of women, as it is not subject to such extreme changes or susceptible of such great diversity in color, cut, and material. For the day the business suit is the usual costume, black or dark in color, with shoes of black or tan leather, and a derby or a soft hat. Those who desire a reputation for dressing well will scarcely appear in a high hat and tan shoes together.

Sack coats or cutaways can be worn with tweed or any rough cloth trousers and waistcoat, the weight and color being varied to fit the season. As evening approaches the sack coat and business suit should be replaced by a cutaway or frock coat. In

the country rough tweed suits, fancy flannels and any kind of hat may be worn, unless the gentleman is going to some special social entertainment, when he should dress much as in the city.

The Shirt Waist.

Once an article of apparel the shirt-waist, which was worn almost universally by women, was emulated by men, many of whom assumed, during business hours, unstarched colored shirts worn without vests, while a waist belt replaced the usual braces. Often the coat was discarded. The comfort of this attire during the heated term was so great that the "shirt-waist man" promised to become a recognized summer institution.

As for evening dress, a considerable latitude of opinion concerning this prevails. During the warm season—from June to October—comfort demands much laxity in this respect. As evening dress is never seen in city streets without an overcoat, and as few care to swelter at the dictum of fashion, many men of sense content themselves with a neat ordinary dress. There is a variety of usage in this respect also at the theatre, and it is coming to be imperative to wear evening attire only at formal dinners or at certain fashionable assemblages which make it a requisite. In general, except during the summer, it is a safe rule for the denizen of fashionable circles to change his dress every evening, so as to be prepared for dinner or any other formal occasion. But as the denizens of fashionable circles compose a limited section of the community, an island in the sea of the multitude who claim no such exclusive honor, evening dress, as a general rule, is kept for special occasions, and men at home consider comfort and convenience far more than fashion.

III. INTRODUCTIONS.

The laws of society do not permit you to claim acquaintance with other persons unless you have been properly introduced, though in traveling this rule may often be reasonably omitted. Under ordinary circumstances care and discrimination should be exercised in making gentlemen acquainted with each other, and still greater heed is demanded in the introduction of ladies and gentlemen. It should always be understood in advance whether or not the lady is likely to desire the introduction. In no case should it be thrust upon her without regard to her objections. And it is not advisable to make the request within hearing of the party concerned, since this may put her in an awkward situation, if wishing to decline.

Do not forget that, in introducing one person to another, you assume a social responsibility for the person you introduce, and great care should be taken in giving this indorsement. It is possible for you to inflict a positive injury by introducing a man of objectionable character to a lady. If you are not well informed in respect to the reputation of the one for whom you are about to become responsible, pause and go no further. You should not be a party to the formation of any relations which may possibly have an injurious effect.

The same conditions hold good in the business world. An introduction carries with it some indorsement which may lead to business transactions involving great financial risks.

Rules of Introduction.

In England, visitors meeting in the same house are expected to enter into conversation, though no formal presentation has been made, and no previous acquaintance has existed. In the United States, however, the fashion of introducing people who meet as strangers still continues, though in certain highly fashionable circles the English fashion is affected. It, perhaps, has its advantages, in enabling visitors to converse freely without waiting for the formality of an introduction, and leaving them free not to know one another afterwards. But it has its disadvantages as well, especially in the case of shy and easily embarrassed people.

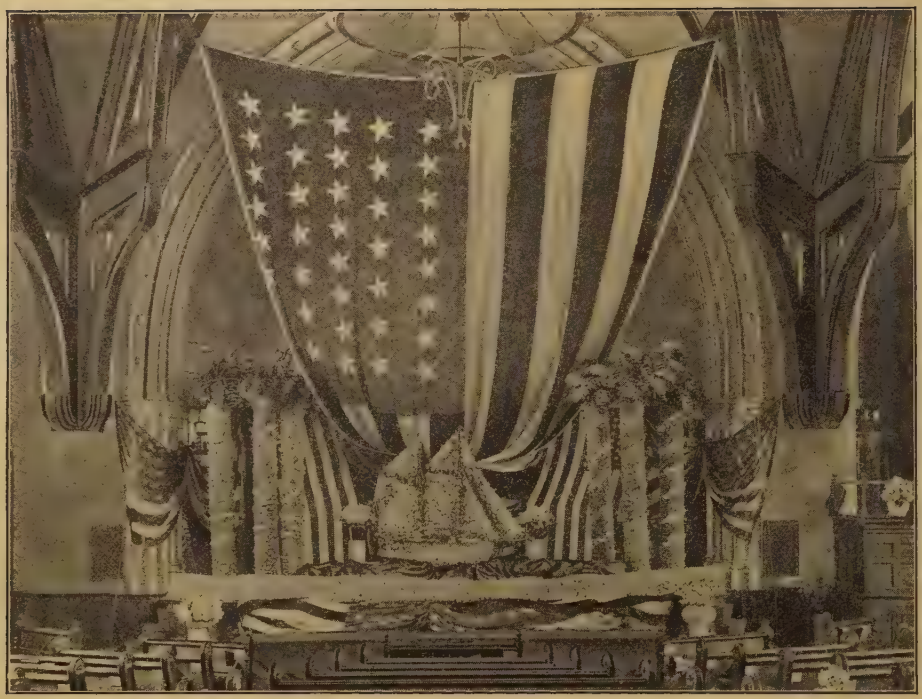
The American rule has long been to introduce generally, and in early society in

SPECIAL DECORATIONS

The table is prepared for a special occasion and profusely decorated with flags—potted plants and vines. This answers for all Patriotic occasions. At the right is a beautiful window box and hanging basket

TABLE DECORATIONS

A happy suggestion for the arrangement and decoration of a dinner-table for a special occasion, such as a wedding dinner. The contrast of light draperies on the walls and the green of the plants is very effective.



PATRIOTIC DECORATIONS

Decorations used to instil patriotism are the most commendable of the many public occasions.—Children's Days, Commencements and national holidays are the most popular. Flags and bunting, banks of daisies, a "Ship of State" and floral columns are seen in this illustration.

DECORATIONS FOR A WEDDING

This is an interesting view of elaborate designs, in arches and festoons. The green and white in the arches and in the pulpit decorations are easily procured and arranged.

this country it was deemed necessary to make everybody in company acquainted, from a somewhat forced idea of the requirements of hospitality. This wholesale custom is no longer observed, and common sense prevails in this as in social customs generally.

One should always show discretion in this observance, as in all the demands of society. It is not, for instance, advisable to interrupt a conversation for the purpose of making an introduction. The intention will wait, and even if it fails altogether no harm is usually done. Few persons will thank you for making them too conspicuous.

Of the places where an introduction is not in order we may particularly instance a church. Here it would be quite improper, not only within the building, but even at its entrance. Nor is it necessary to introduce two persons at an entirely casual meeting—in a street car, for example, or if you happen to meet an acquaintance, whom your companion does not know, at some friend's door. Of course, if the chat should be extended, or if you think it desirable that they should know one another, an introduction is perfectly admissible; but it is in no sense incumbent upon you.

One further remark in this connection may be made, in reference to the frequent failure to catch the name of the person introduced. This often causes a feeling of embarrassment, and a somewhat awkward attempt to discover the missing name. "I didn't quite catch the name,' is the most ordinary way out of the difficulty, but something more original might well be attempted, as, "Pardon my inattention to Mr. C. I was so occupied with the honor offered me as to be deaf to the name"; or, less effusively, "Will you kindly tell me again whom I have the favor of meeting?"

The trouble is worse when you immediately forget the name, and are lacking in this particular on your second meeting with the new acquaintance. It is a useful accomplishment which all do not possess, that of remembering names readily; and to be obliged to make the worn-out admission, "Your face is perfectly familiar, but I have forgotten your name," is an awkward way out of the difficulty. Better try and get through the interview in a way to escape the need of using the name, and endeavor to learn it before another meeting is likely to take place. By repeating the name in acknowledging the introduction and fastening your attention thereto, it will not be difficult to remember the name.

The Introducer's Formula.

In introductions the common formula is: "Mrs. Blank, may I," or "allow me to present," or "introduce, Mr. Smith."

Never reverse this order, and so introduce the lady to the gentleman. When the sexes are the same, present the person of the lesser to the one of the greater age or importance.

Always mention the name in introducing members of your family. Say, "My father, Mr. Simpson," "My daughter, Miss Simpson," or "Miss Ellen Simpson." Your wife should be introduced simply as "Mrs. Simpson."

In introducing persons with titles, the title should always be distinctly mentioned. Thus, you should say, in presenting a clergyman to a senator of the United States, "Senator A., permit me to introduce you to my friend, the Reverend Dr. W. Dr. W. is the rector of St. M. Church, Boston." Then turning to Dr. W., say, "Senator A. represents the State of M. in the United States Senate."

Upon meeting strangers it is well to add some pleasant remark or suggest some interest in common between them. This will serve to put them at their ease and aid them to start a conversation. The party presented may simply say, "How do you do?" or "I am glad to know you," following it with such subject of talk as may occur to him.

Introductions do not necessitate future mutual recognition, unless agreeable to the parties introduced. The ceremony is simply an opportunity offered for present acquaintance, and can be ignored by one or both parties immediately after they leave the presence of the person who made the introduction.

A gentleman should never bow to a lady when first meeting her after an introduction, until she gives him some sign of recognition, thus intimating her desire to continue the

acquaintance. A gentleman should always return the bow, even though he may not care for the acquaintance.

Ladies and gentleman need not shake hands with each other when introduced. A bow is sufficient acknowledgement of the introduction. Persons of the same sex may or may not shake hands. In formal fashionable circles the hostess alone shakes hands, but ordinarily it is quite in order to offer the hand when introduced.

Persons meeting at the houses of friends when making morning calls need not be introduced to one another, and should not be unless there is good reason to believe that such introduction will be mutually agreeable. Nor is it proper for persons who have met in ihis manner, without introduction, to bow or express recognition otherwise should they again meet.

A person making a visit to your house should be introduced to every caller. At an evening party it is the duty of the host or hostess to make their guests acquainted with one another.

A gentleman should always promptly offer his services to a lady in any position of difficulty, whether he knows her or not. Her acceptance of his services does not give him any claim upon her acquaintance, nor need she feel obliged to recognize him afterwards without a formal introduction.

An introduction, however, gives one a claim upon the courtesy of another, whether the acquaintance be pleasant or the contrary. To ignore a person to whom you have been properly introduced is certainly an act of ill-breeding, and under certain circumstances becomes an act of insolence.

Salutations.

In meeting a friend upon the street, or in company, you should salute him cordially, but quietly and respectfully. A gentleman should always salute a lady by raising the hat and making a formal bow. In company, the head being uncovered, the bow alone is your salutation; but it should in either case, be a decided inclination of the head and body, not a mere nod.

In this country, among ladies, kissing is a common mode of salutation, even on the street. But indications are that this custom is less popular for hygienic reasons. Gentlemen generally shake hands, or in passing each other bow, or make a courteous motion of the hand. Even where you are not on good terms with a person it is courteous to bow to him. Should he fail to return the bow the offence is his, and you have lost nothing by your politeness.

The lady should bow first in meeting a gentleman on the street. It is her privilege to do so, as she thus shows whether she desires to continue his acquaintance or not. A failure on her part to bow first excuses the gentleman from saluting her. Among very intimate friends either party may salute first.

In riding, a gentleman raises his hat with his right hand, as the left is occupied with the reins.

When two or more gentlemen, walking on the street, meet a lady who is known to one only, all should raise their hats and bow. Those unacquainted with the lady thus show their respect for their friend's friend.

A gentleman when smoking, if meeting a lady acquaintance, should remove the cigar from his mouth and hold it down by his side before raising his hat to her. Above all, never smoke while walking or riding with a lady. She may not object to it, but that does not pardon your rudeness.

A young lady should treat an elderly person, either man or woman, with the same deference she expects at the hands of a gentleman.

Calls, Formal and Informal.

Residents of large cities should call in person upon all their acquaintances at least once a year, if circumstances permit, and should pay additional visits to all from whom invitations have been received. Calls should also be made when an engagement or marriage has taken place in the family of an acquaintance, or an acquaintance has returned home after a long absence.

The receipt of any especial hospitality, such as a dinner, luncheon, dance, etc., obligates that the recipient should call as soon thereafter as possible. If living at a distance a brief note to the host or hostess acknowledging the pleasure received is proper; especially is this expected after an ex-

tended visit. This is imperative, but it is not necessary after a five o'clock tea or an at-home, no one being obliged to follow one call with another. Such obligation as exists is for the party who gave the tea to return your call; and this is obviously impossible if her invitations have been very numerous. After being invited to visit a country house, a call should be made on those giving the invitation immediately after their return to their town residence.

In case of a newcomer to the street, or the city if a small one, older residents should call, and this visit should invariably be returned in person within a week. Etiquette permits a gentleman—a stranger—ro call upon a lady under the following circumstances: If she has invited him to call, if he brings a letter of introduction, or if an intimate friend of the lady or of the family presents him.

Custom and courtesy require that a lady shall call on her lady friends at stated times, or at moderate intervals. These calls are generally short and formal in character. the conversation being devoted to society news and similar light subjects. Ten or fifteen minutes is the usual length of a formal call, half an hour the extreme limit. If while calling a second visitor arrives, the first visitor should take leave as soon as she can do so without seeming abrupt. Special friends of the hostess may linger for an hour if they wish.

In the large cities of the East such calls were formerly made between 11 A.M. and 4 P.M., but later hours in the afternoon are now the vogue, as from three to half-past five. Evening calls, unless in response to invitation or through mutual understanding, are out of order except in small communities. They may break into the dinner hour, or interfere with a theatre party or other outing.

Of course, these rules do not refer to the intercourse of intimate friends, the informal "running in," which may take place at any time in the day or evening, and need not interfere with any engagement. Gentlemen, as a rule, have only the evening to call in, but may call on Sunday afternoon after three.

A lady, in making a formal call, should not remove her bonnet or wrap. A gentleman, in a similar case, was formerly required, while leaving his umbrella and overcoat in the hall, to bring his hat and cane into the receiving room, either holding them or placing them on the floor by his chair. This rule, however, is no longer observed, and it is optional with the visitor to leave them in the hall if he prefers.

Ladies should make morning calls in simple toilette, and not in very rich dresses. Gentlemen wear morning dress.

Ending a Call.

When a call is ended it is customary among the best bred people to ring for a servant to open the front door for a visitor. Some persons prefer to attend visitors to the door themselves; and this should be done if a servant is not called upon. It is not courteous to let a visitor find his or her way out of your house unattended.

A lady should never attend a gentleman to the door; nor a lady either, if in so doing she is obliged to leave other lady callers in the drawing room.

It is optional with the hostess whether or not to rise from her seat and cross the room to greet a visitor, or to accompany to the door a lady who is taking her departure, in case of no other ladies being present. But in these, as in all other cases where the rules of etiquette are not imperative, it is well to remember that the course which sets the guest most at ease will always be the choice of a kindly nature.

In making a call, if the lady called upon is not at home, leave your card; and if there are several ladies staying there whom you desire to see, request the servant to present your compliments to them severally. Should you not have a card, leave your name.

When a lady visitor takes her leave, a gentleman, if present, should rise, and offer to conduct her to her carriage. The offer may not be accepted, but if it is, do not forget to return and pay your respects to your hostess before quitting the house.

In case of other visitors entering during your call, your hostess is not obliged to introduce you to them, and you should take no offence at her failure to do so. In taking leave after their entrance, do so in such a way as not to make it appear that your departure is on account of their coming.

You may make visits of congratulation upon the occurrence of any happy or agreeable event in the family of a friend—such as a marriage, a birth, or the inheritance of wealth. Such visits should be made in the morning.

You should not defer a visit of condolence beyond the next week after a death occurs in a family. Among friends such visits are regarded as an imperative duty, except where contagious diseases render them dangerous.

In calling upon a person living or staying temporarily at a hotel, wait in the parlor and send up your card. Even intimate friends should observe this rule. A gentleman may wait in the office or hall of the hotel while the waiter takes up his card.

IV. VISITING AND VISITORS

Visits of friendship are governed by no set rules of etiquette, and need not be formal either as to length or manner. It is to be presumed that friends or relatives will conform to each other's tastes and habits, and conduct themselves in a manner that will be mutually agreeable. With intimate friends strict ceremony is uncalled for, yet there are certain liberties which you enjoy at home which are not proper to take in the house of a friend.

It is a sign of ill-breeding, in such a visit, to criticise the conduct of servants or children, or anything connected with the household or the members of the family. Remarks of any kind on the faults or foibles of persons belonging or closely related to the family are sadly misplaced; and such remarks made after taking leave show a lack of good feeling which is not redeemed by being unheard by those interested. In such cases one should strictly apply the golden rule of friendship, to do nothing by act, word, or deed that may cause a disagreeable feeling on the part of an entertainer or any member of his family.

Evening Calls.

In many communities, where it is customary to make formal evening calls after dinner, the usual hour is from nine to ten o'clock. In making an informal evening call, a lady may bring a gentleman with her, presenting him to her hostess, who will present him to her other guests.

The mistress of the house usually receives the visitors, being assisted by her husband or some other gentleman in the case of evening parties. The reception should be quiet, easy, and without over-ceremony. In some places it is customary to announce the names of guests as they enter the room. The host or hostess may then present them to other guests, if they are not already acquaintances.

When any one enters the room, whether announced or not, courtesy requires that the host or hostess shall rise at once, advance toward the visitor with words of welcoming, and request him or her to be seated. The seat offered should be one that seems most suitable to the age or sex of the visitor. If the master of the house receives the visitors, he will take a chair and place himself at a little distance from them; if, on the contrary, it is the mistress, and if she is intimate with the lady who visits her, she will place herself near her.

If several ladies come at once, we give the most honorable place to the one who, from age or other considerations, is most entitled to respect. If the visitor is a stranger, when the master or mistress of the house rises any person who may be already in the room should do the same, unless the company is a large one. When any of the company withdraw, the master or mistress of the house should conduct them as far as the door. But whoever the persons may be that depart, if we have other company we may dispense with conducting them farther than the door of the room.

If, upon entering a house where you wish to pay an evening call, you should find a small party assembled, it is best to present yourself precisely as though you had been invited. After a short while you may take your leave, explaining that you only intended to make a brief call.

Do not unduly prolong an evening visit. It is apt to become tiresome even to your most intimate friends, and, though they

politely exert themselves to be agreeable, it does not argue that they are not wearied.

Should you find a lady on the point of going out when you make your call, make it as brief as possible, in order to leave her at liberty to carry out her plans.

When you have risen to go, do not delay your departure.

When you are prevented from attending a dinner party, or social gathering, call upon the person giving it without delay, and express your regret for your absence. In visiting a city where a friend resides, it is best to go to a hotel, although he may have invited you to make his house your home. You can afterwards call upon him, and should he then urge you to accept his hospitality, you can do so wi h propriety.

When asking guests to visit you in your home, whether in the country or city, it is proper to fix the date of their arrival and of their leaving, whether the length of their visit is to be two days or a fortnight. If the desired duration of a visit should not be specified in the invitation, a considerate person will take care not to extend it over a week, and a shorter time would be still better. It is courteous, in every case, to state to your host how long you expect to stay.

In case of a visit without invitation, you should always write to inform even a near relative or very intimate friend of your intended visit, and the time you expect to arrive.

Among the leading duties of the host or hostess may be named the following: See that everything has been prepared for the comfort of the guests. Anticipate their bodily wants as much as possible. Direct that some servant shall go to their rooms twice a day and ascertain whether anything is desired, and whether any assistance can be rendered. Arrange so that they can be provided with cold or warm baths, as they may prefer, every morning. See that coarse towels or bath-sheets are within their reach. Have a can of hot water taken to each room at the hours of dressing. A pitcher of iced water and a glass on a tray should be placed in the bedrooms at night.

Entertaining Guests.

Do not bore visitors by constantly trying to amuse them. After means of amusement have been provided, let it be optional with them as to whether they avail themselves of these or not. Permit your visitors to enjoy the liberty of solitude and quiet if they prefer. Any apparent effort to entertain is always bad form. The every-day life of a family should not be interfered with by the arrival of guests.

Visitors should conform as much as possible to the habits and customs of the household. They should be moderate in their demands for personal attendance. They should not carry their moods into the drawing-room or to the table, and, whether they are bored or not, should be ready to contribute as much as is in their power to make an atmosphere of pleasure. If the above involves too much self-sacrifice, then an invitation to visit should not be accepted.

In case a lady guest is expected, some gentleman of the family should meet her at the train, or other place of expected arrival, look after her baggage, and make all arrangements requisite to enable her to reach your house without delay or discomfort.

Bidding Guests Adieu.

While it is not wise to disarrange the regular routine of a household on account of the arrival of a guest, a reasonable time should be devoted to the entertainment of the visitor. Receptions, excursions, etc., may be provided for, the places of note in the vicinity shown, and pleasant acquaintences visited or invited to call. The guest, on departure, should be accompanied to cars or boat, and cordially taken leave of on the departure of the conveyance.

Ladies or gentlemen of true courtesy will treat with kindness or politeness the servants of the family visited, and may reasonably remember with some gratuity those by whom they have been served. Simple presents may also with propriety be made to the children of the family. Costly or lavish gifts, however, are not in order, and have the ill effect of placing your entertainers under an obligation for which they may not mentally thank you.

Do not outdress the members of the family in which you are a guest, especially in attending an entertainment or place of amusement with them.

Enter heartily into the plans that are made for your entertainment or amusement. You should never permit your host or hostess to feel that he or she has disappointed you while seeking to add to your enjoyment.

Upon returning home after a visit, write immediately to your host or hostess, announcing your safe arrival; and be careful to send kind messages to each member of the family, mentioning all by name.

Engraved or Printed Cards.

The extent to which the use of visiting cards is sometimes extended furnishes occasion to some, unused to polite society, to ridicule what they call "pasteboard politeness," and yet these paper representatives of our personality are exceedingly useful things; indespensible, indeed, to the full discharge of social obligations.

In the selection of cards several things are to be considered; style, size, color, and character of writing. As for color, it should always be pure white. The size and shape are regulated by the prevailing fashion, but any attempt at display, such as fancy designs, gilt borders, odd shapes, etc., are considered vulgar by well-bred people.

The most tasteful card is an engraved one. The printed card comes next, then the written card. The fashion as to letters changes, but a plain script or old English text, well engraved, is always neat and in good taste. In case the card is written, it should be done in pencil rather than in ink, thus suggesting that its use is a matter of accident.

The proper size for a gentleman is smaller and more oblong in shape than that ordinarily used by ladies. If he have no title, "Mr." should precede the name. A lady's card should have the word "Mrs." or "Miss" prefixed to her name. The eldest daughter of a family needs "Miss" only before the family name. The younger daughters need the christain names also.

The titles properly placed on cards are those of army and navy officers, physicians, judges, and ministers of the gospel, but neither militia nor any other complimentary titles are allowable.

Ladies now usually have the entire name—with the prefix of "Miss" or "Mrs." engraved on their cards, as "Mrs. John Morris Eames," "Miss Edith Lloyd Richardson."

Custom sanctions the engraving of the address on all visiting cards, and some ladies have the reception day engraved in the left-hand corner. In some cities there is one exception to this rule. A young lady, during her first winter in society, does not use a separate visiting card, but has her name engraved on the card of her mother or chaperon.

A single gentleman, if he prefers, can have his club address engraved on his card, instead of the number of his residence.

A widow can use on her cards either her own or her husband's name, as choice may dictate; though she has legally no right to retain the latter, custom sanctions it.

Husband and wife must have separate visiting cards. It is no longer the fashion to have the two names printed together, as formerly.

Rules for Leaving Cards.

In making the first call of the season, a lady leaves with her own, her husband's card, and also those of her sons and daughters. After a dinner party, or other special entertainment, a lady leaves her husband's card with her own.

A married lady, in calling upon another married lady, should leave one of her own cards and two of her husband's—one of the latter being for the wife and one for the husband. If the lady called on has a daughter in society, the visitor should leave two of her own cards and three of her husband's. If there be another lady in the house besides the hostess two cards each of wife and husband should be left. When calling on a mother and daughters, a lady should leave two cards.

When paying a first call to several ladies, —not mother and daughters—a card should be left for each. When calling on the guest of a house, a card should be left for the hostess also, even if she is a stranger to the visitor.

When calling at a hotel, it is allowable, and even desirable, to write the name of the person for whom the visit is intended upon the card, to avoid the chance of mistakes;

but this should never be done at a private residence. Cards should be left or sent on the day of a reception, if illness, a death in the family, or any other cause prevents the acceptance of the invitation.

Cards should not be turned down at the corners, nor bent over at one end—the fashion is now out of date.

In sending a first invitation to a person on whom the hostess has never called, cards should be enclosed with the invitation; but, if possible, a call should precede a first invitation.

After a proper interval of time, cards of condolence may be acknowledged (by sending mourning cards inclosed in an envelope).

No lady should use on her cards a suggestion of her husband's profession or titles of honor, such as "Mrs. General Brown," "Mrs. Dr. Smith," etc. Nor should she be addressed in this manner in conversation.

In case a person is going away, and likely to be absent for a length of time, it is proper to write p. p. c. on his or her card, and mail the same to acquaintances. The letters thus used signify "*pour prendre congé*," which translated from the French means "to take leave." Some write the English words out in full. Upon returning home your friends must first call upon you.

If death occurs in any household where one is in the habit of visiting, it is proper to leave cards upon the family within a month after.

When a gentleman calls after receiving hospitality, he should leave cards for all the ladies of the family and one for the gentleman representing the head of the house, whether young or old.

When a lady is paying merely formal visits she need not necessarily ask whether the lady upon whom she is calling is at home, but can leave cards simply, unless she is under obligation for some courtesy, in which case she must ask whether the lady can receive her.

It is better to leave cards in the hall when entering an afternoon reception or tea, as the hostess might otherwise not remember your presence, and a card left in person would afterwards remind her that she was your debtor for a visit—for if you attend an afternoon reception it is equivalent to a call.

If you receive cards for a series of "at homes," and for some good reason cannot accept the invitation, send your card on the last day named.

A card left for you during your illness should be answered by a call as soon as your recovery will permit.

Should you send a card to a person who is ill, the bearer should always make a verbal inquiry as to your friend's condition of health.

In making calls upon an intimate friend it is not necessary to send your card in. The simple announcement of your name is sufficient. The use of a card always has an air of formality about it. Where persons are on cordial terms, and are visiting back and forth frequently, a card can very well be dispensed with.

V. BALLS AND EVENING PARTIES

It is in the evening party that society puts on its gayest aspect, and is on its best behavior. Here everything is regulated by a strict code of observance, any departure from which opens one to critical remark. It is necessary, therefore, that the etiquette of the ball-room should be fully understood by all who claim admission to society.

These entertainments always include dancing and a supper. If large, they are called balls; if small, simply dances or parties. Balls are of two kinds, public and private, but there is no essential difference between the etiquette required on the two occasions.

As regards the giving of private parties or balls, the rule is, that ball-goers should make one return during the season. In doing so, it is in good taste to restrict the number of invitations as far as social obligations will permit, that the guests may not be overcrowded, and the unpleasantness of the "crush" may be avoided. To gain this desirable end, however, it is always safe to make the invitations in excess of the number desired, as some are sure to fail to come. One-third more than the room will comfortably hold may usually be safely asked. And experience shows that more

gentlemen than ladies should be invited, in order to secure an equal number of dancers of both sexes.

Invitations may be sent out from two to three weeks before the time fixed for the party. Less than two weeks is usually considered too short notice.

The hour for balls has, unfortunately, been made very late by the absolute dictum of fashion. Unless specially indicated on the invitation, a hostess cannot hope to assemble her guests before half-past ten, and in large cities the rooms are often not filled till an hour later.

Subscription Dances.

In most of the large cities several series of dances are arranged by certain leaders in the social world to which people are invited to subscribe. Each subscriber is usually entitled to a number of invitations for distribution, though in some instances the price of the subscription is small, and only permits one person to take advantage of each.

The subscription balls take place in some public ball-room, as a rule. In New York, for instance, at Delmonico's.

Several ladies are selected to form the reception committee, and they stand in one of the outer rooms, bowing to the guests as they enter. On such occasions, no one shakes hands; the ladies courtesy, and the gentlemen bow.

No unmarried lady should go to one of these balls, or to any large party, without a chaperon, and invitations should be sent to an elder member of her family, in order that she need not look outside for proper attendance.

In the West and South it is customary for gentlemen to take unmarried ladies to evening entertainments, but in the East, and in the best city society generally, such a thing would be considered the greatest breach of decorum. At a small dance in a private house a young lady may dispense with the services of a chaperon, if desired, but she should be escorted to and from the house by a servant or relative.

A good floor is essential to the enjoyment of dancing; when the carpet is taken up, care should be used that no roughness of surface is presented. Some ladies have their dancing-floors carefully polished with beeswax and a brush. A crumb-cloth or linen diaper, thoroughly well stretched over a carpet, is the next best thing to a polished floor.

The question of music is important. If it is a large ball, four musicians is the least number that should be engaged—piano, cornet or flute, violin, and violoncello. In small assemblies the violin and piano are sufficient, or, on occasion, the piano alone. In such a case a chance pianist should not be depended upon, but a professional one be engaged.

The orchestra should occupy what is considered the top of the room. In cases where it is not convenient to adhere to this rule, the end farthest from the door is usually chosen. The position of the orchestra needs to be considered by the dancers, so that, in quadrilles, their movements may be regulated thereby.

The Dressing Room.

A cloak-room for ladies must be provided, with maids to receive shawls and cloaks and to render such other assistance as may be required. It should contain several looking-glasses, and a supply of such articles as may be required in a lady's toilette.

A hat room for gentlemen must not be forgotten, with valets to wait upon them. It is best to provide checks for articles belonging to ladies and gentlemen left in charge of the attendants. Where checks cannot be had, tickets numbered in duplicate may be used—one being given to the lady or gentleman, and the other pinned to the coat or cloak. By this means the property of each guest is identified, and confusion at the time of departure is prevented.

Small fees of twenty-five or fifty cents are often given to servants in the dressing-room at a public ball, but never in private houses in this country, though the custom is common in England. Waiters should be on hand at supper to serve the meal, as the fashion of the gentlemen waiting upon the ladies is rapidly becoming obsolete.

In large cities, an awning should always be extended from the front door to the curb-

stone, on the occasion of a reception or other entertainment, as ladies do not like to step out of their carriages in light or elaborate dresses without some protection from the weather, and from the gaze of a curious crowd.

The Question of Toilette.

Ladies may wear as handsome dresses as they wish, and make their fullest display of jewelry. As everything about a ball-room should be light and attractive, it is in order for elderly ladies, who do not dance, to wear dresses more youthful in style and color than would be suitable for dinner, concert, or opera. For those who dance, silk dresses are, as a rule, objectionable.

Flowers are the proper ornaments for the head and dress. French ladies select them with reference to the season; but this is not insisted on in this country, and summer flowers may be worn at Christmas.

Ladies in deep mourning should not dance, even if they permit themselves to attend a ball. Should they do so, black and scarlet or violet is the proper wear. Where the mourning is sufficiently slight for dancing to be seemly, white, with mauve, violet or black trimmings, flounces, etc., is proper.

White gloves befit the ball-room; in mourning they may be sewn with black. They should be faultless as to fit, and never be removed from the hands in the ball-room.

The attire in which a gentleman can present himself in a ball-room is so rigorously defined, and admits of so little variety, that it can be described in a few words.

He must wear a black dress coat, black trousers, and a black waistcoat; a white necktie, white kid gloves, and patent leather boots. The waistcoat should be low, so as to disclose an ample shirt-front, fine and delicately plaited; it is better not embroidered, but small gold studs may be used with effect. Excess of jewelry is to be avoided. The necktie should be of a washing texture, not silk, and not set off with embroidery.

In the Ball-Room.

In a private ball or party, guests, on entering, should at once proceed to pay their respects to the lady of the house, who will remain near the door to greet them as they appear. Some of the gentlemen of the house should be near, to introduce to the lady any of their friends on their arrival. The daughters of the household are not required to assist in the ceremony of reception.

The fashion of carrying numerous bouquets to a ball is rapidly going out of existence, and many ladies refuse to take any flowers into a ball-room, the old custom having given rise to much vulgar rivalry and ostentatious display.

At public balls cards giving the order of dances are provided, on which gentlemen can write their names opposite the numbers of the dances for which they have been accepted by the lady holding the card. In England such cards are in general use, but they are rarely provided at private balls in this country.

From eighteen to twenty dances is a convenient number to arrange for, with supper as a suitable break at about the middle of the entertainment. A ball should begin with a march, followed in succession by a quadrille and a waltz. Then waltzes and quadrilles follow as may be arranged.

The cotillon or German, now so widely known, fills up the larger part of the evening, and begins, as a rule, immediately after supper. In a private house, the gentleman who has been invited to lead the German must ask the unmarried daughter of the family to dance with him, or the married daughter if so indicated as the family's choice. At the more general dances or large balls a young married lady is usually the one selected to dance with the leader.

It is quite the custom for a gentleman to engage a partner for the cotillon before the evening of the dance, and in this case, provided he can afford it, he usually sends her a bouquet of flowers. But should the lady request him *not* to remember her in this way her wishes should be respected.

Any gentleman, provided his acquaintance with the lady be sufficiently intimate to warrant him in doing so, has the privilege of sending her offerings of flowers whenever he cares to do so. In such a case he should go to a florist, leave an order for the kind of

bouquet he wishes sent, and also his card in an envelope addressed to the lady, which envelope should accompany the flowers.

Formerly, at public balls a master of ceremonies was considered always necessary, but this official is no longer provided, the management being now entrusted to a committee of arrangements, who are distinguished by wearing ribbons in the buttonhole, or rosettes. The members of the committee superintend the dances, provide partners for those who need them, and introduce gentlemen to ladies with whom they desire to dance.

In private balls, the lady of the house or some member of the family attends to introductions, and when she has grown daughters they may employ themselves in arranging sets, introducing partners, and the like, desisting from dancing themselves while any of the lady guests remain unprovided with partners.

Requests to Dance.

The former fashion of saying, "May I have the pleasure of dancing with you?" has now given place to a less formal method, and a young man may accost a young lady with, "I hope you have kept a dance for me," "Won't you spare me a dance?" or "Shall we take a turn?" A young lady does not answer, "I shall be very happy," a reply which has disappeared with "May I have the pleasure?" but may say, "I am afraid I have none to spare except number ten, a quadrille," or "I am engaged for the next five dances; but I'll give you one, if you come for it a little later," or something similarly appropriate.

Another form of invitation is, "Are you engaged for this dance?" An unsophisticated girl may answer by saying, "I do not think I am," while perfectly aware that she is not, and the young men are quick to see through the evasion by which the maiden seeks to conceal her lack of partners. A clever girl will escape from the dilemma by such an answer, as "I am glad to say I am not," thus inferring that she might have been engaged had she desired, but preferred waiting for the chance of dancing with him —a suggestion flattering to the gentleman.

Ball-room small talk is not expected to rise above the common-place. The materials supplied by the entertainment itself are very limited—the band, the flowers, the floor, the supper. Dull people usually ring the changes on these themes. For instance, "How well the band plays!" "What a pleasant ball-room this is!" "Don't you think the floor slippery!" "How warm it is growing!", etc., etc. Such phrases, by incessant repetition, grow wearisome, and those who can master any more novel phrases should make an earnest effort to vary the monotony. Nothing very serious or profound is in place, but almost any one can escape from such trite subjects as these.

In the Dance.

When a lady has accepted an invitation to dance, the gentleman offers her his right arm, and leads her to her place on the floor.

A slight knowledge of the figure is sufficient to enable a gentleman to move through a quadrille, if he is easy and unembarrassed, and his manners are courteous; but to ask a lady to join you in a waltz, or other round dance, in which you are not proficient, is an offence not easily forgiven, as it may expose the lady to awkward embrassment.

It is inadvisable to dance in every set, as the exercise is unpleasantly heating and fatiguing. Never forget an engagement—it is an offence that does not admit of excuse, except when a lady commits it; and then a gentleman is bound to take her at her word without a murmur. It is quite probable, however, that he will remember it against her, and take care not to be again victimized by her.

At the end of a quadrille the gentleman should offer his right arm to the lady, and walk half round the room with her. He should inquire if she will take refreshments, and, if she replies in the affirmative, conduct her to the room devoted to that purpose. It is good taste on the part of the lady not to detain her cavalier here so long as to prevent him from fulfilling his next engagement, since he cannot return to the ball-room until she is ready to be escorted thither, and resigned to her chaperon or friends, or to the partner who claims her promise for the next dance.

Taking Supper.

The gentleman who dances with a lady in the last dance before supper, conducts her to the supper-room, attends on her while there, and escorts her back to the ball-room. At a private ball, the lady of the house may ask a gentleman to take a lady down to supper, and he is bound to comply, and to treat her with the politest attention.

In either case a gentleman will not sup with the ladies, but stand by and attend to them, permitting himself a glass of wine with them; but taking a subsequent opportunity to secure his own refreshment.

Refreshments must be provided for the guests during the evening; and, as nothing should be handed round in the ball-room, a refreshment-room is necessary. This should, if possible, be on the same floor as the ball-room, because it is not only inconvenient, but dangerous, for ladies heated by the dance to encounter the draught of the staircases.

In the refreshment-room, lemonade, tea and coffee, ices, biscuits, wafers, cakes and cracker bonbons should be provided. Some persons add wine to the list.

The supper table should be set in a separate room. It is usually opened to the guests about 12.30 o'clock, and may consist of hot and cold dishes, including oysters, bouillon, game, croquettes, filet of beef, salads, pates, ices, cakes, sweets, jellies, fruits, and champagne, punch, lemonade and mineral waters, or such combinations or variations of these viands as may be decided upon. Small tables are frequently used at balls, so that four or six people may sit at one table and eat their supper comfortably in courses.

In private parties the character of the supper will, of course, depend upon the taste and resources of those who give the ball. To order it in from a good caterer is the simplest plan, but may often prove too expensive. If provided at home, let it be done on a liberal, but not too profuse a scale.

After the Ball.

Assemblies of this kind should be left quietly. If the party is small, it is permissible to bow to the hostess; but at a large ball this is not necessary, unless you meet her on your way from the room. It is important to avoid making your departure felt as a suggestion for breaking up the party, it being very impolite to indicate by your movements or manner that, in your opinion, the entertainment has been kept up long enough.

Finally, let no gentleman presume on a ball-room introduction. It is given with a view to one dance only, and will certainly not warrant a gentleman in going further than asking a lady to dance a second time. Out of the ball-room such an introduction has no force whatever.

If those who have danced together meet next day in the street, or the park, the gentleman must not venture to bow, unless the lady chooses to favor him with some mark of her recognition. If he does, he must not expect any acknowledgment of his salutation.

After a private ball it is etiquette to call at the house during the following week.

VI. BREAKFAST, LUNCHEON AND TEA

The hour at which breakfast shall be served is governed entirely by the habits and tastes of the family. Where it is very late, it is often preceded by the sending of coffee or tea, rolls and eggs in some form, to the bed rooms, the family, in such a case, not coming down to a general meal till about noon. Breakfast, however, is served in the same manner whether the hour be early or late, and this meal should always be quite free from formality.

A tea and coffee tray should be placed in front of the mistress of the house. It is quite within the rules of breakfast etiquette for people to wait on themselves and to help each other, and as the bread, small dishes, etc., are frequently on the side table, this is a very convenient fashion. One servant is enough in the dining-room in the morning, even though a larger number may be retained.

Ordinary courses for breakfast consist of three or four, such as hominy or oatmeal

first, then eggs, meat, or ham, and the chief portion of the food, followed by griddle-cakes and finally fruit. Toast should be freshly made, and sent up from time to time while the breakfast goes on. It should be always hot, as cold toast is never palatable.

Luncheon.

In imitation of the French, the meal which in our country is usually called "lunch" or "luncheon," is sometimes designated as "breakfast." It may either be formal, resembling a dinner, or informal, like the breakfast just described. It is served between 12.30 and 1.30, and the hostess may make it as simple or as elegant as she chooses. A formal luncheon party, however, differs little, if at all, from a dinner. If the occasion is a ceremonious one, the table is set in the same manner as for a dinner, and the dishes are handed by the servants; but the guests enter separately, instead of arm in arm.

At a large lunch-party either one long table, or several little ones, may be used. If the latter method is preferred, take care that the servants have ample room to pass between them. Each plate should have beside it two knives, two forks, one or two spoons, and a water-goblet.

The first course should consist of fruit or of raw oysters, or of bouillon or chicken consommé, served in cups set on plates, and provided with teaspoons.

This course is followed by an entree, chops with one or two vegetables, game or chicken, and salad, with sweets, candies, fruits, etc. Black coffee is usually served after luncheon.

In an informal lunch, if the hostess prefers, the sweets may be placed on the table in advance; but vegetables must be served from the side-board, and the chops, cold meats, etc., should be served by the hostess. Yet at such luncheons vegetables are frequently omitted, and in the selection of dishes the greatest latitude of choice is permissible. Among those most frequently served may be named oysters, croquettes, French chops, cold meats, beefsteak, fish, omelettes and salads.

At formal luncheons a bouquet for each lady is sometimes provided, they being grouped as an ornament in the centre of the table, and distributed after the meal. The custom is a pretty one, and worth encouraging. Occasionally, also, some pretty trifle is given to each guest as a memento of the occasion, but there is no obligation for this to be done.

Guests should be punctual in attendance on such an occasion, or send word promptly if prevented, by some sudden occurrence, from coming. Either a white or figured table-cloth may be used, but it must be one that will wash.

These are rules which etiquette and good breeding demand shall be observed, not alone at luncheon, but at all meals. The table is the social centre, and it is essential that those who gather around it shall conform themselves to the most approved rules of good society. A knowledge of table etiquette is very desirable to possess, since many regard it as one of the surest tests of good breeding. It is at the dinner table, however, that strict rules of observance become indispensible. There is much more freedom allowable at the earlier meals of the day, and a digest of table rules may be left till we come to speak of the principal meal.

It may be said, however, in regard to conversation at the lunch table, that both etiquette and good breeding forbid indulgence in gossip, particularly in any sense ill-natured, and nothing can be more ill-bred than to make, after the meal, carping criticisms on the hostess and the entertainment she has provided.

Teas and Afternoon Receptions.

These are among the most informal entertainments given, and the difference between a large afternoon tea and an afternoon reception is little more than the name, though the latter is perhaps a shade more formal. They frequently take place at the same hour, and the character of the invitations and entertainments differ very little.

The day and hour of an afternoon tea may be written on a visiting card. For an afternoon reception, an "At Home" card is used. No answer need be sent to such an invitation, unless one is particularly requested, which is not ordinarily the rule.

It is necessary to speak to the host and hostess immediately upon entering the room, but owing to the constantly moving crowd it is not essential that guests should again address the host and hostess when they are about to leave.

The length of stay can vary from five minutes to an hour at an afternoon reception, but at an evening reception the time is usually more extended.

Only simple refreshments should be served at an afternoon tea. Thin slices of bread and butter, sandwiches, fancy biscuit or cake, tea, coffee, or chocolate, ice cream, and bouillon are offered. Punch and lemonade—but no wine of any kind—may be added if desired; and also salted almonds, cakes, candies, and other dainty trifles. English breakfast tea is now preferred, served with cream and white sugar, or slices of lemon for those who like tea made in the Russian style.

At an afternoon reception the table may be supplied with oyster-salads, pates, boned turkey, ice-cream, coffee, and bonbons.

For a reception music is desirable, as it adds greater brilliancy to the entertainment.

The hostess should shake hands with her guests and receive them cordially; any formality is out of place on an informal occasion.

If the number of guests is small, the hostess should walk about the room, talking with her visitors; if large, she should remain near the door, and have the aid of other ladies, who should entertain the guests, ask them to take refreshments, and make introductions when necessary.

At a large and elegant afternoon reception the windows may be darkened, the gas lighted, and musicians employed, if the hostess desires.

What is known as a high tea is a meal taking the place of a dinner, at which hot meats, cakes, warm breads, preserves and other sweets are served. Such teas are more popular in the country than in town.

At the informal tea, of which it is the custom to partake at about five o'clock in many households, a tray is brought in to the mistress of the house, and placed before her on a small table. This tray should contain a tea-service, cups, saucers, etc. The lady herself makes the tea, pours it out, and passes it to the members of the family or the visitors who may chance to be present. The servant brings in thin slices of bread and butter, cake, and, perhaps, English muffins, which are usually served with the cup of tea at this hour.

Suppers.

Supper, as a rule, is similar to dinner, and unless served at a ball or as a part of some other entertainment has very much the character of that meal. After the theatre or opera, people frequently indulge in some refreshment which may or may not be dignified by the name of supper.

Picnics.

If one person gives a picnic he must provide everything, the modes of conveyance to the place selected, the refreshments, entertainment, etc., but if several join in this the labor and expense should be equally divided.

The refreshments should consist chiefly of cold dishes, such as meats, boned turkey, sandwiches, salads, cakes, jellies, pies, etc., with lemonade, or such other drinks as may seem desirable. Hot dishes are sometimes served, prepared at a neighboring house.

Picnics are often so arranged that each lady attending furnishes a dish of some kind. In this way all the refreshments can be provided without any difficulty.

Sometimes a wooden platform is erected, and dancing is the chief amusement after eating.

A picnic generally lasts from about noon until twilight, and the best season of the year for such an entertainment is when it is pleasant to be out of doors.

Sufficient china, glass, etc., should always be provided, though they should be of a plain and inexpensive kind, for fear of breakage.

Theatre Parties.

A dinner, either at home or at a restaurant, is frequently followed by a visit to the theatre or the opera. In such a case it is proper for the one who gives the theatre party to invite an equal number of ladies and gentlemen, a proper chaperon, of course,

being provided. If the party are to dine together before going to the play, half-past six is usually the hour appointed, whether the dinner is to take place in a private house or in a restaurant. If there is to be no dinner, some house is selected where the guests assemble at a proper hour to reach the theatre in time.

It is customary, when you invite married people or gentlemen to the opera, to send them their tickets so that they may join you at the opera house, unless for some reason you wish to go with them. Unmarried ladies are usually asked to dine by their friends and go with them from their home. Suppers are rarely given after the opera, owing to the lateness of the hour. If the party did not dine together, however, it is customary for the host or hostess to give the guests a supper somewhere after the play.

It is the duty of the chaperon to see the unmarried ladies safely home.

Chaperons.

The word chaperon is French, and signifies a married lady, or one of sufficient age and dignity to accompany an unmarried one with propriety to any reputable entertainment.

Her services may be called upon, not alone for theatres, operas, concerts, balls or other evening entertainments, but are demanded on many occasions during the day. No party of any kind which includes both sexes should be formed unless some married lady has charge of it.

The greatest courtesy and deference to a chaperon should always be manifested by the young ladies and gentlemen under her charge. Indifferent civility in this respect is the height of ill-breeding.

When an older lady passes a younger one in a ball-room and bows, the younger one should never remain seated when returning such a mark of recognition.

In leaving a room simultaneously, younger and unmarried ladies should always stand aside until the older or married ones have passed out.

The chaperon should behave with dignity, while being as genial and agreeable to the younger members of her party as possible. She should see that the unmarried ladies she has charge of reach home safely, and never leave them to a chance escort, no matter how tired she may be. One can never be too sure but that young girls may be exposed to unpleasant situations, if left without a companion of judgment and experience.

VII. BANQUETS AND DINNERS

The formal dinner is one of the most important occasions in social life, the test to which the degree of acquaintance of any one with the customs of good society is often put, the trial scene of good breeding and familiarity with polite observance. The rules to be observed at table are so many and minute that they require careful study, and many who pass muster on less formal occasions, may sadly err in some of the indispensible details of the etiquette of the table.

In ordinary, informal dinners, indeed, this strictness of observance is not demanded, and much more freedom is permissible, the home feeling here taking the place of ceremonious rules. Yet even here it is important to avoid falling into too great a latitude of action, since habits formed at home are very apt to accompany one abroad.

Choosing Guests.

In giving a dinner party, the first and often the most important question is whom to invite. How many to invite follows as a problem of little less importance. For a pleasant dinner the number should be small rather than large, eight or ten being a fair average. An even number seems preferable, though this is not a matter of essential consideration.

Of course, large dinners are often a necessity, when given for business, family, or other reasons; and when display is the leading motive in giving the dinner, the number may be as great as the resources of the establishment will permit. But if comfort and the pleasure of social intercourse are the objects proposed, the number will need to be limited.

As to who should be invited, we have here a question that has sadly troubled many generations of hosts and hostesses. To bring together an incongruous mass of people is simply to invite failure. Guests should be selected with strict attention to a sense of fitness; and equal attention should be given to placing those of similar tastes together at table. The ease of conversation and the enjoyment of the dinner depend largely on this. Clever conversationalists are always most desirable guests. These are not always to be had, but even a single fluent talker often acts as a leaven that will rouse to speech a whole company of ordinarily quiet people. The invitation should be sent a week or two before the time fixed, or as much as three weeks if the affair is to be one of great formality.

Duties of the Hostess.

A dinner party is regarded by many persons as the most formal and, at the same time, the most elegant mode of entertaining guests—it is certainly the one which most severely taxes the resources of the hostess. Any woman not positively ill bred can fill the position of hostess at a ball; but it requires tact, readiness, and a thorough knowledge of society to make a dinner party, in the ordinary parlance, "go off well." No matter how exquisite the china, glass, floral decorations, silver, and linen may be, if the hostess is a dull or awkward woman, the banquet will not be a success, for a proper selection of guests and the power of drawing them into gay and brilliant conversation are quite as needful as any of the material accessories.

The hostess should call into requisition all her tact and knowledge of society to set her guests at ease. No accident must disturb her. If her rarest china or most precious bit of glass is broken, she must appear not to notice it. If any one has had the misfortune to arrive late, she must welcome him or her cordially, though her duties to her other guests have not permitted her to wait in the drawing-room more than the fifteen minutes permitted by etiquette to the tardy. She must think only of encouraging the timid, inducing the taciturn to talk, and enabling all to contribute their best conversational powers to the general fund of entertainment. The same rules, of course, apply to the host.

The arrangements for dinner should be much the same whether the party be large or small, though, of course, the larger number will require a few extra servants, and may render advisable some extra courses. It should be remembered, however, by givers of dinners that too many courses are objectionable, and that in the best society of to-day fewer dishes are offered than was formerly the custom.

The hour for dinner should be fixed to suit the convenience of the guests and will vary in city and country. In the city it should be no earlier than seven nor later than eight o'clock, and the probability must be borne in mind that the guests will not all assemble till at least fifteen minutes after the hour named in the invitations. Tardiness of this kind was formerly considered rude, but has now become so common as to be expected and allowed for.

Arranging the Table.

In the centre of the table should be either a vase of flowers or a dish of fruit. Ferns make a very attractive effect. There should be small dishes of candies, figs, prunes, crystallized ginger, etc. Olives or radishes, salted almonds, etc., should be set in pretty little dishes on the table. These, with the silver, glass carafes of water, and wine decanters, complete the decoration of the table.

Everything else should be served from the side-table, and passed to each guest. This saves great confusion, and contributes more than anything else to the comfort of the meal. It is important also to have warm food served on hot plates. Cold plates will spoil the best dinner ever cooked.

The table cloth should be of the finest quality; and it is well for those whose means do not permit them to follow fashion's every caprice, to remember that fine white table linen is always in place. If colored materials are used, the latest edict of fashion forbids the employment of any stuffs that will not wash.

Decorations should always be arranged so that they will not prevent the guests

from seeing one another. The preference is now for low dishes of flowers of delicate perfume. Those of strong fragrance should be avoided, as in a warm room their odor may become oppressive.

An ostentatious display of flowers, plate, or ornaments of any kind is not in the best taste; nothing being more vulgar than a seeming desire to impress your friends with a show of wealth.

Placing the Table-Ware.

On the right of the space left for the plate place two knives and a spoon. The present mode is to use silver knives as well as forks for fish, and in that case this knife is placed with the others. On the left three forks—that for sweets smaller than the others. At times other knives, forks, and spoons are provided, but it is better to bring these in as needed for the separate courses.

The glasses are placed on the right. These should be at least four in number. As it is a great breach of decorum, as well as a sign of ignorance, to drink one sort of wine from a glass intended for another, we shall describe the glasses commonly in use. The tall glass, or that with the shallow, saucer-like top, is for champagne; the green for hock, chablis and similar wines; the large, ample glass for claret and burgundy; the round, full-shaped glass for port, and the smaller glass for sherry.

It must not be understood, however, that wines are essential to a high-toned dinner. Some of our very best families, the acknowledged leaders of fashion, never put champagne or any other kind of wine on their tables.

Each guest must be provided with a table-napkin, which, in laying the table, should occupy the place reserved for the plate.

There are many different and various ingenious ways of treating the dinner-napkin. The simplest is to leave it in the folds in which it comes from the laundress.

Bread should be cut in thin slices, and laid on a napkin at the left of each plate.

The room may be lighted with either white or colored candles or lamp. Many persons prefer to have the light fall in part from side brackets or sconces on the wall.

Dress.

As regards dress for a dinner party, it must be governed in great measure by the character of the dinner, whether friendly and informal, or an occasion of leading importance and marked formality. For the latter, lady and gentleman alike should dress as elaborately as for a ball, though ball dress and dinner dress should by no means be the same. The occasions differ widely, and the fitness of things needs to be strictly observed.

As to the character of the lady's dress, that must depend on her own taste. It will suffice to state here that full dress is requisite and that jewerly may be freely worn. For an ordinary, small dinner, however, a much less elaborate toilette is sufficient, and may prove more comfortable.

The gentleman will wear the ordinary evening dress already described. He may wear more jewelry than is in good taste earlier in the day.

Entering the Dining Room.

If the dinner is to be a large and formal one, a gentleman should receive an envelope before entering the drawing-room in which is a card bearing the name of the lady he is desired to take in to dinner. If he does not know the lady he should ask the hostess to present him to her. At small and informal dinners this is not necessary, the hostess simply mentioning to the gentleman the name of the lady he is wished to escort to the table. In fact, though still in use, the custom above named is going out of fashion, an assignment in the drawing-room being considered sufficient.

A card is generally laid at each place, giving the name of the guest who is to occupy it. This custom is also unnecessary at a small dinner. Menus, or bills of fare, are often placed before the guests at large dinners, but rarely at small ones.

When the guests have all arrived and the dinner is ready, the butler or waitress should enter the drawing-room and politely say to the lady of the house, "Dinner is served"; then he or she should return to the dining-room and stand behind the hostess until she is seated.

The gentleman of the house must offer his right arm to the lady who has been selected as the important guest of the evening, and then proceed to the table, placing her on his right, he generally taking the lower end of the table. The other guests follow, each gentleman with the lady selected for him; and finally the hostess enters with the gentleman whom she wishes to honor, he taking a seat at her right.

The remaining guests, in case their seats are not indicated by cards, will take the seats assigned to them by the host or hostess. In case no assignment is made, it should be remembered that questions of precedence, formerly so much considered, are growing to be of minor importance, particularly in this country.

Every place at a friend's table is equally a place of honor, and should be equally agreeable, so that, in the best circles, it is becoming the custom for the guests to sit in the order in which they enter the room. A little care should, however, be taken that a judicious distribution of the guests, according to their tastes, accomplishments, terms of intimacy, etc., is secured. Ladies sit on the right of gentlemen.

As soon as seated all the guests remove their gloves, and, taking the napkins from the table, open them and spread them on their knees. The napkin is not to be tucked into the waistcoat or pinned on to the front of the dress. It will usually contain a roll; that is placed on the left side of the plate.

The Dinner.

It is not easy to lay down any fixed rule for the character of the dinner. That must be governed by the season and the taste and resources of the host. However humble the pretensions of the dinner, it should never consist of less than three courses, namely, soup or fish, a joint (which, in a small dinner, may be accompanied by poultry or game) and pastry. Cheese with salad follows as a matter of course. Dessert succeeds.

The number of servants necessary will depend, of course, on the number of guests. Three will be enough for a party of ten or twelve persons. On their training and efficient service the success of the dinner will largely depend.

What is above said about courses applies, of course, to a very simple meal. In those of more pretension the courses may vary considerably in number and character, though custom lays down certain fixed rules for the succession of viands. For an ordinary dinner the following will suffice as an example.

Dinner Courses.

The dinner may begin with oysters on the half shell, five or six for each person. If not the season for oysters, small clams are frequently served in the same way. These should be very cold, and the clams are better if surrounded by cracked ice. A piece of lemon should be in the centre of each plate, and pepper and salt be passed with this course.

Soup follows. Either one or two may be served—a white and a clear, or a white and a brown soup; but never serve two kinds one after the other.

Follow the soup with fish. At the best tables you will find a silver fish-knife as well as fork; if not, eat with a fork in the right hand and a small piece of bread in the left.

When there are two kinds of fish, the larger one—say the turbot—is placed before the host; the lady taking that which is less calculated to fatigue in the helping. When fish sauce is handed, put it on the side of your plate. There are certain sauces appropriate to each kind of fish—as lobster sauce with turbot, shrimp or caper with salmon, oyster with cod, and so on.

The *entrees* follow, being ordinarily served in covered silver side-dishes. They consist of sweetbreads, *pates*, cutlets, and made-dishes generally. It is not customary to do more than taste one or two of these. Too much attention to them is apt to unfit one for enjoying the rest of the dinner. In eating of these dishes the fork alone, where possible, should be used.

The meats and vegetables follow. Some vegetables, such as asparagus, sweet corn, or maccaroni, can be offered by themselves; but hostesses should beware of making the meal tiresome by a needless number of courses.

It is not allowable, however, to serve more than two vegetables with one course,

nor to offer anything except potatoes or potato salad with the fish.

The roast meats are placed about the table in this way: The largest and most important, say haunch of venison, before the host; one before the lady of the house, and such dishes as tongue or ham before particular guests, who occupy seats at points where carving-knives and forks are placed in readiness.

Carving is an important accomplishment, and one that every gentleman should seek to acquire. A man should be able to carve a joint or a bird easily and dexterously, but facility can only be acquired by practice, which it is important to have. It is customary, however, to have the joint carved off the table, put back as before carving, and served.

It is hardly necessary to say that knife and fork are used in the eating of meat, poultry, or game; and it seems equally unnecessary to say that the purpose of the knife is simply to cut the food. Under no circumstances must it be used to convey it to the mouth. Vegetables are eaten with a fork. A spoon is rarely necessary, and a knife comes into use only in such cases as cutting off the heads of asparagus and the like.

If considered desirable, a course of vegetables may follow that of meat,—asparagus, cauliflower, artichokes, baked tomatoes, or some similar dish being served.

Game follows. Salad may be served either with the game or as a separate course. In the latter case serve with it cheese and bread and butter. The bread can be cut very thin and carefully buttered, or the butter and bread can be served separately. If preferred, the cheese can be served as a separate course.

Follow the cheese and salad with the sweet dishes and ices, then serve the fruit, and lastly the bonbons. Coffee may be served in the drawing-room, when the courses have not occupied too much time, or at the table, according to the preference of the hostess.

Black coffee, which should be made very strong and clear, must be served in very small cups, with tiny coffee-spoons.

After the Courses.

Everything except the lights and ornaments should be removed from the table before the dessert is served, the crumbs being brushed off with a crumb-scraper or a napkin, a clean one of course.

Finger bowls, set on handsome china or glass plates, with a fruit napkin or embroidered doily between, should be placed on the table for the fruit course. The dainty embroidered doilies, however, must never be used, and substantial fruit napkins should be supplied when any fruits that stain badly are served.

Where there is more than one servant, a second waiter carrying the proper vegetables should follow the first, who passes the meat or fish. The lady next the host should first be helped, and the others in turn, after which the gentlemen should be served. But when there is only one servant, the guests may be helped in the order in which they sit, beginning with the lady at the host's right, then passing to the one at his left, leaving the host himself to be served last.

When the servants have placed the dessert on the table and have handed the fruit and sweets once round, they retire. Any further service which the ladies may require can be given by the gentlemen, who will, of course, exert themselves to see that their neighbors are properly attended to.

Retiring from the Table.

Then the hostess bows to the lady of most distinction present, and all the ladies rise and prepare to retire. The gentleman nearest the door opens it, and holds it open for them. The hostess is the last to go out. While they are going all the gentlemen rise, and remain standing until they are gone. It would not, however, be a violation of etiquette for the gentlemen to accompany the ladies to the drawing-room at once, and what is here said applies principally to formal dinners, and to families in which the gentlemen are accustomed to conclude the meal with cigars and wine.

Tea and coffee are dispensed by the lady of the house in the drawing-room. This is her special province. It should be accompanied by a few wafers; a plate of very thin

rolled bread-and-butter and a few biscuits of the lightest description may be added. One cup of tea or coffee only should be taken; and certainly no one can need to be told that it must not be poured into the saucer to cool. It will be handed round the room by the servants.

In the drawing-room there should be a little music to give relief to the conversation.

At a plain family dinner, at which one or two guests are present, more devolves on the host and hostess, and less on the servants.

General Hints.

You should sit at a convenient distance from the table, and sit upright. Do not lean back, or tilt your chair, or stoop forward towards the table.

When grace is said at the table, observe the most respectful attention, reverently inclining the head.

Do not be impatient to be served. Should you need anything at the hands of the servants, do not order them to serve you, but request them politely, in a low, distinct tone, adding, "if you please." In declining a viand offered by them, say, "Not any, I thank you," etc.

Do not hesitate to take the last piece of bread or cake in a dish handed to you. Your host has more for other guests. When a plate containing food is handed to you, set it down before you, and do not pass it to your neighbor.

Wines.

As regards the use of wines at dinner, the following rules will suffice. They should be served in the following succession.

First.—Sherry, which must be very cold and decantered. This to be passed with the soup. If a white wine is to be served, it should be given with the oysters and also very cold. This must not be decantered.

Second.—Champagne, which should be packed in ice several hours before it is to be used. Serve it in the bottle with a napkin held round it to absorb the moisture. Champagne is passed with the meat.

Third.—Claret, which must be decantered and warm, and served with the game and salad.

Fourth.—Madeira, also decantered but of its natural temperature, and passed with the dessert.

Mineral waters, such as apollinaris, can be passed at dinner, as some prefer a mineral to natural water. As has been already said, a glass suitable for each variety of wine is placed on the table. This is not the case with the Madeira glasses, which are kept on a side-table, and brought to the table after the glasses previously used have been removed and before sweets are served.

After dinner, when the ladies have left the room and the gentlemen are preparing to smoke, coffee, without milk, is served and carried to the ladies in whichever room they may be.

It may be said in conclusion that the custom of wine drinking during dinner, and of drinking and smoking afterwards, is no longer of so ordinary application as formerly. While still generally retained in the case of large and formal dinners, it is frequently omitted in small, and commonly in family dinners, being considered by many a custom "better kept in the breach than the observance."

Dinners at Restaurants.

When a dinner is given at a public restaurant, a table can be reserved in the public dining-room, or a private room can be engaged. It is usual to order the dinner beforehand, so that there will be no needless delay in serving it when the guests arrive.

If a lady gives the dinner it is better for the guests to meet at her house, so that they may all go together to the restaurant, but if an unmarried gentleman is the host he must appoint an hour for the party to meet him in the vestibule of the restaurant, and the lady who has consented to *chaperon* his dinner must be there very punctually, in order to spare any unmarried lady the annoyance of arriving alone at a public place.

The style of the dinner must rest with the taste of the host or hostess, but it should resemble as nearly as possible a dinner in a private house, both in table appointments, variety of dishes, service, etc.

It is perfectly admissible for an unmarried lady to dine at a restaurant, provided that she is properly *chaperoned*.

Lunches and breakfasts are, under the above circumstances, governed by the same rules as those given in regard to dinners.

Ladies may lunch or breakfast without gentlemen in respectable public restaurants, but two ladies should if possible be together, rather than that one should lunch or breakfast alone.

Of course, no one needs to imagine that in entertaining a few friends at dinner all this ceremony is indispensible. It belongs to occasions where formality and close attention to fixed social rules are considered neccessary, but there is an agreeable form of informal dinner which calls for no manual of observance, in which the friends are taken into the bosom of the family and the ease of unfettered home intercourse prevails. For such dinners there are no set rules; every community, every family, make their own laws, and calmly ignore or simply laugh at the dictates of fashion. Here soup may be omitted, if not cared for; you may pass up your plate to your host for a slice of beef; you may do a dozen things that are quite out of order where formality prevails, and be as heedless and happy as you please. But all this is behind closed doors; when you fall under fashion's eagle eye no such looseness is for a moment to be considered; you must eat and drink to rule and measure or consider yourself a candidate for banishment.

VIII. COURTSHIP AND MARRIAGE

Preceding the marriage comes the courtship, an event which, since the world began, has been one of vital interest to man and woman, but which is so varied in its incidents and characteristics that no set rules of etiquette can be made to apply to it. It may suffice to say that when a gentleman feels such admiration for a lady as to induce him to make a proposal of marriage to her, it is the more manly and courageous way to do so verbally instead of in writing. During courtship anything that offends good taste, or is conspicuous in the conduct of a betrothed pair, should be sedulously avoided, —such as making public each other's sentiments. These concern the pair alone; they lack interest for the public at large, and etiquette demands that they should be kept secret.

A sufficient public announcement of the engagement is made by the ring, which it is usual for the gentleman to give the lady, as a token of the new relation existing between them. This may be a diamond solitaire, if the means of the gentleman will permit. Otherwise, a plain gold band is in order. It must be worn on the third finger of the left hand.

When the engagement is once formally made, it may be made known by the young lady or her mother to relatives and intimate friends. Good form, however, requires that the gentleman should gain the consent of the guardian or parents of the lady before making his proposal to herself. This is particularly important if he is in moderate circumstances and she wealthy.

The length of the engagement must depend largely upon the wishes of the parties most particularly concerned. Of late years it has become the fashion to shorten the time, and unless the marriage is likely to take place within six months it is better to make no public announcement of the engagement.

Hasty marriages, on short acquaintance, are in all cases to be avoided. The loving pair should grow to know each other well and intimately before courtship is allowed to pass its preliminary stage of attractive acquaintance; and many an unhappy marriage has come from undue haste in this particular, ardent fancy being permitted to take the place of cool reflection and growing knowledge.

There is a delight in courtship, moreover, which is often unwisely abridged by too quick a marriage. In the words of one wise maiden, who was asked why she did not marry when she had so many lovers, "Being courted is too great a luxury to be spoiled by marrying." But all this is matter for which it is useless to attempt to lay down rules. Men and maidens have followed their own inclinations in regard to the length of the period of courtship since

civilization began, and will probably continue to do so.

It is only when the engagement has been made and formally announced that etiquette can have anything to do with the matter. A couple once betrothed, and the betrothal made public, have placed themselves, in a measure, in the hands of society, and must yield in some degree to social obligations, if they wish to avoid invidious comment.

Wedding Preliminaries.

After the wedding day is fixed the happy couple are especially obliged to conform to the rules of etiquette, there being fixed laws laid down for every detail of the subsequent ceremonies. One thing should be borne in mind, that the wedding belongs to the family of the bride. It is their affair to send the invitations, provide the music, the decorations, the wedding breakfast, etc.; the duties of the groom being restricted to providing the certificate, naming the clergyman, and a few others. The announcement of the engagement is generally followed by a dinner given by the parents of the bride, to which some of the relatives of both families are invited. Subsequent dinners are apt to be given by relatives and intimate friends of the engaged couple.

The gentleman's parents, relatives, or friends call as speedily as possible upon the young lady and her parents or guardians. The selection of the wedding day is usually left to the choice of the bride elect and her mother, and to their taste are similarly left such details of the occasion as the arrangement for the wedding, the character of the trousseau, or bridal outfit, the breakfast or reception, the choice of bridesmaids, the style of the ceremony, etc.

Any time of the year may be regarded as suitable for a wedding to take place, though certain periods, such as Easter week, are often preferred. In Europe there is a strange prejudice against the month of May. As regards the day of the week, Wednesday or Thursday are apt to be selected; while Friday is looked upon as unlucky. In this country Friday holds the same doubtful position, but any other day of the week, and any month of the year, are quite in order.

Marriage is regulated in this country by the laws of the State, a license being required in some States, and not in others. This the intending husband should procure, he being accompanied by the father, guardian, or near relative of the lady, that the requisite information required by the law may be given.

The bridal trousseau does not include plate, china, furniture, or any household ware, but is restricted to the bride's attire, of which sufficient is usually provided to last during the first few years of wedded life. Too great a quantity of wearing apparel is to be avoided, whatever the wealth of the bride or her family, since the rapid changes in fashion are likely to make some of it useless before it can be worn. The extent and character of the trousseau, of course, must be governed by the means and taste of the bride and her family.

Bridal Gifts.

The custom of presenting gifts to the bride has grown until it has become much of a burden and something of a farce, from the absolute uselessness of many of the articles sent and the annoying duplication that is likely to take place. In every case the presents should be in accordance with the means and probable style of living of the recipients, and as far as possible in harmony with their tastes and surroundings. Nothing is more ill-advised than to send some gorgeous ornament for a plain, simply furnished house. Simple, tasteful selections, however, are rarely out of place, and there is a wide choice of articles which every family can use. The variety is endless, ranging from the costliest silver and jewels, clocks, lamps, fans, odd bits of furniture, camel's hair shawls, etc., down to a pretty vase, a bit of embroidery, a picture, or a piece of china painted by the hand of a friend. No one should hesitate to send a present whose money value is small, such gifts are often the most welcome, and a present which owes its existence to the donor's own labor is regarded as especially flattering.

Gifts are usually packed where they are bought, and sent directly from the shop to the bride's house. They should be sent during the week preceding the wedding, and

not less than two days before the event. It is so customary to make an exhibition of the presents on the day of the wedding or the preceding day, that it is very necessary that they should arrive in good time.

The display of the wedding presents is a point to be decided according to the bride's wishes. Some people think it ostentatious, others devote much time and care to their arrangement, and it is undoubtedly gratifying to many to be permitted to see them.

One rule, however, is *invariable*—the bride must acknowledge every gift by a personal note. It must be borne in mind that the gifts are hers, her own private property, which she can claim from the hands of the sheriff, if misfortune supervenes, and leave by will to whom she elects. Of course, gifts may be sent specially intended for the groom.

If people do not know what to send, or what the young couple require, they should take some means to discover, for nothing is more annoying than to receive duplicate presents. It is not uncommon for soup-ladles, butter-knives, tea-urns, and other articles of table use or house-ornament to be given so profusely that the young couple are almost as well fixed to set up a store as to begin housekeeping.

It is customary for the gentleman to make his bride a present of jewelry to be worn at her wedding, where his means will permit him to do so. If a wealthy man, he often presents the bridesmaids with a souvenir of the occasion, a fan, bracelet, ring, or bouquet. He buys the wedding ring and furnishes the bride's bouquet; but there his privilege or duty ends. The bride's family supply the cards, carriages, and wedding entertainment.

Flowers.

The bride's bouquet should be composed exclusively of white flowers, such as gardenias, white azaleas, or camellias, with a little orange blossom intertwined. It is the privilege of the groomsman to procure and present this to the bride.

It is generally considered a delicate attention on the part of the bridegroom to present a bouquet to his future mother-in-law. This may be composed of choice variously colored flowers, whilst those of the bridesmaids should be white, with an edging of pale blush roses. These also are presented by the groom.

To save trouble and anxiety with regard to bouquets, it is the best plan to order them from some practical florist. He will know exactly what to send, and will deliver them fresh on the day of the marriage.

The Bridesmaids.

The bridesmaids are usually selected from among the sisters of the bride, or her cousins or friends. The head-bridesmaid is ordinarily her most intimate friend. Occasionally the sisters of the bridegroom assist as bridesmaids, but the bride's own sisters should always be given the preference.

The number of the bridesmaids, of course, must be governed by circumstances. Six is a usual number, though more are frequently selected. An even number must always be chosen.

The dress of the bridemaids is usually of some light white material. They frequently wear wreaths and veils, but of a lighter and less costly character than those of the bride. Bonnets are often worn instead of veils. It is desirable for them all to be dressed as nearly alike as possible.

In this country the bridesmaids either provide their own dresses or may accept them from the bride.

The Groomsmen.

The number of groomsmen must correspond to that of the bridesmaids. These gentlemen have little to do, with the exception of the first or principal groomsman, who is charged by the bridegroom with the management of the whole affair, and should be furnished by him with money to pay all the expenses. He is usually his brother or most intimate friend.

Where a ring is used he should take charge of it, and present it to the bridegroom at the proper moment. He must hand the minister his fee, and pay the sexton and other persons entitled to payment their legitimate charges.

It is his duty to undertake all the arrangements for his friend on the eventful

day, and to see that they are properly carried out.

The dress of the groomsmen should be similar to that of the bridegroom, the dress worn being that suitable to the hour of the day, in the same fashion as for any other entertainment. They should be dressed as nearly alike as possible.

The Bride.

After the wedding invitations are issued the bride does not ordinarily appear in public. On the morning of the wedding day she usually breakfasts in her own room, and remains there till the hour arrives to dress for the ceremony. It is the privilege of the bridesmaids to perform this service.

The bride's costume is, as a rule, of white, either silk or satin, or of material in accordance with the means of the parties. A bridal veil of lace or of tulle is usually worn. The gloves, of course, should be white, and the shoes of white kid or white satin. It is customary for the bride to make some slight presents to the bridemaids on the morning of the marriage. These should be simple, it being borne in mind that the gift is merely to serve as a memento of the occasion, and that no article of much value is demanded.

After dressing, the bride remains in her room until the carriage is announced, or the time has arrived to descend to the drawing room if it is to be a home wedding. The bride's carriage is the last to leave the house. It should contain but one occupant besides herself—her father, or the person selected to give her away at the altar.

The Ceremony.

The ushers are selected by the gentleman, though the lady is generally consulted in the choice. Six is the number ordinarily chosen, and their duties are to show people to seats in the church, and to present the guests to the bride and groom at the wedding reception. They, and the groomsmen as well, should all wear *boutonnières*, or button-hole bouquets, made of some handsome white flowers.

The bridal procession is formed by the ushers, who walk first two and two, followed by the bridesmaids, also two and two; then the child-bridesmaids, if this pretty custom is adopted, and then the bride, leaning on her father's right arm. Sometimes the children lead the others. At the altar the ushers separate, moving to the right and left, the bridesmaids do the same, thus leaving room for the bridal pair.

Upon the entrance of the bridal party within the doors of the church, the organist will play a "Wedding March," and as they take their places at the altar will change this to some low, subdued, but sweet and appropriate melody, which he should continue with taste and feeling throughout the service. As the bridal party leave the church, the music should be loud and jubilant.

The front pews in the church should be reserved for the families and especial friends of the happy pair. These are generally separated from the others by a white ribbon drawn across the aisle.

The wedding party should stand according to the positions decided upon by the wishes of the bride and groom. Usually the bride takes her place upon the left of the groom, her father stands a little in advance of the rest, behind the couple, and her mother just in the rear of her father. The bridesmaids group themselves on the left of the bride, the grooms men on the right of the bridegroom, all in the rear of the principals.

The clergyman, who should be already in his place, at once begins the marriage ceremony.

When a ring is used, to avoid the long delay of drawing off the glove, brides now cut the finger of the one on the left hand, so that it can be slipped aside to allow the putting on of the ring; this is the routine almost invariably followed at church weddings.

The responses of the bride and bridegroom to the clergyman should be given clearly and distinctly, but not in too loud a tone. On the conclusion of the ceremony the newly-married couple and their attendants withdraw in much the same manner as on advancing, the bride now taking her husband's left arm.

The Wedding Breakfast.

The English fashion of a wedding-breakfast is now often followed in this country,

the guests being specially invited a fortnight in advance. On such an occasion the gentlemen, on reaching the house, leave their hats in the hall; but the ladies do not remove their bonnets.

In going to the table, the bride and groom precede, then the bride's father with the groom's mother, the groom's father with the bride's mother, the best man with the first bridesmaid, the other bridesmaids with gentlemen selected as their escorts, and finally the remaining guests. The dishes usually provided are bouillon, salad, birds, oysters, ices, jellies, etc.

The health of the bride and groom is proposed, usually by the groom's father, and response is made by the father of the bride. The health of the bridesmaids may also be proposed; but the occasion is ordinarily more pleasurable if strict formality is dispensed with.

After remaining for an hour or two with the guests, the bride retires to change her wedding dress for a traveling costume. She is met by the groom in the hall, the necessary good wishes and kisses are exchanged, and the pair drive away, often followed by a shower of rice and slippers.

As regards the desideratum of wedding cake, it is no longer the fashion to send it; but small boxes of it, neatly tied with white ribbon, are prepared, of which each guest may take one upon leaving the house, if desired.

What is above said relates to the marriage of a maiden. In the case of the marriage of a widow certain changes in dress and ceremony are requisite. A widow must never be attended by bridesmaids, nor must she wear a veil or orange blossoms; the proper dress at church is a colored silk and bonnet, pearl gray or some other delicate shade being preferable, though she is privileged to wear white if she desires. She should be accompanied by her father, brother, or some near friend.

A House Wedding.

A fashionable wedding at home calls into requisition the services of both florist and caterer; the former to decorate the rooms, the latter to furnish the marriage feast. A variety of floral devices may be employed, from the marriage bell and monogram to a bower of ferns large enough to receive the bride and bridegroom.

The part of the room to be occupied by the bridal party should be marked off by a white ribbon. After the clergyman has taken his place, the bride and groom enter together, followed by the mother, father, and other friends. Hassocks should be ready for the bridal pair to kneel upon, in case this is deemed necessary as a part of the ceremony.

Where money is lacking to defray the charges of florist and caterer, or in country localities where their assistance cannot be had, the loving hands of friends may decorate the rooms with foliage and blossoms, and the table be supplied with simple dishes such as the household means can furnish. Wedding-cake, light cakes, ices, and coffee arranged on a table prettily ornamented with flowers is a sufficient entertainment at a quiet home-wedding, and, let it be added, is in far better taste than a more ostentatious display which is beyond the means of the family, and leaves a burden of debt behind.

In fashionable circles, after the return of the bridal party the members of both families give a dinner in their honor, and the bridesmaids, if able to do so, give them some entertainment.

Brides sometimes announce, when sending out their wedding-cards, two or more reception days; but they do not wear their wedding-dresses, though their toilettes may be as handsome as they desire. When invited to balls or dinners, however, the wedding-dress is perfectly appropriate for a bride to wear—of course without the wreath and veil.

Sending Cards.

In some circles the young couple send out cards with their wedding invitations, stating the day and hour they will receive callers after their return from their wedding tour. No one who has not received such a card should call upon a newly married couple. Such cards should be as simple and unostentatious as possible. Where they are sent out, the wedding journey must be terminated in time to allow the new couple to be at home at the time indicated for the reception of their visitors.

Visitors should call punctually at the time appointed. In some places it is customary to offer the guests wedding-cake and wine. The mother, sister, or some intimate friend of the bride must assist her in receiving these calls. This rule is imperative.

IX. FUNERAL ETIQUETTE.

The great sorrow brought upon a family by the death of one of its members often renders the immediate relatives incapable of properly attending to the arrangements necessary for the funeral. The services of a near friend or a relative, therefore, are often availed of, he being informed of the wishes of the family, and relieving them of all further care, by himself taking charge of everything needing to be attended to.

The ladies of the family, before the funeral, see none except intimate friends, and may with propriety deny themselves even to those.

Immediately after a death the relatives and intimate friends of the deceased should receive some notification of it. An undertaker must also at once be summoned, and the arrangements and details of the funeral be left to him. Notices should be inserted in one or more of the daily papers of the time and place of the funeral services, etc.

In some parts of the country it is customary to send notes of invitation to the funeral to the friends of the deceased and of the family. These invitations should be printed, neatly and simply, on mourning paper, with envelopes to match, and should be delivered by a private messenger, where convenient.

A written notification, however, is frequently sent where only a few are to be specially invited, the newspaper announcement being trusted to inform those less closely connected.

The expense of a funeral should be in accordance with the means of the family. It is a foolish form of pride and ostentation that induces the members of a family to load themselves unnecessarily with debt in order to make a showy funeral display. All marks of respect should be shown to the dead, but undue expense is more indicative of a desire on the part of the living to impress their friends and neighbors than a genuine desire to do honor to the one who has passed away.

Where invitations are sent out, a list of persons invited must be given to the person in charge of the funeral, in order that he may provide a sufficient number of carriages. Those invited should not permit anything but an important duty to prevent their attendance.

The House Services.

When the funeral is at the house, some near relative or intimate friend should act as usher, and show the company to their seats.

A decorous silence should be preserved in the chamber of death, no one speaking except in low, subdued tones. The members of the family are not obliged to recognize their acquaintances. The latter show their sympathy by their presence and considerate silence.

The coffin, if in good taste, will never be unduly elaborate or over ornamented. A black cloth casket, with plain silver mountings, is preferable to any other.

The clergyman usually stands in a position as nearly as possible midway between the family and assembled friends, so that his words may be heard by all. The family remain seated together, usually in some room upstairs, and never appear until it becomes necessary to enter the carriages. If the funeral be in church, they occupy the front pews, the intimate friends sitting immediately behind them.

Six or eight of the most intimate male friends of the person who has died are invited by the family to act as pall-bearers. On the day of the funeral they assemble at the house, and the undertaker provides each of them with black gloves and a mourner's scarf. They walk with their heads uncovered beside the coffin, up the aisle, if the services be held in church, and also escort the body to the grave. They usually sit in one of the front pews, reserved for their use, while the funeral services are being conducted.

Flowers.

With regard to sending flowers, the wishes of the family should be considered. If you are uncertain upon this point, it is safe to send them. They should be simple and tasteful, also in keeping with the age of the person who has been removed by death.

As the sending of elaborate floral designs has been much overdone of recent years, it is becoming frequently the custom not to send flowers to houses of mourning, and in many funeral notices a request is made to this effect. Whatever flowers are received are usually placed upon the coffin during the services, and afterwards carried to the cemetery to be laid on or a few laid in the grave.

In preparing the body for the grave, the usual custom is to dress it in the garments worn in life; but young people are frequently laid out in white robes.

It is optional with the ladies of the family to attend the remains to the last resting place or not, as they may prefer. And of recent years the invitation is generally to the house only, notification being given that the funeral will be private. This is a judicious innovation, in the direction of economy and the avoidance of ostentatious display, and it is one that is likely to grow among people of taste and judgment.

After the funeral, only the members of the family return to the house, except in the case of friends or relatives from distant cities, and a widow or mother may properly refuse to see any others than her nearest relatives for several weeks.

Mourning.

The length of time for wearing mourning has greatly decreased during the past five years, as formerly there was such an exaggeration of this that sometimes the young people in a family were kept in constant black, owing to the death of successive relatives.

For deep mourning, black stuff dresses, heavily trimmed with black crape, and long crape veils, are worn. During the second period the crape is left off, and plain black alone is used; and for half-mourning light black, black silks, black and white, or costumes of mauve or grey, can be worn.

For gentlemen, at first plain black cheviot suits, with broad crape bands on their hats, and black gloves. For the second period they cease to wear black clothes, varying these by dark suits of black and grey, and the width of the crape hat-band is narrowed. For half-mourning the black hat-band is the one emblem of grief retained.

A widow should wear deep mourning for twelve months, plain black for the second year, and half-mourning for six months.

For parent, brother, or sister, the usual time of wearing mourning is one year; for a young child, six months; for an infant, three months.

There is much difference of opinion in regard to the wearing of mourning dresses, many objecting to doing so for what they consider excellent reasons. In truth, the mourning attire aids to keep up the feeling of grief, and to depress where some means of enlivening the feelings is desirable. Yet it serves as a protection to those whose deep sense of loss induces them to avoid many social duties, and who would escape from thoughtless and painful allusions. It is a matter, in short, that must be governed by the feelings and sentiments of those directly concerned.

During the first period of mourning it is not considered becoming to visit places of amusement or to enter social life or indulge in gaiety of any kind. After a certain time elapses—six months or a year, according to the depth of the mourning—a person is at liberty to go out quietly to concerts, theatres, informal dinners, etc.

It is customary to send a few words of sympathy to the family after a death has taken place. Such letters should be brief and written with real interest and affection, otherwise they had better be omitted.

During a period of mourning, note paper and visiting cards are usually edged with a black border, the width of this to be determined by the depth and recency of the mourning. The *very* wide band is exaggerated, ostentatious, and in bad form.

No invitations of any kind should be left at a house of mourning, until after a lapse of a month or more, according to circumstances. Then, cards to balls, weddings,

and general entertainments may properly be sent. When persons who have worn black are ready to resume their social life, they should leave cards with all their friends and acquaintances, either in person or by sending them through the mail.

X. ANNIVERSARY AND OTHER OCCASIONS

Among the festivities which society provides for its enjoyment, that of the anniversary wedding has of late years come greatly into vogue. It is a pleasant custom, and has been gradually extended until numerous anniversaries of the wedding day, differently named, are celebrated with appropriate ceremonies. Beginning with the silver and golden wedding, on respectively the twenty-fifth and the fiftieth anniversaries, there have been gradually added various others, such as the wooden wedding on the fifth, the tin wedding on the tenth, the crystal wedding on the fifteenth, the linen or china wedding on the twentieth, and, as an occasion of exceedingly rare occurance, the diamond wedding on the seventy-fifth anniversary of the marriage.

This is not the whole list, much ingenuity having been exercised in adding to the frequency and diversity of these anniversaries, and to those named may be added the iron wedding, celebrated after one year of married life; the paper wedding, on the second anniversary; the leather, on the third; the straw, on the fourth; the wooden, on the seventh; the ivory, on the thirtieth; the coral, on the thirty-fifth; the woolen, on the fortieth; and the bronze, on the forty-fifth. It is now a common custom, however, to overlook all the anniversaries preceding the silver wedding.

Gifts and Invitations.

A leading feature on these occasions is the sending of gifts, which are expected to be made of the material which gives the name to the wedding, and much ingenuity is exercised in selecting or inventing suitable presents, those of an amusing kind being often a leading feature.

Invitations to any of these occasions should be appropriate in design. For instance, the straw wedding cards may be printed on straw-colored stationery, the ivory wedding cards on ivory, and the bronze wedding cards in a similar way. For the silver wedding the cards may be printed in letters of silver, and in golden letters for the golden anniversary.

An appropriate form of invitation, say for a silver wedding, will be as follows:

1870. MR. AND MRS. BROWN 1895.
Request the pleasure of your company,
On Monday, June the Ninth,
At eight o'clock P.M.,
SILVER WEDDING.
WILLIAM BROWN. SUSAN CAMPBELL.

Many persons omit the names at the end, and in some cases an exact copy of the marriage notice, taken from the newspapers of the wedding period, is made to serve the purpose. A second form is here appended:

1850. 1900.
MR. AND MRS. HENRY WILSON,
At Home,
May fourth, 1900,
at eight o'clock P.M.,
GOLDEN WEDDING.

The entertainment may be similar to that supplied at any reception, with the addition of a large wedding-cake, containing a ring, which the bride cuts just as she did twenty-five years before.

As to character of the gifts, there is abundant scope for selection, with the general remembrance that they should be in consonance with the name of the anniversary. In the case of a wooden wedding, for instance, there is an opportunity for the bestowal of beautiful gifts in wood-carving, handsome pieces of furniture and picture frames, as well as the regulation wooden rollers, chopping trays, etc., for the kitchen. Bits of birch-bark are frequently used for the invitations.

Tin weddings have become occasions of special liveliness, and much ingenuity is exercised in devising amusing gifts. One young wife received from her father-in-law a check, marked "tin," enclosed in an elaborate tin pocket-book. The tin utensils

used in the kitchen and household furnish an abundant variety for choice. Tin funnels holding bouquets of flowers and tied with ribbons are usually numerous, and the glittering metal, adorned with bows of ribbon of every hue, is very effective when displayed on a table. The invitation is usually printed on a bit of tin.

On the fifteenth anniversary, or crystal wedding, the invitations are frequently crystalized, while the gifts may embrace every variety of glassware. The linen wedding is more rarely celebrated, many persons considering it unlucky. The Scotch have a superstition that if any allusion is made to this anniversary, one or other of the married couple will die within the year.

The silver wedding is usually a joyous occasion. The bride and groom are still in the prime of life, their children are of the age for a full enjoyment of festivity, and their circle of friends is likely to be complete.

Those who receive invitations usually send some present composed of silver, which may be as trivial or as costly as the donor chooses. They are generally marked "Silver Wedding," or bear some appropriate motto with the initials of the couple enclosed in a true lover's knot. The variety of articles is almost endless,—silver clocks, photograph frames, belt-clasps, mirrors, brushes and combs, and other toilet articles set in solid silver, and the long array of table-ware.

The golden wedding is a much less frequent occasion, and far less likely to be a joyous one. Age has crept upon the principals, and is creeping upon their children and friends, life has grown sober, and its pathway is apt to be strewn with many sombre memories.

As articles of gold are apt to be more expensive than many of those invited care to give, flowers are frequently made to do duty in their place—preferably yellow ones. As for the diamond wedding, the seventy-fifth anniversary, it is so rare an occasion that no description of it is necessary. Of course, it calls for presents of jewelry, though, as in the case of the golden wedding, guests may replace them with something less expensive and more appropriate to the age of the married pair.

Christenings.

Another occasion incident to married life, is the christening, which next demands consideration at our hands.

When children are to be christened at home, it is rapidly becoming the custom to celebrate such events by giving some sort of a social entertainment, the size or arrangement of which depends upon the taste and circumstances of the parents. If many are to be present, the invitations should be sent out formally, as though for an afternoon reception. The usual hours selected are from 4 until 6 P.M. Upon a small table a silver or china bowl should be placed, which is used as a font. Flowers in abundance are never in bad taste at a christening.

After the clergyman has performed the baptism, a beverage called "caudle" is served in cups to the guests.

Recipe for making Caudle.—This should be made of fine, smooth oatmeal gruel, flavored with wine or rum, lemon peel or nutmeg, and sugar added according to taste. Of course, in the case of a church christening no house-entertainment is called for, and a family party is all that is likely to come together.

Private Theatricals.

The private theatrical provides an entertainment which is daily growing in popularity both in England and our own country. Sometimes a stage is erected in a private house, but more frequently small theatres are engaged, where the performance takes place.

Instruction, or "coaching," is as a rule given to the amateur performers by some professional manager, actor, or actress engaged for the occasion, and is essential if any satisfactory entertainment is hoped for. Rehearsals are equally necessary and must be frequent to insure success.

For tableaux it is better to have the advice and taste of some clever artist, as the beauty and interest of the human pictures depend so largely upon the posing and drapery of the figures, to say nothing of the effect of the lights and the choice of colors.

Entertainments of these kinds may take a considerable variety of forms, and are very pleasant breaks in the monotony of

party giving and the other set affairs of ordinary life. The time spent in preparation, however, is likely to be considerable, and the result is often more farcical than the performers intend or understand.

Etiquette for General Occasions.

There are, or should be, rules of etiquette applicable to every situation, the home circle, the street, the store, the traveling conveyance, and in short for all the occasions in which men and women are brought together. These consist mainly in observing the ordinary requisites of politeness, the avoidance of rude or selfish behavior, and of any actions likely to hurt the feelings or offend the tastes of those with whom chance or social relations bring us into contact. It is not sufficient for the demands of society that we are morally correct; correctness in deportment is no less important, and there are numbers of small observances required from any one who wishes to keep on the correct side of the line which divides good manners from ignorant or boorish behavior.

Etiquette of the Household.

First among these requisites comes the etiquette of the home circle, in which the principle of politeness and courtesy are often laid aside as a consequence of careless habits and selfish egotism. Good manners are too often a cloak which is flung aside like a needless burden as soon as the home threshold is crossed, yet there is no place where kindness and thoughtfulness should be considered as more important, and in which neglect of the small courtesies of life are so likely to wound or distress.

Certainly the true gentleman or lady will endeavor to be as courteous and considerate in the family circle as among strangers, and equally avoid impatient and cutting remarks or lack of polite attention. Some few remarks on the rules of propriety for the home will not come amiss.

The house should be kept in as good order for the comfort of the family as when strangers are expected, and the members of the household should be careful to act in drawing-room or at table as if a guest were present. Formality, indeed, is not called for, but ease of manner does not imply rudeness, and politeness should never be laid aside.

Only a few leading suggestions can be here given. These will suggest others to all who attend to them. First, it is important to make special efforts to be punctual at meal time. Nothing interferes with the regular movements of the household, or disturbs the equanimity of the hostess, more than carelessness or irregularity in this respect. To have to keep food warm for the late comer, or perhaps to cook it afresh, is a needless waste of time and labor, and is apt to add to the household expenses.

Do not fail to rise and offer a chair on the entrance of an older person, or at all events an infirm person, to the room in which you are seated, and never precede an older person in entering or leaving a room, or in ascending stairs. Do not permit children to occupy the pleasantest seats, to the deprivation of their elders, or to be annoyingly intrusive when older persons are engaged in conversation. The "children's hour" should not be permitted to encroach upon that of their elders. Never enter any person's room without knocking.

Be careful to give any one who desires to read full access to the light. Avoid making unnecessary noise on coming home late at night, and in this way disturbing the repose of the household. Gentlemen who are in the habit of smoking at home should confine their devotions of the cigar to a single room, and avoid careless distribution of ashes or matches on floors or tables.

If callers are likely to drop in to meals, it is advisable to have a seat at the table reserved; and a room should also be set aside, where possible, for chance visiting friends. In every case a welcome should be ready, and every indication of being discommoded be sedulously avoided.

As regards the intercourse of the immediate members of the household, it will suffice to say that, while formality can well be laid aside, politeness and courtesy should never be forgotten.

Table Manners.

In conclusion a few rules of importance in table manners, familiar to most, but too

often carelessly ignored, may be given. The napkin should be spread over the knees, not fastened at the neck or tucked into a button hole. It should be folded after using, if the hostess folds hers.

The fork should be held in the palm of the left hand. If in the right, it should be used with the prongs upward, and held between fingers and thumb.

Avoid bending over the plate, drooping the head too low, thrusting the elbows out, or sitting with the back turned toward the person in the next chair.

Be careful not to take large mouthfuls nor to eat too hastily or heartily.

Never hesitate to take the last piece of bread that may be offered. A refusal to do so would be a reflection upon the hostess, suggesting that she had not provided fully for her guests.

In regard to rarer dishes, however, it is wise to show no inclination for more, if the supply on the table seems small.

Never play with napkin ring, fork, or other article, and keep the hands off the table when not employed. Never leave the table till the meal is over, and avoid reading newspapers, books, etc., at table unless alone.

Never use a spoon to eat vegetables. A fork is the proper thing. Never take butter from the dish with your own knife, or use it except on your own plate. It is scarcely necessary again to give warning against putting the knife in the mouth. Yet this unpardonable breach of table etiquette is often committed by persons whose training should have taught them better.

The table should be a centre of cheerful and enlivening conversation, and too close attention to the duty of eating should be avoided, alike from reasons having to do with healthy digestion, and the desirability of every one striving to bear a part in the entertainment of the family circle. The table is the one place where all the family meet at leisure, and where they should seek to make themselves agreeable.

Etiquette of the Street.

Courtesy requires the return of all civil greetings—those of servants included. Only the most serious causes can justify "a cut."

In bowing, the head should be bent; a mere lowering of the eye-lids, affected by some people, is rude. Etiquette does not permit a familiar nod, except between business men or very intimate friends. In passing and repassing on a public promenade or drive, bows need to be exchanged only at the first meeting. In carrying canes, umbrellas, and packages, care should be taken not to discommode passers with them. This is particularly needed in the case of raised umbrellas, which are often carried with careless disregard of the convenience of others. This is one annoying way in which selfishness is shown.

At a street crossing it is the duty of gentlemen to make way for ladies, and younger for older persons. In walking or driving, the rule to keep to the right will enable all to avoid danger of collision.

A gentleman should always offer his arm to a lady in the evening. In the day this is only in order in case of the pavement being slippery, there being a crowd, or the lady being old or needing support. If there are two ladies, he should offer his arm to one, and let the other walk beside her.

In the Electric Car.

If a gentleman desires to offer his seat to a lady, he should not beckon to her, but rise and offer it to her courteously. It is the duty of the lady, in accepting the seat, to acknowledge his courteous attention by a bow and an audible expression of thanks. On the other hand it is an indication of ill-breeding to show signs of displeasure if, on entering a crowded car, no seat is offered. It should be borne in mind that the gentleman has a right to his seat, and is under no obligation, except that of politeness, to give it up, and weariness or weakness may render it inadvisable for him to rise. No lady, if young or strong, will expect or permit an old gentleman to relinquish to her his seat. If, however, a lady is ill or greatly fatigued she should not hesitate to request a seat, giving her reasons for doing so. No gentleman, and few who are not gentlemen, would refuse such a request.

No gentleman will take a vacant seat while ladies are standing, and none should stand on the car platform in such a manner

as to discommode alighting passengers. It is easy and courteous to move aside, and step down into the street if necessary. If baskets or bundles are brought into the car care should be taken not to let them annoy passengers.

Etiquette of Business.

Never forget that time is precious to some persons, though you may be ready to waste it; also that money is necessary, and that it is every one's duty to settle all debts as promptly as possible.

Never fail to have all the details of an agreement decided so far as they can be before the transaction is concluded, and bear in mind that a contract can be broken only by the consent of all the parties concerned.

Never keep washer-women, seamstresses, nor any one dependent upon daily labor waiting for payment, and, on the other hand, when requesting payment of a debt, avoid any unpleasantness of tone or manner.

Never buy on credit, if cash can be had. This is a rule of common sense and practical economy.

Never forget that a character for fair dealing is a capital that cannot be lost. Do not think it unnecessary to learn the minutest details of any business, nor imagine that success in any business can be attained without a thorough training for it.

Never fail to be courteous in all business intercourse; a pleasant manner will do much to insure success.

Never insist on entering any business office, if told that its occupant is not at leisure. Courtesy requires that you should quietly await his leisure, or offer to call again if time will not permit you to wait.

Etiquette of the Club.

Doubtless, while there are few members of clubs who do not have a sufficient knowledge of the rules of etiquette governing them, some may desire information on certain points, and it is for the benefit of the latter that the following brief directions are given:

All members should become familiar with the regulations, and rigidly obey them.

You have a full right to vote against the admission to a small social club of any one whose society is not agreeable to you. It would destroy the pleasure of such a club if all its members were not congenial. Yet you should not allow personal prejudice to influence you in voting upon the admission of a new member of a large club. Is the gentleman's record clear, and is he in all respects a worthy associate for gentlemen? This is the only question to be asked.

Never persistently propose for membership of a small club a name that has been refused. Avoid any conduct likely to be disagreeable or disobliging to fellow-members. A gentleman should be as courteous in a club-house as he would be in his own.

Do not talk loudly in reading-rooms or library, and never misuse books, newspapers, nor other club property.

It is selfish and impolite to monopolize the best arm-chair, to make a practice of dining early to secure an extra share of a favorite dish, or to require special attention from waiters to the discomfort of other guests.

Avoid showing anger in political or religious discussions, or making a personal matter of an argument. Do not seek to force your opinions on others against their will.

Never mention the names of ladies in the club, or show idle curiosity about other members.

Never send an employee out of the club-house on any private errand without first requesting permission of the clerk or superintendent.

If the guest of a club, do not take the liberty of introducing any one else; but the guest of a club is expected to avail himself of all the privileges of its members.

When a gentleman is admitted to the privileges of a club through the courtesy of a member, he is expected, when his temporary membership ceases, to pay any debts he may have incurred, for if he omits to do this his club-host is obliged to settle his account for him.

Etiquette of Traveling.

Ladies should wear neat traveling dresses of suitable material and simple style, display as little jewelry as possible, and

carry the smallest amount of baggage by hand. It is important to have the initials or full name on all trunks.

Never attract attention by loud talking or laughing, and, if under the escort of a gentleman, do not annoy him with needless requests. Always repay a gentleman any traveling expenses, no matter how trivial.

A lady when traveling alone, should, if possible, arrange to be met at the station by some friend. In arriving at a station in a large city where she is a stranger, she should avoid taking a hack, choosing instead horse-cars, or the stages plying between stations.

While always acknowledging with thanks any courtesy offered, young ladies should avoid entering into unnecessary conversation with or accepting favors from men who are strangers.

Older ladies are privileged to offer advice or assistance, should occasion require, to young ladies traveling alone.

It is courteous for a gentleman to offer to buy tickets, and check the baggage of a lady who is traveling under his care; but he should first take her to the ladies' waiting room, not leave her standing on a crowded platform. He may also offer to get her refreshments, newspapers, or books, and—if the journey is a long one—invite her to walk up and down the platform at the stations. If, by any accident, the friends expected fail to meet a lady at the station, the gentleman escorting her should, if possible, go with her to her destination.

A gentleman may offer to help a lady, even if she is a stranger, whenever she seems really in need of aid. For instance, if she is laden with many parcels, or has several children with her who must be transferred from boat to car, or station to station.

Two gentlemen, strangers to each other, may talk together if agreeable to both; but it is wise to discuss only general topics.

Gentlemen may offer to open or shut a window for ladies; but should never presume upon a chance civility thus extended, by attempting to use it as a means of entering into conversation with them. While not regarded by all persons as obligatory, it is always courteous for a gentleman to offer his seat to a lady who is standing in any public conveyance.

No gentleman should smoke in cars or other places when ladies are present, spit on the floors in cars or stations, be disobliging in a smoking-car by refusing to change his seat to accommodate a party who may desire to play some game, or accept a light, or any trifling civility, from a fellow passenger, without any expression of thanks.

Before entering boat, train, or car, give the passengers who are in the act of leaving time to get off. Before taking a seat just vacated wait a sufficient time to see if its former occupant intends to return.

It is ill-bred to complain about the trivial discomforts that fall to every traveler's lot, and make uncomplimentary comparisons between one's own home and the place where one happens to be.

Never occupy more than one seat in crowded conveyances, and if you have placed a parcel on a empty seat, cheerfully remove it whenever it is needed. Do not take the seat beside any person in a steam-car without asking if it is engaged.

Never incommode fellow-travelers by opening a window which forces them to sit in a draught—it may be an affair of life and death to delicate persons.

Table Etiquette for Children.

It may not be out of place to add here a few good old rules for children's behavior at table which can safely be followed:

Give the child a seat that shall be strictly its own.

Teach it to take its seat quietly.

To use its napkin properly.

To wait patiently to be served.

To answer promptly.

To say "thank you."

If asked to leave the table for a forgotten article, or for any purpose, to do so at once.

Never to interrupt and never to contradict.

Never to make remarks about the food.

Teach the child to keep his plate in order.

Not to handle the bread nor to drop food on the cloth and floor.

To always say "excuse me, please," to the mother when at home, and to the lady

or hostess when visiting, if leaving the table before the rest of the party.

To fold its napkin and to put back its chair or push it close to the table before leaving.

And after leaving the table not to return.

Children who observe every one of these rules are well-behaved, delightful companions, and owe it to their mothers's careful training.

XI. FORMS OF INVITATIONS

XI. Forms of Invitations.

In issuing invitations for any occasion, they should be sent out as nearly as possible together, and in ample season. If they be for a large reception, dinner, or similar entertainment it is best to send them a week or two in advance; and for a ball, in the height of the season, two or three weeks. No one should be invited at the last moment, except it be an intimate friend, who can be trusted to excuse lack of ceremony.

For large or formal occasions, such as dinners, balls and receptions, use plain cards, or note-paper, engraved in plain script. If the invitations be written, small white note-paper, of the best quality, should be used, and the writing done carefully, with proper attention to the arrangement of words.

Invitations to Parties.

The following will serve as a correct form for a note of invitation to a private party:

Mrs. William H. Johnson
requests the pleasure of
Mr. and Mrs. James Browns' company
On Thursday evening, April eighth,
from nine to twelve o'clock.

As an example of a suitable reply we give the following:

Mr. and Mrs. James Brown have much pleasure in accepting Mrs. William H. Johnson's kind invitation for Thursday evening, April eighth.

Or, if circumstances render it necessary to decline, the cause of declination should be courteously stated, as follows:

Mr. and Mrs. James Brown regret that a previous engagement to dine with Mrs. Rowland deprives them of the pleasure of accepting Mrs. William Johnson's kind invitation for Thursday evening, April eighth.

The reasons for declining may be very varied, but should be distinctly stated. "A previous engagement" has often to do duty in this case.

A prompt reply must invariably be made by all who recognize the obligations of courtesy, and it may be well to give one or two examples of an uncivil manner of replying, into which well-meaning persons sometimes fall through ignorance or carelessness:

Mr. and Mrs. Brown regret that they cannot accept Mrs. William H. Johnson's invitation for Friday evening.

A still ruder form is: *Mr. and Mrs. Brown decline Mrs. Johnson's invitation for Friday evening.*

It needs little knowledge of the laws of etiquette, however, to teach people not to commit such glaring incivilities as the latter.

A simple form of invitation to an evening party is the following:

Thursday, May seventh.

Mrs. —— requests the pleasure of Mr. ——'s company at an Evening Party, Thursday, May twenty-eighth.

An answer will oblige.

Dancing. [Music, or any special attraction].

The answer, which should be returned within a day or two, may be similarly brief:

Mr. —— has much pleasure in accepting Mrs. ——'s polite invitation for Thursday evening, the twenty-eighth.

Saturday, May ninth.

Short or verbal invitations should never be given, even among relations and intimate friends. These are discourteous, as implying that the persons invited are of no importance.

Dinner Invitations.

Dinner invitations are written or engraved in the name of both husband and wife:

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Wilson
request the pleasure of
Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Clayton's company at dinner
November eighth, at seven o'clock.

An acceptance should be worded as follows:

Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Clayton
accept, with pleasure,
Mr. and Mrs. Henry Wilson's kind
invitation to dine with them,
on Monday, November eighth, at seven o'clock.

An invitation to dinner, once accepted, should be held as little less than a sacred obligation. Only disabling sickness or other extreme necessity should be permitted to stand in the way of its being kept; and then, if time permits, immediate notice, with reason for same, should be given. A dinner party is carefully arranged for a set number, and one or more empty chairs are sure to disturb the completeness of the occasion, and cause heartburnings to host and hostess. A late invitation to fill the gap is usually sent, with proper explanation, to some friend who may be depended upon to overlook the informality.

Invitations should be issued in the name of the hostess, except those to weddings and dinner parties.

R. S. V. P., the initials of the French phrase "*Respondez, s'il vous plait,*" or "Please reply," may be written in the right-hand lower corner of an invitation if an answer is particularly needed. Its use, however, is becoming less frequent, since it tacitly implies that the recipient needs a reminder. In a dinner invitation it is especially unnecessary, since nothing can be more discourteous than to fail in an immediate answer. The day and hour named should be repeated in the answer, to avoid possible misunderstanding. If guests are asked to meet a distinguished gentleman, or lady, this should be mentioned in the card of invitation, directly after the hour of dinner; for instance:

At seven o'clock, to meet
Mr. John P. Wallace,
of London.

Or an extra card may be inserted with the regular invitation, saying, "to meet Mr.—," etc.

Here is an example of an invitation to a reception specially designed for this purpose:

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas F. Jackson
request the honor of your presence
on
Tuesday evening, November fifteenth,
from eight until eleven o'clock,
to meet the
Rev. Professor Patton
of the
University of Pennsylvania,
R. S. V. P. *119 Locust Avenue.*

Invitations to large entertainments, receptions, etc., may be sent to persons in mourning if the bereavement has not occurred within a month; but etiquette permits them to refuse without assigning a reason, sending, however, on the day of the entertainment, black-bordered visiting-cards, which announce the cause of their absence. Invitations to dinners and luncheons should never be given to persons in recent affliction.

Always direct an answer to an invitation to the person or persons who issue it, even though they may be strangers to you. Always answer an invitation to dinner or luncheon at *once*, accepting or refusing positively. The reason is obvious; the number of seats being limited, a prompt reply gives the entertainer an opportunity to supply your place. Should illness, a death in the family, or any other reason prevent the keeping of a dinner engagement, a letter or telegram should be immediately sent, stating the fact. All invitations, in fact, should be answered with as little delay as possible.

When issuing invitations to a family, direct one to the husband and wife, one to the daughters, and one to the sons. The daughters' names may be placed after the parents on the same card, but not the sons.

Notes of invitation to a gentleman should be addressed Mr. A. B. Cohen, *never* A. B. Cohen, Esq. Gentlemen must never be invited without their wives, nor ladies without their husbands, unless to entertainments given exclusively to gentlemen or to ladies.

Small Entertainments.

Visiting-cards must not be used either to accept invitations or to regret the necessity of declining them, though invitations to small entertainments may with propriety be written on a lady's visiting-card.

A less formal mode of invitation to an evening reception may be the following:

MRS. SMITH,
At Home,
Tuesday, May ninth, at nine o'clock, 849 Green Street.

If dancing, music, or other entertainment is provided, it can be mentioned in a word at the bottom of the invitation.

We append below an invitation to a musical and card party, with acceptance of same:

Hilton, January 1, 1902.

DEAR MRS. NUTTALL:

We purpose having a small party for music and cards next Thursday, and hope that you, your husband, and the dear girls will join us. If you can favor us with your company, please ask the young ladies to bring their violins and music, and do not be later than eight o'clock.

We unite in kindest love to you all.

Believe me, most affectionately yours,
Lois Markley.

ACCEPTING.

MY DEAR MRS. MARKLEY:

We shall have much pleasure in accepting your kind invitation for Thursday next. Edith desires me to give you her love, and to say that she is delighted at the prospect of a musical evening; she will bring all your favorite selections, and do her best to play them. With our united regards, believe me,
yours affectionately,
SUSANA NUTTALL.

"The Willows,"
January twelfth, 1902.

Where there are several sisters in a family, addressed on an invitation as "The Misses ——," it is usually understood that not more than two of them will avail themselves of the invitation.

Invitations for any general entertainment sent to a country house where guests are stopping, are, as a rule, addressed to "Mr. and Mrs. ——, and party," this invitation being expected to include the sons and daughters of the family as well as the visitors.

Form of English Invitations.

The following is the style often used in England for invitations to garden parties, etc.:

MR. AND MRS. JONES
request the pleasure of
MR. AND MRS. ROBINSON'S
company at a garden party on Tuesday, June ninth, at four o'clock.
Collation at seven o'clock.
Dancing 8 to 11.
10 Corson Place. *R. S. V. P.*

For afternoon teas, etc., the visiting-card of the hostess, with simply "Tea at four o'clock," and the date in the left-hand corner, is all that is necessary, or possibly "At home from four until seven."

Wedding Invitations.

Invitations to marriage ceremonies are issued in the name of the bride's parents, or, if both are dead, in the name of a near relative or guardian. Paper without crest or monogram is considered the best to use so far as good taste is concerned. The accepted form is as follows:

MR. AND MRS. ROBINSON
request the pleasure (or honor) of your company
at the marriage of their daughter
MARY BURD
to
MR. JAMES HOWARD WILSON,
at St. James' Church, on Tuesday, June tenth, at twelve o'clock.

Separate cards are sent if the wedding ceremony is to be followed by a reception at the parents' residence, the formula used being "Mr. and Mrs. Smith at home, etc."

To avoid confusion at the church a small card is sometimes enclosed with the invitation, on which the name of the church and the hour for the ceremony are printed. Such cards must be presented at the door, in order that, to avoid a crowd, only such friends as have received invitations to the wedding may be comfortably seated.

In case no reception is given, and the newly-married couple wish to announce to their friends their new abode, a card in the following form may accompany the invitation:

AT HOME
Tuesdays in May.
489 Green Street
Philadelphia.

In the case of house weddings, or when recent bereavements demand that the wedding shall be private, it is now customary to invite intimate friends by written invitations, and send simple announcements of the event to those not expected to be present. In such cases the stationery used should be of the same quality and style as for the invitations. The announcement may read as follows:

Mr. and Mrs. Harvey Wellington
Announce the Marriage
of their Daughter
Catharine
to
Mr. James Howard,
Saturday, September ninth.
Philadelphia,
1903.

An invitation to an anniversary wedding may be couched in the following form. If no presents are desired, the invitation should explicitly say so, otherwise it will be taken for granted that they will be acceptable:

1877 *1902*
Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Lewis
request your presence
at the
Twenty-fifth Anniversary of their Wedding
Wednesday Evening, March eighth,
194 Lombard Avenue,
New York.
No presents.

General Invitations.

In addition to the forms of invitation to more or less formal occasions above given, notes inviting to various informal meetings may take forms familiar or the reverse, in accordance with the degree of intimacy of the parties. A few forms will suffice as examples:

New York, June 8, 1903.
My dear Mr. Wilson:
A few of us are arranging for an excursion to Bolton Springs on the 15th inst. We should be very glad to have you as one of the party. We shall be three days absent from town. If you can make it convenient to accompany us, we are sure you can count on an enjoyable time. Be kind enough to let me know within a day or two, and believe me
Sincerely yours,
A. B.

10 Brown Street,
New York, December 18, 1903.
Dear Mr. Wilson:
Can you make it convenient to run over to New York on Christmas day, and drop in on our small family party? You can count on a hearty welcome, and a fair allowance of the enjoyments of the season.
Yours very truly,
Henry Smith.

As examples of more familiar notes of invitation, between intimate friends, the following will suffice:

Dear Harry:
Some of us are expecting to spend a few hours jovially, next Wednesday evening with a glass of wine and a cigar as enliveners. I hope you will make one of the party, and shall hold a chair for you.
Yours as ever
Will.

Dear John:
Our old friend Harvey Wilson has just got home from his Western trip. I have asked him and his cousin James to take a chop with me to-morrow at six p. m., and want you as a good fourth. Don't fail me. You know what a good fellow Wilson is.
Yours faithfully,
H. P. Jones.

My Dear Mary:

A few friends will be with us on Friday evening, the 8th inst., to share a social cup of tea and have an hour's chat. Can we count on the pleasure of your company?

J. S. White.

My Dear Jennie:

Your kind request is at hand. I shall be glad to accept it, and hope to enjoy both the tea and the chat.

Yours cordially,
Mary Moore.

My Dear Sir:

We start next Tuesday for the Catskills, by private conveyance. There is room for one more in our carriage, and we should be glad to have you fill the vacant space. I trust no inconvenient engagement will hinder your acceptance.

Yours socially,
William Black.

Mr. S. D. Henderson.

Invitation to a Carriage Ride.

Hillsdale, Ohio, October 3, 1903.

My dear Miss Barry:

In these bracing Autumn days, when the foliage is so beautiful, I am sure you will enjoy a ride for an hour or more. It will give me great pleasure to have your company for a ride on Saturday afternoon next, and I hope you will have no previous engagement at that time.

Sincerely yours,
Francis Thorne.

Reply of Lady to Invitation.

"The Cedars."

Dear Mr. Thorne:

It is, indeed, very kind of you to think of my pleasure. The prospect of a ride for Saturday afternoon is very attractive.

I shall be pleased to go with you, and shall await you at three o'clock Saturday.

Sincerely,
Bertha Barry.

October fourth, 1903.

XII. ART OF LETTER-WRITING

A correspondence between two persons is simply a conversation reduced to writing. We should write to an absent person as we would speak to the same party if present. To a superior, we ought to be respectful; to a parent, dutiful and affectionate; to a friend, frank and easy; and clear and definite in our expressions to all.

Conciseness is one of the charms of letter-writing. A letter should contain the desired facts, ideas, and feelings; but they ought to be expressed as briefly as perspicuity and elegance will permit.

Lengthened periods are as much out of place in a letter as they would be in conversation, for they tire the reader even more than they would the hearer. When written, their faults are also perceived with much less difficulty than when spoken.

When the party to whom a letter is addressed is uninterested in the subject on which it is written, the writer of it should display a brevity which will attract attention and insure a perusal. No unnecessary ornament should be used, nor, in fact, anything introduced but what is important and bears strongly on the case stated, or the inquiry made.

To an absent friend, on the contrary, a lengthy epistle, well filled with details of passing incidents, is likely to prove welcome and interesting, and one may venture even upon prolixity if sure that his correspondent has a strong interest in the subject, and is likely to desire minute details concerning it.

Style in Correspondence.

The style of the letter may rise with the subject, and with the character of the person written to. In a familiar epistle an effort at dignity of style is misplaced, but such is not the case where the person addressed is superior in position or character, or where the subject is one demanding seriousness and dignity. For instance, the death of a friend or relation, a calamity, or any circumstance of grave importance, should not be communicated in the same manner as a trifling occurrence, or even a happy event

brevity, in the latter case, is beauty; in the former, it would be deemed unfeeling and abrupt.

Express your thoughts in simple English and in legible writing. The latter should be clear and bold. Never write carelessly or hurriedly; read the letter over before sending; and, if writing more than one letter at a time, be cautious that such are not put in the wrong envelopes. Great attention should be paid to correct punctuation.

As to writing material, the shape and size of paper and envelopes are not so important as the quality. They should be plain white, with no colored border (except the black border when in mourning), and of substantial texture. The address of the writer, printed neatly at the head of the sheet, should take the place of any attempt at ornament.

Fold all letters evenly, and put the stamp in the upper right-hand corner. Remember to enclose a stamp when writing to a stranger concerning your own affairs. Use postal cards only for ordinary business communications; never for friendly correspondence or in writing to any one who might be annoyed by having his or her occupation made public.

Take the trouble to spell correctly. Be careful to write dates, numbers and proper names plainly. Date a note, at the conclusion, on the left-hand side of the page; a letter at the beginning, on the right hand. Sign a letter with a full name, or with the last name and initials. In business correspondence sign "yours respectfully," "your obedient servant," "yours truly," or "yours sincerely." Place the name and address of your correspondent at the upper left-hand corner of the page.

Let your signature suit the style of the letter—a business communication should bear a formal, a friendly note, a cordial conclusion. Between intimate friends and relatives no formal rule is laid down for the beginning and ending of letters. The etiquette of letter-writing should only be considered between strangers or slight acquaintances. In these cases it is well to preserve a mean between cold formality and familiarity.

Forms of Address.

The conventional forms are "Sir," "Dear Sir," "My Dear Sir," or "Madam," "Dear Madam," or "My Dear Madam." Either of these can be used, but to a total stranger "My Dear Sir" is rather too cordial, and to an acquaintance "Sir" is too formal, unless there is a purpose to convey coldness of feeling. When writing to persons of your own social class, though strangers, "Dear Sir" or "Dear Madam" are used in preference to "Sir" or "Madam."

A married lady should not sign herself "Mrs.", nor an unmarried one "Miss," except in writing to a stranger who will need to reply. In this case the full name should be signed, as "Miss Susan Blake," or "Mrs. Mary Brown." Mrs. and Miss may be enclosed in parenthesis. Letters to married ladies are usually addressed with the initials or names of the husband, "Mrs. John P. Smith," etc. Widows and unmarried ladies should only be addressed with their christian names, "Mrs. Mary Smith" or "Miss Fanny Jones." The eldest daughter or unmarried lady of the family should be addressed "Miss" simply, the christian name being omitted. "Mr." and "Esq." cannot be used simultaneously. A letter must be addressed either like the following examples, to "Mr. R. H. Smith" or to "R. H. Smith, Esq." When a letter is addressed to the Hon. James Blank, the "Esq." must not follow.

Never use the husband's title in directing a letter to the wife, as "Mrs. Gen. James Bancroft," or "Mrs. Rev. John Pearl."

Do not cross a letter, put the most important part of it in a postscript, or sign it in the first person, if it has been written in the third. Never fail to answer promptly, in case the communication requires an answer.

When a note is commenced "Sir" or "Dear Sir," it is usual to write the name of the person addressed at the end of the letter or note in the left-hand corner, or it may be put before the commencement; for instance, "To R. H. Smith, Esq.," but in this case it must not be repeated at the bottom.

A son of the same name as his father is addressed in this way: "R. H. Smith, Jr., Esq."

Letters or notes to servants usually begin with the servant's name, and then the directions follow in the third person; example: "To Mary Smith: Mrs. Brown will return home on Saturday next, etc."

Address a clergyman "Reverend Sir" or "Dear Sir," and direct the envelope to "Rev. John Blank;" or if the initial is not known, to "Rev. —— Blank."

Address a doctor of divinity "To the Rev. John Hall, D.D.," or the "Rev. Dr. Hall."

Address a doctor of medicine "J. B. Blank, M.D.," or "Dr. J. B. Blank," or "Dr. Blank."

Address a bishop "To the Right Rev. the Bishop of ——," or "To the Right Rev. H. C. Potter, D.D., Bishop of ——," and begin the letter "Right Rev. Sir," or "Right Rev. and Dear Sir."

Address foreign ministers as "His Excellency and Honorable."

Letters to the President should be addressed "To His Excellency, the President of the United States," or "President of the United States."

Cabinet officers should be addressed "To the Honorable J. C. Blank, Secretary of State," "To the Hon. ——, the Postmaster-General," etc.

In writing to Senators or members of the House, address "To the Hon. ——."

Officers of the army or navy are addressed by their titles, as "General Wilson Earle," "Captain Paul Jones," Admiral William Harvey," etc. The members of a college faculty are addressed as "Professor," and their particular title may be added after the name, as "D.D.", "LL.D," etc. This addition of titular abbreviations applies as well to scientists, physicians, and all others whose special college title may be known to the writer.

Letters of Recommendation.

A letter of recommendation should be composed with careful attention to its statements. It is a guarantee for the party recommended, and truth should never be sacrificed to condescension, false kindness or politeness. To write a letter of recommendation contrary to one's own opinion and knowledge of the person recommended, is to be guilty of a great imprudence.

To say all that is necessary, in a clear and distinct manner, and nothing more, is the grand merit of a letter on business of any kind. Pleasantry and pathos would be greatly misplaced in it, unless it embraced some other subject than the business one. Brilliant diction is a dress in which directions on business should never be clothed. The style ought to be precise, sufficiently copious to leave no uncertainty, but not redundant. Every thing necessary should be stated, plainly and unequivocally; so that the party addressed may be in full possession of our desires and opinions on the subject involved. Ambiguity is nowhere so unpardonable as in a letter on business.

Letters of Introduction.

Letters of introduction are one of the common methods of establishing social relations. The person who is not known to your friend can become known through your kind offices. In this way, very often, important services can be rendered.

Never give a letter of introduction unless you thoroughly understand the character and manners of the person to whom you write the letter and also of the person whom the letter introduces.

You have no right, to avoid giving offence, or through sheer inability to say no to a request, to foist upon your distant friend some one for whose acquaintance he will not thank you and who may prove a very undesirable visitor. If one or the other of the two parties concerned must be offended, let it be the applicant. You can usually give some sufficient reason for declining—but decline in any event, if the person is likely to prove objectionable.

As such a letter cannot well enter into particulars, it is customary and desirable to notify your friend by mail of the fact that you have given a letter of introduction to such a person, and tell him what further it is well for him to know concerning the character and purpose of his probable visitor. If you have given such a letter to a party of whom you do not approve, all that

remains is to warn your friend privately, placing him on his guard against a possibly objectionable person.

A letter of introduction (unless sent by mail) should be delivered, unsealed, by the writer of the letter to the bearer of the introduction, and should be closed by the latter before delivery to the party to whom it is addressed. If purely a business introduction and one which can be delivered personally, it may remain unsealed.

The bearer of a letter of introduction should send it to the house of the person to whom it is addressed, together with a card on which should be written his address. It is not in order to deliver it in person, since this may force the party addressed into a position which he may prefer to decline. It does not follow, because a friend has chosen to introduce you to another, that this other may not have private reasons for declining your acquaintance, or may be prevented from seeing and entertaining you by stress of other engagements. If he lives in a large city, the letter may make him feel obliged to escort you to the various places of interest, or in any case to invite you to meals or other entertainments. We should not tax the time or the purse of a friend, except for a satisfactory reason.

The letter delivered, there is nothing more to be done until the party receiving it calls upon you or sends you some card or note of invitation. Those who receive such letters should, within twenty-four hours, if possible, take some kindly notice of them by a call or an invitation.

A letter of introduction must be carefully worded, stating clearly the name of the person introduced, but with as few personal remarks as possible. It suffices in most cases to say that the bearer is a friend of yours, whom you trust your other friend will receive with attention, or you may state his profession, object in traveling, etc. In traveling, one cannot have too many letters of introduction. It is the custom in foreign towns for the newcomer to call on the residents first, a hint that may prove acceptable to persons contemplating a long or short residence abroad.

A letter of introduction of a business nature may be delivered by the bearer in person, since it requires no social obligations. In style it should resemble other business letters; that is, it should be brief and to the point.

If a stranger sends you a letter of introduction, and his or her card (for the law of etiquette here holds good for both sexes), good form requires that you should not only call next day, but follow up that attention by others. If you are in a position to do so, the next correct proceeding is to send an invitation to dinner. Should circumstances not render this available, you can probably escort the stranger to some exhibition, concert, public building, museum, or other place likely to prove interesting to a foreigner or provincial visitor. In short, etiquette demands that you shall exert yourself to show kindness in some desirable way to the stranger, out of compliment to the friend who introduced him to you.

If you invite strangers to dinner or tea, it is a higher compliment to ask others to meet them than to dine with them alone. You thereby afford them an opportunity of making other acquaintances, and are assisting your friend in still further promoting the purpose for which he gave the introduction to yourself. Be careful at the same time only to ask such persons as you are quite sure are the stranger's own social equals.

Letters of Congratulation or Condolence.

Epistles of this kind need to be very carefully written. Unless there is some actual sympathy in the mind of the writer, they had better, in many cases, be left unwritten, since they may serve the opposite purpose to that designed. A verbal expression of feeling, where there is no feeling, is apt to fail of its intention. If such a letter prove difficult to compose, it is likely to seem studied, cold, and formal. Simplicity and ease of expression are necessary elements in a note of condolence or compliment.

A letter of congratulation should avoid any indication of other than unselfish good feeling in the writer. The slightest show of envy or jealousy at the good fortune of those whom we felicitate is unpardonable. It should on no account contain a hint of any

hope that the advancement, or change of situation, upon which the compliment is made, may afford the person addressed the means of conferring a benefit on the party writing.

Such a letter should, in fact, be an unmixed expression of pleasure and congratulation on the event that calls for its production. But care must be taken to keep within due bounds; to exaggerate in our congratulations may be to seem satirical.

In a letter of congratulation we should be cheerful; from an epistle of condolence all pleasantry should be banished. When addressing a person who is laboring under any grievous calamity, it is bad taste to make light of it; to treat that loss as a matter which might be endured calmly, by a little firmness on the part of the party who has suffered it, has the effect to irritate rather than soothe. One should seek to enter into the feelings of the mourner, to eulogize the departed relation, to rebuke the ingratitude of the false friend, to confess, the inconstancy of fortune, or otherwise, according to the circumstances; and, without magnifying, to lament the affliction.

Language like this is balm to the wounded mind, which rejects consolation from those who do not seem sensible of the extent of the sorrow under which it labors. But such a subject must be treated with a delicate hand, for an exaggerated expression of sympathy may give the appearance of insincerity, and of a strained endeavor to condole. In such a case it may aggravate the depression which it seeks to remove.

Replying to Letters.

Every letter, that is not insulting, merits a reply, if it be required or necessary. If the letter contains a request, it should either be acceded to gracefully and without ostentation, or refused without harshness. An answer to a letter of condolence or of congratulation should be grateful. The subjects should succeed each other in proper order, and the questions put be consecutively answered. In familiar correspondence a greater latitude of arrangement is allowed; but even in this no question should be left unanswered. In all replies it is usual to acknowledge the receipt, and to mention the date, of the last letter received: if this be neglected, your correspondent may be left in doubt, and may, through misunderstanding, hold you guilty of some offense.

Punctuation.

Punctuation is a matter of the utmost importance in every species of literary composition; without it there can be no clearness, strength, or accuracy. Its utility consists in separating the different portions of what is written in such a manner that the subjects may be properly classed and subdivided, so as to convey the precise meaning of the writer to the reader. It shows the relation which the various parts bear to each other, unites such as ought to be connected, and keeps apart such as have no mutual dependence.

It is much to be lamented that so little attention is paid to this important subject. As there is no positive system of punctuation to direct the writer, the modern editions of good authors should be carefully studied, in order to acquire the leading principles of the art. The construction of sentences may be examined, and the mode adopted of dividing them attended to with considerable advantage.

One cannot expect, perhaps, in this manner to become an expert in punctuation, but may grow sufficiently familiar with its essential elements to make no serious errors. The mode of placing punctuation marks permits of considerable latitude, and it is advisable not to be too profuse in their employment. The use of the comma is frequently very faulty through carelessness in this particular, dividing parts of sentences which naturally cohere, and being dropped in the centre of a phrase in which it is absurdly out of place. The natural halting points for the reader, or slight breaks in the sense, should be duly considered, and a mark placed in consonance with the degree of this break. The comma and the dash do duty with many as the only elements of punctuation, the latter being much over used, through a desire to escape the necessity of considering the proper mark required.

Postscripts.

Lady writers have been accused, and perhaps with some reason, of often reserving the most important part of a letter for the postscript. It is an accusation which they should avoid giving cause for. Postscripts are, for the most part, needless, and in bad taste. It is best to pause a few moments before concluding a letter, and reflect whether we have anything more to say. Above all things, none should defer civilities or kind inquiries to this justly-despised part of a letter. To do so is a proof of thoughtlessness or disrespect. "My kindest regards to my cousin Lucy," added as a postscript, looks like what it really is—an after-thought; and is, therefore, not only without value, but, to persons of fine feelings, offensive.

To all writers something will occasionally occur, after finishing the letter, which it is important to state. If to have forgotten it implies no disrespect it may properly be added as a postscript. But if it should indicate a forgetfulness which may possibly offend the recipient, the whole letter had better be rewritten, and the after-thought put in its proper place.

XIII. FORMS OF CORRESPONDENCE.

Having given in the preceding sections some hints as to letter-writing and examples of notes of invitation, acceptance, and declination, it seems important to append some more diversified examples of letter-writing and correspondence, as brief guides to a broad domain of social duty and obligation. Letters of this kind are endlessly diversified in form and purpose, and a few examples, chosen largely at random, must suffice.

Ordering Goods.

In ordering goods be careful to state exactly what you want, and whether you wish goods delivered by freight or express.

It is customary in writing orders to use abbreviations for mercantile terms which are known among business men.

Should you wish to ask any questions or to make suggestions, write these upon a separate sheet from the order itself.

Send your order some time before you need the goods, so that you may not suffer on account of any slight delay upon the sender's part.

Danville, Va., Dec. 20, 1903.

Strawbridge & Clothier,
Philadelphia, Pa.

Dear Sirs:

Enclosed find draft for $75 on First National Bank of Danville, for which please forward by U. S. Express:

6 pairs White Kid Gloves, No. 6.
3 pairs Brown Kid Gloves, No. 6.
1 dozen Linen Handkerchiefs lady's size.
15 yards of Silk like sample enclosed.

The amount overpaid in my remittance you may place to my credit subject to future orders.

Respectfully,
(Mrs.) Julia D. Brown.

Application for a Situation as Teacher.

Salina, Kansas, July 5, 1902.

Gentlemen:

Understanding that a vacancy for the situation of teacher in your school has occurred, I beg to offer myself as a candidate, and to inclose my certificate and letters of recommendation from persons you no doubt know. While I feel that these can better speak for me than I can for myself, I venture to assure you that, should you appoint me to the position, I shall strive to discharge my duties earnestly and steadily, and shall ever remain,

Your grateful and obedient servant,
Jeanette Wilson.

To the Trustees or Principal of School.

Introducing a Young Lady Seeking Employment.

Brooklyn, May 2, 1903.

Dear Mr. Martin:

This will introduce to you my friend Miss Mabel Beechem, who is desirous of obtaining employment in your city. I use our old acquaintanceship to interest you in her behalf. She has received a very liberal education, and would prove of great value to a family whose

young children need careful and judicious teaching. She is gentle, amiable, and willing. I trust you will be able to serve her, and I shall greatly appreciate the attention you may give her.

Very truly,
Barclay Jones.

To Mr. Joseph Martin,
2175 Pine Street Philadelphia, Pa.

Introducing a Friend.

St. Louis, Mo., Jan. 3, 1901.

Dear James B.:

This letter will introduce to you my dear friend William White, who is to be in your city for a few days on business and pleasure. I desire him to meet you and trust it will be convenient for you to give him a few moments of your time.

Any attention you give him during his stay in Chicago will be greatly appreciated by

Your friend,
Charles F. Jenkins.

Mr. James B. Smith,
141 Wabash Avenue, Chicago.

Short Form of Introduction.

Chicago, Ill., June 11, 1900.

My Dear Sir:

I have the honor of introducing to your acquaintance Mr. Frank Ward, whom I commend to your kind attention.

Very truly yours,
William S. French.

Mr. Benj. F. Strong,
Detroit, Mich.

Congratulating a Gentleman Upon His Marriage.

Wilmington, Ohio, Sept. 12, 1900.

Dear Frank:

I have just received the welcome message informing me of your new happiness. I hasten to offer you my most sincere congratulations and hearty good wishes. May every year of your married life find you happier than the last, and may Mrs. Cranston find you as loyal a husband as you have been a friend.

From my inmost heart, dear Frank, I say, God bless you and your bride with Hi choicest blessings.

Ever your friend,
George Maris.

Mr. Frank Cranston,
Newport, Del.

Congratulating a Lady Upon Her Marriage.

179 D St., N. W.
Washington, D. C., Nov. 4, 1903

Dear Emma:

Your cards have just reached me, and I write at once to try to express my heartfelt pleasure at your happy prospects. It is a great pleasure to your loving friends to be able to feel so much esteem and affection for the gentleman to whom you have confided your life's happiness, and to hope, as I do, that every year will unite your hearts more closely.

That Heaven may bless you both, dear Emma, is the earnest prayer of

Your loving
Laura Shipley.

Mrs. J. Barrie Brown.

A Letter Sent with a Gift (a Book).

977 President St.,
Brooklyn N, Y., Dec. 20, 190–.

My Dear Friend:—I hope the accompanying volume, of which I ask your acceptance as a slight token of my regard, will suit your taste. Books are in themselves friends, and are therefore, I think, the most appropriate souvenirs of friendship. In fact the current phrase, "I know you like a book," although a vulgarism, seems to imply the same intimate relation between reader and author that should exist between friend and friend. Please apprise me of the receipt of the package, and believe me,

Ever yours sincerely
John Clark.

To Miss Julia Thomas, Brandywine, Del.

The Reply.

Brandywine, Del., Dec. 23, 190–.

My Dear Mr. Clark:—Accept my thanks for your handsome present. You could not

have selected a book that would have pleased me better. I think with you that books (of the right kind) should be looked upon as agreeable and useful friends; but nevertheless the friend whom neither time nor distance can estrange, is a treasure of more value than all the volumes that ever were printed. Permit me to regard you in that light, and again thanking you for your present, to remain,

Sincerely yours,
Julia Thomas.

To Mr. John Clark, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Soliciting a Loan from a Friend.

2790 N. Broad St.,
Philadelphia, Sept. 9, 1903.

My Dear Sir:—A disappointment in the receipt of some money due has exposed me to a temporary embarrassment. The sum which would extricate me from this painful difficulty is not large, as $400 would be amply sufficient to release me from my present pressure. I have so great an aversion to borrowing money from professional lenders, that I prefer the course of soliciting the aid of some well-known friend. I have thought of several, but of none with a greater degree of confidence than yourself. Can you grant me, then, the accommodation of the above sum, without in any way intrenching on your own convenience? If you can, I believe I may rely on your readiness to do so; and you may in turn depend being reimbursed with the strictest punctuality by the 5th of April. A speedy reply to this request will extremely oblige,

My dear sir,
Yours most sincerely,
Joseph Howard.

To Mr. Frank Thomson.

In Answer Decling, on Account of Incapability.

1785 Mulberry Street,
Philadelphia, Sept. 10, 1903.

My Dear Sir:—I truly regret that my circumstances will not permit me to oblige a friend so dear to me as yourself; but at present I am in great need of money, and last Friday I was compelled to borrow, to meet a pressing obligation; I therefore do not have it within my power to comply with your request. Trusting that you may be more successful in some other quarter, and with feelings of regret at my own inability to render you a service which you might otherwise readily command,

Believe me to remain,
Ever your sincere friend,
Charles Hall.

To Mr. Joseph Howard,
No. — Lexington Ave., N. Y.

A Letter to a Friend (on the Anniversary of his Birthday.

1917 Green Stree',
Philadelphia, July 3, 190–.

My Dear Walter:—Birthdays may be called the milestones in life's journey, and as you reach another of these anniversary land-marks to-day, permit me to congratulate you on having traveled them thus far in safety, and to wish you, with all my heart, many similar opportunities of receiving the good wishes of your friends. That your future years may glide happily away, without care or sorrow, is the sincere prayer of,

Yours most sincerely,
Thomas Meek.

To Mr. Walter Dewey,
Crestline, Ohio.

Reply to the Above.

Crestline, Ohio, July 10, 190–.

Dear Tom:—Congratulations that come from the heart, as I am sure yours do, are always welcome. I scarcely know, however, whether we ought to be complimented on growing older, unless we grow wiser and better as well. Nevertheless, the custom of receiving the felicitations of one's friends and acquaintances, on having made another step toward the goal, is decidedly an agreeable one, and I thank you most cordially for your kind note.

Your obliged friend,
Walter Dewey.

To Mr. Thomas Meek,
Philadelphia, Pa.

Requesting a Friend to execute a Commission.

Santiago, Cuba,
April 15, 1902.

My Dear Emma:—Will you kindly execute the following little commissions for me, as

soon as you can make it convenient? Purchase for me at Macy's the following articles; — (here state ribbons, muslins, &c., as wanted.) Will you also call at Doubleday's and inquire when Bacheller's new novel will be out, as I am all anxiety to know.

Please give them my address at Macy's, and tell them to pack the parcel carefully and send it by express.

The weather down here is delightful; but I wish I had the pleasure of your company to render it more so. Pray write a line and let me know how soon you can make me a visit, and thus afford me an opportunity to thank you personally for your kindness.

Lois C. Pharnum.

To Miss Mary White,
No. — Washington Square, New York.

Application for Subscription to a Charity.

Duane Street,
Louisville, Ky.,
January 17, 190–.

Sir —I take the liberty of inclosing a prospectus of an institution which is likely to have a most beneficial effect upon the condition of the poor in our neighborhood. (Here state particulars.) On account of your well-known liberality, I trust you will excuse this appeal in furtherance of an act of benevolence, and remain,

Sir, your most obedient servant,
Harry R. Jones.

To Pliney Earle, Esq.,
No. — West 18th Street, City.

Letters of Application.

BOY WANTED for Transportation Office; must be good penman; $15 per month. Address, in own handwriting, H, 236 Ledger Office.

Philadelphia, Pa., Jan. 3, 1901.

H, 236 Ledger Office.

Sir:—I would respectfully apply for the position advertised in to-day's Ledger. I am fifteen years old, reside with my parents at 79 Jayne Street, Camden, and refer you to Mr. S. L. Thomas, 814 Market Street, this city, from whom I received the enclosed testimonial.

Very truly,
Albert Jenkins.

Application for Position of Salesman and Collector.

100 D St. N. W.
Washington, D. C.,
March 21, 1901.

Messrs. S. H. Smith & Co.,
Wheeling, W. Va.

Gentlemen:

I am recommended by Mr. Frank Stuart to apply to you for the position of salesman and collector, recently occupied by him in your warehouse.

I am twenty-eight years of age, and reside with my father in this city, who will give bonds for me if required. I have had some experience in your line of business, and should be pleased to have a trial with you, if preferable, previous to a permanent engagement. I am at liberty to refer to Messrs. W. H. Fletcher & Co., Lace Curtains, 198 Broadway, New York, also to Messrs. Simpson & Jones, Upholstery Goods, 166 Arch Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

Very respectfully,
Edward Murphy.

Requesting the Settlement of an Account.

Newark, N. J., Dec. 25, 1900.

Mr. James Jones,
Burlington, N. J.

Dear Sir:

I call your attention to the fact that your account, which I enclose, has not been settled. I am reluctant to press you, but as I have some heavy payments to make in the early part of next month, I must request that you pay the amount before the close of the present month.

Respectfully yours,
John Adams.

A Demand for Payment of Rent.

1409 North Ninth St.,
Philadelphia, Pa.
June 5, 1904.

Mr. Thomas F. Smith.

Dear Sir:

I feel obliged to remind you of the fact that you owe me $120 for three months' rent. You will remember that, according to the agreement, you were to make monthly

payments; therefore, if the account is not settled within a week, I shall be obliged to place the matter in the hands of my lawyer for collection, as I cannot allow it to run any longer.

Truly yours,
Henry S. Holmes.

Introducing a Young Man Seeking a Position.

Akron, Ohio, June 1, 1900.

My Dear Sir:

Recognizing your well-merited and extensive influence in the commercial circles in your city, I beg to introduce to you Charles F. Pogle, who is desirous of obtaining a position with a mercantile house. He is a gentleman of capacity and ability. His character stands A 1, and he is as industrious as he is energetic. He considers New York a better field than this place, and prefers to try his chances there to remaining here. He can refer to me. Trusting that you will lend him a helping hand, I am, Yours, very truly,

James B. Marvel.

Mr. Edward Fetter,
19 Park Row, New York.

Social Letters.

Let these be original and not be like the epistles of some one else; write as you would talk, but always exercise care in the use of pure, simple language and avoid a stilted or artificial style. Especially in the long letters of friendship and love—those missives that reveal the heart—the language should show that the heart is pure. Let your letter be the record of the fancies and mood of the hour; the reflex of your aspirations, your joys, your disappointments.

Write cheerfully. It is unkind to your friend to fill your letter with complainings and accounts of your troubles, though there are occasions when one may confide all his sorrows to the near friend, and receive in return a letter of sympathy, containing all the comfort it is possible for a letter to convey.

The length of social letters must depend upon circumstances and degree of intimacy. To members of your family real chatty letters telling of all the little incidents of your life, its pleasures and adventures are always proper. In fact, these need be limited only by your time and paper. To others you must not write such long letters.

The following is a feeling letter of condolence, written by Frances Ridley Havergal to a lady friend:

Leamington, Dec. 10, 1870.

Dear, Dear Mrs. Smith:

What can I do but just weep with you! I can only guess what this sorrow is. Only I know it must be the greatest, except one, which could come to you. That dear little, beautiful thing! He looked so sweet and happy when I saw him; no baby face ever haunted me as, somehow, his did. If you could only see him now, how beautiful he must be now that he has seen Jesus, and shines in the light of God. It is even more wonderful to think of that great transition for a baby than for a grown person; one cannot imagine the sudden expansion into such knowledge and conscious joy.

I was looking back this morning upon long memories of soul-trials, years of groping and stumbling and longing, sinning and sorrowing, of heart weariness and faintness, temptation and failure; all these things which I suppose every Christian must pass through, more or less, at some stage or other on the way home; and the first distinct thought which came through the surprise and sorrow at the sad news was, "That dear little redeemed one is spared all this, taken home without any of these roughest roughnesses of the way; he will never fear doubt or sin, never grieve his Saviour." Is it not the very best and kindest thing that tender Saviour could do for him? Only it is not what you meant when you prayed that he might be his own.

But better he is with him at once and forever, and waiting for you to come home. I am only writing all this because my heart is full, and must pour out a little. I know we cannot comfort,—only Jesus can; and I shall go and plead long and intensely for this as soon as I have closed my letter. He must be specially "touched" in such a sorrow, for he knows by actual experience what human love is. Three such great sorrows in one year! How specially he must be watching you in this furnace!

Yours with deepest sympathy,
Frances R. Havergal.

This may fitly be followed by a letter of congratulation, of which we give a manufactured example. Too often it is the case

that friends forget to congratulate those they are interested in when good fortune of any kind comes upon them, or to commiserate with them in cases of disaster or misfortune. These letters not only are proper but very acceptable. The one receiving such letters should not fail to acknowledge them. They properly should not be very long or very effusive.

New York, May 8, 1903.

My Dear Mr. Williams:

It is with deep satisfaction that I learn of your good fortune. I have long hoped that the clouds which lowered over you would be lifted, and sincerely hope that you have fairly entered upon a tide of prosperity. In one who, like you, have been true and honorable in all your actions, and have suffered in means through honesty in dealing, the coming of a measure of success like this should be especially gratifying.

May you continue to prosper, and if in any way I can advance your interests in this quarter do not fail to make use of me. Present my best wishes to Mrs. Williams, and believe me

Sincerely yours,

James Dobson.

From Charles Dickens to James T. Fields.

As an excellent example of a reply to a letter conveying pleasant wishes, we present the following from Dickens:

Gad's Hill, June 10, 1867.

My Dear Fields:

Your letter of May 27th comes to me like a breath from your own world beyond the sea. Believe me, I reciprocate all your good wishes, and take this occasion to renew those sentiments of respect and affection for yourself which it has been my privilege to entertain for so long a time. In the busy hours of exacting labors, I recall with pleasure the choice friends whom it has been my happy lot to meet. Time does not rust, but brightens, the links of the golden chain. With every good wish for your personal health and enjoyment, I am, as ever,

Yours most sincerely,

Charles Dickens.

Mr. James T. Fields,
Boston, Mass.

From Charles Sumner on Leaving for Europe to his Ten-year Old Sister.

Astor Honse,
New York, Dec. 7, 1837

My Dear Julia:

I don't remember that I ever wrote you a letter. I feel confident, however, that your correspondence is not very extensive; and therefore I flatter myself that what I write you will be read with attention, and I trust, also, deposited in your heart. Before trusting myself to the sea, let me say a few words to you which shall be my good-by. I have often spoken to you of certain habits of personal care, which I will not here more particularly refer to than by asking you to remember all I have told you.

I am very glad, my dear, to remember your cheerful countenance. I shall keep it in my mind as I travel over sea and land, and hope that when I return I may still find its pleasant smile ready to greet me. Try never to cry. But above all things never be obstinate or passionate. If you find your temper mastering you, always stop till you count sixty before you say or do anything. Let it be said of you that you are always amiable. Love your father and mother and brothers and sisters, and all your friends; cultivate an affectionate disposition.

If you find that you can do anything which will add to the pleasure of your parents, or anybody else, be sure to do it. Consider every opportunity of adding to the pleasure of others as of the highest importance, and do not be unwilling to sacrifice some enjoyment of your own, even some dear plaything, if by doing so you can promote the happiness of others. If you follow this advice you will never be selfish or ungenerous, and everybody will love you.

Study all the lessons you have at school, and when at home, in the time when you are tired of play, read some good books which will help to improve your mind. . . . If you will let Horace read this letter it will do the same, perhaps, as one addressed to him. Give my love to mother, and Mary, and the rest.

Your affectionate brother,

Charles.

ETIQUETTE OF BEAUTY

During all civilized ages the art of beauty has been sedulously studied and practiced by the fair sex, women in all periods since the days of barbarism having sought to preserve and increase the charms bestowed by nature and carry the freshness of youth as far forward as possible into the domain of middle life and even of old age. Experience extended through many centuries has yielded numerous "rules of conduct" in relation to physical hygiene and the care of the body, while physicians have learned much in respect to the preservation of health and beauty. How to keep a clean soul in a clean body is the first law of health. In the study of the fine arts there is nothing of more importance than the art of making a beautiful woman. It is this art with which we are at present concerned. Though no one can be taught how to convert ugliness into beauty, or to stay the footsteps of age, yet what share of attractiveness nature has given can in great measure be retained and enhanced, while, if the advance of age cannot be checked, its ravages may be alleviated and its harshness softened by the employment of physical hygiene and refined care of the body which God has given us.

How to Grow Old Gracefully.

A charming old lady revealed the secret of her fair and rosy complexion to a group of young women as follows: "Late hours," said she, "and oversleeping ruin the complexion. Go to bed early, arise early, and you will grow old slowly, and retain your good looks to an advanced age. If, however, your position forces you into society and you are obliged to be up late at night, sleep an hour every afternoon. Before going to bed take a hot bath and remain in the water only a few moments. Then drink a cup of bouillon, and a small glass of Malaga wine. Sleep will soon follow, and last until the natural time of awakening, which is about ten o'clock in the morning under these circumstances. Take a cold plunge or sponge bath, a light breakfast of *café au lait*, and bread without any butter."

She continued: "Out-of-door exercise is an absolute necessity, but must not be carried to excess. A daily walk is excellent, and it is scarcely necessary to say that whole days of lawn tennis, croquet, etc., are not favorable to the complexion."

Care of the Body.

Wear warm, light garments, to secure an even temperature. In winter it is even more important to protect the spine than the chest. Wear a silk sleeveless jacket next the skin, if you do not wish to wear a flannel one. At any rate, if you are delicate, young or old, cover the spine with a strip of flannel tied by a ribbon, and extending to the hips. There will be no need to fear colds, bronchitis, or phthisis, if this precaution is taken, and it does not prevent wearing a *decollette* gown.

Never wear tight clothing. It is injurious to health and beauty. The face becomes congested when the organs are compressed, the hands swell, and get red, and the carriage awkward. Wear easy corsets, gloves, and shoes.

To keep the pores of the skin open, one should bathe daily in cold or warm water; ill health and age are thus retarded. The result of uncleanliness is a flabby and unwholesome condition. The well cleansed skin is soft, smooth, fresh; a skin on which perspiration and dust have accumulated in layers becomes dry and feverish. But it may be said that it is not possible for the greater number of people to take a daily bath, as they lack the facilities and the time. The sponge bath—which is all sufficient for the purposes of cleanliness—requires only a few minutes each day. Once or twice a week at least, one should take the time necessary for a full bath. This is the very least attention our bodies require.

Immersions and baths, with the aid of soap, lotions, etc., will render the body strong and flexible, and give it a power of resistance. Water has the virtue of dispelling fatigue and destroying the germs of disease. While cleansing the body it purifies our souls and gives us "a sound mind in a sound body."

ST. PETER'S CATHEDRAL, ROME

This is one of the best known of all the great cathedrals of the world. It is said to have been built over the tomb of Saint Peter, and on the sight of the basilica erected by Constantine and Helena in 306. The original structure after falling into decay was begun to be rebuilt in 1450, and finally consecrated by Urban XIII in 1626. It is the largest and grandest church in Christendom, covers an area of over 20,000 square yards, the interior of it in length being 206 square yards, the transept 150 yards, the nave 150 yards, and the dome 405 feet high. It contains thirty altars, and is adorned with numerous statues and monuments. At the right is the Vatican, which is well-known as the residence of the Pope, and for its wonderful art collections and library of rare manuscripts and books.

Sir Wilfred Laurier
Sir John Thompson
Sir John Macdonald
Sir J. William Dawson
Sir Charles Tupper
· DISTINGUISHED MEN OF CANADA ·

LIBERAL ARTS BUILDING

IN THE LOUISIANA PURCHASE EXPOSITION, HELD AT ST. LOUIS, 1904

One of the most beautiful buildings on the grounds. In style of architecture, it is the most attractive of all the buildings. It is beautifully adorned with sculpture, unique of its kind. The main facade is 750 feet long. The exhibits in this building are on a magnificent scale in roomy space, well ventilated and lighted.

THE PALACE OF MACHINERY

LOUISIANA PURCHASE EXPOSITION, HELD AT ST. LOUIS, 1904

This building measures 525 by 1000 feet, and is served by a gigantic traveling crane and by two tracks of railway running from east to west. It is built on a huge parallelogram of land, and houses the largest exhibit of power machinery in the world.

THE MARVEL OF THE MIND—HYPNOTISM

DUC DES ABRUZZES

HENRY M. STANLEY

DR. FRITHIOF NANSEN

LIEUT. R. E. PEARY

GREAT EXPLORERS IN THE TROPICS AND ARCTICS.

THE GREATEST FINANCIAL TRANSACTION IN THE WORLD'S HISTORY

The purchase and payment for the Panama Canal, in 1904, by the United States was the greatest transaction in the history of finance. This picture shows men packing for shipment $6,500,000, being the first installment paid by the United States to France for the Panama Canal.

AMERICAN FALLS, NIAGARA
(From Goat Island.)

The Falls of Niagara are divided into two sections by Goat Island. We are looking, in the above view, at the American Falls, which are one-quarter of a mile wide, and have a perpendicular height of 164 feet. The Canadian Falls are nearly one-half mile wide and 158 feet in height, and are known as The Horse Shoe Falls.

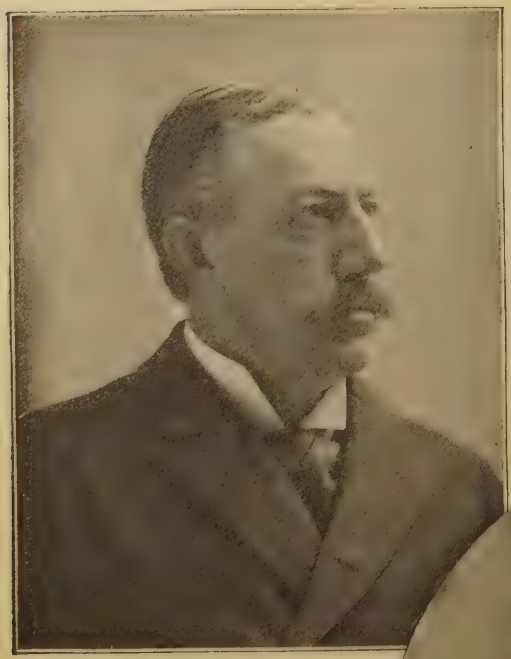
MRS. ULYSSES S. GRANT

MRS. JAMES A. GARFIELD

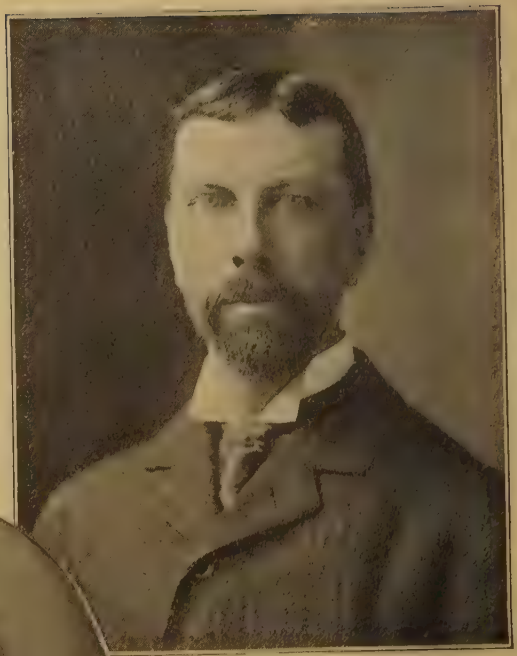
MRS. GROVER CLEVELAND

MRS. WILLIAM McKINLEY

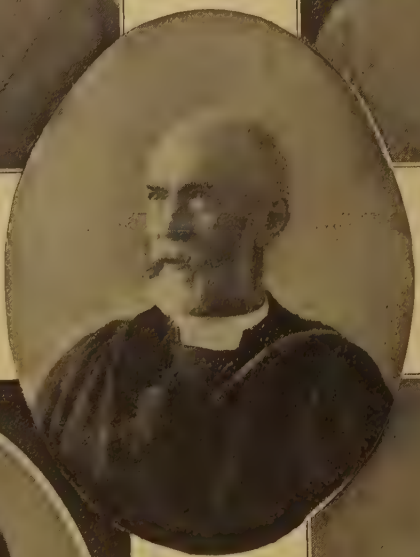
THE LADIES OF THE WHITE HOUSE LIVING IN 1902



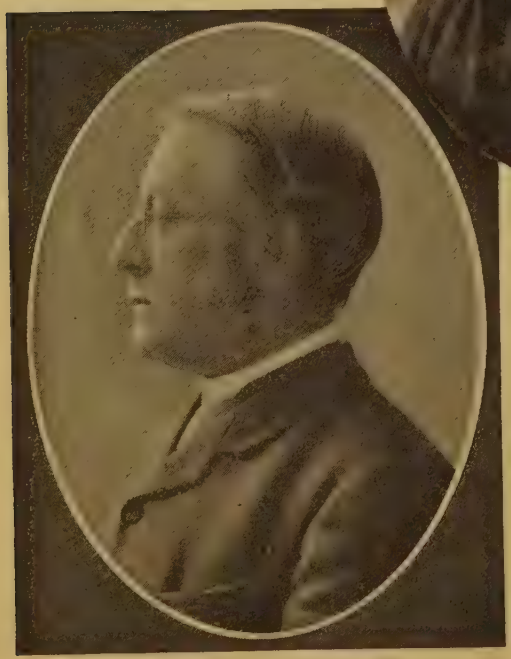
DAVID S. JORDAN
President of
Leland Stanford University,
Palo Alto, California



ARTHUR T. HADLEY
President of Yale University
New Haven, Conn.



GEORGE M.
GRANT
Queen's College
Canada



CHARLES W. ELLIOTT
President of Harvard University, Cambridge, Mass.

WILLIAM R. HARPER
University of Chicago

FIVE DISTINGUISHED COLLEGE PRESIDENTS

THE EIFFEL TOWER—A MARVEL OF ENGINEERING

Erected for the Paris Exposition of 1889, the tower was also an attraction at the Exposition of 1900. It is built of metallic piers in viaducts, and is 984 feet high. The iron used in its construction weighs 7300 tons.

THE NAVAL EXHIBIT AT THE LOUISIANA PURCHASE EXPOSITION

The miniature war vessels floating on a miniature lake, with battlements and towers represented in the background, were one of the interesti sights of the Fair, and especially at this period as the war between Russia and Japan attracted attention to naval armament.

SCENE ON "THE PIKE" IN FRONT OF BATTLE ABBEY.

This picture gives a fine view of "the Pike" and shows the crowds which were found there at all times during the Exposition. The Battle Abbey was one of the most interesting places to visit. Other places near by were the Tyrolean Alps and Esquimau Village.

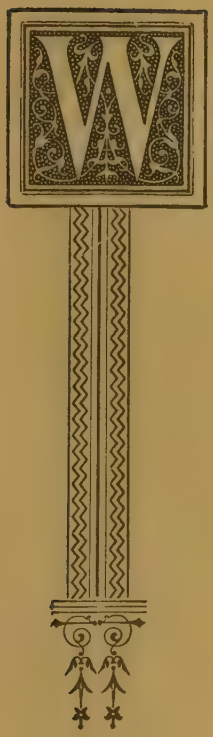
PALACE OF VARIED INDUSTRIES
IN THE LOUISIANA PURCHASE EXPOSITION, HELD AT ST. LOUIS, 1904

This is a magnificent structure, which presents a facade of 1,200 feet on the north and south, and 525 feet on the east and west, giving 656,250 square feet of exhibition space on the ground floor. The low dome is flanked by towers about 200 feet high, used for electrical display and illumination.

THE NEW CONGRESSIONAL LIBRARY, WASHINGTON D. C.

WASHINGTON MONUMENT, WASHINGTON, D. C.
(Height 555 feet)

BOOK VI



WONDERFUL AND REMARKABLE THINGS AND FACTS

CAREFULLY CLASSIFIED AND ARRANGED

Striking Facts About the World's Religions
Interesting Facts About Books and Authors
Wonderful Truths About the Human Family
Remarkable Historical Facts, Places and Events
Some Wonderful Things in Nature
Wonderful Works of Man
Marvelous Facts About Small Living Creatures
Curious Facts About Wood and Trees

WONDERFUL AND REMARKABLE THINGS AND FACTS.

THE world is full of wonderful and remarkable things and facts and we are all curious enough to want to look into them. They are instructive. They stimulate the imagination and create a genuine thirst for knowledge. With a view to instructing and pleasing the reader, the following compendium of wonderful and remarkable things and facts has been carefully brought together, classified and grouped with extreme care and patience.

The Seven Bibles of the World.

The chief sacred books of the world are the Scriptures of the Christians, the Tripitaka of the Southern Buddhists, the Five Kings of the Chinese, the three Vedas of the Hindoos, the Koran of the Mohammedans, the Zendavesta of the Parsees, and the Eddas of the Scandinavians.

The Koran is the most recent, having been written in the seventh century after Christ. It contains many excerpts from the Old and New Testaments and the Talmud.

The Tripitaka contains sublime morals and pure aspirations. The author lived and died in the sixth century before Christ.

The Five Kings contain wise sayings on the duties of life. The word "King" in the Chinese language means web of cloth. From this it is presumed that they were originally written on five rolls of cloth. They were written by a number of wise men some time not earlier than the eleventh century before Christ.

The Vedas can not be proven to antedate the twelfth century before the Christian era.

The Zendavesta is regarded among scholars as being the greatest and most learned of all sacred writings, excepting the Christian Bible. It was written by Zoroaster in the twelfth century before Christ.

The Eddas, a semi-sacred work of the Scandinavians, was first given to the world in the fourteenth century but is probably much older.

Moses is claimed to have written the Pentateuch at least 1,500 years before Christ; if so, that portion of the Christian Bible is at least 300 years older than any other sacred writings.

The Nine Religions of the World.

There are estimated to be 1,000 forms of religious worship practiced in the world. The following table shows the nine grand divisions or creeds, which are each subdivided into numerous sects:

	Creeds.	No. of Followers.
1.	Christianity	500,000,000
2.	Worship of Ancestors and Confucianism	256,000,000
3.	Hinduism	190,000,000
4.	Mohammedanism	180,000,000
5.	Buddhism	147,900,000
6.	Taoism	43,000,000
7.	Shintoism	14,000,000
8.	Judaism	8,000,000
9.	Polytheism	117,681,669

Distribution of the People of the Christian Religion.

The leading faiths are represented by these figures: Protestant Christians, 200,000,000: Roman Catholic Christians, 195,000,000; Greek Catholic Christians, 105,000,000; non-Christians, 1,000,000,000.

The Name of God in Forty-Eight Languages.

Hebrew	Eleah, Jehovah
Chaldaic	Eiliah
Assyrian	Eleah
Syrian and Turkish	Alah
Malay	Alla
Arabic	Allah
Languages of the Magi	Orsi
Old Egyptian	Teut
Armenian	Teuti
Modern Egyptian	Teun
Greek	Theos
Cretan	Thios
Aedian and Dorian	Ilos
Latin	Deus
Low Latin	Diex
Celtic Gaelic	Diu
French	Dieu
Spanish	Dios
Portuguese	Deos
Old German	Diet
Provincial	Dion
Low Breton	Done
Italian	Dio
Irish	Dia
Olotu tongue	Deu
German and Swiss	Gott
Flemish	God
Dutch	God
English	God
Teutonic	Goth
Danish and Swedish	Gud
Norwegian	Gud
Slav	Buch
Polish	Bog
Polacca	Bung
Lapp	Jubinal
Finnish	Jumala
Runic	As
Zemblian	Fetiza
Pannonian	Istu
Hindostanee	Rain
Coromandel	Brama
Tartar	Magatai
Persian	Sire
Chinese	Prussa
Japanese	Goezer
Madagascar	Zannar
Peruvian	Puchecammae

Mankind Naturally Religious.

All men, wherever found, worship some higher power. Among the most savage races there exists some conception of a deity. Beginning with Fetishism—the worship of animals, trees, insects, etc.—the religious ideas advanced into personification and symbolism, and produced Idolatry or Paganism, and was an element of early civilization. From this, in different lands, and among different races of men, diverged notions of religious theology, which eventually worked themselves into systems, generally based upon a personality, or individual Godhead or mediator. The chief religions of the world are the Jewish, the Christian, the Mohammedan, the Brahman, the Buddhistic and the Zoroastrian. Buddhism has the most followers and Christianity next. Brahmanism and Mohammedanism each have a little more than one-fourth as many as Christianity. The Jewish religion comes next, and the Zoroastrians or Fire-worshippers the smallest number. It is not possible to attempt to do more than outline the different faiths.

The Jewish Religion is the oldest of all organized forms of worship. And the teachers of its tenets have influenced the Jewish people, keeping their stock pure and unmixed though they are scattered in all countries.

In their religious observances modern Jews adhere to the rules of the Mosaic dispensation. Their service consists chiefly in reading the law in their synagogues, together with a variety of prayers. They abstain from the meats prohibited by the Levitical law, and they continue to observe the ceremonies of the Passover, as nearly as possible. They offer prayers for the dead, because they believe that the souls of the wicked go to a place of temporary punishment, where they remain under trial a year, and they think that very few will be condemned to suffer eternally. We give a summary of the confession of faith, in which all orthodox Jews must live and die. It is made up of thirteen articles, and was drawn up in the eleventh century by a celebrated rabbi named Maimonides. These articles declare in substance: (1) That there is one God,

creator of all things, who may exist without any part of the universe, but without whom nothing can maintain existence; (2) that God is uncompounded and indivisible, but different from all other unities; (3) that God is an immaterial being, without any admixture of corporeal substance; (4) that God is eternal, but everything else had a beginning in time; (5) that God alone ought to be worshipped, without mediators or intercessors; (6) that there have been inspired prophets, and may be more; (7) that Moses was the grandest prophet that ever appeared; (8) that the law of Moses was in every syllable dictated by the Almighty, not only in its written letter but in traditionary exposition; (9) that this law is immutable, neither to be added to nor diminished; (10) that God knows all our actions and governs them as He will; (11) that the observance of the law is rewarded and its violation punished in this world, but in a greater degree in the next; (12) that a Messiah is yet to appear, the time of whose coming may not be prescribed or foretold; and (13) that God will raise the dead at the last day and pass judgment upon all.

Fire-Worshippers.—The Parsees are at present the only devotees of Zoroaster, who is supposed to have founded the religion of the Fire-Worshippers about one thousand years before Christ. Its doctrines are set forth in the Zendavesta, the sacred books of the Parsees, who are supposed to have been the "Magi" of the Scriptures. Like the Koran of Mohammed, the Zendavesta is made up of the so-called inspired visions of the prophet Zoroaster, who preached Monotheism (one God), added to which were the principles of Good and Evil, having power over Men, the Good being recognized in the blazing flame, the Evil in the burned-out wood or charcoal; Night and Day, Sleeping and Waking, Death and Life. The Fire-Worshippers believed in the resurrection of the body, and held the idea of a Messiah, who was to be the awakener and mediator; they also recognized the doctrine of future rewards and punishments, and the efficacy of the prayers of the Good, who would become immortal, while for the wicked the end was annihilation.

Buddhism is the religion of China, Japan, the Malay Peninsula, and the Polynesian Islands, and governs the largest number of souls of any existing faith. Buddhism originated in northern Hindustan, in the sixth century B. C., and was founded by a Prince Siddhartha, Gautama, or Sakya (see Arnold's "Light of Asia"). To this prince, after the period of his ascetic and mendicant life, was given the name "Buddha," meaning, "he to whom truth is known," and from which is derived the name of the sect. The Buddhist faith is based upon belief in the doctrine of the transmigration of souls, by which every individual changes the nature of his existence at death, for better or for worse, in accordance with his behavior during that existence, being thus exalted or degraded, through all imaginable forms, from a clod to a divinity. This faith accepts no ultimate creator, and only finds final rest or happiness in annihilation.

Mohammedanism.

Though founded nearly 600 years after Christianity, Mohammedanism is a religion of the sword, conquering the mind and body rather than winning the heart.

The Mohammedan religion was started by Mohammed, of the tribe of Koreish, who was born in Mecca in 570 A. D., though it was not until he had reached his fortieth year that he first discovered the gift of prophecy, and began to see visions. He thereafter preached the doctrines which he claimed to have received by direct inspiration, a id which are contained in the Koran, of wh ch translations in French, English, and German can be found in the public libraries. Mohammedanism is made up of parts of Judaism and Christianity, the theory of its founder being that he was one (but the greatest) of a series of prophets, including both Abraham and Christ. It comprises belief in one God—"there is no God but God, and Mohammed is God's Apostle." It also peoples the unknown universe with angels—good and evil, and accepts the resurrection and the final judgment. It

establishes a Paradise and seven Hells, the lowest and deepest of which is for the "Hypocrites: those who, outwardly professing a religion, in reality had none." The Mohammedan belief further recognizes the inutility of "works" in influencing the final condition of man, assuming that it is not by these, but by God's mercy, that he is saved, and not damned. Predestination is a part of the creed, man's whole life and destiny being prefigured by Fate (Kismet). The efficacy of prayer is, however, established, and this form of worship enjoined upon "the Faithful;" this, with the sensual nature and characteristics of the Mohammedan Paradise, completes a superficial view of the peculiarities of this religion, as presented in the Koran.

Fetishism is still practiced by certain tribes in Africa and by the Indians of the Arctic regions of America.

Curiosities of the Bible.

There is no date from beginning to end in the Bible. It comprises sixty-six documents, or books and is supposed to have been written by about forty men; The Book of Isaiah has sixty-six chapters; fifty-four miracles are recorded in the Old and fifty-one in the New Testament; total 105. The shortest verse in the Old Testament is "Remember Lot's wife." The shortest one in the New Testament is John xi. 35, "Jesus wept," in point of words, but not in letters, another verse is as short, viz: Thessalonians v. 16, "Rejoice evermore." The longest verse is the ninth verse of the eighth chapter of Esther. Then there is one book, Esther, in which the Deity is not mentioned.

The Bible contains 3,566,480 letters, 773 746 words, 31,173 verses, 1,189 chapters and sixty-six books. The word "and" occurs 46,277 times. The word "Lord" occurs 1,855 times. The word "Reverend" occurs but once, which is in the ninth verse of the 111th Psalm. The middle verse is the eighth verse of the 118th Psalm. The 21st verse of the seventh chapter of Ezra contains all the letters of the alphabet, except the letter J. There are no words or names of more than six syllables.

A Description of Mount Ararat.

Ararat is divided into two peaks, Great Ararat on the northwest and Little Ararat on the southwest, whose bases blend while their summits are seven miles apart. The summit of Great Ararat is placed at 17,323 feet above the level of the sea, and 14,320 above its base; and for more than 3,000 feet below the summit it is always covered with ice and snow. Little Ararat is 13,000 feet above the sea level. The apex of Great Ararat was visited by Parrot, October 9, 1829. Dr. Schaff, in common with Smith, says that Ararat in Scripture refers to the lofty plateau or mountain-highlands which overlook the plain of the Araxes. The same authority states that the mountains of Ararat (Gen. viii. 4) more properly refer to the entire range of elevated tableland in that portion of the Armenia, and that upon some lower part of this range, rather than upon the high peaks, the ark more probably rested; and the following reasons are given in support of this view: This plateau or range is about 6,000 or 7,000 feet high; it is equally distant from the Euxine and the Caspian Seas, and between the Persian Gulf and the Mediterranean, and hence a central point for the dispersion of the race; the region is volcanic in its origin, does not rise into sharp crests, but has broad plains separated by subordinate ranges of mountains; and the climate is temperate, grass and grain are abundant, and the harvests are quick in nature. These facts, he believes, illustrate the Bible narrative.

New Testament Chronology.

First published in 1899 by Zahn, the greatest of German Biblical scholars.

	Year A. D.
Death and resurrection of Christ . .	30
Events recorded, Acts i–viii. . . .	1–34
Conversion of St. Paul	35
Three years' sojourning of Paul in Damascus, interrupted once by a journey to Arabia, flight from Damascus. First visit to Jerusalem, and stay at Tarsus	38
Peter at Joppa and Cæsarea, ...	40
Luke a church member at Antioch, Paul brought from Tarsus to	

Antioch, by Barnabas, either the summer or autumn of 43
Death of James, son of Zebedee. Imprisonment of Peter. Flight of the latter and other prophets from Jerusalem 44
Visit of Peter and others from Jerusalem to Antioch. Letter of St. James 50
First mission tour of Paul, spring 50 to fall 51
Apostles convene in Jerusalem, beginning of 52
Start of second mission tour of St. Paul, spring of 52
Arrival at Corinth, about November, 52
Epistle to the Galatians, beginning of 53
First Epistle to the Thessalonians, spring of 53
Second Epistle to the Thessalonians, summer 53
Journey from Corinth to Ephesus, before Pentecost, about May . . 54
Beginning of the third mission tour from Antiochia to Ephesus, probably summer 54
Arrival at Ephesus, about February, 55
Short visit to Corinth, from Ephesus. Last Epistle of St. Paul to the Corinthians, end of 56 or beginning of 57
Letter of the Corinthians to St. Paul. First Epistle of Paul to the Corinthians, Easter 57
Departure of Paul and Timothy from Ephesus by way of Troas to Macedonia, about or after Pentecost . . 57
Second Epistle to the Corinthians, about November or December . . 57
Journey of Paul from Macedonia to Corinth, about New Year . . . 58
Epistle to the Romans during a three months' stay in Greece and Corinth 58
Journey by way of Macedonia, Troas, Miletus, etc., to Jerusalem, and beginning of Captivity in Cæsarea. 58
Defense before Festus 60
Departure from Cæsarea, September. 60
Arrival at Rome, March 61
Epistles to the Ephesians, Collossians, and Philemon, summer of . 62
Second Epistle of St. Peter 62
Matthew writes his Aramaic Gospel. 62
Epistle to Philippians, summer of . 63
Paul free again, late in summer of . 63
Journey of Paul to Spain, fall 63 or spring 64
Arrival of Peter in Rome, fall 63 or spring 64
First Epistle of Peter, spring of . . 64
Mark in Rome, engaged on the completion of his Gospel, summer of . 64
Persecution under Nero and crucifixion of Peter, fall of 64
Return of Paul from Spain and visitation of the Eastern congregation, I Timothy and Titus, spring to fall 65
Stay at Nicopolis, winter of . . . 65–66
Return of Paul to Rome, spring of . 66
Arrest of Paul. II Timothy; summer of 66
Paul beheaded, end of 66 or beginning of 67
Publication of Gospel of Mark, beginning 67
Departure of St. John and other Apostles to the province of Asia, beginning of 68
Epistle of Jude, beginning 75
Gospel and Acts of St. Luke, beginning 75
Epistle to the Hebrews, beginning . 80
Origin of the Greek Matthew, beginning 85
Gospel and the Epistles of John, between 80–90
Apocalypse of St. John, beginning . 95
Death of St. John, beginning . . . 100

Supposed Fate of the Apostles.

The following brief history of the fate of the Apostles may be new to those whose reading has not been evangelical:

St. Matthew is supposed to have suffered martyrdom, or was slain with the sword in a city of Ethiopia.

St. Mark was dragged through the streets of Alexandria, in Egypt, till he expired.

St. Luke was hanged upon an olive tree in Greece.

St. John was put in a caldron of boiling oil at Rome and escaped death. He afterward died a natural death at Ephesus in Asia.

St. James the Great was beheaded at Jerusalem.

St. James the Less was thrown from a pinnacle or wing of the temple and then beaten to death with a fuller's club.

St. Philip was hanged up against a pillar at Hieropolis, a city of Phrygia.

St. Bartholomew was flayed alive by the command of a barbarous king.

St. Andrew was bound to a cross, whence he preached unto the people till he expired.

St. Thomas was run through the body with a lance at Coromandel, in the East Indies.

St. Jude was shot to death with arrows.

St. Simon Zealot was crucified in Persia,

St. Matthias was first stoned and then beheaded.

St. Barnabas was stoned to death by Jews at Salania.

St. Paul was beheaded at Rome by the tyrant Nero.

ABOUT BOOKS AND WRITERS OF BOOKS

Names for Different Sizes of Books.

The name indicates the number of pages in the sheet, thus: In a folio book, 4 pages or 2 leaves = 1 sheet; a quarto. or 4to., has 8 pages or 4 leaves to a sheet; an octavo, or 8vo., 16 pages or 8 leaves to a sheet. In a 12mo., 24 pages or 12 leaves = 1 sheet, and the 18mo., 36 pages or 18 leaves = 1 sheet, and so on. The following are the approximate sizes of books:

Royal Folio	19	inches ×	12
Demy	18	" ×	11
Super Imp. Quarto (4 to)	15½	" ×	13
Royal 4to	12½	" ×	10
Demy 4to	11½	" ×	8½
Crown 4to	11	" ×	8
Royal Octavo	10½	" ×	6½
Medium 8vo.	9½	" ×	6
Demy 8vo.	9	" ×	5½
Crown 8vo.	7½	" ×	4½
Foolscap 8vo.	7	" ×	4
12mo.	7	" ×	4
16mo.	6½	" ×	4
Square 16mo.	4½	" ×	3½
Royal 24mo.	5½	" ×	3¼
Demy 24mo.	5	" ×	2¾
Royal 32mo.	5	" ×	3
Post 32mo.	4	" ×	2½
Demy 48mo.	3¾	" ×	2¼

Assumed Names of Well-known Writers.

Many of the greatest men and women of the literary world have placed upon the title pages of their books, and signed their contributions with an assumed name, or *nom de plume*. The following table will identify most of such authors of note. For convenience, the men and women writers are entered on separate lists:

NOM DE PLUME.	REAL NAME.
A Country Parson,	Archbishop Whately.
Agate,	Whitelaw Reid.
Alfred Crowquill,	A. H. Forrester.
Americus,	Dr. Francis Lieber.
Artemus Ward,	Charles F. Browne.
Asa Trenchard,	Henry Watterson.
Barry Cornwall,	Bryan Walter Proctor.
Benauly,	Benjamin Austin, and Lyman Abbott.
Besieged Resident,	Henry Labouchere.
Bill Arp,	Charles H. Smith.
Blythe White, Jr.,	Solon Robinson.
Bookworm,	Thomas F. Donnelly.
Boston Bard,	Robert S. Coffin.
Boz,	Charles Dickens.
Brick Pomeroy,	Mark M. Pomeroy.
Burleigh,	Rev. Matthew Hal Smith.
Burlington,	Robert Saunders.
Carl Benson,	Charles A. Bristed.
Chartist Parson,	Rev. Charles Kingsley.
Chinese Philosopher,	Oliver Goldsmith.
Chrystal Croftangry,	Sir Walter Scott.
Country Parson,	A. K. H. Boyd.
Danbury Newsman,	J. M. Bailey.
Diedrich Knickerbocker,	Washington Irving.
Dow, Jr.,	Elbridge G. Page.
Dr. Syntax,	William Combe.
Dunn Browne,	Rev. Samuel Fiske.
Edmund Kirke,	James Roberts Gilmore
Elia,	Charles Lamb.
Eli Perkins,	Matthew D. Landon.
English Opium-Eater,	Thomas DeQuincey.
Ettrick Shepherd,	James Hogg.
Eugene Pomeroy,	Thomas F. Donnelly.
Falconbridge,	Jonathan F. Kelly.
Fat Contributor,	A. M. Griswold.
Father Prout,	Francis Mahoney.
Frank Forrester,	Henry W. Herbert.
Gath, also Laertes,	George Alfred Townsend.
Geoffrey Crayon,	Washington Irving.
George Fitzboodle,	William M. Thackeray.
George Forest,	Rev. J. G. Wood.
Hans Breitmann,	Charles Godfrey Leland.
Hans Yokel,	A. Oakley Hall.
Harry Hazell,	Justin Jones.

NOM DE PLUME.	REAL NAME.
Harry Lorrequer,	Charles Lever.
Hibernicus,	De Witt Clinton.
Historicus,	William G. Vernon Harcourt.
Hosea Bigelow,	James Russell Lowell.
Howadji,	George William Curtis.
Howard,	Mordecai Manuel Noah.
Hyperion,	Josiah Quincy.
Ik Marvel,	Donald G. Mitchell.
Irenæus,	Rev. S. Irenæus Prime, D. D.
Isabel,	William Gilmore Simms.
Janus,	Dr. Dollinger.
Jay Charlton,	J. C. Goldsmith.
Jedediah Cleishbotham,	Sir Walter Scott.
John Chalkhill,	Izaak Walton.
John Darby,	J. C. Garretson.
John Paul,	C. H. Webb.
John Phœnix, Gentleman,	George H. Derby.
Josh Billings,	Henry W. Shaw.
Joshua Coffin,	H. W. Longfellow.
Kirwan,	Rev. Nicholas Murray.
K. N. Pepper,	James M. Morris.
Laicus,	Rev. Lyman Abbott.
Launcelot Wagstaffe, Jr.,	Charles Mackay.
Lemuel Gulliver,	Jonathan Swift.
Major Jack Downing,	Seba Smith.
Mark Twain,	Samuel L. Clemens.
Max Adler,	Charles H. Clark.
M. Quad,	Charles B. Lewis.
Mrs. Partington,	B. P. Shillaber.
M. T. Jug,	Joseph Howard.
Ned Buntline,	Edward Z. C. Judson.
Nym Crinkle,	A. C. Wheeler.
Old Bachelor,	George William Curtis.
Old Cabinet,	R. Watson Gilder.
Old Humphrey,	George Mogridge.
Old 'Un,	Francis Alexander Durivage.
Oliver Optic,	William Taylor Adams.
Ollapod,	Willis G. Clark.
Orpheus C. Kerr,	Robert H. Newell.
Owen Meredith,	Lord Lytton.
Parson Brownlow,	Wm. Gunnaway Brownlow.
Paul Creyton,	J. T. Trowbridge.
Pen Holder,	Rev. Edward Eggleston.
Pequot,	Charles W. March.
Perley,	Benj. Perley Poore.
Peter Parley.	S. C. Goodrich.
Peter Pindar,	Dr. John Wolcot.
Petroleum V. Nasby,	D. R. Locke.
Phœnix,	Sir Henry Martin.
Poor Richard,	Benjamin Franklin.
Porte Crayon,	David H. Strother.
Private Miles O'Reilly,	Charles G. Halpine.
Robinson Crusoe,	Daniel Defoe.
Runnymede,	Lord Beaconsfield.
Rustic Bard,	Robert Dinsmore.
Sam Slick,	Thomas C. Halliburton.
Sparrowgras,	F. S. Cozzens.
Teufelsdroeckh,	Thomas Carlyle.
Teutha,	William Jerdan.
The Black Dwarf,	Thomas J. Wooler.
The Celt,	Thomas Davis.
The Druid,	Henry H. Dixon.
The Governor,	Henry Morford.
The Traveller.	Isaac Stary.
Theodore Taylor,	J. C. Hotten.
Thomas Ingoldsby,	Rev. R. H. Barham.
Thomas Little,	Thomas Moore.
Thomas Rowley,	Thomas Chatterton.
Timon Fieldmouse,	William B. Rands.
Timothy Tickler,	Robert Syme.
Timothy Titcomb,	Dr. J. G. Holland.
Tom Brown,	Thomas Hughes.
Tom Folio,	Joseph E. Babson.
Tom Hawkins,	Theodore W. A. Buckley.
Trinculo,	John A. Cockerill.
Tristam Merton,	Thomas B. Macaulay.
Two Brothers,	A. and C. Tennyson.
Ubique,	Parker Gilmore.
Uncle Hardy,	William Senior.
Uncle John,	Elisha Noyce.
Uncle Philip,	Rev. Dr. F. L. Hawks.
Uncle Toby,	Rev. Tobias H. Miller.
Veteran Observer,	E. D. Mansfield.
Vigilant,	John Corlett.
Vivian,	George H. Lewes.
Vivian Joyeux,	W. M. Praed.
Walter Maynard,	William Beale.
Warhawk,	William Palmer.
Warrington,	W. P. Robinson.
Warwick,	F. O. Otterson.
Waters,	William H. Russell.
What's His Name,	E. C. Massey.
Wilibald, Alexis,	William Haering.
Wizard,	John Corlett.

NOM DE PLUME.	REAL NAME.
Amy Lothrop,	Miss Anna B. Warner.
American Girl Abroad,	Miss Trafton.
Aunt Kitty,	Maria J. Mackintosh.
Aunt Mary,	Mary A. Lathbury.
Christopher Crowfield,	Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe.
Cousin Alice,	Mrs. Alice B. Haven.
Cousin Kate,	Catherine D. Bell.
Charles Egbert Craddock,	Miss Murfree.
Currer Bell,	Charlotte Bronte (Mrs. Nichols.)
Dolores,	Miss Dickson.
E. D. E. N.	Mrs. Emma D. E. N. Southworth.
Eleanor Kirke,	Mrs. Nolly Ames.
Elizabeth Wetherell,	Susan Warner.
Ella Rodman,	Mrs. Eliza Rodman.
Ellis Bell,	Emily J. Bronte.
Fanny Fern,	Mrs. James Parton.
Fanny Fielding,	Mary J. S. Upsher.
Fanny Forester,	Emily C. Judson.
Florence Percy,	Mrs. Elizabeth Akers Allen.
Gail Hamilton,	Miss Mary Abigail Dodge.
George Eliot,	Mrs. Marian Lewes Cross.
George Sand,	Mme. Amantine Lucille Aurore Dudevant.
Grace Greenwood,	Mrs. Sarah J. Lippincott.
Grace Wharton,	A. T. Thompson.
Harriet Myrtle,	Mrs. Lydia F. F. Miller.

NOM DE PLUME.	REAL NAME.
Hesba Stretton,	Miss Hannah Smith.
Howard Glyndon,	Laura C. Redden.
Ianthe,	Emma C. Embury.
Jennie June,	Mrs. Jennie C. Croly.
John Oliver Hobbs,	Mrs. Perry Cragie.
John Strange Winter,	Mrs. Stannard.
Kate Campbell,	Jane Elizabeth Lincoln.
Louise Muhlbach,	Clara Mundt.
Marion Harland,	Mary V. Terhune.
Minnie Myrtle,	Miss Anna C. Johnson.
Mintwood,	Miss Mary A. E. Wager.
Octave Thanet,	Miss Alice French.
Olivia,	Emily Edson Grigg.
Ouida,	Louisa De La Rame.
Patty Lee,	Alice Cary.
Perdita,	Mrs. Mary Robinson.
Saxe Holm,	Miss Rush Ellis.
Shirley Dare,	Mrs. Susan D. Waters.
Sophie May,	Mrs. Eckerson.
Sophie Sparkle,	Jennie E. Hicks.
Straws, Jr.,	Kate Field.
Susan Coolidge,	Miss Woolsey.
Una,	Mary A. Ford,

Great Men's Reading.

Beethoven was fond of history and novels.

Cowper read only his Bible and his prayer book.

Hallam said that Livy was the model historian.

Chopin rarely read anything heavier than a French novel.

Auber hated reading, and never read save under compulsion.

Cæsar Borgia had a library of works relating mostly to art.

Titian read his prayer-book and the Metamorphoses of Ovid.

Voltaire's favorite classical author was Juvenal, the satirist.

Rossini, for nearly thirty years, read nothing but French novels.

Jean Paul Richter had only five or six books, all philosophical.

Paul Veronese thought there was no book equal to the "Æneid."

Lord Clive said that "Robinson Crusoe" beat any book he ever read.

Franklin read all he could find relating to political economy and finance.

Michael Angelo was fondest of the Books of Moses and the Psalms of David.

Bach was no great reader, but much enjoyed books of jokes and funny stories.

Hogarth was fond of joke-books and farces, and enjoyed them immoderately.

Cherubini was a lover of botany, and made collections of works on the subject.

Mario, the great tenor, read anything he could obtain relating to sports or hunting.

George III., for many years of his life, read nothing but his Bible and prayer-book.

"Papa" Hadyn liked stories, and he said, "The more love there is in them the better."

St. John Chrysostom never tired of reading or of praising the works of the Apostle John.

Da Vinci read Pindar, and thought him the noblest poet who ever wrote in any language.

Swift made a special study of the Latin satirists, and imitated their style and language.

Heine seldom read anything but poetry, but he read that with the most scrupulous attention.

Baxter read only the Bible, and best enjoyed the Prophecies of Isaiah and the Psalms.

Wordsworth was fond of the poetry of Burns, but said the latter was too rough and uncouth.

Molière was a reader of romances. His plays give many evidences of his excellent memory.

Wagner was a close student of musical history, and made that line of reading a specialty.

Bulwer-Lytton's favorite author was Horace. He always carried a small edition in his pocket.

Charles II., of England, delighted in Chaucer, and thought him the greatest poet that ever lived.

Carlyle had a very large library, relating principally to German and French literature and history.

Lablache, the stout basso, was a student of botany, and had quite a collection of botanical works.

Tennyson was a close student of the old English tales, and had a large library of such literature.

Landseer was a student of anatomy and zoology, and made collections of books on these subjects.

James I., of England, was a lover of the classics, and very familiar with most of the Latin writers.

Bunyan read little besides his Bible, and often said that Christians would do well to read no other book.

Vandyke, the painter, was fond of the Decameron, and often, in conversation, quoted from its pages.

Bolingbroke was a warm admirer of the French philosophical writers, and had a large collection of their works.

Hannah More made a collection of educational works, and read extensively on the line of female education.

Cardinal Richelieu once said that Tibullus, the Latin erotic poet, was the most natural of all the ancients.

Louis XIV. thought that Ovid's "Art of Love" was one of the most charming books that had ever been written.

Goethe once said that his literary life was determined by a volume of folk-lore tales he read when a child.

Julius Cæsar was a close student of Homer, and said that all military science was comprised in its pages.

David, the French historical painter, was a student of French history, to the exclusion of almost all other reading.

Salvator Rosa liked any kind of poetry, but more especially that relating to the country or to country scenes.

Mrs. Siddons gave much attention to the history of the drama, and had an extensive library of this kind of matter.

Tolstoi is said to have a large library of sociology, and to read attentively any book bearing on some new social fad.

Addison's specialty was the history of medals and coins, and he eagerly perused anything treating of this subject.

Mendelssohn was a close student of Jewish history and remarkably well informed as to every particular of Jewish annals.

Twelve Greatest Books of the Nineteenth Century.

The following are generally conceded to be the twelve greatest books of the nineteenth century: Darwin's, "Origin of the Species;" Hegel's "Logic," and "Philosophy of Religion;" Goethe's, "Faust;" Emerson's, "Essays;" Harriet Beecher Stowe's, "Uncle Tom's Cabin;" Sir Walter Scott's, "Historical Novels;" William Wordsworth's, "Poems;" Alfred Tennyson's, "In Memoriam;" Victor Hugo's, "Les Miserables;" John Ruskin's, "Modern Painters;" Thomas Carlyle's, "Sartor Resartus;" Strauss', "Life of Jesus."

Newspapers in the United States and the World.

In 1775 there were only twenty-seven newspapers published in the United States. Ten years later, in 1785, there were seven published in the English language in Philadelphia alone, of which one was a daily. The oldest newspaper published in Philadelphia at the time of the Federal convention was the *Pennsylvania Gazette*, established by Samuel Keimer, in 1728. The second newspaper in point of age was the *Pennsylvania Journal*, established in 1742 by William Bradford, whose uncle, Andrew Bradford, established the first newspaper in Pennsylvania, the *American Weekly Mercury*, in 1719. Next in age, but the first in importance, was the *Pennsylvania Packet*, established by John Dunlap in 1771. In 1784 it became a daily, being the first daily newspaper printed on this continent.

Newspapers for the Year 1900.

Rowell's "American Newspaper Directory" for 1900 reports the number of newspapers published in the United States and Canada as 21,789. Of these, 924 were Canadian publications. The following was the frequency of issue: Weekly, 15,375; monthly, 2,939; daily, 2,279; semi-monthly, 296; semi-weekly, 470; quarterly, 180; bi-weekly, 76; bi-monthly, 68; tri-weekly, 52—total, 21,789.

The total number of *newspapers* published in the world at present is estimated at about 50,000, distributed as follows: United States and Canada, 21,789; Germany, 7,000; Great Britain, 9,000; France, 4,300; Japan, 2,000; Italy, 1,500; Austria-Hungary, 1,200; Asia, exclusive of Japan, 1,000; Spain, 850; Russia, 800; Australia, 800; Greece, 600; Switzerland, 450; Holland, 300; Belgium, 300; all others, 1,000. Of these more than half are printed in the English language.

Lubbock's List of the Hundred Best Books.

The Bible.
Confucius, *Analects.*
Aristotle, *Ethics.*
Apostolic Fathers.
Pascal, *Pensées.*
Comté, *Positive Philosophy.*
Jeremy Taylor, *Holy Living.*
Keble, *Christian Year.*
Plato's *Dialogues.*
Demosthenes' *De Corona.*
Horace, *Poems.*
Homer, *Iliad and Odyssey.*
Virgil, *Aeneid.*
Malory, *Morte d' Arthur.*
Haha-Bharata, *Ramayana.*
Æschylus, *Prometheus.*
Sophocles, *Edipus, Trilogy.*
Aristophanes, *The Knights.*
Xenophon, *Anabasis.*
Tacitus, *Germania.*
Gibbon, *Decline and Fall.*
Grote, *Greece.*
Smith, *Wealth of Nations.*
Humboldt, *Travels.*
Shakespeare.
Dante, *Divina Commedia.*
Dryden's *Poems.*
Gray, *Poems.*
Wordsworth, *Poems.*
Pope, *Poems.*
Swift, *Gulliver's Travels.*
Arabian Nights.
Burke, *Political Writings.*
The English Essayists.
Sheridan, *Dramas.*
Smiles, *Self Help.*
George Eliot, *Adam Bede.*
Marcus Aurelius, *Meditations.*
Green, *Short History of England.*
Mill *Logic and Political Economy.*
Descartes, *Discours sur la Methode.*
Lewes, *History of Philosophy.*
Goethe's *Faust and Wilhelm Meister.*
Thackeray, *Vanity Fair and Pendennis.*
Bulwer-Lytton, *Last Days of Pompeii.*
Thomas à Kempis, *Imitation.*
Spinoza, *Tractatus Theologico-Politicus.*
Bunyan, *Pilgrim's Progress.*
Epictetus, *Philosophy.*
(St. Hilaire), Le Bouddha.
Mahomet, *Koran.*
Butler, *Analogy.*
Aristotle, *Politics.*
Lucretius, *Philosophical Poems.*
Plutarch, *Lives.*
Nibelungen Lied.
She-king (*Chinese Odes*).
Firdusi, *Shah-Nameh.*
Trilogy, or Persae.
Euripides, *Medea.*
Herodotus, *History.*
Thucydides, *History.*
Livy, *History.*
Hume, *England.*
Bacon, *Novum Organum.*
Darwin, *Origin of Species.*
Locke, *On the Understanding*
Cook, *Voyage.*
Milton, *Paradise Lost.*
Spenser, *Fœrie Queene.*
Chaucer, *Canterbury Tales.*
Burns, *Poems.*
Scott, *Poems.*
Heine, *Poems and Tales.*
Goldsmith, *Vicar.*
Southey, *Poems.*
Defoe, *Robinson Crusoe.*
Cervantes, *Don Quixote.*
Boswell, *Johnson.*
Moliere, *Dramas.*
Voltaire, *Zadig.*
Carlyle, *Past and Present.*
Kingsley, *Westward Ho!*
Scott, *Novels.*
Kingsley, *Heroes; Water Babies.*
Hawthorne's *Tanglewood Tales.*
Hawthorne's *Wonder Book.*
Kingsley's *Madame How and Lady Why.*
Marryatt, *Japhet in Search of a Father.*
Alice's Adventures in Wonderland.
Lanier, *Boy's King Arthur.*
Love Me Little, Love Me Long.
Irving, *Knickerbocker's New York.*
Cicero, *De Officiis, De Amicitia and De Senectute.*
Carlyle, *French Revolution.*
Berkeley, *Human Knowledge.*
Darwin, *Naturalist in the Beagle.*
White, *Natural History of Selbourne.*
Miss Austen, *Emma, or Pride and Prejudice.*
Dickens, *Pickwick and David Copperfield.*

THE TEN GREATEST PREACHERS.

Paul.	Spurgeon.
Whitefield.	Beecher.
Massillon.	Fuller.
Bossuet.	Taylor.
Luther.	Knox.

THE TEN GREATEST PHILOSOPHERS.

Aristotle.	Descartes.
Plato.	Berkeley.
Seneca.	Hamilton.
Bacon.	Le Comte.
Locke.	Spencer.

THE TEN GREATEST REFORMERS.

Luther.	John Huss.
Wycliffe.	Savonarola.
Calvin.	Cranmer.
Wesley.	Melanchthon.
Knox.	Zwingli.

THE TEN GREATEST HISTORIANS.

Herodotus.	Thucycides.
Gibbon.	Livy.
Hume.	Tacitus.
Macaulay.	Hallam.
Brancroft.	Froude.

THE TEN GREATEST POETS.

Æschylus.	Tasso.
Homer.	Dante.
Virgil.	Milton.
Chaucer.	Shakespeare
David.	Camoens.

THE TEN GREATEST PAINTERS.

Michael Angelo.	Reynolds.
Raphael.	Da Vinci.
Titian.	Veronese.
Rubens.	Guido.
West.	Rembrandt.

THE TEN GREATEST SCULPTORS.

Phidias.	Flaxman.
Praxiteles.	Thorwaldsen.
Michael Angelo.	Donatello.
Cellini.	Powers.
Canova.	Crawford.

THINGS REMARKABLE AND CURIOUS

The Largest Bell in the world is the great bell of Moscow, at the foot of the Kremlin. Its circumference at the bottom is nearly 68 feet, and its height more than 21 feet. In its stoutest part it is 23 inches thick, and its weight has been computed to be 443,772 pounds. It has never been hung, and was probably cast on the spot where it now stands. A piece of the bell is broken off. The fracture is supposed to have been occasioned by water having been thrown upon it when heated in consequence of the building erected over it being on fire.

The Largest Theatre in the world is the new Opera-house in Paris. It covers nearly three acres of ground; its cubic mass is 4,287,000 feet; it cost about 100,000,000 francs. *The largest suspension bridge* is the one between New York City and Brooklyn; the length of the main span is 1,595 feet 6 inches; the entire length of the bridge is 5,980 feet. *The loftiest active volcano* is Popocatapetl—"smoking mountain"—thirty-five miles southwest of Puebla, Mexico; it is 17,748 feet above the sea level, and has a crater three miles in circumference, and 1,000 feet deep. *The longest span of wire* in the world is used for a telegraph in India over the River Kistnah. It is more than 6,000 feet in length, and is 1,200 feet high.

The Greatest Fortress from a strategical point of view, is the famous stronghold of Gibraltar. It occupies a rocky peninsula jutting out into the sea, about three miles long and three quarters of a mile wide. One central rock rises to a height of 1,435 feet above the sea-level. Its northern face is almost perpendicular, while its east side is full of tremendous precipices. On the south it terminates in what is called Europa Point. The west side is less steep than the east, and between its base and the sea is the narrow, almost level span on which the town of Gibraltar is built. The fortress is considered impregnable to military assault. The regular garrison in time of peace numbers about 7,000.

The Biggest Cavern is the Mammoth Cave, in Edmonson County, Kentucky. It is near Green River, about six miles from Cave City, and twenty-eight from Bowling Green. The cave consists of a succession of

irregular chambers, some of which are large, situated on different levels. Some of these are traversed by the navigable branches of the subterranean Echo River. Blind fish are found in its waters.

The Longest Tunnel in the world is that of the St. Gothard, on the line of railroad between Lucerne and Milan. The summit of the tunnel is 900 feet below the surface at Andermatt, and 6,600 feet beneath the peak of Kastlehorn, of the St. Gothard group. The tunnel is 26½ feet wide, and is 18 feet 10 inches from the floor to the crown of the arched roof. It is 9½ miles long.

The Biggest Trees in the world are the mammoth trees of California. One of a grove in Tulare County, according to measurements made by members of the State Geological Survey, was shown to be 276 feet in height, 108 feet in circumference at base, and 76 feet at a point 12 feet above ground. Some of the trees are 376 feet high, and 34 feet in diameter. Some of the largest that have been felled indicate an age of from 2,000 to 2,500 years.

The Largest Library is the Bibliotheque National, in Paris, founded by Louis XIV. It contains 1,400,000 volumes, 300,000 pamphlets, 173,000 manuscripts, 300,000 maps and charts, and 150,000 coins and medals. The collection of engravings exceeds 1,300,000, contained in some 10,000 volumes.

The Largest Desert is that of Sahara, a vast region of Northern Africa, extending from the Atlantic Ocean on the west to the valley of the Nile on the east. The length from east to west is about 3,000 miles, its average breadth about 900 miles, its area about 2,000,000 square miles. In summer the heat during the day is excessive, but the nights are often cold.

First Things.

The first steamboat plied the Hudson in 1807.

The first sawmakers' anvil was brought to America in 1819.

The first use of a locomotive in this country was in 1820.

Kerosene was first used for lighting purposes in 1826.

The first horse railroad was built in 1826–7.

The first lucifer match was made in 1829.

The first iron steamship was built in 1830.

The first steel pen was made in 1830.

Omnibuses were introduced in New York in 1830.

Ships were first "copper-bottomed" in 1837.

Envelopes were first used in 1839.

Anæsthetics were discovered in 1844.

The first steel-plate was made in 1830.

The entire Hebrew Bible was printed in 1488.

Gold was first discovered in California in 1848.

Christianity was introduced into Japan in 1549.

First almanac printed by George Von Furback in 1460.

Percussion arms were used in the United States Army in 1830.

The first glass factory in the United States was built in 1780.

The first complete sewing-machine was patented by Elias Howe, Jr., in 1846.

The first temperance society in this country was organized in Saratoga County, N. Y., in March, 1808.

The first daily newspaper appeared in 1702. The first newspaper printed in the United States was published in Boston on September 25, 1790.

The first telegraph instrument was successfully operated by S. F. B. Morse, the inventor, in 1835, though its utility was not demonstrated to the world until 1842.

The first Union flag was unfurled on the 1st of January, 1776, over the camp at Cambridge. It had thirteen stripes of white and red, and retained the English cross in one corner.

When Captain Cook first visited Tahiti, the natives were using nails of wood, bone, shell, and stone. When they saw iron nails, they fancied them to be shoots of some very hard wood, and, desirous of securing such a valuable commodity, they planted them in their gardens.

In 1750 the "shoe-black" came into vogue. The poet Gay, in his day, refers to the business, and describes a mother as instructing her son in this calling.

The 19th Century in a Nutshell.

The Nineteenth century received from its predecessors the horse; we bequeathed the bicycle, the locomotive, and the motor car.

We received the goose quill and bequeathed the typewriter.

We received the scythe and bequeathed the mowing machine.

We received the hand printing press; we bequeathed the cylinder press.

We received the painted canvas; we bequeathed lithography, photography and color photography.

We received the hand-loom; we bequeathed the cotton and woolen factory.

We received gunpowder; we bequeathed lyddite.

We received the tallow dip; we bequeathed the electric lamp.

We received the galvanic battery; we bequeathed the dynamo.

We received the flint-lock; we bequeathed Maxims.

We received the sailing ship; we bequeathed the steamship.

We received the beacon signal fire; we bequeathed the telephone and wireless telegraphy.

We received ordinary light; we bequeathed Roentgen rays.

The Paris Exposition of 1900.

The Paris Universal International Exposition of 1900 was formally declared open by President Loubet April 14, and closed its doors November 12. During its existence 50,000,000 paying visitors passed through its gates. The largest attendance in one day was 600,000. (The number of paying visitors at the Chicago Fair of 1893 was 27,529,000; the largest number of visitors in one day over 700,000.) The French exhibitors at Paris were naturally the most numerous and received the largest number of prizes, but the following is a statement of the awards to the exhibitors of the four foreign nations having the largest representation:

In the electrical department, Group 5, the United States led the world, receiving 94 awards, of which 6 were grand prizes. Germany came next in this section, but received only 49 prizes.

In transportation the United States led, receiving 130 awards, with Germany next, 123 prizes, and Great Britain third, having 119 prizes. There were many surprises when the final awards were made, and none more so than in the Department of Foodstuffs, Group 10, in which Italy surpassed all other nations, with 306 awards. The United States came fifth, with 177 awards.

Nation.	Grand Prix.	Gold.	Silver.	Bronze.	Honorable Mention.	Total Awards.	Total No Exhibitors.
United States	215	547	593	501	348	2,204	6,9.6
Germany . .	236	510	575	321	184	1,826	2,689
England . .	183	406	517	410	208	1,727	2,959
Russia . . .	209	346	411	321	206	1,493	2,285

In Group 11, Mining and Metallurgy, the United States surpassed all nations. This American display was a magnificent one, commanding the admiration of every visitor, and the awards were 133, of which 34 were grand prizes.

The jury of final appeal in the matter of prizes to be awarded by the Exposition Management closed its work in September. The statement prepared for the United States committee shows that America received the highest number of awards of any nation save France, and that she also received more awards in each classification, except grand prizes, in which Germany secured 236, against the United States 215. These figures, excepting for France, are shown in above table.

Owners of Land in America.

Nearly 22,000,000 acres of land are owned by men who owe allegiance to other governments. To be exact, there are 21,241,900 acres of land under the direct control and management of thirty foreign individuals or companies. There are 2,720,283 acres of land in Massachusetts, so that the men living in other countries and owing allegiance to other powers own land enough to make about ten States like Massachusetts, more than the whole of New England, more land than some governments own to support a king. The largest amount of land owned by any one man or corporation is by a company called the Holland Land Company. There is twice as much land owned by aliens in the United States as there is owned by Englishmen in Ireland.

Principal Battles of the Civil War. Dates, Commanders, and Number Killed on Both Sides.

Bull Run (first), July 21, 1861—North, General McDowell; killed, 481; South,

General Beauregard; killed, 269. *Shiloh*, April 7, 1862—North, General Grant; killed, 1,735; South, General A. S. Johnston; killed, 1,728. *Seven Pines* and *Fair Oaks*, May 31 and June 1, 1862—North, General McClellan; killed, 890; South, General J. E. Johnston; killed, 2,800. *Seven Days*, June 25–July 1, 1862—North, General McClellan; killed 1582; South, General Lee; killed unknown. *Second Bull Run*, August 29–30, 1862—North, General Pope; South, General Lee; no exact estimate. *Antietam*, Sept. 16 and 17, 1862—North, General McClellan; killed, 2,010; South, General Lee; killed, 3,500. *Corinth*, October 3–4, 1862—North, General Rosecrams; killed, 315; South, General Van Dorn; killed, 1,423. *Perryville*, October 8, 1862—North, General Buell; killed, 820; South, General Bragg; killed, 1,300. *Fredericksburg*, December 11–15, 1862—North, General Burnside; killed, 1128; South, General Lee; killed, 1,200. *Murfreesboro*, December 31, 1862, January 1, 1863—North, General Rosecrans; killed, 1,474; South, General Johnston; killed, unknown. *Chancellorville*, May 2 and 3, 1863—North, General Hooker; killed, 1,512; South, General Lee; killed, 1,581. *Gettysburg*, July 1, 2 and 3, 1863—North, General Meade; killed, 2,834; South, General Lee; killed, 3,500. *Vicksburg*, July 3 and 4, 1863—North, General Grant; killed, 545; South, General Pemberton; killed, unknown. *Chickamauga*, Sept. 19–23, 1863—North, General Thomas; killed, 1,644; South, General Bragg; killed, 2,389. *Lookout Mountain and Missionary Ridge*, November 23–25, 1863—North, General Grant; total loss, 4,000; South, General Bragg; total loss, 4,000. *Wilderness*, May 5–7, 1864—North, General Grant; killed, unknown; South, General Lee; killed, unknown. *Spottsylvania*, May 8–18, 1864—North, General Grant; killed, 2,261; South, General Lee; killed, unknown. *Cold Harbor*, June 1, 1864—North, General Grant; total loss, 10,000; South, General Lee; total loss, 8,000. *Franklin*, November 30, 1864—North, General Schofield; killed 189; South, General Hood; killed 1750. *Nashville*, December 1–14, 1864—North, General Thomas; total loss, 6,500; South, General Hood; total loss, 23,000. *Five Forks*, April 1, 1865; North, General Grant; total loss, 7,000; South, General Lee; total loss, 15,000.

Growth of the United States.

This country began the present century with 5,308,483 people. In the year 1810 the population was 7,239,881, an increase of 36.28 per cent.; in 1820 it was 9,633,822, an increase of 33.66 per cent.; in 1830 it was 12,866,020, an increase of 32.51 per cent.; in 1840 it was 17,069,453, an increase of 32.52 per cent.; in 1850 it was 23,191,876, an increase of 35.83 per cent.; in 1860 it was 31,443,321, an increase of 35.11 per cent.; in 1870 it was 38,558,371, an increase of 22.65 per cent.; in 1880 it was 50,154,783, an increase of 30.08 per cent.; in 1890 it was 62,622,250, an increase of about 28 per cent.; in 1900 it was 76,295,220. This is exclusive of the islands of Porto Rico, the Hawaiian and the Phillippine islands, which bring about 10,000,000 more people under our dominions.

This great growth is shown by a few comparisons. The British Islands began the present century with three times as many people as the United States, and yet its present population is less than three-fifths of our own. Of all the civilized countries, Russia has the most people, but at our rate of increase it will not be many years before this country passes Russia. Another interesting fact is that the English language is spreading twice as rapidly as any other tongue, so that the future promises to the United States not only leadership in population, but in the language of the world.

In this connection it will be interesting to compare and note

How the Great Powers Have Changed Rank in 100 Years.

The change of the seats of power will be seen by a comparison of the relative populations of 1800 and 1900.

In 1800 the great powers of the world were thus grouped:

Russia	38,140,000
France	27,720,000
Germany	22,330,000
Austria	21,230,000
United Kingdom	15,570,000

Italy	13,380,000
Spain	10,440,000
United States	5,310,000

In the year 1900 we have the following figures:

Russia	130,896,628
United States	76,295,220
Germany	53,000,000
Austria-Hungary	42,660,906
United Kingdom	49,559,954
France	38,517,975
Italy	31,000,000
Spain	18,250,000

Of this population the English-speaking races in Great Britain and Ireland, with the English-speaking colonies, and the United States, number 130,000,000, offsetting Russia's 130,896,628.

Politics of the Presidents.

The subjoined table will be found interesting as a reference to many of our readers. Of course, the name of Washington heading the list does not mean that he was the candidate of any party or faction, but is placed there to complete the roll:

Name.	Inauguration.	Politics.
George Washington	April 30, 1789	Unanimous.
John Adams	March 4, 1797	Federal.
Thomas Jefferson	March 4, 1801	Democrat.
James Madison	March 4, 1809	Democrat.
James Monroe	March 4, 1817	Democrat.
John Quincy Adams	March 4, 1825	Compromise
Andrew Jackson	March 4, 1829	Democrat.
Martin Van Buren	March 4, 1837	Democrat.
William H. Harrison	March 4, 1841	Whig.
John Tyler	April 6, 1841	Whig.
James K. Polk	March 4, 1845	Democrat.
Zachary Taylor	March 5, 1849	Whig.
Millard Fillmore	July 9, 1 50	Whig.
Franklin Pierce	March 4, 1853	Democrat.
James Buchanan	March 4, 1857	Democrat.
Abraham Lincoln	March 4, 1861	Republican.
Andrew Johnson	April 15, 1865	Republican.
U. S. Grant	March 4, 1869	Republican.
R. B. Hayes	March 5, 1877	Republican.
James A. Garfield	March 4, 1881	Republican.
Chester A. Arthur	Sept. 20, 1881	Republican.
Grover Cleveland	March 4, 1885	Democrat.
Benj. Harrison	March 4, 1889	Republican.
Grover Cleveland	March 4, 1893	Democrat.
William McKinley	March 4, 1897	Republican.
William McKinley	March 4, 1901	Republican.

Education of Presidents.

Washington—Fair English education.
Adams—Harvard College.
Jefferson—William and Mary.
Madison—Princeton College.
Adams, J. Q.—Harvard College.
Jackson—Limited education.
Van Buren—Academic course.
Harrison, W. H.—Hampden College.
Tyler—William and Mary.
Polk—University of North Carolina.
Taylor—Slight, the rudiments.
Fillmore—Limited education.
Pierce—Bowdoin College.
Buchanan—Dickinson College.
Lincoln—Education limited.
Johnson—Self-educated.
Grant—West Point.
Hayes—Kenyon College.
Garfield—Williams College.
Arthur—Union College.
Cleveland—Hamilton College.
Benj. Harrison—Miami University.
McKinley—Allegheny College.

Religion of the Presidents.

All of our Presidents except Jefferson were members of churches or were men who revered Christianity. Adams married a minister's daughter, and was inclined to Unitarianism. Jefferson was not a believer, at least while he was Chief Magistrate. Madison's early connections were Presbytarian. Monroe is said to have favored the Episcopal Church. John Quincy Adams was like his father. Jackson was a Presbyterian and died in the communion of that church. Van Buren was brought up in the Reformed Dutch Church, but afterward inclined to the Episcopal Church. Harrison leaned toward the Methodist Church, and Tyler was an Episcopalian. Polk was baptized by a Methodist preacher after his term of office expired. Taylor was inclined to the Episcopal communion. Fillmore attended the Unitarian Church, and Franklin Pierce was a member, but not a communicant, of a Congregational Church at Concord. Buchanan was a Presbyterian, as was also Benjamin Harrison. General Grant attended the Methodist Church, and President Garfield the Church of the Disciples. Cleveland, the son of a Presbyterian minister, remained in that faith, while McKinley, from boyhood, was an active worker in the Methodist Church. Roosevelt is a member of the Dutch Reformed Church.

Cabinet Facts of Interest.

There were six Secretaries of State who afterward became Presidents, namely,

Jefferson, Madison, Monroe, John Quincy Adams, Van Buren, and Buchanan. Monroe was Secretary of War for a short time after he had served in the State Department, and General Grant was Secretary of War *ad interim*. There have been no Secretaries of the Treasury, the Navy, or the Interior, nor any Postmasters or Attorney-Generals who have become President. Jeff Davis was Secretary of War under President Pierce.

Salaries of United States Officers, Per Annum.

PRESIDENT, VICE-PRESIDENT AND CABINET.—President, $50,000; Vice-President, $8,000; Cabinet Officers, $8,000 each.

UNITED STATES SENATORS. — $5,000 with mileage.

CONGRESS.--Members of Congress, $5,000 with mileage.

SUPREME COURT.—Chief Justice, $10-500; Associate Justices, $10,000.

CIRCUIT COURTS.—Justices of Circuit Courts, $6,000.

HEADS OF DEPARTMENTS.—Supt. of Bureau of Engraving and Printing, $4,500; public printer $4,500; Supt. of Census, $6,000; Supt. of Naval Observatory, $5,000; Supt. of the Signal Service, $4,000; Director of Geological Surveys, $6,000; Director of the Mint, $4,500; Commissioner of General Land Office, $4,000; Commissioner of Pensions, $5,000; Commissioner of Labor, $5000; Commissioner of Indian Affairs, $4 000; Commissioner of Education, $3,000; Commander of Marine Corps, $3,500; Supt. of Coast and Geodetic Survey, $6,000.

UNITED STATES TREASURY.—Treasurer, $6,000; Register of Treasury, $4,000; Comptroller of Customs, $4,000.

POST-OFFICE DEPARTMENT Washington. — Four Assistant Postmaster-Generals, $4,000: Chief Clerk, $2,500.

POSTMASTERS.—Postmasters are divided into four classes. First class, $3,000 to $4,000 (excepting New York City, which is $8,000); second class, $2,000 to $3,000; third class, $1,000 to $2,000; fourth class less than $1,000. The first three classes are appointed by the President, and confirmed by the Senate; those of fourth class are appointed by the Postmaster-General.

DIPLOMATIC APPOINTMENTS. — *Ambassadors*, at $17,500, to France, Great Britain, Germany, Mexico and Russia. *Envoys Extraordinary and Ministers Plenipotentiary*, at $12,000; to Austria-Hungary, Brazil, China, Italy, Japan and Spain; at $10,000 to Argentine Republic, Belgium, Chili, Columbia, Guatemala, Nicaragua, Peru, Netherlands, Turkey and Venezuela; at $7,500: to Denmark, Hayti, Paraguay and Uruguay, Portugal, Sweden and Norway, Switzerland; at $5,000: to Bolivia, Ecquador; at $6,500: to Greece. *Ministers Resident* at $7,500: Corea and Siam; at $5,000: Persia. Then four Consuls-Generals at $6,000, three at $5,000, six at $4,000, and eight at $3,500 to $2,000; also seventy-two Consuls at $1,000 up to $3,500.

ARMY OFFICERS.— General, $13,500; Lieut.-General, $11,000; Major-General, $7,500; Brigadier-General, $5,500; Colonel, $3,500; Lieut.-Colonel, $3,000; Major, $2,500; Captain, mounted, $2,000; Captain, not mounted, $1,800; Regimental Adjutant, $1,800; Regimental Quartermaster, $1,800; First Lieutenant, mounted, $1,600; First Lieutenant, not mounted, $1,500; Second Lieutenant, mounted, $1,500; Second Lieutenant, not mounted, $1,400; Chaplain, $1,500.

NAVY OFFICERS. — Admiral, $13,500; Vice-Admiral, $9,000; Rear-Admirals, $6,000; Commodores, $5,000; Captains, $4,500; Commanders, $3,500; Lieut.-Commanders, $2,800; Lieutenants, $2,400; Masters, $1,800; Ensigns, $1,200; Midshipmen, $1,000; Cadet Midshipmen, $500; Mates, $900; Medical and Pay Directors and Medical and Pay Inspectors and Chief Engineers, $4,400; Fleet Surgeons, Fleet Paymasters, and Fleet Engineers, $4,400; Surgeons and Paymasters, $2,800; Chaplains, $2,500.

Popular and Electoral Votes for Presidents.

YEAR	CANDIDATES	PARTY	Popular Vote	Elec'l Vote
1832	Andrew Jackson	Democrat	687,502	219
1832	Henry Clay	Nat. Republican	530,189	49
1832	John Floyd	Whig		11
1832	William Wirt	Whig		7
1836	Martin Van Buren	Democrat	761,549	170
1836	W. H. Harrison	Whig	736,656	73
1836	Hugh L. White	Whig		26
1836	Daniel Webster	Whig		14
1836	W. P. Mangum	Whig		11
1840	Martin Van Buren	Democrat	1,128,702	48
1840	W. H. Harrison	Whig	1,275,017	234

YEAR	CANDIDATES	PARTY	Popular Vote	Elec'l Vote
1844	James K. Polk	Democrat	1,337,243	170
1844	Henry Clay	Whig	1,299,068	105
1848	Zachary Taylor	Whig	1,360,101	163
1848	Lewis Cass	Democrat	1,220,544	127
1848	Martin Van Buren	Free Soil	291,263	.....
1852	Franklin Pierce	Democrat	1,601,474	254
1852	Winfield Scott	Whig	1,386,578	42
1852	John P. Hale	Free Soil	156,149	.....
1856	James Buchanan	Democrat	1,838,169	174
1856	John C Fremont	Republican	1,341,262	114
1856	Millard Fillmore	American	874,534	8
1860	Abraham Lincoln	Republican	1,866,352	180
1860	Stephen A. Douglas	Democrat	1,375,157	12
1860	John C. Breckenridge	Democrat	845,763	72
1860	John Bell	Union	589,581	39
1864	Abraham Lincoln	Republican	2,216,067	212
1864	George B. McClellan	Democrat	1,808,725	21
1868	U. S. Grant	Republican	3,015,071	214
1868	Horatio Seymour	Democrat	2,709,613	80
1872	U. S. Grant	Republican	3,597,070	286
1872	Horace Greely	Liberal and Dem.	2,834,079	.....
1872	James Black	Prohibition	5,608	.....
1876	R. B. Hayes	Republican	4,033,900	185
1876	Samuel J. Tilden	Democrat	4,284,885	184
1876	Peter Cooper	Greenback	81,740	.....
1876	G. C. Smith	Prohibition	9 522	.....
1880	James A. Garfield	Republican	4,449,053	214
1880	Winfield S. Hancock	Democrat	4,442,035	155
1880	James B. Weaver	Greenback	307,306	.....
1884	Grover Cleveland	Democrat	4,911,017	219
1884	James G. Blaine	Republican	4,848,334	182
1884	Ben j. F. Butler	Greenback	133,825	.....
1884	John P. St. John	Prohibition	151,809	.....
1888	Benjamin Harrison	Republican	5,441,202	233
1888	Grover Cleveland	Democrat	5,538,569	168
1888	Fisk	Prohibition	249,987	.....
1888	Labor Vote		147,521	.....
1892	Grover Cleveland	Democrat	5,558,142	277
1892	Benjamin Harrison	Republican	5,186,931	145
1892	James B. Weaver	People's	1,030,128	22
1892	John Bidwell	Prohibitory	268,361	.....
1896	Wm. McKinley	Republican	7,107,980	271
1896	Wm Jennings Bryan	Democrat	6,509,066	176
1896	John M. Palmer	Gold Democrat	132,076	.....
1896	Joshua Levering	Prohibition	127,174	.....
1896	C. H. Matchette	Socialist-Labor	36,426	.....
1900	Wm. McKinley	Republican	7,268,296	292
1900	Wm. Jennings Bryan	Democrat	6,415,987	155

Eleven Great Wonders in America.

Croton Aqueduct, in New York City.

City Park, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania. The largest park in the world.

Lake Superior. The largest lake in the world.

Mammoth Cave, in Kentucky.

Niagara Falls. A sheet of water three-quarters of a mile wide, with a fall of 175 feet.

Natural Bridge, over Cedar Creek, in Virginia.

New State Capitol, at Albany, N. Y.

New York and Brooklyn Bridge.

The Central Park, in New York City.

Washington Monument, Washington, D. C., 555 feet high.

Yosemite Valley, California; fifty-seven miles from Coulterville. A valley from eight to ten miles long, and about one mile wide. Has very steep slopes about 3,500 feet high; has a perpendicular precipice 3,089 feet high; a rock almost perpendicular, 3,270 feet high; and waterfalls from 700 to 1,000.

Noted American Trees.

The big tree of California.

"Old Liberty Elm," at Boston.

"The Burgoyne Elm," at Albany, N. Y.

The immense ash trees planted by General Washington at Mount Vernon, and now the admiration of visitors.

The weeping-willow over the grave of Cotton Mather in Cop's burying-ground, near Bunker Hill, taken from a tree that shaded the grave of Napoleon at St. Helena.

The Cary tree, planted by the roadside in 1832 by Alice and Phœbe Cary, is a large sycamore, standing on the turnpike from College Hill to Mount Pleasant, Hamilton County, Ohio.

The Washington elm still stands at Cambridge, Mass. It is on Garden street, a short distance from the colleges, and is a large, well-preserved tree. An iron fence is built around it, and on a stone in front is the following inscription: "Under this tree George Washington took command of the American Army, July 3, 1775."

The Great Famines of History.

Walford mentions 160 famines since the 11th century, namely: England, 57; Ireland, 34; Scotland, 12; France, 10; Germany, 11; Italy, etc., 36. The worst in modern times have been:

Country.	Date.	No. of Victims.
France	1770	48,000
Ireland	1847	1,029,000
India	1866	1,450,000

Deaths from hunger and want were recorded as follows in 1879, according to Mulhall: Ireland, 3,789; England, 312; London. 101; France, 260. The proportion per 1,000 deaths was, respectively, 37.6, .6, 1.2, .3.

Remarkable Plagues of Modern Times.

Date.	Place.	Deaths.	Weeks.	Deaths per Week
1656	Naples	380,000	28	13,600
1665	London	68,800	33	2,100
1720	Marseilles	39,100	36	1,100
1771	Moscow	87,800	32	2,700
1778	Constantinople	170,000	18	9,500
1798	Cairo	88,000	25	3,500
1812	Constantinople	144,000	13	11,100
1834	Cairo	57,000	18	3,200
1835	Alexandria	14,900	17	900
1871	Buenos Ayres	26,300	11	2,400

Great Financial Panics.

The most remarkable crises since the beginning of the present century have been as follows:

1814. England, 240 banks suspended.
1825. Manchester, failures 2 millions.
1831. Calcutta, failures 15 millions.
1837. United States, "Wild-cat" crisis; all banks closed.
1839. Bank of England saved by Bank of France. Severe also in France, where 93 companies failed for 6 millions.
1844. England. State loans to merchants. Bank of England reformed.
1847. England, failures 20 millions; discount 13 per cent.
1857. United States, 7,200 houses failed for 111 millions.
1866 London, Overend-Gurney crisis; failures exceeded 100 millions.
1869. Black Friday in New York (Wall street), September 24th.
1873. Many banks failed, and great commercial enterprises where driven to the wall in the United States.
1893–95. The money question of a silver and gold, or the single gold standard was greatly agitated, and the United States passed through a financial crisis which wrecked thousands of business firms and brought on a disastrous financial stringency.

The Greatest Floods in History.

The Thames destroyed a great number of the inhabitants of its banks, nine years after Christ; another which destroyed all the inhabitants in Ferne Island, seven miles southwest from Holy Island, 323; 5,000 people lost in Cheshire by an eruption, 353; another of the Dee which drowned forty families, 415; an inundation of the sea in Norfolk, Suffolk, and Essex, 575; an inundation at Edinburgh, which did great damage, 730; an inundation at Glasgow, which drowned above 400 families, 738; an inundation of the Tweed, which did immense damage, 836; an inundation of the Medway, 861; an inundation at Southampton, which destroyed many people, 935; an inundation of the Severn, which drowned hundreds of cattle, 1046; the sea overflowed 4,000 acres of Earl Godwin's land, in Kent, since called Godwin Sands, 1100; a great part of Flanders overflowed by the sea, 1108; an inundation of the Thames for above six miles at Lambeth, 1243; another, since named the Dollert Sea, 1277; at Winchelsea 300 houses were overthrown by the sea, 1280; 120 laymen, and several priests, besides women, were drowned by an inundation at Newcastle-upon-Tyne, 1339; at the Texel, which first raised the commerce of Amsterdam, 1400; the sea broke in at Dort, and drowned 72 villages and 100,000 people, and formed the Zuyder Sea, 1421; in 1530 the Holland dykes broke, 400,000 lost; in February, 1735, at Dagenham, and upon the coast of Essex, which carried away the sea walls, and drowned several thousand sheep and black cattle; in Spain, and did 3,000,000 livres damage, at Bilboa, April, 1762; at Naples, where it carried away a whole village, and drowned 200 of the inhabitants, November 10, 1773; in Spain, Navarre, September, 1787, where 2,000 lost their lives, all the buildings of several villages carried away by the currents from the mountains; a terrible inundation by the Liffey, in Ireland, which did very considerable damage in Dublin and its environs, November 12, 1787; at Kirkwald, in Scotland, by breaking the Dam-dykes, October 4, 1788, which nearly destroyed the town; almost throughout England by the melting of the snow, and the greater part of the bridges were either destroyed or damaged, February, 1795; at St. Domingo, which destroyed 1,400 persons, October, 1800; on the coast of Holland and Germany, November, 1801; in Dublin and parts adjacent, December 2 and 3, 1802

The Johnstown Flood, in June, 1889, at Johnstown, Pa., was caused by the breaking of a dam on the upper waters of the Conemaugh River, which confined a great lake on top of the Alleghany Mountains. The flood swept down the valley faster than a railroad train in speed. Several small towns and the city of Johnstown were swept away, and 6,111 persons perished.

The Galveston Flood. — In September, 1900, a hurricane along the southern coast of the United States reached the climax of its fury near Galveston, Texas, at 1 o'clock

at night, literally blowing the Gulf waters over the island on which Galveston is situated, causing a loss of life and property unparalleled by any similar disaster in the United States. The city of Galveston was well-nigh annihilated, 7,000 lives being lost, and $30,000,000 worth of property destroyed in the city and near by on the mainland. This appears the more frightful in view of the fact that less than 40,000 souls inhabited Galveston. Thousands escaped by clinging to the wreckage of houses and ships which the wind blew far inland on the high tide. About $1,000,000 was subscribed for relief throughout the country, and the rebuilding of the city was begun promptly after the ruins were sufficiently cleared away.

The Greatest World's Fairs.

WHERE HELD	Year.	Area Covered.*	Exhibitors	Visitors.†	Days Open.	Receipts‡
		Acres				
London	1851	21	13,937	6,039,195	141	$1,780,000
Paris	1855	24½	20,839	5,162,330	200	644,100
London	862	23½	28,653	6,211,103	171	1,614,260
Paris	1867	37	50,226	8,805,969	217	2,103,675
Vienna	1873	40	50,000	6,740,500	186	1,032,385
Philadelphia	1876	60	30,864	10 164,489	159	3,813,724
Paris	1878	60	40,366	16,032,723	194	2,531,650
Sydney	1879	26	9,315	1,117,586	210	200,000
Melbourne	1880	.....	.....	1,330,279	210	.....
Fisheries Exhibition, London	1883	9	3,000	2,703,051	147	585,000
Health Exhibition, London	1884	.....	.....	4,153,390	151	892,545
Inventions Exhibition, London	1885	.....	.....	3,760,581	163	750.000
Colonial and Inland, London	1886	13	.....	5,550,745	164	1,025,000
Glasgow	1888	.....	.....	5,748,379	161	566,330
Paris	1889	75½	55,000	28,149 353	185	8,300,000
Chicago	1893	633	.....	27,539,521	184	14,000,000
Paris	1900	.....	75,501	50,000,000	212	.....
Buffalo	1901					

* Buildings and covered structures.

† The largest number of visitors in any one day was 400,000 in 1889 in Paris, and 716,881 in Chicago in 1893, and 600,000 in Paris in 1900. It will be noticed that the Paris Exposition of 1900 admitted the largest number of paying visitors—50,000,000—ever attending any exposition, almost doubling the total number of paying visitors attending the Chicago Exposition.

The Highest Buildings, Monuments, etc.

	Feet.
Eiffel Tower, Paris	989
Washington Monument	555
City Hall, Philadelphia, Pa.	548
Pyramid, Cheops, Egypt	543
Cathedral, Cologne	511
" Antwerp	476
" Strassburg	474
Tower, Utrecht	464
Steeple, St. Stephen's, Vienna	460
Pyramid, Khafras, Egypt	456
St. Martin's Church, Bavaria	456
Chimney, Port Dundas, Glasgow	454
St. Peter's, Rome	448
Notre Dame, Amiens	422
Salisbury Spire, England	406
Cathedral, Florence	380
" Cremona	372
" Freiburg	367
St. Paul's, London	365
Cathedral, Seville	360
Pyramid, Sakkarah, Egypt	356
Cathedral, Milan	355
Notre Dame, Munich	348
Invalides, Paris	347
Parliament House, London	340
Cathedral, Magdeburg	337
St. Patrick's New York	328
St. Mark's, Venice	328
Statue of Liberty, New York	321
Cathedral, Bologna	306
" Norwich, Eng.	309
" Chichester, Eng.	300
" Lincoln, Eng.	300
St. James' Cathedral, Toronto	316
Capitol, Washington	300
Trinity Church, New York	283
Cathedral, Mexico	280
" Montreal	280
Campanile Tower, Florence	276
Column, Delhi	260
Cathedral, Dantzic	250
Porcelain Tower, Nankin	248
Custom House, St. Louis	240
Canterbury Tower, England	235
Notre Dame, Paris	232
Chicago Board of Trade	230
St. Patrick's, Dublin	226
Cathedral, Glasgow	225
Bunker Hill Monument	220
Notre Dame, Montreal	220
Cathedral, Lima	220
" Rheims	220
" Garden City, L. I.	219
St. Peter and Paul, Philadelphia, Pa.	210
Washington Monument, Baltimore	210

Famous Giants and Dwarfs.

The most noted giants of ancient and modern times are as follows:

Name.	Place.	Height, Feet.	Period.
Goliath	Palestine	11.0	B. C. 1063.
Galbara	Rome	9.9	Claudius Cæsar.
John Middleton,	England	9.3	A. D. 1578.

Name	Place.	Height, Feet.	Period.
Frederick Swede,	Sweden	8.4	. . . . .
Cajanus	Finland .	7.9	. . . . .
Gilly	Tyrol . .	8.1	. . . . .
Patrick Cotter .	Cork . .	8.7	1806.
Chang Gow . .	Pekin . .	7.8	1880.

Many of the great men of history have been rather small in stature. Napoleon was only about five feet four inches, Washington was five feet seven inches. One of the greatest of American statesmen, Alexander H. Stephens, never excelled 115 pounds in weight, and in his old age his weight was less than 100 pounds.

The more notable human mites are named below:

Name.	Height, inches.	Date of Birth.	Place of Birth.
Count Borowlaski	39	1739	Warsaw.
Tom Thumb (Chas. S. Stratton) . . .	31	1837	New York.
Mrs. Tom Thumb .	32	1842	"
Che Mah	25	1838	China.
Lucia Zarate . . .	20	1863	Mexico.
General Mite . . .	21	1864	New York.

Remarkable Genius in Youth.

Handel had produced an opera before he was fifteen.

Corneille had planned a tragedy before he was ten.

Auber wrote an operetta for the stage before he was fourteen.

Pitt was Chancellor of the Exchequer before he was twenty-five.

Schiller was widely known as a poet before the age of twenty.

Kaulbach at seventeen was pronounced the first artistic genius in Germany.

Kant began his philosophical and metaphysical speculations before the age of eighteen.

Goethe had produced a considerable number of poems and several dramas before he was twenty.

Raphael showed his artistic abilities at the early age of twelve, when he was widely known as an artist in oil.

Remarkable Memories.

Magliabechi, of Florence, called "The Universal Index and Living Cyclopædia" (1633–1714).

P. J. Beronicius, the Greek and Latin improvisator, who knew by heart Horace, Virgil, Cicero, Juvenal, both the Plinys, Homer, and Aristophanes. He died at Middleburgh, in 1676.

Andrew Fuller, after hearing 500 lines twice, could repeat them without a mistake. He could also repeat *verbatim* a sermon or speech; could tell either backward or forward every shop sign from the Temple to the extreme end of Cheapside, and the articles displayed in each of the shops.

Woodfall could carry in his head a debate, and repeat it a fortnight afterward.

Thompson could repeat the names, trades, and particulars of every shop from Ludgate Hill to Piccadilly.

William Radcliff, the husband of the novelist, could repeat a debate the next morning.

Blind Tom, the famous negro pianist, could repeat any speech he heard uttered. He could also play any piece of music from memory after once hearing it. In some respects his mind was very weak.

At the Palmer House, Chicago, is a colored man who stands at the door of the dining-room and receives the hats, coats, and umbrellas of the hundreds of guests who go in to each meal. As they come out, he, without error, hands each guest the articles intrusted to him on entering. In many years' service it is declared he has not made a dozen errors. In view of the fact that he gives no checks, but depends entirely on his memory of faces, and must associate the articles with the individual leaving them, and that he must thus deal with hundreds of strangers every day, and has kept it up daily for many years, his feat of memory is one of the most remarkable on record.

INTERESTING HISTORICAL FACTS

"Uncle Sam," Origin of the Name.

Speculation has arisen regarding the origin of the term "Uncle Sam" as applied to the United States Government.

In the war of 1812, between this country and Great Britain, Elbert Anderson, of New York, purchased in Troy, N. Y., a large amount of pork for the American army.

It was inspected by Samuel Wilson, who was popularly known as "Uncle Sam." The barrels of pork were marked "E. A., U. S.," the lettering being done by a facetious employee of Mr. Wilson.

When asked by fellow-workmen the meaning of the mark (for the letters U. S., for United States, were then almost entirely new to them), he said "he did not know, unless it meant Elbert Anderson and Uncle Sam," alluding to Sam Wilson.

The joke took among the workmen, and passed currently, and "Uncle Sam" himself being present, was occasionally rallied on the increasing extent of his possessions. Soon the incident appeared in print, and the joke gained favor rapidly, till it penetrated and was recognized in every part of the country, and will, no doubt, continue so while the United States remains a nation.

"John Bull," Origin Of.

The term John Bull, is a satirical personification of the English people, derived from Arbuthnot's "History of John Bull," in which satirical story the hero was represented as a bluff, kindhearted but bullheaded English farmer, associated with two other characters, Lewis Baboon, representing the Frenchman, and Nicholas Frog, representing the German. John Bull was accepted by the world as a typical Englishman, and hence, to Dr. Arbuthnot belongs the honor of inventing the national nickname, first applied to England, but later extending to the people of the whole British Empire.

Important Battles in History.

The Battle of Actium, B.C. 31, in which the combined fleets of Antony and Cleopatra were defeated by Octavius, and imperialism established in the person of Octavius.

The Battle of Arbela, B.C., 331, in which the Persians, under Darius, were defeated by the Macedonians and Greeks under Alexander the Great.

The Battle of Marathon, B.C. 490, in which the Athenians, under Miltiades, defeated the Persians, under Datis.

The Battle of Syracuse, B.C. 413, in which the Athenians were defeated by the Syracusans and their allies.

The Battle of Metaurus, B.C. 207, in which the Carthaginians, under Hasdrubal, were defeated by the Romans, under the Consuls, Caius Claudius Nero and Marcus Livius.

The Battle of Philippi, B.C. 42, in which Brutus and Cassius were defeated by Octavius and Antony. The fate of the Republic was decided.

The Battle of Blenheim, A.D. 1704, in which the French and Bavarians, under Marshal Tallard, were defeated by the English and their allies, under Marlborough.

The Battle of Chalons, A.D. 451, in which the Huns under Attila, called the "Scourge of God," were defeated by the confederate armies of Romans and Visigoths.

Battle of Hastings, A.D. 1066, in which Harold, commanding the English army, was defeated by William the Conqueror of Normandy.

The Battle of Lutzen, A.D. 1632, which opened the way to religious liberty in Germany. Gustavus Adolphus was killed.

The Battle of Pultowa, A.D. 1709, in which Charles XII. of Sweden, was defeated by the Russians, under Peter the Great.

The Battle of Tours, A.D. 732, in which the Saracens were defeated by Charles Martel. Christendom was rescued from Islam.

On the 21st of October, 1805, the great naval battle of Trafalgar was fought. The English defeated the French and destroyed the hopes of Napoleon as to a successful invasion of England.

The Battle of Valmy, A.D. 1792, in which an invading army of Prussians, Austrians and Hessians, under the command of the Duke of Brunswick, were defeated by the French, under Dumouriez.

The three days' battle of Leipzig 1813 where Napoleon I. was defeated by the allied armies of Prussia, Russia and Sweden.

The Battle of Waterloo, 1815, in which the French, under Napoleon, were defeated by the allied armies of England, under the Duke of Wellington, and of Prussia, under Prince Blucher.

The Battle of Gettysburg, in 1863, has been styled the "Waterloo of the Confederacy." It was the greatest battle of the Civil War, the Union side losing 23,001 and the Confederates 20,448, in killed, wounded and missing.

The battles around Metz August 14, 16, 18, 1870. Bazaine, with 200,000 men, was thrown into the fortress by the Germans.

The Battle of Sedan, September 2, 1870. Napoleon III., with 80,000 men, surrendered to the allied Germans.

The naval battle in Manila Bay, May 1, 1898. The American squadron, under Dewey, annihilated the Spanish fleet under Montijo.

The Battle of Omdurman, September 3, 1898. English-Egyptian army, under Kitchener, routed large army of dervishes under Khalifa Abdullah.

The battle of Santiago, in July 1898, in which the Spanish Army and Navy were defeated by the Americans, resulting in the treaty of peace, whereby Spain lost all her possessions in the East and West Indies.

Famous Sieges—Time they Continued.

The siege of Khartoum lasted 341 days; that of Sebastopol 329 days; Mafeking, South Africa, 1899, 216 days; Paris 167 days; Kimberly 123 days; Plevna 94 days Lucknow 62 days, and Cawnpore 21 days.

The Greatest Number of Men Ever Killed in a Single Battle.

Sulla destroyed 300,000 men in each of three battles, one being at Cheronea. The Persians are said to have lost 230,000 at Platæa. Second Chronicles xiii. 17, records 500,000 slain on one side, which may not have been in one battle. First Kings xx. 29, gives 100,000 on one side destroyed in one day. Many historians pay little attention to statistics of losses, but look for the influence of the conflict, and such as give figures often caution us regarding the unreliability of the number which they mention as being killed in remote times.

Historical Massacres.

Great massacres occurred at the places and on the dates named below.

Of all the Carthaginians in Sicily, 397 before Christ. Two thousand Tyrians crucified, and 8,000 put to the sword, for not surrendering Tyre to Alexander, 331 B.C. The Jews of Antioch fall upon the other inhabitants, and massacre 100,000, for refusing to surrender their arms to Demetrius Nicanor, tyrant of Syria, 154. A dreadful slaughter of the Teutones and Ambrones, near Aix, by Marius, the Roman general, 200,000 being left dead on the spot, 102. The Romans throughout Asia, women and children not excepted, cruelly massacred in one day, by order of Mithridates, King of Pontus, 89. A great number of Roman senators massacred by Cinna, Marius, and Sertorius, and several of the Patricians despatched themselves to avoid their horrid butcheries, 86. Again, under Sulla, and Catiline, his minister of vengeance, 79 and 82. At Præneste Octavianus Cæsar ordered 300 Roman senators, and other persons of distinction, to be sacrificed to the manes of Julius Cæsar, 41. At the destruction of Jerusalem 1,000,000 Jews were put to the sword, A.D. 70. Cassius, a Roman general, under the Emperor M. Aurelius, put to death 37,000 of the inhabitants of Seleucia, 197. At Alexandria, of many thousand citizens, by order of Antoninus, 213. The Emperor

Probus put to death 700,000 of the inhabitants upon his reduction of Gaul, 277. Of eighty Christian fathers, by order of the Emperor Gratian, at Nicomedia; they were put into a ship which was set on fire and driven out to sea, 370. Of Thessalonica, when upward of 7,000 persons, invited into the circus, were put to the sword by order of Theodosius, 390. Belisarius put to death above 30,000 citizens of Constantinople for a revolt, on account of two rapacious ministers set over them by Justinian, 532. Of the Latins, by Andronicus, 1184 (at Constantinople). The Sicilians massacred the French throughout the whole island, without distinction of sex or age, on Easter Day, the first bell for vespers being the signal; this horrid affair is known in history by the name of the Sicilian Vespers, 1282. At Paris, 1418. Of the Swedish nobility, at a feast, by order of Christian II., 1520. Of 70,000 Huguenots, or French protestants, throughout the kingdom of France, attended with circumstances of the most horrid treachery and cruelty; it began at Paris, in the night of the festival of St. Bartholomew, August 25, 1572, by secret orders from Charles IX., King of France, at the instigation of the queen dowager, Catharine de Medicis, his mother; it is styled in history the massacre of St. Bartholomew. Of the Christians, in Croatia, by the Turks, when 65,000 were slain, 1592. Of a great number of protestants at Thorn, who were put to death under a pretended legal sentence of the Chancellor of Poland, for being concerned in a tumult occasioned by a popish procession, 1724. At Batavia, where 12,000 Chinese were killed by the natives, October, 1740. In England, 300 English nobles, by Hengist, A.D. 475. Of the monks of Bangor, 1,200; by Ethelfrid, King of Northumberland, 580. Of the Danes, in the southern counties of England, in the night of November 13, 1002, and the 23d Ethelred II.; at London it was the most bloody, the churches being no sanctuary; among the rest, Gunilda, sister of Swen, King of Denmark, left in hostage for the performance of a treaty but newly concluded. Of the Jews, some few pressing into Westminster Hall, at Richard I.'s coronation, were put to death by the people, and a false alarm being given that the king had ordered a general massacre of them, the people in many parts of England, from an aversion to them, slew all they met; in York 500, who had taken shelter in the castle, killed themselves rather than fall into the hands of the people, 1189. Of the English, by the Dutch at Amboyna, 1624. Of the protestants in Ireland, when 40,000 were killed, 1641. Of the Macdonalds at Glencoe, in Scotland, for not surrendering in time according to King William's proclamation, though without the king's knowledge, 1692. Several dreadful massacres in France during the Revolution, from 1789 to 1794.

The Monroe Doctrine and the Venezuela Boundary Controversy.

No document has issued from the White House at Washington, since Lincoln's famous Proclamation of Emancipation of September, 1862, that has created such world-wide interest as the message sent to Congress by President Cleveland on the 17th of December, 1895, calling attention to the controversy between Great Britain and the Republic of Venezuela concerning the boundary lines dividing Venezuelan and British territory. The British claims concerning the extent of the colony of British Guiana were resented by the Republic of Venezuela. As a matter of fact, the boundary lines of this republic have never been definitely fixed. The total area claimed by Venezuela is 632,807 square miles, but of this only 439,000 square miles are actually under Venezuelan administration.

Taking his stand firmly on the Monroe Doctrine as a recognized element of international law, the President asked the British Government to submit the whole matter to arbitration. This being refused, the United States Congress unanimously passed a bill on the 20th of December, 1895, authorizing the President to appoint a commission to "Investigate and report on the true divisional line between the Republic of Venezuela and British Guiana."

The bill based on the President's Message passed the House and the Senate in about forty-eight hours. Never was a law passed so rapidly, nor supported with such enthusiastic patriotism. $100,000 was appropriated for the expenses of said commission.

SOME WONDERFUL THINGS IN NATURE

Mammoth Cave.

This is the largest known cave in the world. It is in Edmonson County, Kentucky, on the left bank of Green River. It consists of a series of caverns, and has been explored to a distance of ten miles. In this cavern is Echo River, which is crossed by a boat. Plenty of fish are found in the river, but the creatures are without eyes, there being not the least gleam of light within the cave, and hence no need of eyes. A voyage of a few hundred yards on Echo River, which winds and branches through the gloomy expanse, takes the visitor into a fairy land of labyrinths, flashing in the light of the torches, and with stalactites and stalagmites of every conceivable shape. Throughout its whole length the cave seems a mystery of buried palaces and magic haunts, not equaled in any other portion of the globe. Among other wonderful features are the Deserted Chambers, containing many deep and dangerous pits, the more frightful for the chaos of darkness that enwraps them; also the Side-saddle Pit, and the Covered Pit, the latter 15 feet in diameter, and nearly covered by a thin plate of rock. By putting the ear to the edge, the sound of falling water is heard in the fathomless depths below. Mammoth Dome is one of the special wonders of the place. The roof is 300 feet high. Solitary Cave is an awfully grand and silent chamber. Bottomless Pit and the River Lethe are also important features. All through the cave are found groups of curious and interesting figures, sculptured by the action of the water among the rocks in past infinite ages. The temperature of the cave is always 59 degrees F., and the place has been strongly recommended for some diseases. A few years ago a party of consumptives took up their abode within the cave. In a short time a portion of them died, and the rest lived only a few days after coming out. From dwelling in darkness so long, it is said that the pupils of their eyes had expanded until the iris had become invisible.

Luray Caverns.

These marvelous subterranean caverns in Virginia bear numerous evidences of having been frequented by a prehistoric race; but whether they were Norsemen or Red Men, we have not sufficient means for determining, although many bones, and recently one whole skeleton of a male person, which may eventually throw some light upon the subject, have been discovered. The interior of many of the chambers are lined with smoke, and large patches of the stalagmites have been removed from the floor to make it smooth and more easily used. But everything indicates that a long, long period of time—perhaps many thousands of years—have elapsed since voices resounded through those silent halls. The cave abounds in singular and interesting objects, deposited from the dripping waters. One stalagmite called the Empress Column, is a pure white mass of alabaster, 70 feet high, reaching to the roof. Another pendant formation, nearly equal to the Empress Column in length, vibrates for a moment on being struck, and one of the rooms, termed the Cathedral, has a series of twenty slender columns, which sound part of a scale on being struck successively. This is called the organ.

Fingal's Cave.

Who does not remember to have seen crude pictures of it in the old school geographies? and still the interest with which it has always been regarded, continues unbroken. This famous natural grotto is on the Island of Staffa, on the southwest coast of Scotland. It is a cave of the sea. The formation consists of lofty basaltic columns, which look as if they might have

been chiseled by the hand of man, in countless ages of patient toil, and fashioned and placed as here we see them. The cave extends inward from the shore line about 225 feet, and in low water is lighted from without throughout its whole length. At the mouth it has a breadth of 42 feet, which diminishes to 22 feet at the extreme end. The entrance describes an almost perfect Gothic arch, and the columns which form the sides are of enormous size. Between the numberless pillars are stalactites of wonderful beauty.

A Magnetic Cave.

A California correspondent thus speaks of the cave which has recently been discovered in that State, the walls of which contain loadstones:

As we entered the chamber, which is lined with a brownish black ore, all the party were more or less affected in a peculiar way, which some described as a chill along the spinal column, but which seemed to me more like the "aura" one feels when he brings his face into close proximity to an electric machine in vigorous action. There was—at least so it seemed to me—a slight odor of ozone in the air, which, considering the current theory of the close connection of magnetism with electricity, might have been expected. In walking along the slippery floor of the cavern I struck with my foot a small oblong rock in such a way as completely to overturn it, bringing its south pole where its north had been in contact with the north pole of another. It was immediately repelled—rebounded—to a distance of several feet, with considerable force, but it must be remembered that the floor was slippery with ooze, which had all the effect of oil. One of the party had taken a gun into the cave, which, of course, he carried with its muzzle toward the floor. Its ramrod was withdrawn by the magnetic force, and, to the surprise of us all, stood upright on the ground. When struck on one side it would fall over to the other, but instantly snap back; but it was easily taken up and replaced in position. The watches of all the party were found, on emerging from the cave, to have stopped while in it. A knife tossed to the roof remained fixed there. An experiment which I afterward wished I had tried would have been to feel the pulses of the party to see what effect, if any, the peculiarity of the situation had on the human body.

The Largest Cavern in the World.

Some years ago at the Hartford meeting of the American Association for the Advancement of Science, Mr. Porter C. Bliss, Secretary of the Legation in Mexico, gave a description of the Cave of Cacahuamilpa, which, according to his statement, is the largest cavern in the world. It includes a series of broad and lofty halls, with lateral passages, extending upon the same level an immense distance into the heart of a lofty range of mountains. The halls abound in colossal stalactites and stalagmites, of every conceivable and grotesque and fanciful form. At a depth of two or three hundred feet beneath the cave, the mountain is penetrated by two rivers of considerable size, which, at their entrance, are about half a mile apart, and, after flowing a distance, by direct measurement, of five miles, emerge from the mountain in close proximity, and thence united form one of the chief affluents of the Mexicola. The channels in the solid rock through which these rivers emerge are said by Mr. Bliss to be large enough to admit the Hartford State House. Fragments of timber and debris are often floated through the mountain, but these subterranean river beds have never been explored. Myriads of bats and nocturnal birds seek shelter or make their abode in the mouth of the cave.

In the Maelstrom of Niagara.

The following is a description of Captain Webb's fatal attempt to swim through the rapids and whirlpool, at Niagara, in July, 1883: Webb promptly removed his hat, handkerchief, coat, and all his clothing save a pair of short red cotton trunks around his loins, and, without a word of farewell, plunged boldly in the water at a point opposite the Maid of the Mist landing. A moment later, he rose gracefully to the surface, and, swimming with infinite ease and power, struck boldly out. He cleared the water with strong and steady strokes, swimming on his breast, with his head clear from the surface. He kept in the center of the stream, and the strong eddies which occasionally

swirled past him seemed in no way to impede or swerve him from his course. As he approached the old suspension bridge, the flow of the current increased with remarkable rapidity. There were about two hundred spectators on the bridge who saw the intrepid swimmer glide toward them, pass swiftly beneath, and ere they could reach the east side of the structure, he was fifty yards down the current. He was carried along as fast as the eye could follow him. With speechless wonder and fear he was seen to reach the first furious billows of the rapids. Onward he was swept like a feather in the sea. High on the crest of a huge boulder of water, his head and shoulders gleamed for an instant, and then were lost in a dark abyss of turmoiling water. Again he appeared, his arms steadily moving, as if balancing himself for a plunge into another mighty wave. The tumbling, rushing, swirling element seemed to give forth an angry, sullen roar, as if sounding the death-knell of the ill-fated swimmer. Once more away down the rapids he was seen, still apparently braving fate, and stemming the seething waters with marvelous skill and endurance. Instead of being hurled hither and thither, as might have been expected, he was carried with furious rapidity onward, almost in a straight course. For nearly a mile he was hurried forward by the tumultuous rushing waters, and still he seemed to be riding the awful billows in safety. In four minutes after he had passed under the old suspension bridge he had been hurried through the terrible rapids, and arrived at the mouth of the great whirlpool. Reaching what seemed to be less troubled and dangerous waters, he raised his head well above the surface, gazed for an instant toward the American shore, and then turned his face to the high bluff on the Canadian side. A second later he dived or sank, and was seen no more.

The "Maid of the Mist" through the Rapids.

The fatal attempt in 1883, of the daring swimmer, Captain Webb to swim the rapids and whirlpool, below Niagara Falls, calls to mind the memorable passage of the steamer *Maid of the Mist* in 1861, over this same dangerous voyage, it being the only occasion when a human being effected the passage in safety. The steamer had been sold to parties at Lewiston, on condition that she be delivered at that place. Mr. George W. Holley gives the rest of the story:

"About 3 o'clock in the afternoon of June 15, 1861, the engineer took his place in the hold, and, knowing that their flitting would be short at the longest, set his steam-valve at the proper gauge, and waited—not without anxiety—the tinkling signal that should start them on their flying voyage. McIntyre joined Robinson at the wheel, on the upper deck. Robinson took his place at the wheel and pulled the starting bell. With a shriek from her whistle, and a white puff from her escape-pipe, the boat ran up the eddy a short distance, then swung around to the right, cleared the smooth water, and shot like an arrow into the rapid under the bridge. She took the outside curve of the rapid, and when a third of the way down it, a jet of water struck against her rudder, a column dashed up under her starboard side, heeled her over, carried away her smoke-stack, started her overhang on that side, threw Robinson on his back, and thrust McIntyre against her starboard wheel house with such force as to break it through. Every looker-on breathed freer as she emerged, shook her wounded sides, slid into the whirlpool, and for a moment rode again on an even keel. Robinson rose at once, seized the helm, set her to the right of the large pot in the pool, then turned her directly through the neck of it. Thence, after receiving another drenching from its waves, she dashed on without further accident, to the quiet bosom of the river below Lewiston.

SOME WONDERFUL WORKS OF MAN

The Ingenuity of Man.

Man is the ingenious animal who makes things. He has reason, which, philosophers tell us, no other animal has: thought, reason, logic are the overseers of his powers. He looks about him and sees the products of nature and he thinks how he may turn them to his own use, comfort, pleasure, service. But all this would avail him little more than it does other animals, did he not possess an instrument which other animals have not—*the hand.* How partial Providence was in giving man a hand! It is the one physical mark of his divine origin and kinship. God is the maker of all natural things. "The heavens declare the glory of God and the firmament showeth His handiwork." Man is the maker of nearly all artificial things. There is scarcely any natural force or thing on the earth that man has not already put his hand upon and transformed and fashioned it into a thousand things and shapes of use and beauty for his kind. The ancients built the Tower of Babel to their utter confusion; but the ingenuity of modern man is building high upon the battlements of a nobler tower that shall lift him eventually into the very courts of God.

SHEPPARD.

The Seven Wonders of the World.

Of course, in a book like this, it would not be proper to omit mention of what in all recent ages have been mentioned as the Seven Wonders of the World. These were:

1. Pyramids of Egypt, of which it may be said of Cheops, the largest of them all, that it is 764 feet square at the base, and, including 20 feet at the apex that have been removed, is 500 feet high. (The tower of the City Hall at Philadelphia believed to be the highest tower in the world, is 547 feet.) The pyramid contains 90,000,000 cubic feet of masonry, and covers an area of over 13 acres, being larger than Madison Square, New York, and *twice the height of Trinity Church spire.* There is enough material in this pyramid, says the author of "Buried Cities," to build a city as large as Washington, including all its public buildings. Herodotus tells us 400,000 men were employed twenty years in building it. It was the tomb of kings.

2. The beautiful and immense Mausoleum which Artemisia erected in Halicarnassus to the memory of her husband, Mausolus, king of Caria. Concerning the tomb itself we know not much, but of Artemisia and of her excessive love for her husband, many stories are told, one of which is that her grief for his death was so great that she mixed his ashes with water and drank them off.

3. The Temple of Diana, at Ephesus, the building of which occupied 220 years. The whole length of the temple was 425 feet, and the breadth 220 feet, with 127 columns of the Ionic order, in Parian marble, each a single shaft 60 feet high, and the gift of a king.

4. The Walls and Hanging Gardens of Babylon. The walls were 337 feet 8 inches high and 84 feet 6 inches broad. Inside the outer walls was a second of equal height. The famous hanging gardens were 400 feet square. They were carried up on arches above arches until the height equaled that of the city walls. On the top the soil was made so deep that large trees could take root in it.

5. The Colossus at Rhodes, a celebrated brazen image. It was twelve years in building, and was so large that it is popularly considered to have stood beside the mouth of the harbor, and that ships sailed between its feet. This, however, is doubtful. There were few persons who could

reach round the thumb with both arms, and its fingers were larger than most statues. The cost was about $317,000.

6. The Statue of Jupiter Olympus. This was by the famous sculptor Phidias. The god was represented as seated on his throne of gold, ebony, and ivory, and the figure was itself of ivory and gold; and, though seated, yet of such vast proportions it almost reached the ceiling of the temple, which was 68 feet high.

7. The Pharos, a lighthouse 550 feet high, at Alexandria, Egypt. Its light could be seen 100 miles out at sea. This tower was designed as a memorial of the King Ptolemy, who ordered his name to be inscribed on the pediment. The story goes that the architect, however, first cut his own name in the marble, placing over it, in stucco, the name of the king. In a few years the name of the king was worn away, leaving that of Sostratus, the architect, to blaze forever on the front of the unrivaled monument. And yet, not forever, as no vestige of the monument has for ages been visible.

Pearls and Pearl Divers.

The most important pearl fisheries are in the Persian Gulf, off the Arabian coast, in the Bay of Bengal, near Ceylon, and in other parts of the Indian Ocean. Previous to 1795 most of the Indian fisheries were in the hands of the Dutch, but they became British after the treaty of Amiens in 1802. The Ceylon fisheries are sometimes undertaken by the Government, and sometimes they are let to a contractor. Before the commencement of the season a government inspection of the coast takes place, in order that the banks may not be impoverished by too frequent fishing. The fishing for the pintadines in the Gulf of Menaar, a large bay on the northeast coast of the island of Ceylon, commences in February or in March, and continues thirty days. Upon this ground 250 boats are occupied, which come from different parts of the coast. At 10 o'clock at night, at the sound of a signal gun, they put to sea, and, as soon as the dawn furnishes them with sufficient light, they commence their day's labor. Each boat is manned by ten rowers, and ten divers occupy the deck, which covers half the vessel. Five of the divers rest while the others are gathering the pintadines, and each boat's crew is attended by a negro, who makes himself generally useful. The divers descend usually about forty feet, and the best of them can keep under the water one and a half minutes. To accelerate their descent they attach to their foot a stone of the shape of a sugar-loaf, which weighs about fifty pounds. Arriving at the fishing-ground, a diving-stage, which projects over the side of the boat, is made by lashing the oars to each other. To the edge of this stage the diving-stones are hung. When a diver descends, he places his right foot in a stirrup, which is attached to the conical point of the stone, or he holds the cord which suspends the stone to the boat between his toes; with the other foot he carries a net in which the shells are to be placed, then, seizing in his right hand a signal-cord, conveniently arranged for this purpose, and, tightly closing his nostrils with his left hand, he plunges, holding himself vertically over the sinking stone. Lest his descent should be in the slightest degree impeded, the diver is naked, with the exception of a piece of calico round his loins. Upon reaching the bottom he withdraws his foot from his stirrup, and the stone is at once drawn to the top, ready for the use of another diver. He then throws himself upon his face on the ground, and, stretching out his arms, he gathers all the mullusks within his reach and places them within his net. When he wishes to ascend he pulls the signal cord sharply and is rapidly drawn up. There is always one stone for two divers; one rests and refreshes himself while the other is in the water. The time the divers ordinarily keep beneath the surface is thirty seconds, and, in favorable circumstances, they can make fifteen or twenty descents in succession. But sometimes they are unable to go down more than three or four times. Even then, when they come up, water colored with blood comes from their mouths, noses and ears. The work is very distressing and makes sad havoc of the constitution; the pearl-divers never reach old age. The fishing is continued until noon, when a second gun gives the signal to cease. The owners of the boats wait on the shore to superintend the discharge of the cargoes, which

must be all secured before night, to prevent robbery. Formerly the Ceylon fisheries were very productive. In 1797 they yielded £144,000, and in the following year as much as £192,000. In 1802 the banks were let for £120,000, but ever since they have been less and less valuable, and now are not worth more than £20,000 per annum or less than £100,000.

SOME OF THE GIANT PEARLS.

Of course there are giants among the pearls, whose size and value render them historical. Julius Cæsar, who was a great admirer of pearls, gave one to Servilia, which was valued at a million sesterses, about $43,000 of our money! Cleopatra had two famous pearls, one of which the capricious queen dissolved in vinegar and drank the precious draught—a cup of acid wine worth $275,000. The other pearl was split in two, and each half became an earring in the statue of the Capitoline Venus. If it be true, the highest price ever given for a pearl was $850,000, with which sum the Shah of Persia is said to have bought one from Taverner, which that traveler had purchased at Califa. In 1759 one of the earliest transactions of this nature is recorded. A pearl from Panama, worth $18,000, was brought to Philip II., king of Spain. The Prince of Muscat possessed one fished up from his waters, which was not large, but so transparent that he refused for it the same sum. In the Zozema Museum at Moscow, there is a pearl called the "Pilgrim," which is quite semi-lucent; it is globular in form, and weighs nearly an ounce. The Shah of Persia possesses a string of pearls, each of which is as large as a hazel-nut; the price of the string is inestimable! At the Paris Exhibition in 1855, Her Majesty, the Queen of England, exhibited some magnificent pearls; and the Emperor also contributed 408 of the finest water; their value was more than $85,000. Pearls have always been held in the highest estimation by the eastern nations; indeed, they invested large pearls with magnificent powers, and believed that their possession exercised a mystic influence, guiding their fortunes, and preserving them from evil.—*World of the Sea.*

The International Bone of Contention.

One of the greatest works of the present century is the construction of the Suez Canal (completed in 1869). It connects the Mediterranean with the Red Sea, thus shortening the voyage to India by about 6,000 miles in distance, and a month in time. It is 86½ miles long, 250 feet wide, and deep enough to allow the largest vessels to pass through. Its cost was $130,000,000.

The Nicaragua Canal will no doubt be completed within the first quarter of the 20th century, and will do as much for the commerce of the western hemisphere as the Suez Canal has done for the eastern half of the earth.

Hoosac Tunnel.

The history of this gigantic enterprise is, since 1825, when it first began to be talked about, almost the history of Massachusetts. It stretches its dark length of 4½ miles under the Hoosac Mountain in Massachusetts, and is the jugular vein between New England and all the West. Many bold capitalists and experienced borers took a hard pull at it, sunk their fortunes and quit. Finally the State shouldered the job, and it went through. First estimated cost of tunnel and track, $4,350,000. Final cost to the State, $14,000,000. Total length, 24,416 feet; width, 24 feet; height, 20 feet. The first work was done in 1855, and the tunnel was substantially finished in 1874.

Chicago Tunnel.

This tunnel was begun in 1864, and finished in 1867. It is driven from the city out under Lake Michigan, and through it the city receives its water supply. Its length is two miles, and its cost was $457,844. The excavation was only five feet in diameter. A second tunnel seven feet in diameter, was completed in 1874, at a cost of $411,510. Both reach out to a well hole, into which the water filters. This enterprise has attracted a good deal of attention both in this country and Europe.

MARVELOUS FACTS ABOUT SMALL LIVING CREATURES

Norway Rats on a March.

Norway rats, to avert a famine, have a singular way of proceeding. When the time for the settlement of the question of partial extermination for the benefit of the race, or total extermination by starvation, can no longer be delayed, they assemble in countless thousands in some of the mountain valleys leading into the plains, and, the vast army of exiles being selected, they pour across the country in a straight line, a living stream, often exceeding a mile in length and many yards in breadth, devouring every green thing in their line of march, the country over which they have passed looking as if it had been plowed or burned with fire. They march principally by night and in the morning, resting during the day, but never seek to settle in any particular locality, however abundant food may be in it, for their final destination is the distant sea, and nothing animate or inanimate, if it can be surmounted, retards the straight onward tide of their advance. Foxes, lynxes, weasels, kites, owls, etc., hover on their line of march and destroy them by hundreds. The fish in the rivers and lakes lay a heavy toll upon them, and vast numbers are drowned and die by other accidents in "flood and field;" but the survivors, impelled by some irresistible instinct, press onward with no thought of stopping, until they lose themselves in the sea, sinking in its depths as they become exhausted, in such numbers that for miles their bodies, thrown up by the tide, lie putrefying on the shore.—*Temple Bar.*

How the Chicken Grows in the Egg.

The hen has scarcely set on her eggs twelve hours before some lineament of the head and body of the chicken appear. The heart may be seen to beat at the end of a second day; it has at that time somewhat of the form of a horseshoe, but no blood yet appears. At the end of two days two vessels of blood are to be distinguished, the pulsation of which is visible; one of these is the left ventricle, and the other the root of the great artery. At the fiftieth hour one auricle of the heart appears, resembling a noose folded down upon itself. The beating of the heart is first observed in the auricle, and afterward in the ventricle. At the end of seventy hours the wings are distinguishable; and on the head two bubbles are seen for the brain, one for the bill, and two for the fore and hind parts of the head. Toward the end of the fourth day, the two auricles already visible draw nearer to the heart than before. The liver appears toward the fifth day. At the end of seven hours more, the lungs and the stomach become visible; and four hours afterward, the intestines, and loins and the upper jaw. At the one hundred and forty-fourth hour, two ventricles are visible, and two drops of blood instead of the single one which was before. The seventh day the brain begins to have some consistency. At the one hundred and nineteenth hour the bill opens and the flesh appears in the breast. In four hours more the breast bone is seen. In six hours after this, the ribs appear, forming from the back, and the bill is very visible, as well as the gall-bladder. The bill becomes green at the end of two hundred and thirty-six hours; and if the chicken be taken out of its covering, it evidently moves itself. At the two hundred and eighty-eighth the ribs are perfect. At the three hundred and thirty-first, the spleen draws near the stomach, and the lungs to the chest. At the end of three hundred and fifty-five hours, the bill frequently opens and shuts; at the end of the eighteenth day, the first cry of the chicken is heard. It afterward gets more strength

and grows continually, till at length it is enabled to set itself free from its confinement.—*Sturm's Reflections.*

How the Spider Spins Her Web.

Look carefully under her abdomen, and near the tip you will see six little nipples. Under these nipples, inside her body, there are special glands in which a kind of gum is secreted, and this dries when it comes into the air, and forms a silken thread, from which the spider hangs, and out of which she forms her web. And now comes the almost incredible part of the story. These nipples, which are called "spinnerets," have not merely one opening, like a cow's teat, but each one, tiny as it is, is pierced with at least a hundred holes, and when the spider begins her web, more than *six hundred separate strands go to make up a single thread.* The thread thus spun is stronger than steel. A bar of iron one inch in diameter will sustain a weight of 28 tons; a bar of steel 58 tons; and according to the computation based upon the fact that a fiber only one four-thousandth part of an inch in diameter will sustain 54 grains, a bar of spiders' silk an inch in diameter would support a weight of 74 tons. In other words, spiders' silk has nearly three times the supporting strength of iron.

The Balloon Spider.

Dr. G. Lincecum gives the following interesting report of the curious little balloon-spider and its work:

"I once observed," says the writer, "one of these spiders at work in the upper corner of an open outside door-shutter. She was spinning gossamer, of which she was forming a balloon, and clinging to her thorax was a little cluster of minute young spiders. She finished up the body of the balloon, threw out the long bow-lines, which were flapping and fluttering in the now gently-increasing breeze. Several minutes before she got all ready for the ascension, she seemed to be filling the bottom, and widening her hammock-shaped balloon; and now, the breeze being suitable, she moved to the cable in the stern, severed it, and her craft bounded upward, and, soaring northward, was soon beyond the scope of observation."

—*Atlantic Monthly.*

A Spider's Appetite.

In order to test what a spider could do in the way of eating, we arose about daybreak one morning to supply his fine web with a fly. At first, however, the spider did not come from his retreat, so we peeped among the leaves, and there discovered that an earwig had been caught, and was now being feasted on. The spider left the earwig, rolled up the fly, and at once returned to his "first course." This was at half-past 5 A.M., in September. At 7 A.M. the earwig had been demolished, and the spider, after resting a little while, and probably enjoying a nap, came down for the fly, which he had finished at 9 A.M. A little after 9 we supplied him with a daddy-long-legs, which was eaten by noon. At 1 o'clock a blowfly was greedily seized, and, with an appetite apparently no worse for his previous indulgence, he commenced on the blowfly. During the day, and toward the evening, a great many small green flies, or what are properly termed midges, had been caught in the web; of these we counted one hundred and twenty, all dead, and fast prisoners in the spider's net. Soon after dark, provided with a lantern, we went to examine whether the spider was suffering at all from indigestion, or in any other way from his previous meals; instead, however, of being thus affected, he was employed in rolling up together the various little green midges, which he then took to his retreat and ate. This process he repeated, carrying up the lots in little detachments, until the whole web was eaten, for the web and its contents were bundled up together. A slight rest of about an hour was followed by the most industrious web-making process, and, before daybreak, another web was ready to be used in the same way. Taking the relative size of the spider and the creatures he ate, and applying this to a man, it would be somewhat as follows: At daybreak, a lamb; at 9 A.M., a young camelopard; at 1 o'clock, a sheep; and during the night one hundred and twenty larks. This, we believe, would be a very fair allowance for one man during twenty-four hours; and could we find one gifted with such an appetite, we can readily comprehend how he might spin five miles of web without killing himself, provided he possessed the necessary machinery.

Wonderful Facts About the Ant.

Everything pertaining to these little beings is full of interest. Their general habits of life approach more nearly to those of human beings than do those of any other creature. The little midgets have learned pretty much all that is worth learning from us bigger people—particularly all that is bad. In their little way they can do a good deal that man can do, and some things that he cannot do; for Huber, Gould, McCook and others, who have made a special study of their habits, tell us how they build houses and cities, which they inhabit, surrounded by the royalty and splendor of ant-life, while others (the agricultural ants) are enthusiastically devoted to farm life. If they do not dress in equipage, nevertheless, like the Chinese, the Japanese, and other nations, they always observe the fashion of their race, and in all things are scrupulously clean and neat. Such a thing as a dirty ant it would be hard to find. Even the lazy ones (for there are plenty of lazy ones, notwithstanding their well-founded reputation for industry) generally manage to make their slaves attend to their master's toilet. They can dispute and hold communication with their fellows, though just how they do it has puzzled all the naturalists to find out, and the ants themselves are wise enough not to tell. As nations, they go to war, sometimes like men, for trifling causes; but generally, like the United States and Mexico, over the questions of boundary lines; but their armies are quite as well disciplined, and fight on the same general principles as those of any civilized nation. They keep domestic animals, beetles, and other insects, living in their houses, very much as we keep cats and dogs in ours, and many of them have extensive herds of aphides, a nectar-giving species of insect, which the ants tenderly care for. Some invisible bond makes all labor for the good of the whole. One of the principal rules in ant cities is for every member to help every other, who needs help; so we see that in some respects we are far behind the ants in civilization.

Different species of ants never live together, and yet, in seeming contradiction of this, you will sometimes find the red and black ants living in the same tunnel. The truth is, the black ants are the slaves of the red, and have been captured in war. They do all the servile work about the premises; in fact, the red ants are most tyrannical taskmasters. They are sometimes too lazy to walk, and will make the blacks lug them about in great style.

Perhaps the most interesting of all species is the agricultural ant of this country, which is a model farmer in its way, clearing a tract of land, sometimes twelve feet across, with avenues running up to it from different directions. In the center is the castle, or dwelling, and all about it the open court, which is kept smooth as any pavement, and where not a speck of grass is ever allowed to grow; but all about it the clever little insect actually sows seeds, and annually raises a crop of ant-rice, which is its food.

Considered in any light, the habits of these little creatures, their powers of reasoning, their language, political economy, and general knowledge of "men and things," are wonderful in the extreme.

The Wonders of a Flea.

When a flea is made to appear as large as an elephant, we can see all the wonderful parts of its formation, and are astonished to find that it has a coat of armor much more complete than ever warrior wore, and composed of strong polished plates, fitted over each other, each plate covered like a tortoise shell, and where they meet, hundreds of strong quills project, like those on the back of a porcupine and hedgehog. There is the arched neck, the bright eye, the transparent cases, the piercers to puncture the skin, a sucker to draw away the blood, six long-jointed legs, four of which are folded on the breast, all ready at any moment to be thrown out with tremendous force for that jump which bothers one when he wants to catch him, and at the end of each leg hooked claws to enable him to cling to whatever he alights upon. A flea can jump a hundred times its own length, which is the same as if a man jumped six hundred feet; and he can draw a load two hundred times his own weight.

A Bird that Turns Somersaults.

There's a pretty little bird that lives in China, called the fork-tailed titmouse.

He is about as big as a robin, and he has a red beak, orange-colored throat, green back, yellow legs, black tail, and red and yellow wings. Nearly all the colors are in his dress, you see, and he is a gay fellow. But this bird has a trick known to no other birds that ever I heard of. He turns somersaults! Not only does he do this in his free life on the trees, but also after he is caught and put in a cage. He just throws his head far back and over he goes, touching the bars of the cage, and alighting upon his feet on the floor or on a perch. He will do it over and over a number of times without stopping, as though he thought it great fun.—*St. Nicholas.*

The Tailor Bird.

In far away India there is a bird which builds its nest by sewing leaves together. How it does it is a wonder, but not more wonderful than is all bird architecture. And yet we marvel at the intelligence which enables a plain little bird to do work so strongly resembling that of us more knowing ones. Using its bill for a needle, and with strong silken threads of spider's webs, it sews the edges of the leaves together, very much as a tailor might do, only more securely if anything, as knots, or rather little buttons, are made by twisting the ends of the thread upon itself, both on the inside and the outside of the leaves. The leaves having been thus securely fastened together, the inside is then softly and warmly padded, thus making a very compact and beautifully felted cup. The skill of these birds is perfect, and we marvel at it, until we think of the architecture of the bees, and of many other creatures whose work, although it does not so much resemble that of man, is none the less ingenious and wonderful.—*Scientific Miscellany.*

The Pigeons of Venice.

The pigeons of Venice are the proteges of the city, as the lions of St. Mark are its protectors. They are fed every day at 2 o'clock. A dinner-bell is rung for them; and they are not allowed to be interfered with. Any person found ill-treating a pigeon is arrested. If it is his first offence he is fined; if he be an old offender, he is sent to prison. In the good old days of the republic the guilt of shedding a pigeon's blood could only be expiated by the law of Moses taking full effect upon the culprit in the spirit of "an eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth," much as the same law was brought to bear on poachers, sheep-stealers, and others in Great Britian eighty years ago.

It is believed by the credulous that the pigeons of Venice are in some way connected with the prosperity of the city; that they fly round it three times every day in honor of the Trinity; and that their being domiciled in the town is a sign that it will not be swallowed up by the waves. When it is high-water they perch on the top of the tower. When the Venetians were at war, or when there was any prospect of a change of dynasty, they would gather round the lion of St. Mark, over the entrance to the cathedral, and consult in a low voice about the destinies of the city. Doubt these facts if you like, but not in Venice. What spiders were to Robert Bruce, what crocodiles are to certain wild tribes in Africa, the columbines, or little pigeons, are to the Venetians.—*All the Year Round.*

Flights of Birds.

Some birds fly sixty feet in a second; but a race-horse rarely exceeds forty feet in the same time. The rice bird, which becomes known as the reed bird of Delaware Bay, and the bobolink of New York, is often found below Philadelphia, with green rice in its crop. The same thing is true of pigeons during the rice-growing season. Hawks and many other birds probably fly at the rate of one hundred and fifty miles an hour. Sir George Cayley computes the common crow to fly at nearly twenty-five miles an hour. Spallanzani found the rate of the swallow at about ninety-two miles an hour, while he conjectures the rapidity of the swift to be nearly three times greater. A falcon which belonged to Henry IV., of France, escaped from Fontainebleau, and in twenty-four hours afterward was found at Malta, a distance of not less than 1,500 miles, a velocity nearly equal to fifty-seven miles an hour, supposing the falcon to have been unceasingly on the wing. But, as such birds never fly by night, and allowing the day to be the longest, his flight was, perhaps, equal to seventy-five miles per hour.

CURIOUS FACTS ABOUT WOOD AND TREES

The Largest Trees in the World.

The real giants of the forest are found only along the western flank of the Sierra Nevada Mountains in California. To the northward they are found in groups only. The trees in most of these groups have been counted. Those of the Calaveras group number twelve hundred; in the Tuolumne and Merced groups there are less than one hundred; in the well-known Mariposa grove, about six hundred; and in the North King's River grove, less than half as many; but the Fresno group, the largest congregation of the north, occupies an area of three or four square miles. In addition to these we have the Dinky grove; but farther southward the trees stretch majestically across the broad rugged basin of the Keweah and Tule in noble forests, a distance of nearly seventy miles, the continuity of this magnificent belt being broken only by deep, sheer-walled canyons. These *sequoia gigantea* are the monarchs of monarchs—the master existence of these unrivaled forests. The average stature attained by the big tree under favorable conditions is perhaps about 275 feet, with a diameter of 20 feet. Few full-grown specimens fall much short of this, while many are 25 feet in diameter, and nearly 300 feet high. Fortunate trees, so situated as to have escaped the destructive action of fire, which has ever been the formidable enemy of the sequoias, are occasionally found measuring 30 feet in diameter, and very rarely one that is much larger. Yet so exquisitely harmonious are even the very mightiest of these monarchs, in all their proportions and circumstances, that never is anything overgrown or huge-looking about them, and the first exclamation, on coming upon a group for the first time, is usually, "See what *beautiful* trees!" Their real, godlike grandeur in the meantime is invisible; but to the loving eye it will be manifested sooner or later, stealing slowly on the senses like the grandeur of Niagara, or of some lofty Yosemite dome. The most notable tree in the well-known Mariposa grove is the Grisly Giant, some 30 feet in diameter, growing on the top of a stony ridge. A section of this tree, 25 feet in diameter was shown at the Centennial, Chicago and other Fairs. The age, counted by three different persons, is from 2,125 to 2,317 years, the fineness of the annual wood rings making accurate count difficult. Some of the trees are undoubtedly much older. A specimen observed by me in the New King's River Forest is probably over 4,000 years old. It measured nearly 40 feet in diameter inside the bark. Many of these mighty monarchs are known to the world at large by familiar names, such as "General Grant," "The Three Graces," "The Faithful Couple," etc. Through the erect trunk of one dead giant a passage has been cleft, through which the great stage coach thunders on its way. The California Indians have a saying that other trees grow, but the Great Spirit created the sequoias out of hand. It is the savage way of calling them miracles. And they are; for how a tree from twenty-five to thirty stories high, and with room, if hollowed, to shelter three hundred guests, and leave stabling quarters on the ground floor for a dozen horses, could have pumped from the earth and inspired from the air material enough to build itself along without waiting, is incomprehensible. —*Condensed from John Muir and B. F. Taylor.*

The Oldest Timber in the World.

Probably the oldest timber in the world which has been subjected to the use of man, is that which is found in the ancient temple of Egypt. It is found in connection with stone work, which is known to be at least

four thousand years old. This wood, and the only wood used in the construction of the temple, is in the form of ties, holding the end of one stone to another in its upper surface. When two blocks were laid in place, then it appears that an excavation about an inch deep was made into each block, into which an hour-glass shaped tie was driven. It is, therefore, very difficult to force any stone from its position. The ties appear to have been the tamarisk, or shittim wood, of which the ark was constructed, a sacred tree in ancient Egypt, and now very rarely found in the Valley of the Nile. Those dove-tailed ties are just as sound now as on the day of their insertion. Although fuel is extremely scarce in that country, these bits of wood are not large enough to make it an object with Arabs to heave off layer after layer of stone for so small a prize. Had they been of bronze, half the old temples would have been destroyed long ago, so precious would they have been for various purposes. The coffins of Egyptian mummies are also other very old specimens of wood.

A Tree that Lives 5,000 Years.

The queerest of trees must be the boabab, or monkey bread. It grows to the height of forty feet, "but its girth is entirely out of proportion to its height, some trees being thirty feet in diameter. An old boabab in Africa is, then, more like a forest than a single tree. Their age is incalculable." Humboldt considers them as "the oldest living organic monuments of our planet." Some trees are believed to be 5,000 years old. You can cut a good sized room into the trunk of a boabab, with comfortable accommodations for thirty men, and the tree lives on and flourishes. It produces fruit about a foot long, which is edible. As an example of slow growth in England, a boabab at Kew, though more than eighty years old, has only attained a height of four and a half feet. A kindred species of the African boabab grows in Australia. They have been measured, being thirty-five feet high, with a girth of eighty-five feet.

Plants that Eat Animals.

The most knowing ones among scientists confess that they cannot draw the line between the vegetable and the animal kingdom. Sponges, corals, and many other wonders of the sea, seem to bestride that line, one foot on either side, as we might say. So, also, do the insect-eating plants It is proven beyond question that paralysis of a plant can be produced by external injury, showing the existence of a nervous system.

There are some seven or eight well-defined varieties of plants that exist largely on captured prey. Such are various kinds of pitcher plants, which stand up in queenly fashion—genuine pitchers, with a little lid at the top. Now, here comes a wondering bee, browsing along with as much noise as a brass band. Will he be wise enough to avoid his danger? We shall see. He alights on the very brim of the pitcher. It is covered with the richest honey. Farther and farther he descends. He might as well bid the world good-night, for down comes the lid with a *bang* (we might almost say). He is a "goner". Smothered and blinded, sooner or later he falls to the bottom, where he is drowned in a puddle of water—not water, but the gastric juice of the animal's (!) stomach, which digests him precisely as a man's stomach digests beefsteak. He will be watched for in vain at the home hive. Some pitcher plants are wonders of plant architecture. Their tops grow over, forming a regular hood, with the entrance beneath; but the bees always find it to their sorrow.

Then there is the Venus fly-trap. It is little, but the same shape as if you should put your two open palms side by side. On the surface is honey, and sharp needles sticking up. A fly is attracted by the honey and alights. Instantly the two palms close as one. The fly is between and the needles pierce him through and through. He is another goner. Then the plant stays closed until everything good in the fly is eaten up—many days perhaps. Our little fly-trap knows its business very well, and is not to be fooled Put a little piece of beefsteak on the open disks; they close at once. Now try a piece of wood or earth. This is not food, and the Venus knows it. There is no motion. Strange, isn't it?

A Petrified Forest.

From Mr. David Rideout, who was engaged in preparing a section of a petrified tree for the Centennial Exhibition, the Winnemucca (Nevada) *Star* learns the following relating to the petrified forest in the desert of Northwestern Humboldt:

"On the plain, about thirty miles from the Blackrock range of mountains, stands one of the greatest natural curiosities ever discovered in Nevada. It is a petrified forest, in which the stumps of many of the trees, now changed into solid rock, are still standing. There are no living trees or vegetation of any kind, other than stunted sage brush, in the vicinity. Some of these ancient giants of the forest, which flourished, perhaps, thousands of years ago, when the climate of Nevada was undoubtedly more favorable for the growth of luxurious vegetation than at present, rival in size the big trees of California. Stumps, transformed into solid rock, stand in an upright position, with their roots embedded in the soil, as when growing, that measure from fifteen to twenty feet in circumference, and the ground in the vicinity is strewn with the trunks and limbs, which retain their natural shape and size. Mr. Rideout, determining to secure a section of one of these trees for the Centennial Exhibition, with two other men, spent twelve days in cutting it from the stump. This was accomplished by drilling all around the tree and separating it with wedges. The specimen is three feet high and eighteen feet in circumference, and its estimated weight is three tons."

The Dwarf Trees of Japan.

Gardeners in Japan display astonishing art. The plum, which is a great favorite, is so trained and cultivated that the blossoms are as big as those of dahlias. They have gradually succeeded in dwarfing the fig, plum and cherry trees, and the vine to a stature so diminutive as scarcely to be credited by a foreigner, and yet those dwarf trees are covered with blossoms and leaves. Maylon, whose work on Japan was published at Amsterdam in 1830, states that the Dutch agent of commerce in Naganei was offered a snuff-box, one inch in thickness and three long, in which grew a fig tree, a bamboo and a plum tree in bloom. But it is especially members of the coniferous family that are thus dwarfed. Much patience is needed, and there are trees 200 years old, or more, which scarcely reach a foot in height. Such a tree can be bought for $8.00 or $10.00, and it is marvelous how a tree that needed care during a time of two centuries can be sold for such a trifle. Where does the compensation for care and work come in?

Why Called Rosewood.

It has puzzled many people to decide why the dark wood so highly valued for furniture should be called "rosewood." Its color certainly does not look much like a rose, so we must look for some other reason. Upon asking, we are told that when the tree is first cut the fresh wood possesses a very strong, rose-like fragrance—hence the name. There are half a dozen or more kinds of rosewood trees. The varieties are found in South America and in the East Indies and neighboring islands. Sometimes the trees grow so large that planks four feet broad and ten feet in length can be cut from them. These broad planks are principally used to make the tops of pianofortes. When growing in the forest, the rosewood tree is remarkable for its beauty, but such is its value in manufacture as an ornamental wood that some of the forests where it once grew abundantly now have scarcely a single specimen. In Madras cultivation of the tree on plantations is carried on extensively.

The Facts and Fables of the Upas Tree.

The upas is a tree belonging to the bread-fruit family, which grows on the Island of Java. It grows to about 100 feet in height, with a straight trunk and rounded head. The leaves are oblong, about five inches in length. The tree has small white flowers and a small purple fruit, like a plum. When this tree was first made known, extraordinary stories were told of it by a surgeon in the service of the Dutch East India Company, who published a narrative concerning his experience on the island, in 1783. He said that the emanations of the tree killed all living things near it, even the birds that flew over it falling dead; that criminals condemned to death were sent to the tree to

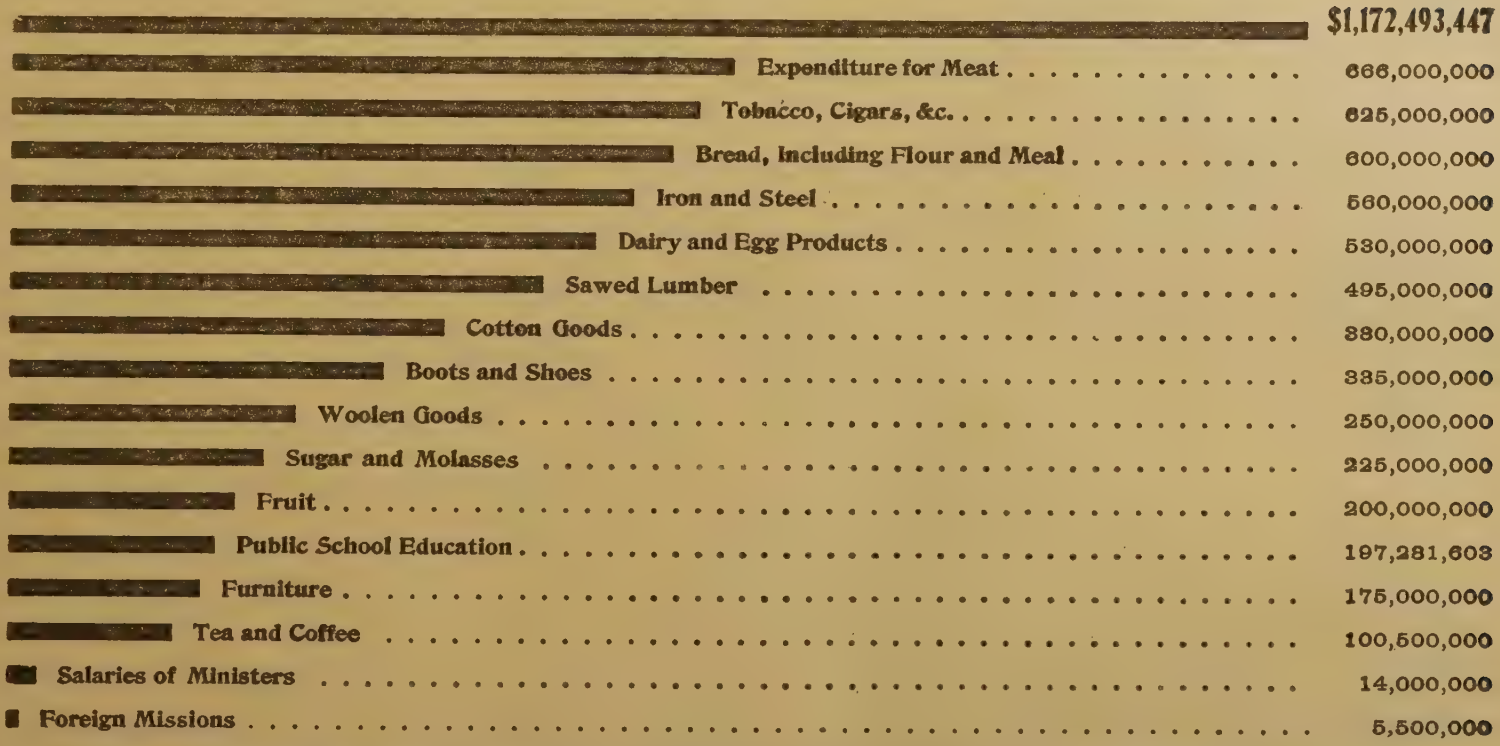
gather its poisons, and but two out of twenty ever returned. He declared that those fortunate enough to come back alive assured him that the tree grew in a valley, with no other living thing, not even a plant or blade of grass within miles of it, and that of 1,600 persons who had been forced by a civil war to encamp about fourteen miles from the tree, all but 300 died. These stories were accepted and repeated, until they were altogether disproved in 1810. Evidently Dr. Foersch must have strangely confounded the upas tree with the poison valley, a locality rendered deadly by emanations of carbonic acid from rocks in the vicinity. The upas actually grows in the forest with other trees, and no animals show any especial fear of it. Its emanations are somewhat poisonous to the skin of human beings, but not more so than those of the sumach or other similar plants, and like these are poisonous to some persons and not to others. The juice or sap of the tree is poisonous to the blood, and has been used by the Javans from time immemorial to poison the points of their arrows and spears. The substance, when introduced into the circulation, acts directly on the principal blood-vessels, causing death in a short time by congestion.

The Lace Bark Tree.

The lace bark tree is a native of Jamaica, and is known to the botanist as Lagetta lintearia. The texture of its inner bark consists of numerous concentric layers of fibre interlacing in all directions. From this fibre, which may be divided and subdivided until it is of the texture of a cobweb, the natives make all sorts of curious and ornamental articles, such as trimming for hats, doylies, centre pieces, toilet sets, etc.

The fibre is very tough and bears hard usage remarkably well. The branches of the tree are hollow. The outer bark is a mottled brown color and comparatively smooth and is easily stripped off, bringing the creamy white fibre to view.

TABLE SHOWING THE AMOUNT OF MONEY SPENT IN THE UNITED STATES IN 1900 FOR INTOXICATING LIQUORS AS COMPARED WITH OTHER EXPENDITURES


$1,172,493,447
Expenditure for Meat 666,000,000
Tobacco, Cigars, &c. 625,000,000
Bread, Including Flour and Meal 600,000,000
Iron and Steel 560,000,000
Dairy and Egg Products 530,000,000
Sawed Lumber 495,000,000
Cotton Goods 380,000,000
Boots and Shoes 335,000,000
Woolen Goods 250,000,000
Sugar and Molasses 225,000,000
Fruit 200,000,000
Public School Education 197,281,603
Furniture 175,000,000
Tea and Coffee 100,500,000
Salaries of Ministers 14,000,000
Foreign Missions 5,500,000

According to the reports of the *State Boards of Statistics*, eighty-one per cent. of the criminals of our country, eighty per cent. of the paupers, fifty-five per cent. of the cases of insanity, and forty-four per cent. of the idiotic and feeble-minded, are traceable to the use of intoxicating liquors. The last census reports, 700,000 drunkards in the United States. About 100,000 of them perish annually from the effects of intoxicants, multitudes of the innocent lose their lives by accident, and women and children are beggared, heart-broken and ruined without number.

THEODORE ROOSEVELT

Twenty-sixth President of the United States

MRS. THEODORE ROOSEVELT
The Lady of the White House

EDWARD VII., KING OF ENGLAND
January 22, 1901

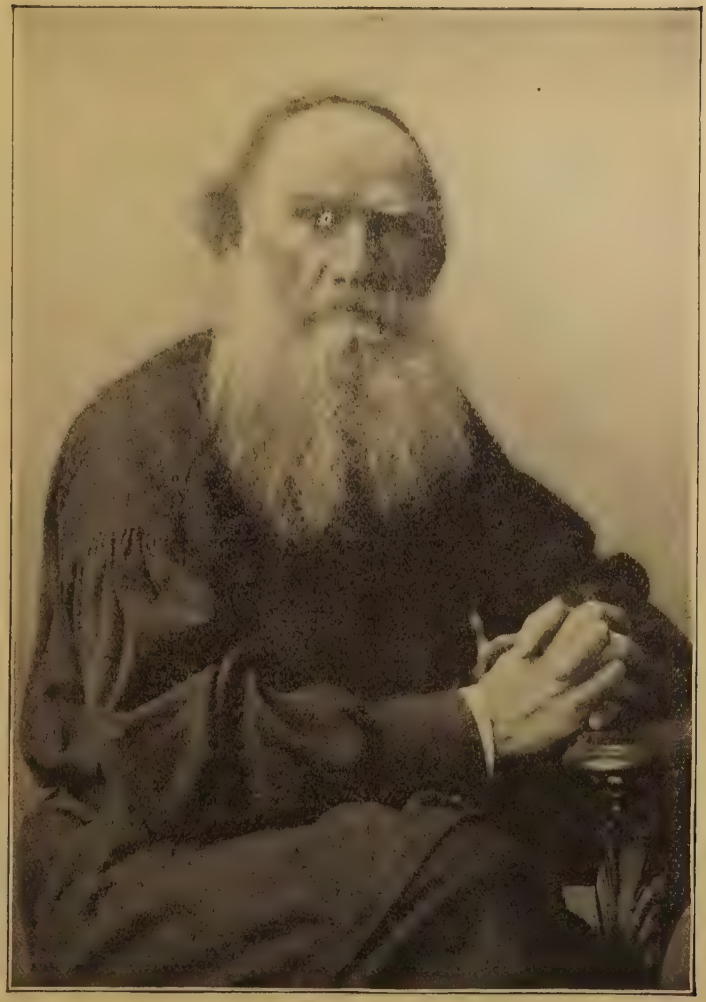
ALEXANDRA

The Queen Consort of King Edward VII.

EMPEROR AND EMPRESS OF GERMANY

William II acceded to the throne in 1888

NICHOLAS II AND FAMILY



COUNT LEO NIKOLAIËVITCH TOLSTOI

RUSSIA'S ROYAL FAMILY AND HER LITERARY LEADER

THE SULTAN OF TURKEY

THE SHAH OF PERSIA

POTENTATES OF THE EAST

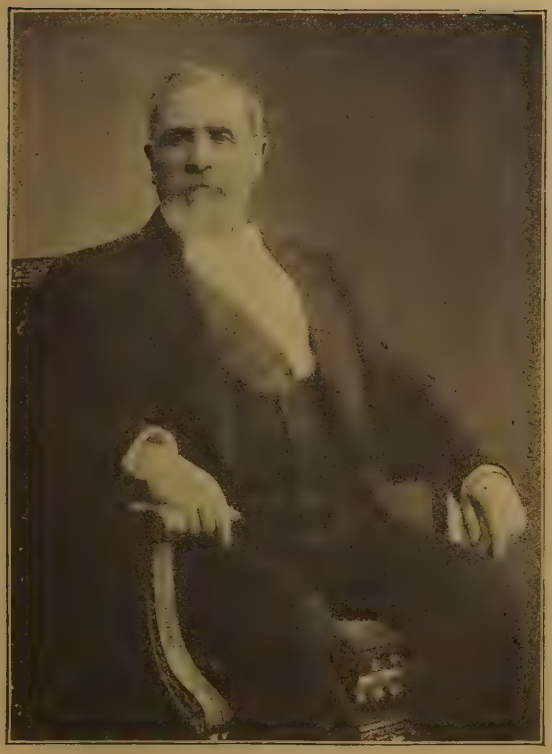
KING OSCAR II. OF SWEDEN AND NORWAY

KING CHRISTIAN IX. OF DENMARK

EMPEROR FRANCIS JOSEPH OF AUSTRIA

KING VICTOR EMMANUEL III. OF ITALY

RULERS OF SWEDEN AND NORWAY, DENMARK, AUSTRIA AND ITALY



PRESIDENT LOUBET

WILHELMINA, QUEEN OF HOLLAND

ALFONSO XIII, KING OF SPAIN

CARLOS, KING OF PORTUGAL

RULERS OF FRANCE, HOLLAND, SPAIN AND PORTUGAL

GEORGE I, KING OF GREECE

LEOPOLD II, KING OF BELGIUM

KUANG HSU, EMPEROR OF CHINA

MUTSUHITO, MIKADO OF JAPAN

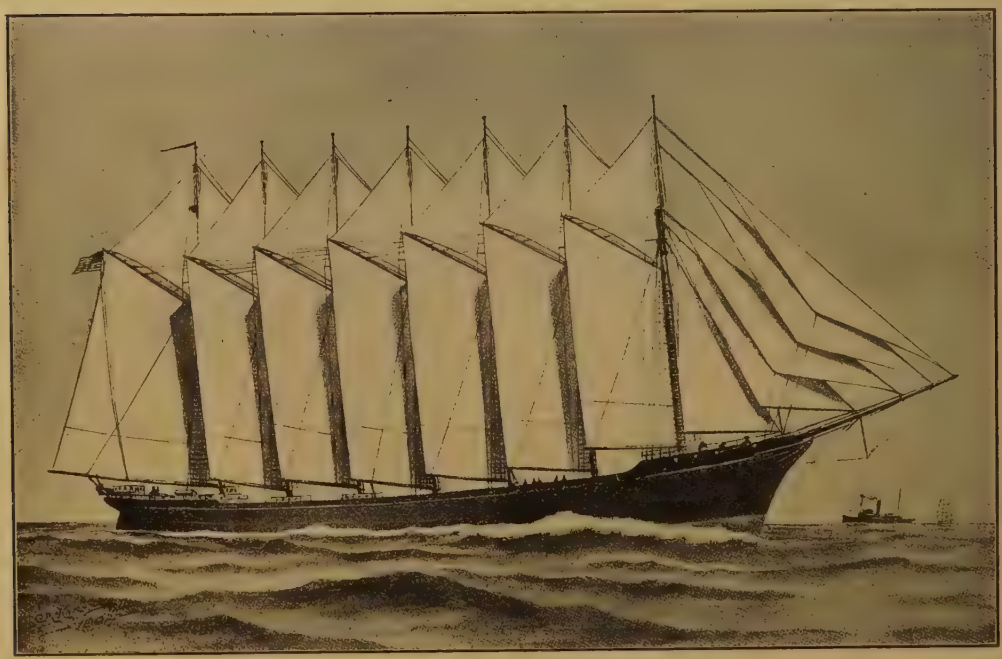
RULERS OF GREECE, BELGIUM, CHINA AND JAPAN

THE POSSIBILITIES FOR ENTERPRISE

Andrew Carnegie's Great Career. Coming to this country as a lad from Scotland, a stranger in a strange land, Andrew Carnegie early found work as a messenger boy, and then as telegraph operator. By intelligence and push he became bridge builder, railroad manager and the head of great iron industries. Finally as philanthropist he founded libraries and endowed educational institutions. His life illustrates the possibilities open to honest effort.

THE GREYHOUND OF THE SEA

One of the latest, newest and swiftest of passenger steamers which ply between America and Europe. This beautiful boat is 581½ feet long, 12,200 registered tons and 8,000 horse power. It has reduced the time for the voyage across the Atlantic to 5 days.

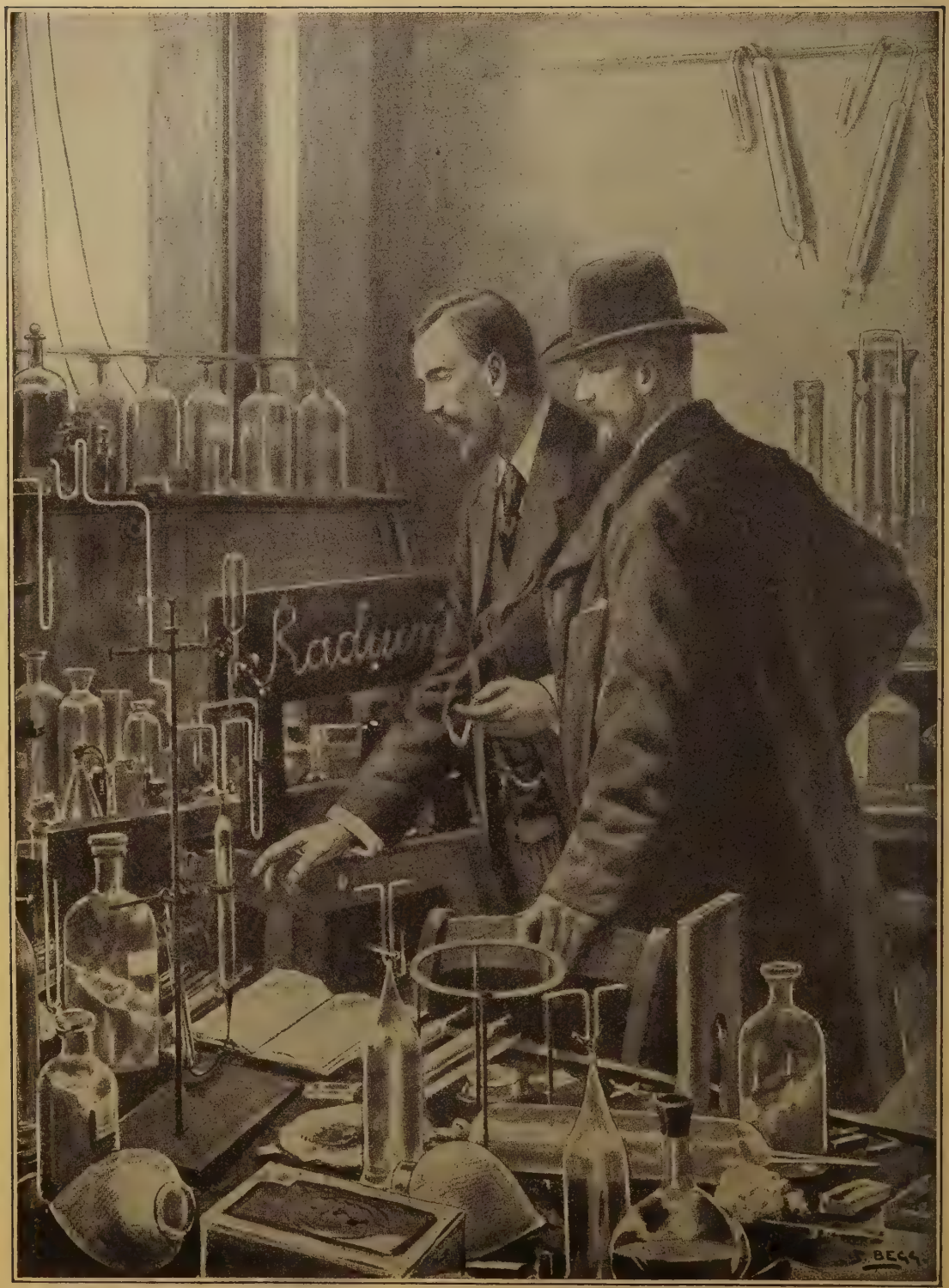


THE FREIGHT TRAIN OF THE OCEAN

The seven masted Schooner "Thomas W. Lawson" launched July 10, 1902. Length over all, 395 feet; length on load water line, 388 feet; molded beam, 50 feet; depth from top of keel plate to top of upper deck beam, 34 feet, 5 inches; draught to load water line, 25½ feet. Its carrying capacity is more than 8,000 tons of coal.

THE PROJECTORS OF THE ATLANTIC CABLE

The laying of the Atlantic Cable revolutionized the history of the world. Cyrus W. Field succeeded after many years of failure and disappointment. There never was a better illustration of how faith and perseverance bring success



THE LATEST DISCOVERY IN SCIENCE

Radium, the rarest of all elementary substances, is worth about three thousand times its weight in pure gold. It looks like ordinary table salt. Its discovery was made near the close of 1903 by Professor and Mrs. Currie, of Paris. This picture shows Professor Sir W. Ramsey, explaining to Professor Currie, how radium changes to another substance called helium.

ENGLAND
NEWFOUNDLAND
"IT IS A MATTER OF TIME AND WORK; I SHALL GET IT YET; ALL I NEED TO DO IS TO KEEP ON TRYING."
SIG. GUGLIELMO MARCONI

THE MARVEL OF THE 20TH CENTURY

Wireless telegraphy is one of the triumphs of the New Century. It has harnessed the electricity of the earth and sky for its uses. It promises to be of great value and may replace the cable and wire in carrying messages. Patient and painstaking experiment has at last brought to William Marconi fame and honor and made his name a household word to be associated with those of Franklin, Morse and Field, his predecessors in this work.

EDISON AND HIS GREAT INVENTION

The invention of the phonograph is probably the most marvelous invention of recent years. The discovery of the principle of vibration in metal, due to sound of voice, is said to have been due to chance. Edison saw the possibility and achieved additional fame

BOOK VII

BIOGRAPHY AND ANECDOTE

IN TWO PARTS

PART I.

A Dictionary of the Distinguished People of the World

Embracing the Dates of Birth and Death, Nationalities, Vocations and Greatest Achievements of nearly 1000 Famous Men and Women of all Lands and Times.

PART II.

Anecdotes and Incidents

Throwing Light on the Lives and Characters of Great and Historic Personages.

THE PORTRAITS preceding the Text of this Department are of Distinguished Persons, all of whom were living at the beginning of the year 1902, and embrace the Kings, Queens and Rulers of all the Principal Countries of the Earth.

BIOGRAPHY AND ANECDOTE

PART I. A DICTIONARY OF DISTINGUISHED PEOPLE OF THE WORLD

Abbott, J. S. C. American historian. *Life of Napoleon Bonaparte; History of Russia.* Born, 1805; died, 1877.

Abbott, Emma. A noted American singer and prima donna. Mrs. E. J. Wetherell. Born, 1849; died, 1891.

Abbott, Lyman. American clergyman and author; succeeded Beecher as pastor of Plymouth Church; editor *Outlook.* Born, 1835.

Adams, John. American President and diplomatist, graduated at Harvard; school-teacher and lawyer; defended British soldiers implicated in Boston Massacre, 1770; delegate to Continental Congress, 1774; commissioner to France, 1778; minister to Holland, 1781; one of the negotiators of treaty of peace with Great Britain, 1782; minister to Great Britain, 1785–88; Vice-President, 1789–97; President, 1797–1801. Born, 1735; died, 1826.

Adams, John Quincy (son of John). American President and diplomatist, graduated at Harvard; minister to Holland, 1794; to Prussia, 1797; elected to U. S. Senate by Federalists, 1803; resigned, 1808; minister to Russia, 1809; one of the negotiators of the treaty of peace with Great Britain, 1814; minister to England, 1816–17; Secretary of State, 1817–1825; President, 1825–29; M. C., 1830 till his death. Born, 1767; died, 1848.

Adams, Samuel. American Revolutionary patriot and statesman; Governor of Massachusetts; one of the foremost popular leaders of the Revolution. Born, 1722; died, 1803.

Addison, Joseph. English man of letters, poet, humorist, moralist, dramatist; Under-Secretary of State, 1705; M. P., 1708. His poem *The Campaign*, on the battle of Blenheim, had a great success. Much of the *Tatler* (edited by Steele) and three-fourths of the *Spectator* are his. Born, 1672; died, 1719.

Æschines. Athenian orator; rival of Demosthenes, and supporter of Philip of Macedonia. *Orations.* Born, B. C. 389; died, 314.

Æschylus. Sublime Athenian tragic writer. *Agamemnon the Persian.* Born, B. C. 525; died, 456.

Æsop. Greek fabulist of the 6th century B. C. *Fables.*

Agassiz, Louis. Swiss naturalist and man of science, Professor at Harvard; founder of the Museum of Comparative Zoology at Cambridge, Mass. *Researches on Fossil Fishes.* Born, 1807; died, 1873.

Agricola, Cnæus Julius. Roman general; built line of fortresses across Scotland; father-in-law of the historian Tacitus. Born, 37; died, 93.

Agrippina. Mother of the Emperor Nero, infamously cruel and sensual; put to death by Nero. Born, 15; died, 60.

Aguinaldo, Emile. A Philippine soldier and statesman; leader of the revolt against Spain and the war against the United States; captured and took oath of allegiance to the United States in 1901. Born, 1869.

Alaric I. King of the Visigoths, captured Rome. Born, 350; died, 410.

Albert, Prince Consort of England; husband of Queen Victoria; man of noble character. Born, 1819; died, 1861.

Alcibiades. Athenian statesman and commander. Led Athenian fleet; conquered at Cyzicus and Cynossema; annexed Chalcedon and Byzantium. Handsome, talented, fickle, vain. Born, 450; died, 404.

Alcott, Louisa M. American author. *Little Women; An Old Fashioned Girl; Hospital Sketches.* Born, 1833; died, 1888.

Aldrich, Thomas Bailey. American novelist and poet. *Prudence Palfrey; The Story of a Bad Boy.* Born, 1836.

Alexander the Great, King of Macedonia, conqueror. Aristotle was his tutor. He came to the throne in 336, razed Thebes, and was chosen by the Greeks commander of the forces against Persia; invaded Asia Minor (334), beat Darius at the Granicus, and cut the Gordian knot; defeated Darius at Issus (333); captured Tyre (332), invaded Egypt and founded Alexandria; routed Darius at Arbela (331); took Babylon, Persepolis, Susa, and invaded India till his army refused to proceed farther; died at Babylon. Born, B. C. 356; died, 323.

Alexander VI. (Borgia.) Pope 1492–1503. Infamous for his crimes. Born, 1430; died, 1503.

Alexander I. Czar of Russia (1801–25); one of the chief opponents of Napoleon, reorganized Russian army. Born, 1777; died, 1825.

Alexander II. Czar of Russia (1855–81); liberator of the serfs. Assassinated. Born, 1818; died, 1881.

Alexander III. Czar of Russia (1881-94.) Born, 1845; died, 1894.

Alfieri. An Italian dramatist. Spent his youth in dissipation; reformed and devoted himself to dramatic art. "Cleopatra" was his first successful drama. Tragedy was his *forte*. Buried at Florence. Born, 1749; died, 1803.

Alfred the Great. King of Wessex. Came to throne 871; lived in concealment to escape Danes; routed Danes, 878; allowed them to settle in his kingdom; repelled invasion of the Northmen, 896; founded a navy; established schools and a police system; encouraged literature. Born, 849; died, 901.

Allen, Ethan. American Revolutionary soldier; captured Ticonderoga "in the name of the great Jehovah and the Continental Congress." Born, 1737; died, 1789.

Alva, Duke of. Noted Spanish general during reign of Charles V. and Philip; Governor of the Low Countries; noted for his merciless cruelty. Born, 1508; died, 1582.

Ames, Fisher. American orator and statesman; Federalist member of Congress. *Speeches*. Born, 1758; died, 1808.

Amurath I. Sultan of Turkey; first of the Sultans to make European conquests. Born, 1319; died, 1389.

Anderson, Hans Christian. Danish author. *Fairy Tales for Children; The Improvisatore; The Poets' Bazaar*. Born, 1805; died, 1875.

André, Major John. English soldier in the American Revolution, hanged as a spy. Born, 1731; died, 1780.

Anne. Daughter of James II. Queen of England. Literature flourished in her reign. Born, 1664; died, 1714.

Antiochus. King of Syria. "The Great;" invaded Greece; defeated by the Romans. Born, B. C. 237; died, 187.

Antoinette, Marie. Queen of Louis XVI. of France. Guillotined. Born, 1755; died, 1793.

Antonius, Marcus (Mark Antony). Roman orator and statesman; triumvir with Octavianus and Lepidus. Lover of Cleopatra; defeated at Actium. Born, B. C. 83; died, 36.

Appius Claudius. Roman patrician. Decemvir; attempted to dishonor Virginia, daughter of Virginius. Died, B. C. 449.

Aquinas, Thomas. Scholastic Italian theologian. Author of *Summa Theologia*, to this day a standard authority in the Roman Catholic Church. His writings fill 17 folio volumes. While a member of the Council of Lyons, fell sick and died at that city. Born, 1226; died, 1274.

Archimedes. Syracusan mathematician and engineer; made many discoveries in hydrostatics and mechanics. *On the Sphere and Cylinder*. Born, B. C. 287; died, 212.

Aristides. "The Just." Athenian statesman. Rival of Themistocles. Died, B.C. 468.

Aristophanes. Greatest Greek comedy writer. *The Knights. The Clouds. The Birds*. Born, B. C. 444; died, 380.

Aristotle. Greek philosopher. Father of scientific natural history, and of logic. Tutor of Alexander the Great; taught at Athens in the Lyceum; left works on physics, metaphysics, ethics, dialectics, logic, mathematics, politics, economics. Born, B. C. 384; died, 322.

Arius. A noted Catholic theologian, a presbyter of Alexandria in the 4th century. Founder of Arian sect. Born, 280; poisoned, 336.

Arkwright, Sir Richard. Noted English inventor. Began life as a barber. Invented the spinning frame. Was mobbed because his machine threatened to interfere with labor. "This man," says Carlyle, "gave to England the power of cotton." Became very wealthy. Born, 1732; died, 1792.

Arminius, James. Dutch theologian; founder of Arminianism; denied Calvinistic doctrines of grace and predestination. Born, 1560; died, 1609.

Arnold, Benedict. American traitor. Tried to surrender West Point to the British. Born, 1740; died, 1801.

Arnold, Edwin. English journalist and poet, editor of the London *Telegraph*. *The Light of Asia; Light of the World*. Born, 1832.

Arnold, Matthew. English poet and critic. *God and the Bible; Poems; Essays in Criticism*. Born, 1822; died, 1888.

Arnold, Thomas. English educator and historian. Master of Rugby School. *History of Rome*. Born, 1795; died, 1842.

Arthur, Chester A. American President; born in Vermont and educated at Union College; admitted to the bar; Quartermaster-General of New York during the Civil War; Collector of the Port of New York, 1871–78; Vice-President, 1881; succeeded to Presidency on death of President Garfield, September, 1881. Born, 1830; died, 1886.

Ascham, Roger. Tutor of Queen Elizabeth. *The Schoolmaster; Toxophilus or the School of Shooting*. Born, 1515; died, 1568.

Astor, John Jacob. American millionaire; founder of the present Astor family. Born, 1763; died, 1848.

Attila. "The Scourge of God." King of the Huns. Invaded the Roman Empire. Died, 453.

Audubon, John James. American naturalist. *Birds of America*. Born, 1782; died, 1831.

Augustine, Saint. Bishop of Hippo in Africa. Theologian, *De Civitate Dei*. Professor of rhetoric and philosophy at Milan, 384; was for a time immoral, but was converted about 386. Ordained priest 391. He wrote against the Pelagians, the treatises *On the Grace of Christ*, and *On Original Sin*. Born, 354; died, 430.

Augustus (Octavianus). First Roman Emperor. Conqueror at Actium, Patron of literature. Born, B. C. 65; died, A. D. 14.

Aurelian. Roman Emperor. Conquered Zenobia and annexed her kingdom of Palmyra. Born, 212; died, 275.

Austen, Jane. English novelist. *Sense and Sensibility; Pride and Prejudice; Emma.* Born, 1775; died, 1817.

Bach, John Sebastian. German composer. *The Nativity.* Produced both secular and sacred music in great variety. Born, 1685; died, 1750.

Bacon, Francis, Viscount St. Albans, Lord Verulam. English statesman and philosopher. *Novum Organum; Advancement of Learning.* Counsel to Queen Elizabeth at 28; found guilty of corruption, 1621. Among his works are *Essays;* and *On the Wisdom of the Ancients.* His *Novum Organum* applies inductive method to study of science. Born, 1561; died, 1626.

Baker, Sir Samuel White. Noted English traveler in Africa and India. Wrote five books of travels. Born, 1821; died, 1893.

Balboa, Vasco Nuñez de. Spanish adventurer. Discoverer of the Pacific. Born, 1475; died, 1517.

Baltimore, Lord George Calvert. English statesman. Founder of Maryland. City of Baltimore named for him. Born, 1580; died, 1632.

Balzac, Honoré de. French novelist. *Comedie Humaine.* Born, 1799; died, 1850.

Bancroft, George. American diplomatist and historian. Minister to England, and to Germany; Secretary of the Navy. *History of United States.* Born, 1800; died, 1891.

Barneveldt, Jan van Olden. Dutch statesman, patriot, liberal leader. Beheaded. Born, 1549; died, 1619.

Barnum, Phineas T. American showman. Born, 1810; died, 1891.

Baxter, Richard. English Dissenting minister, writer. *The Saints' Rest.* Born, 1615; died, 1691.

Beauharnais, Alexander, Vicomte de. First husband of the Empress Josephine. Born, 1760; died, 1794.

Becket, Thomas à. Archbishop of Canterbury. Murdered; had controversy in defence of rights of the Church with Henry II. of England, whom he excommunicated. Born, 1117; died, 1170.

Bede, "The Venerable." Anglo-Saxon historian. *Ecclesiastical History of the English Nation.* Born, 672; died, 735.

Beecher, Lyman. American Congregational preacher, and theologian. *Views on Theology.* Born, 1775; died, 1836.

Beecher, Henry Ward. American preacher, lecturer, and orator, at Brooklyn, N. Y. *Star Papers.* Born, 1813; died, 1887.

Beethoven, Louis von. German composer. *Ninth Symphony.* For a time organist to the Elector of Cologne; settled in Vienna, where he produced (1802) his *Sinfonia Eroica.* In 1805 appeared his opera of *Lenore.* He composed many symphonies, cantatas, and overtures. Born, 1770; died, 1827.

Bell, A. G. American inventor. Inventor of the Bell telephone. Born, 1847.

Bennett, James Gordon. American journalist. Proprietor of the *N. Y. Herald.* Born, 1795; died, 1872.

Berlichingen, Goetz von ("The Iron-Handed"). German hero. Immortalized by Goethe. Slain in war of peasants against nobles. Born, 1480; died, 1562.

Bernard, Saint. Abbot of Clairvaux. French ecclesiastic. Born at Dijon, in Burgundy. He was active in bringing about the crusade of 1146; canonized in 1174. Born, 1091; died, 1153.

Bernhardt, Sarah. The most noted French actress of modern times, if, indeed, she may not be called the most famous actress of all time. She traveled over the countries of Europe and America a number of times, always rendering her plays in the French language, yet commanding higher prices than any other person on the stage, the popular prices for choice seats in 1900–1901 in New York and Philadelphia being $10 to $25. Born, 1844.

Besant, Sir Walter. English novelist. Eminent chiefly for the healthy realistic type of his work. Champion of the cause of Authors versus Publishers. Born, 1838; died, 1901.

Bismarck, Otto von. German statesman; 1847, member United Diet and leader of Conservatives; ambassador to Russia, 1809; Prime Minister of Prussia, 1862; Chancellor of the German Empire. Born, 1813; died, 1898.

Black, William. Scotch novelist; originally a journalist. *A Daughter of Heth; Strange Adventures of a Phaeton; A Princess of Thule; Madcap Violet.* Born, 1841; died, 1899.

Black Hawk. Indian chief. Hero of the Black Hawk War. Born, 1768; died, 1838.

Blackstone, Sir William. English judge, and law writer. *Commentaries.* Born, 1723; died, 1780.

Blaine, James Gillespie. American Republican politician; U. S. Senator from Maine; Speaker, House Representatives; Secretary of State. Born, 1830; died, 1893.

Blake, Robert. Great English admiral and sea king. Annihilated Spanish fleet in Santa Cruz Bay. Born, 1598; died, 1657.

Blücher, Gebhard L. von. Prussian field marshal; decided the battle of Waterloo by coming with his force in the evening. Born, 1742; died, 1819.

Boleyn, Anne. 2d Queen of Henry VIII. Beheaded. Born, 1507; died, 1536.

Bolivar, Simon. Liberator of the Spanish South American colonies. Born, 1783; died, 1830.

Bonaparte, Caroline M. A. Sister of Napoleon I. Wife of Murat. Born, 1782; died, 1839.

Bonaparte, Jerome, born, 1784; died, 1860. Joseph, born, 1766; died, 1844. Louis Napoleon, born, 1778; died, 1846. Brothers of Napoleon. Kings respectively of Westphalia, Spain, Holland.

Bonaparte, Maria Letitia. Mother of Napoleon I. Born, 1750; died, 1836.

Bonaparte, Napoleon. Napoleon I. Emperor of France. Captain of Artillery, 1792; crushed insurrection in Paris, 1795; married Josephine Beauharnais, and took command of the army of Italy, 1796; conquered Austria and the Pope, 1797; made an expedition to Egypt, 1798; made First Consul, 1799; conquered at Marengo, 1800; made peace with England, 1802, and about this time produced his *Civil Code.* Became Emperor, 1804; engaged in war with England, Russia, Sweden, Prussia; married Marie Louise,

1810; made a disastrous campaign in Russia, 1812; was beaten at Leipzig, 1813; retired to Elba, 1814; returned to France, and was conquered at Waterloo, and sent to St. Helena, 1815. Born, 1769; died, 1821.

Bonheur, Rosa. Celebrated French painter of animals. Born at Bordeaux. Brought up in poverty. Taught by her father. Best known works "The Horse Fair" and "Hay Harvest in Auvergne." "Ploughing with Oxen" is her masterpiece. Born, 1822; died, 1900.

Boniface VIII. Pope; 1294–1303. Excommunicated Philip the Fair of France. Born, 1228; died, 1303.

Boone, Daniel. American explorer and hunter. Father of the present State of Kentucky. Born, 1735; died, 1820.

Booth, Edwin. American actor. Among his best parts are *Richelieu*, *Iago*, *Hamlet*, and *Berbuccio* in the *Fool's Revenge*. Born, 1833; died, 1893.

Booth, Junius Brutus. English tragedian. Great in Shakespearean parts, especially *Richard III.;* came to America. Father of Edwin and John Wilkes. Born, 1796; died, 1852.

Booth, William. Great English evangelist. Founder and general of the Salvation Army. Born, 1839.

Borgia, Cæsar. Italian soldier and statesman. Just as a ruler in his own domain, but crafty and cruel personally. A patron of art and literature. Son of Pope Alexander VI. Born, 1476; died, 1507.

Boswell, James. Scotch biographer of Dr. Johnson. *Boswell's Life of Johnson*. Born, 1740; died, 1795.

Bowdoin, James. American statesman. Governor of Massachusetts. Founder of Bowdoin College. Born, 1727; died, 1790.

Braddock, Edward. British general in America. Defeated by Indians. Born, 1715; died, 1755.

Breckenridge, John C. American politician. Vice-President (1857–1861). Confederate general. A Democratic candidate for President, 1860. Born, 1821; died, 1875.

Bright, John. English Radical, statesman, and orator. Opponent of Corn Laws; member of Gladstone's cabinet. Born, 1811; died, 1889.

Brontë, Charlotte. "Currer Bell." English novelist; 1848, *Jane Eyre;* 1849, *Shirley;* 1852, *Villette;* 1854, married Rev. Arthur B. Nichols. Born, 1816; died, 1855.

Brown, John. American abolitionist leader. Captured by Robert Lee, at Harper's Ferry, tried and hanged as a conspirator. Born, 1800; died, 1859.

Browne, Charles F. "Artemus Ward." American humorous writer. Born, 1835; died, 1867.

Browning, Mrs. Elizabeth Barrett. English poetess; wrote verses at ten; *The Drama of Exile;* 1844, *Poems;* 1856, *Aurora Leigh;* married Robert Browning in 1846. Born, 1809; died, 1861.

Browning, Robert. English poet. Among his works are *Pippa Passes; The Blood on the 'Scutcheon; The Red-Cotton Night-Cap Country*, and *Idyls*. Born, 1812; died, 1889.

Brownlow, William G. American journalist and politician; Governor of Tennessee; U. S. Senator. Born, 1805; died, 1877.

Bruce, Robert. King of Scotland. Defeated Edward II. at Bannockburn, 1314. Born, 1274; died, 1329.

Brummell, George B. "Beau Brummell." English man of fashion. Born, 1778; died, 1840.

Brutus, Lucius Junius. Roman patriot; overthrew Tarquin and established Republican government at Rome. Flourished 6th century, B. C.

Brutus, Marcus Junius. One of Cæsar's assassins. Defeated at Philippi. Committed suicide. Born, B. C. 85; died, 42.

Bryan, William Jennings. American statesman, born in Salem, Illinois; entered Congress in 1890 as an extreme Free Silver man; was twice nominated for the Presidency in opposition to Mr. McKinley, but defeated in 1896 and again in 1900. Born, 1860.

Bryant, William Cullen. American poet. *Thanatopsis*. Born in Massachusetts; at 13 wrote *The Embargo* and *The Spanish Revolution;* published *The Ages*, 1821; became an editor of the New York *Evening Post* in 1826; *Translation of Homer*, 1867. Born, 1794; died, 1878.

Buchanan, James. American president; born in Pennsylvania; admitted to bar, 1812; M. C., 1821–31; minister to Russia, 1832–4; U. S. Senator, 1834–45; Secretary of State, 1845–9; minister to England, 1852–6; signed Ostend Manifesto, 1854; President, 1857–61. Born, 1791; died, 1868.

Bunyan, John. English author. *Pilgrim's Progress; The Holy City; The Holy War.* For several years led a dissipated, wandering life; joined Anabaptists in 1654; became Baptist minister, 1655; in prison, 1660–72; there wrote part of *Pilgrim's Progress* (1678); after his release, was minister at Bedford. Born, 1628; died, 1688.

Burr, Aaron. American lawyer and statesman; Vice President. Tried for (and acquitted) of treason. Killed Alexander Hamilton in a duel. Born, 1756; died, 1836.

Butler, Benjamin F. American lawyer, politician and general; member of Congress; military governor of New Orleans. Born, 1818; died, 1892.

Byron, George Gordon, Lord. English poet. *Childe Harold, Don Juan; Cain; Manfred; Marino Faliero; The Two Foscari; Beppo; The Vision of Judgment; The Prisoner of Chillon; The Siege of Corinth; Mazeppa; English Bards, and Scotch Reviewers; Parisina; The Deformed Transformed.* Born, 1788; died, 1824.

Cæsar, Caius Julius. Roman general and statesman. Dictator. Quæstor, 58 B.C.; ædile, 65; pontifex maximus, 64; consul, 59 (alliance with Pompey and Crassus called first triumvirate); was granted both the Gauls for 5 years; conquered many tribes, and invaded England; crossed Rubicon and entered Rome; conquered Pompey at Pharsalia (48); subdued Spain and Africa; made imperator; assassinated by Brutus, Cassius, and others. Born, B. C. 99; died, 44.

able, George W. American novelist. *Old Creole Days, The Grandissimes, John March, Southerner.* Born, 1844.

aine, Thomas Henry Hall. English novelist. *The Deemster, The Manxman, The Christian.* Born, 1853.

alhoun, John Caldwell. American statesman. Vice-President. Native, South Carolina; elected to Congress, 1810; Secretary of War, 1817; Vice-President, 1829-32; resigned in latter year and entered Senate; Secretary of State, 1844; re-entered Senate, 1845; "State's Rights" leader; left, among other writings, a *Treatise on the Nature of Government.* Born, 1783; died, 1850.

aligula. Emperor of Rome (37-41). Insanely cruel, sensual, impious. Built temple to himself. Born, 12; died, 41.

alvert, Cecilius. Second Lord Baltimore; was first proprietor of Maryland. Especially distinguished as one of the pioneers of civil and religious liberty. Born, —; died, 1676.

alvin, John. French theologian. The fundamental doctrines of his theology were unconditional reprobation and election. He published *Commentaries on the Harmony of the Gospel.* Born, 1509; died, 1564.

ampbell, Alexander D. P. Born in Ireland. Founder of the religious sect known as Campbellites, but calling themselves "The Christian Church." Founded Bethany College, Va. Born, 1788; died, 1866.

amoens, Luis or Luiz. The greatest of Portuguese poets. *The Lusiad* and other poems of rare merit. So neglected and died in such poverty that he has been called *the glory and shame of Portugal.* Born, 1517; died, 1579.

ampbell, Thomas. Scotch poet. Son of a Glasgow merchant. *Pleasures of Hope, Exile of Erin, Ye Mariners of England, Lochiel's Warning.* Born, 1777; died, 1844.

anning, George. English statesman and orator. Prime Minister; 1807, Secretary for foreign affairs; fought duel with Castlereagh; premier, 1827. Born, 1770; died, 1827.

anova, Antonio. Italian sculptor. Among his works are *Venus and Adonis, The Graces,* and a *statue of Washington.* Born, 1757; died, 1822.

anute II. King of Denmark and conqueror of England in 1016. Governed his three kingdoms of Denmark, Norway and England with great firmness and prudence. Born, about 985; died, 1036.

aprivi, George Leo Graf von. German statesman. In Prussian army 1849-1890. Succeeded Bismarck as chancellor and prime minister in 1890. Born, 1831; died, 1899.

arleton, Will. American poet. *Farm Ballads.* Born 1845.

arlyle, Thomas. Scotch historian and essayist. Published *Sartor Resartus,* 1834; *French Revolution,* 1837; *Chartism,* 1839; *Heroes and Hero Worship,* 1840; *Past and Present,* 1843; *Latter Day Pamphlets; Oliver Cromwell's Letters and Speeches,* 1845; *Life of John Sterling,* 1851; *Life of Frederick the Great,* 1858-64. Born, 1795; died, 1881.

Carnegie, Andrew. American manufacturer and capitalist, of Scotch birth. Grew immensely wealthy in the iron and steel business. Withdrew in 1901 with fortune of $250,000,000. Gave many million dollars to found libraries and schools. *Triumphant Democracy.* Born, 1835.

Carnot, Marie Francois Sadi. President of France. Grandson of Lazare Carnot, prominent in the Revolution and Empire. In National Assembly, 1871; finance minister, 1881 and 1887; elected President in 1887; assassinated by an anarchist. Born, 1837; died, 1894.

Castelar, Emilio. Spanish statesman and author. Active in the Cortes; dictator in 1873; withdrew from political life 1893. Wrote historical and political works. Born, 1832.

Carroll, Charles (of Carrollton). American Revolutionary statesman. Signer of the Declaration of Independence. Very wealthy. Born, 1737; died, 1832.

Cartwright, Edmund. English inventor. Parliament voted him 10,000 pounds for inventing the power loom. Born, 1743; died, 1823.

Cass, Lewis. American statesman and diplomatist. U. S. Senator from Michigan. Democratic candidate for President, 1840; Secretary of State. Born, 1782; died, 1866.

Catherine of Aragon. Queen of Henry VIII. of England. Divorced. Born, 1486; died, 1536.

Catherine de Medici. Queen of Henry II. of France. Strenuous opponent of Protestantism and the Huguenots. Instigated the "Massacre of St. Bartholemew." Born, 1519; died, 1589.

Catherine I. Wife of Peter the Great. Empress of Russia; succeeded to government on his death. Born, 1682; died, 1727.

Catherine II. Empress of Russia; often called "The Great." Born, 1729; died, 1796.

Cato, Marcus Portius. Opponent of Cæsar; famed for probity. Committed suicide. Born, B. C. 95; died, 46.

Cavour, Camillo B. Count. Famous Italian statesman. First Prime Minister to the Kingdom of Italy. Born, 1810; died, 1861.

Caxton, William. English scholar and merchant. Distinguished for introducing printing into England. Born, 1412; died, 1492.

Cecil, William, Lord Burleigh. Lord Treasurer of England, under Elizabeth. Born, 1520; died, 1598.

Cervantes Saavedra, Miguel. Spanish novelist and satirist. *Don Quixote.* Born, 1547; died, 1616.

Chalmers, Thomas. Scotch preacher and theologian. Founder of the "Free Church" in Scotland. *Astronomy in its Connection with Religion.* Born, 1780; died 1847.

Chamberlain, Joseph. English Radical statesman; President of the Board of Trade; Colonial Secretary during the Boer War. Born, 1836.

Chambers, Robert. Scottish editor, author, and publisher. With his brother, William, editor of *Chambers' Journal, Chambers' Encyclopedia, Chambers' Book of Days.* Born, 1802; died, 1872.

Chambers, William. Brother, partner, and collaborator with above. Born, 1800; died, 1885.

Channing, William Ellery. American Unitarian theologian and reformer; opponent of slavery. *Self-Culture; The Elevation of the Laboring Classes; Evidences of Christianity.* Born, 1780; died, 1841.

Charlemagne. King of France. Emperor of the West. Son of Pepin the Short; became master of the whole territory of the Franks in 771; crowned Emperor of the West, with the title of Cæsar Augustus, by Pope Leo III., 800. His empire extended from the Elbe to the Ebro, and from Calabria to Hungary. He was the founder of the Carlovingian line of kings. Born, 742; died, 814.

Charles V. (I. of Spain). Emperor of Germany and King of Spain; summoned the Diet of Worms to put down Luther in 1521; opposed the Protestants, but made concession to them by the treaty of Passau 1552; abdicated 1552, and withdrew to the monastery of St. Yuste, Spain. Born, 1500; died, 1558.

Charles XII. King of Sweden, 1697–1718. Soldier and conqueror. Peter the Great of Russia, Frederick IV. of Denmark, and Augustus of Poland made a league against him in 1700. He besieged Copenhagen, and forced Denmark to make peace; beat the Russians, and in the next campaign invaded Poland, where he compelled Augustus to resign; invaded Russia, and was defeated (1709) at Pultowa; found refuge in Turkey, from which he soon returned; invading Norway, he was killed at the siege of Frederickshalle. Born, 1682; died, 1718.

Charles the Bold. Duke of Burgundy. Warred with Louis XI. of France and Rene of Lorraine; killed fighting the Swiss allies of the latter. Born, 1433; died, 1477.

Chase, Salmon P. American statesman and jurist. Secretary of the Treasury. Chief Justice of the U. S. Born, 1808; died, 1873.

Chateaubriand, Francis A., Viscount of. French poet and prose writer. *Genie du Christianisme. Atala.* Born, 1768; died, 1848.

Chatham, William Pitt, First Earl of. English statesman and orator. "The Great Commoner;" entered Parliament, 1735; opposed Walpole's ministry; Premier, 1757; opposed taxation of the American Colonies. Born, 1708; died, 1778.

Chaucer, Geoffrey. English poet. *The Canterbury Tales; The Court of Love; Legend of Good Women; Troilus and Cresseide.* Born, 1328; died, 1400.

Cherubini, Maria L. C. Z. S. Italian musical composer. Among his works are *Medee, Elisa, Ali Baba,* and, in sacred music, the *Requiem.* Born, 1760; died, 1842.

Chesterfield, Philip D. Stanhope. English orator and wit. Noted for his exquisite manners, on which subject he was the oracle of his day. Born, 1694; died, 1773.

Child, Lydia Maria. American author and philanthropist. Editor "National Anti-slavery Standard." Born, 1802; died, 1880.

Childs, George W. American publisher and philanthropist. Noted for his honesty and benefactions. Born, 1829; died, 1896.

Choate, Rufus. American lawyer, orator, and statesman. Most eloquent advocate of his time; U. S. Senator from Massachusetts. Born, 1799; died, 1859.

Chopin, Frederick. Polish composer and pianist. His works are perhaps the best of piano music. Born, 1810; died, 1849.

Cicero, Marcus Tullius. Roman orator, statesman, and author. In his consulship suppressed the conspiracy of Catiline; went in exile in 58 B. C. but was recalled; was a Pompeian, but enjoyed the favor of Cæsar; was slain by soldiers under orders from Antony. His work *On Old Age* is perhaps the best known of his writings. Born, B. C. 103; died, 46.

Clay, Henry. American orator and statesman. Born in Virginia; Speaker of U. S. Congress, 1811; signed treaty of Ghent, 1815; elected Speaker, 1815, and thrice re-elected; Secretary of State, 1825; U. S. Senator, 1832–42; Whig candidate for President, 1844; re-elected to Senate, 1848. Born, 1777; died, 1852.

Clemens, Samuel L. American humorist, who under the pen name of "Mark Twain" contributed the richest humor of the century; *The Innocents Abroad; Following the Equator.* Born, 1835.

Cleopatra. Queen of Egypt. Joint sovereign of Egypt with her brother Ptolemy; was beautiful and accomplished, but voluptuous; lived with Cæsar at Rome (46–44); in 41, became the favorite of Mark Antony; at the battle of Actium she fled; escaped Augustus by killing herself with an asp. Born, B. C. 69; died, 30.

Cleveland, Grover. Twenty-second President of the United States. Born at Caldwell, New Jersey; went to Buffalo, and was admitted to the bar in 1859. In 1881 he was elected Mayor of Buffalo, and in 1882 became Governor of New York. He served two terms as President of the United States, 1885–1889 and 1893–1897, being defeated for the intervening term by Benjamin Harrison, the Republican candidate. Born, 1837.

Clinton, DeWitt. American statesman. Governor of New York; U. S. Senator; Federal candidate for President; promoter of the Erie Canal. Born, 1769; died 1828.

Cobden, Richard. English statesman and economist. Leader of the Anti-Corn Law League. Born, 1804; died, 1865.

Coleridge, Samuel Taylor. English poet and philosopher. *The Ancient Mariner;* with Wadsworth wrote *Lyrical Ballads;* published *Christabel; Biographia Literaria; Aids to Reflection;* was a slave to opium. Born, 1772; died, 1834.

Coligny, Gaspard de. French admiral. Huguenot leader; killed in the massacre of St. Bartholomew. Born, 1517; died, 1572.

Colt, Samuel. American inventor; Colt's revolver. Born, 1814; died, 1862.

Columbus, Christopher. Discoverer of America. Born in Genoa; expected by sailing westward to find India; left Palos (Aug. 3, 1492) with 3

vessels; discovered San Salvador Oct. 12; visited Cuba and Hayti; 1493 discovered Porto Rico and Jamaica; 1498 continent at mouth of Orinoco; 1502 Honduras; died in poverty and neglect. Born, 1436; died, 1506.

Comte, Auguste. French philosopher. Founder of Positivism. *Course of Positive Philosophy.* Born, 1798; died, 1857.

Confucius, (Kung-futse). Chinese philosopher and theologian. Came forward as a religious teacher at 22. His philosophy related to the present life only; had nothing to do with physics or metaphysics. His influence in the East has been enormous. Born, B. C. 551; died, 479.

Conger, Edwin H. American diplomatist. Congress, 1885-1891; Minister to Brazil, 1891-1895; to China, 1898. Rescued from "Boxer" siege in 1900 by allied forces. Born, 1843.

Conkling, Roscoe. American Republican, lawyer, and statesman. U. S. Senator from New York. Born, 1828; died, 1888.

Constantine I. ("The Great"). Roman Emperor (306–337). Removed the Capital of the Empire to Byzantium. Born, 272; died, 337.

Cook, Captain James. English circumnavigator of the globe, and discoverer. Killed by Hawaiians. Born, 1728; died, 1779.

Cooper, Peter. American philanthrophist. Founder of Cooper Union. Born, 1791; died, 1883.

Cooper, James Fenimore. American novelist. Among his works are *The Spy*, *The Pioneers*, *The Pilot*, *The Red Rover*, *The Last of the Mohicans*, *The Pathfinder*, *The Deerslayer*. Born, 1789; died, 1851.

Cope, Edward Drinker. American naturalist and comparative anatomist. One of the foremost palæontologists of the world. Editor *American Naturalist.* Born, 1840; died, 1897.

Copernicus, Nicholas. German astronomer. Demolished the Ptolemaic theory of the universe and demonstrated that the sun is the center of the universe in his great work *The Revolution of the Celestial Orbs.* Born, 1473; died, 1543.

Corday, Charlotte de. Slayer of Marat. Born, 1768; died, 1793.

Corelli, Marie. English novelist. A step-daughter of Charles Mackay, the poet. *Romance of Two Worlds*, *Barabbas*, *The Sorrows of Satan.* Born, 1864.

Cornell, Ezra. American philanthrophist. Founder of Cornell University. Born, 1807; died 1874.

Cortez, Hernando. Spanish conqueror of Mexico. Born, 1485; died, 1547.

Cornwallis, Charles. Noted British general. Surrendered to George Washington at Yorktown, 1781, thus practically closing the War for Independence. Born, 1738; died, 1805.

Cowper, William. English poet. Published his great work, *The Task*, in 1785. His letters are among the best in the language. Born, 1731; died, 1800.

Crane, Stephen. American author. *The Red Badge of Courage*, and other stories. Also noted war correspondent in 1898. Born, 1871; died, 1900.

Crawford, F. Marion. American novelist. Nephew of Julia Ward Howe. *Mr. Isaacs*, *Paul Patoff*, etc. Born, 1854.

Cranmer, Thomas. Archbishop of Canterbury. Reformer. Burnt as a Christian martyr. Born, 1489; died, 1556.

Crispi, Francesco. Italian statesman. A revolutionist with Garibaldi; Prime Minister of Italy 1887–90 and 1894. Born, 1819; died, 1901.

Crockett, David. American pioneer and hunter, famous for his bravery and eccentricities. Served several years in Congress; joined the Texan patriots in 1836 and was massacred by Mexicans at the Alamo. Born 1786; died, 1836.

Crœsus. King of Lydia. Famous for his wealth. Born, B. C. 590; died, 546.

Cromwell, Oliver. Lord Protector of England. Entered army as captain of cavalry, 1642; signed death warrant of Charles I., 1649; routed the Scotch at Dunbar, beat Charles at Worcester, 1651; dissolved Parliament, 1653; was created Protector, 1654. Born, 1599; died, 1658.

Cruikshank, George. English caricaturist. *Comic Almanack.* Born, 1792; died, 1878.

Curtis, George William. American orator, author and journalist. *Nile Notes; Potiphar Papers.* Born 1824; died, 1892.

Cushing, Caleb. American lawyer, diplomatist and statesman. Attorney-General of the United States; Minister to China. *The Treaty of Geneva.* Born, 1800; died, 1879.

Cushman, Charlotte S. American actress. Great as *Meg Merrilies.* Born, 1816; died, 1876.

Cuvier, George C. L. D., Baron de. French naturalist. *Animal Kingdom*, *Natural History of Fishes;* was founder of the science of comparative anatomy. Born, 1769; died, 1832.

Cyrus, The Great. Founder of the Persian Empire and greatest of Persian kings. Killed in battle 529 B. C.

Dallas, George M. American Democratic politician. Vice-President, 1845–49. Born, 1792; died, 1864.

Dalton, John. English natural philosopher. Propounder of the atomic theory. *New System of Chemical Philosophy.* Born, 1766; died, 1844.

Dana, Charles A. American journalist. Editor of the New York *Sun.* Born, 1819; died, 1898.

Dana, Richard Henry. American poet and man of letters. *The Buccaneer*, *The Dying Rover*, *The Idle Man.* Born, 1787; died, 1879.

Dana, Richard Henry. Son of the above. American lawyer and author. *Two Years Before the Mast.* Editor of *Wheaton's International Law.* Born, 1815; died, 1882.

Daniel. One of the four greater Hebrew prophets. Taken prisoner by Nebuchadnezzar. Highly honored by Kings Darius and Cyrus.

Dante degli Alighieri. Greatest Italian poet. *The Divine Comedy.* Passed much of his time in exile from Florence for political causes. Wrote *The New Life* (*Vita Nuova*), the *Convito*, treatise on the Italian language, *De Vulgari Eloquio*, and *De Monarchia.* Born, 1265; died, 1321.

Danton, George J. French Revolutionist. Head of the "Dantonists." Minister of Justice. Guillotined. Born, 1759; died, 1794.

Darius I. (Hystaspes). King of Persia. B. C., 521-485. Began the wars with the Greeks. His Satraps Datis and Artaphernes were defeated at Marathon. Born, B. C. ——; died, 485.

Darius III. (Codomannus). King of Persia. B. C. 336–330. Defeated and dethroned by Alexander the Great. Born, B. C. 380; died, 330.

Darwin, Charles R. English naturalist. Originator of the theory of evolution by natural selection. *Origin of Species; The Descent of Man; The Fertilization of Orchids.* Born, 1809; died, 1882.

David. King of Israel. Distinguished as general, statesman, poet and prophet. Lived 1090 to 1015 B. C.

Da Vinci, Leonardo. Italian painter, sculptor, engineer and universal genius. *The Lord's Supper.* Among his works are *Madonna, Lisa del Giocondo* and *The Virgin on the Knees of St. Anne.* Born, 1452; died, 1519.

Davis, Jefferson. American statesman; colonel in Mexican war, elected to U. S. Senate, 1847; Secretary of War, 1853–57; re-elected to Senate, 1857; President Southern Confederacy, 1861–65. Born, 1808; died, 1889.

Davis, Rebecca Harding, and her son, *Richard Harding.* American novelists. The latter also a spirited war correspondent in Cuba, 1898, and South Africa, 1900. Born, first, 1831; second, 1864.

Dawson, Sir J. William. Canadian geologist. An original investigator, writer, and teacher. Born, 1820; died, 1899.

Davy, Sir Humphrey. An English chemist of great eminence. President of the Royal Society; author many valuable scientific works. Born, 1778; died, 1829.

Decatur, Stephen. American naval officer. Distinguished himself in Tripoli, 1804, and in War of 1812 with England. Killed in duel. Born, 1779; died, 1820.

DeFoe, Daniel. English novelist. Produced his great work, *Robinson Crusoe,* in 1719; *Moll Flanders,* 1721; *Colonel Jack,* 1721. Born, 1661; died, 1731.

Demosthenes. Greatest Greek orator. Was an opponent of Philip of Macedon, against whom, between 352 and 340 B. C., he delivered his 11 *Phillipics.* It being proposed to give him a crown, Æschines opposed; this was the cause of the noblest speech of Demosthenes, that *On the Crown.* Born, B. C., 385; died, 322.

Depew, Chauncey M. American railway director, politician, and humorous orator; elected U. S. Senator in 1899. Born, 1834.

DeQuincey, Thomas. English author. Contracted opium habit. *Confessions of an Opium Eater.* Born, 1785; died, 1859.

Descartes, René. French philosopher and metaphysician. *Principles of Philosophy;* made many discoveries in algebra and geometry. Born, 1596; died, 1650.

Dewey, George. Admiral American Navy; hero of battle of Manila (1898); triumphant return to America in 1899. Born, 1837.

Dickens, Charles. English novelist. Published *Sketches by Boz,* 1836; *Pickwick Papers, Oliver Twist, Nicholas Nickelby, The Old Curiosity Shop,* etc. Born, 1812; died, 1870.

Diogenes. Greek cynic philosopher. Surly and independent inhabitant of a tub. Born, B. C., ——; died, 323.

Disraeli, Benjamin, Earl of Beaconsfield. English statesman and novelist. Premier (1874–1880). *Coningsby, Vivian Grey, Henrietta Temple, Endymion, Lothair.* Born, 1805; died, 1881.

Donnelly, Ignatius. American author and politician. Nominated for Vice-President People's Party ticket, 1900. *The Great Crytogram, Cæsars Column,* etc. Born, 1831; died, 1901.

Dore, Gustave. French painter and illustrator. Illustrated Dante's *Inferno, Don Quixote, Paradise Lost, Idylls of the King,* etc. Painted *Francesca de Rimini, Christ Leaving Prætorium,* etc. Born, 1832; died, 1883.

Douglas, Stephen A. American Democratic politician. Senator from Illinois. *The Kansas-Nebraska Bill.* Born, 1813; died, 1861.

Draco. Athenian legislator. Noted for the severity of his laws. Born, B. C. 7th century.

Drake, Sir Francis. English navigator and admiral. Preyed upon Spanish commerce; burned 100 Spanish vessels in Cadiz. Born, 1545; died, 1596.

Dreyfus, Albert. A French army officer. Persecuted because of his Jewish blood, as the scapegoat for criminal officers. Sentenced to perpetual imprisonment, 1894, but secured new hearing and was pardoned, 1899.

Drummond, Henry. British author and teacher. *Natural Law in the Spiritual World, The Ascent of Man, The Greatest Thing in the World,* etc. Born, 1851; died, 1897.

Dryden, John. English poet and dramatist. Appointed poet-laureate, 1670; produced *Absalom and Achitophel, Ode on Alexander's Feast, Fables.* Of his dramatic works, *All for Love* is the best. Born, 1631; died, 1700.

Dumas, Alexandre. French novelist. *The Three Musketeers.* Born, 1803; died, 1870.

Dumas, Alexandre (Jr.). French novelist and dramatist. *La Dame aux Camelias.* Born, 1824.

Du Maurier, George L. P. B. Born in Paris; satirical illustrator for *Punch;* novelist. *Peter Ibbetson, Trilby.* Born, 1834; died, 1896.

Eads, James Buchanan. American engineer. Built the St. Louis bridge; deepened the channel of the Mississippi. Born, 1820; died, 1887.

Ebers, George Moritz. German Egyptologist and writer. *An Egyptian Princess, Homo Sum, Cleopatra.* Born, 1837; died, 1898.

Eddy, Mary Baker Glover. American theologian. Founder of Christian Science. Author of *Science and Health,* etc.

Edison, Thomas Alva. A celebrated American inventor. Born at Milan, Ohio; started life as a newsboy; made important inventions in telegraphy, electric lighting, etc. Also invented the phonograph. Born, 1847.

Edward VII. King of England. Succeeded Queen Victoria in 1901. Born, 1841.

Edwards, Jonathan. American metaphysician. Ablest defender of Calvinism. *On the Freedom of the Will.* Born, 1703; died, 1758.

Eggleston, Edward. American novelist and historian; Minister of Methodist Church. *The Hoosier Schoolmaster*, and several historical works. Born, 1837.

Eliot, John. *The Apostle of the Indians.* American preacher and missionary to the Indians. Translated the Bible into Indian language. Born, 1604; died, 1690.

Elizabeth. Queen of England. Daughter of Henry VIII. Among the great events of her reign were the repulse of the Spanish Armada, and the execution of Mary Queen of Scots. Born, 1523; died, 1603.

Emin Pasha. An African explorer, of German birth; original name Edward Schnitzler. Entered the Egyptian service; governor of the equatorial province, 1878; cut off from world by the Mahdi outbreak; rescued by Henry M. Stanley in 1889; killed by Arabs in later travels. Born, 1840; died, 1892.

Emerson, Ralph Waldo. American transcendental philosopher and poet. Was for a time a Unitarian minister in Boston; *English Traits, The Conduct of Life, Poems, Society and Solitude, Essays.* Born, 1803; died, 1882.

Emmett, Robert. Irish patriot; Executed for treason. Born, 1780; died, 1803.

Epictetus. Greek Stoic philosopher and moralist. *Enchiridion.* Flourished in 2d century.

Epicurus. Greek philosopher. Founder of the Epicureans. Born, B. C. 342; died, 270.

Erasmus, Desiderius. Noted Dutch scholar. One of the most profoundly learned men of modern times. In 1570 became professor of Divinity and Greek at Cambridge. Works published in ten folio volumes. Born, 1465; died, 1536.

Eric the Red. Scandinavian navigator. Supposed to have discovered Greenland about 982, and his son, Lief Eric, is supposed to have visited New England about 1000.

Ericsson, John. Swedish engineer and inventor. In 1836 patented the first successful screw propeller. Immigrated to America. In 1861 built the iron-clad *Monitor*, revolutionizing the construction of warships. Born, 1803; died, 1889.

Euclid. Alexandrian mathematician. *Elements of Geometry.* Born B. C., 4th century.

Eugene, Francis, Prince of Savoy. One of the greatest generals of his time; co-operated with Marlborough at Blenheim, Oudenarde, and Malplaquet. Born, 1663; died, 1736.

Euripides. Third in merit of the great Greek tragedy writers. *Alcestis.* Born, B. C. 480; died, 406.

Evans, Marian (George Eliot). English novelist. *Scenes of Clerical Life, Adam Bede, The Mill on the Floss, Romola, Middlemarch*, etc. Born, 1820; died, 1880.

Evarts, William M. American lawyer and statesman. Attorney-General of the United States; Secretary of State. Born, 1816; died, 1901.

Everett, Edward. American orator, statesman and diplomatist. U. S. Senator; Minister to Great Britain. *Orations and Speeches.* Born, 1794; died, 1865.

Ezekiel. One of the four greater Hebrew prophets. Contemporary and fellow-prisoner in Babylon with Daniel. Lived about 600 B. C.

Faraday. Michael. English man of science. Founder of the science of magneto-electricity. *Experimental Researches in Electricity.* Born, 1791; died, 1867.

Farragut, David Glascoe. American Admiral. Entered navy 1812; commander, 1841; passed New Orleans forts and took New Orleans, 1862; made Rear Admiral same year; attacked defenses at Mobile, 1864; Admiral, 1866. Born, 1801; died, 1870.

Farenheit, Gabriel D. German natural philosopher. Fahrenheit's thermometer. Born, 1686; died, 1736.

Fawkes, Guy. An English conspirator. Principal in the Gunpower Plot to blow up the House of Parliament. Executed 1606.

Fenelon, Francois de Salignac. Noted French archbishop, author and orator. Among his works are *Telemachus, Maxims of the Saints, Dialogues on the Eloquence of the Pulpit*, etc. Born, 1651; died, 1715.

Fessenden, William Pitt. American Republican Senator, and Secretary of the Treasury. Born, 1806; died, 1869.

Field, Cyrus W. American capitalist. Laid the first Atlantic cable. Born, 1819; died, 1892.

Fielding, Henry. English novelist. *Tom Jones, Joseph Andrews, Jonathan Wild, Amelia.* Born, 1707; died, 1754.

Fillmore, Millard. American President, 1850–53. Born in New York; learned fuller's trade; studied law; member of Congress, 1832–42; elected Vice-President, 1848; became President on death of Taylor. Born, 1800; died, 1874.

Fish, Hamilton. American statesman. U. S. Congressman and Senator. Governor New York, 1847; Secretary of State under U. S. Grant, 1869 to 1877. Born, 1808; died, 1895.

Foote, Andrew Hull. American Rear-Admiral. Distinguished in Civil War. Born, 1806; died, 1863.

Ford, Paul Leicester. American author. *The Hon. Peter Sterling, Janice Meredith*, and *Biographies of Washington and Franklin.* Born, 1865. Died, 1902.

Forrest, Edwin. American tragedian. Eminent as *Metamora, the Gladiator, Virginius.* Born, 1806; died, 1872.

Fox, Charles James. English orator and statesman. Entered Parliament, 1768, as a Tory; opposed policy of Pitt. Born, 1749; died, 1806.

Fox, George. English religionist. Founder of the Society of Friends. Born, 1624; died, 1690.

Franklin, Benjamin. American statesman and philosopher. Born in Boston; learned printer's trade; removed to Pennsylvania; published *Poor Richard's Almanac;* discovered identity of lightning and electric fluid, 1752; deputy postmaster-general of the colony; agent of the Penns in England; delegate to Continental Congress;

Minister to France, 1776–85; President of Pennsylvania, 1785-87; member Constitutional Convention of 1787. Born, 1706; died, 1790.

Franklin, Sir John. English Arctic explorer. Lost in Arctic regions. Born, 1786; died, 1847.

Frederick II. ("The Great"). King of Prussia. Came to the throne in 1740, and invaded Silesia, which Maria Theresa ceded to him in 1742. Russia, France, and Austria began Seven Years' War against him and England (1756). He won a great victory at Prague (1757), but was defeated by Daun soon afterward; the same year defeated the French at Rossbach, and the Austrians at Leuthen. Peace was made in 1763. At the partition of Poland (1772) he got Prussian Poland. Born, 1712; died, 1786.

Freeman, Edward Augustus. English historian. Professor of Modern History at Oxford. *The Norman Conquest*, etc. Born, 1823; died, 1892.

Fremont, John Charles. American explorer, politician, and general. Republican candidate for President in 1856. Born, 1813; died, 1890.

Frœbel, Frederick. German educator. Introducer of the "Kindergarten" system. Born, 1782; died, 1852.

Froissart, Jean. French chronicler. *Les Chroniques.* Born, 1337; died, 1410.

Froude, James A. English historian. *History of Henry III.*, *Short Studies on Great Subjects.* Born, 1818; died, 1894.

Fry, Elizabeth. English philanthropist. Devoted to prison reform. Born, 1780; died, 1845.

Fulton, Robert. American inventor of the steamboat. Built (1807) the steamer *Clermont*, which made regular trips between New York and Albany. Born, 1765; died, 1815.

Funston, Frederick. American soldier. Served in the Cuban rebellion and in the Philippines. Famous for his daring; captured Aguinaldo in 1901; rewarded with rank of brigadier-general. Born, 1865.

Gage, Lyman W. American financier. Secretary of Treasury under President McKinley. Born, 1836.

Galilei, Galileo. Italian astronomer. Professor of mathematics at Padua and Pisa. Discovered law by which the velocity of falling bodies is accelerated. Constructed a telescope in 1619. Published *Dialogues on the Ptolemaic and Copernican Systems.* Born, 1564; died, 1642.

Gall, Franz Joseph. German physician. Founder of the system of phrenology, and with Dr. Spurzheim, his pupil, lectured on the subject throughout Europe. Born, 1758; died, 1828.

Galvani, Louis. Italian physicist. Discoverer of galvanism. Born, 1737; died, 1798.

Gambetta, Leon. French radical orator and statesman. President of the Chamber of Deputies. Born, 1838; died, 1882.

Garfield, James A. American President. Born in Ohio; brigadier-general, 1862; major-general for services at Chickamauga; M. C., 1862-1881; elected to Senate, 1880; elected President, 1881; shot by Charles J. Guiteau, July 2, 1881; died September 19. Born, 1831; died, 1881.

Garland, Augustus H. American statesman. Member Confederate Congress, 1861-65; United States senator; Governor of Arkansas, 1874; Attorney-General of the U. S. under Cleveland, 1885. Born, 1832.

Garibaldi, Giuseppe. Italian patriot and general. Liberator of Italy. Born, 1807; died, 1882.

Garrick, David. English actor. Made his debut as *Richard III.* in 1741. Among his great parts were *Lear*, *Macbeth*, *Romeo*, *Hamlet*, *Abel Drugger;* buried in Westminster Abbey. Born, 1716; died, 1779.

Garrison, William Lloyd. American journalist and Abolitionist. Born at Newburyport, Mass.; at Boston, in 1831, he founded his celebrated *Liberator.* Born, 1804; died, 1879.

Gounod, Charles Francois. French composer. Of his operas *Faust* is the best known. Born, 1818; died, 1893.

Genghis, Khan. Great Mongolian warrior and conqueror. Subjugated China and Persia. Born, 1163; died, 1227.

George III. King of England. Lost American colonies; insane latter part of his life. Born, 1738; died, 1820.

George, Henry. American economist. Published *Progress and Poverty* in 1879. Advocated single tax on land. Twice candidate for Mayor of New York; died in 1897 before the election. Born, 1839; died, 1897.

Gibbon, Edward. English historian. *Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire.* Born, 1737; died, 1794.

Gladstone, William Ewart. Statesman, orator, and scholar. Born at Liverpool, son of a Liverpool merchant; educated at Eton and Oxford; entered Parliament in 1832; in 1859, under Lord Palmerston, became Chancellor of the Exchequer; in 1865, he became leader of the Commons under Lord John Russell; became Premier for the first time in 1869, holding office till 1875; in 1880, became Premier for the second time; a third time in 1886, and a fourth time in 1892; failed from desertion in the Liberal ranks to carry his measure of Home Rule for Ireland; retired from office into private life in 1895; author of several works. Born, 1809; died, 1898.

Godfrey of Bouillon. King of Jerusalem. Hero of the first Crusade. Born, 1058; died, 1100.

Goethe, John Wolfgang von. German poet, dramatist, critic, novelist, man of science, statesman. *Faust*, *Iphigenia in Tauris*, *Wilhelm Meister*, *Egmont*, *Sorrows of Werther*, and many noble lyrical poems. In almost every department of literature, first among the Germans. Born, 1749; died, 1832.

Goldsmith, Oliver. Irish poet, novelist, and historian. *Vicar of Wakefield*, *The Traveller*, *The Deserted Village.* Born, 1728; died, 1774.

Goodrich, Samuel G., "Peter Parley." American writer. *Peter Parley's Own Story.* Born, 1793; died, 1860.

Gordon, Charles George. English soldier and administrator. Overthrew the Taiping rebellion in China; entered the service of Egypt and became Governor of the Soudan; slain by the

troops of the Mahdi in Khartoum. Born, 1833; died, 1885.

Gough, John B. American temperance orator. Born, 1817; died, 1886.

Gracchus, Tiberius. Roman tribune and demagogue. Passed agrarian law; murdered. Born, B. C. 163; died, 133.

Grant, Ulysses S. American general and President. Born in Ohio; graduated at West Point, 1839; served in Mexican War; brigadier-general 1861; took Fort Donelson, 1862; Vicksburg, 1863; lieutenant-general, 1864; President, 1869–77. Born, 1822; died, 1885.

Gray, Thomas. English poet. Professor of modern history at Cambridge. *Pindaric Odes; Elegy Written in a Country Churchyard.* Born, 1716; died, 1771.

Greeley, Horace. American journalist and politician. Founded the *New York Tribune* in 1841. Till his death he advocated temperance, anti-slavery, socialistic, and protectionist principles; in 1872 he unsuccessfully opposed Grant for the Presidency. His works include *The American Conflict, Recollections, Essays,* etc. Born, 1811; died, 1872.

Gregory I., "The Great." Pope. Converter of Britain. Born, 545; died, 604.

Gregory VII. (Hildebrand). Greatest of the Popes. Elected Pope in 1073; the Emperor, Henry IV., of Germany, deposed him, and was excommunicated. After a humiliating penance at Canossa, Henry was pardoned, but the reconciliation was only temporary. Born, 1015; died, 1085.

Grey, Lady Jane. English lady. Distinguished for rare talents. Edward VI. made her his successor as sovereign, and because of her acceptance she was imprisoned in the Tower and afterwards executed. Born, 1537; died, 1554.

Grote, George. English historian. *History of Greece.* Born, 1794; died, 1871.

Guizot, Francois P. G. French statesman and historian. Minister of Foreign Affairs. *History of France.* Born, 1787; died, 1874.

Guillotine. Joseph Ignace. A French physician after whom the Guillotine was named; he having recommended it as a more humane method of capital punishment. Born, 1738; died, 1814.

Gustavus II. (Adolphus). King of Sweden. General. Began to reign in his seventeenth year; soon afterward defeated the Czar and the King of Poland; invited to become the head of the Protestant party in Germany, he entered Pomerania with 8,000 men, and took town after town; defeated (1631) Marshal Tilly at Leipzig, and the next year on the banks of the Lech, where Tilly was slain. The Emperor now called in the great Wallenstein to oppose Gustavus; the two generals met at Lutzen; Gustavus was mortally wounded, but the imperial army under Wallenstein was repulsed. Born, 1594; died, 1632.

Gutenburg, Johannes or Henne, also called Gensfleisch. Claimed by the Germans to have been the inventor of the art of printing with movable types; he set up his first printing-press at Mainz about 1450. Born, 1400; died, 1468.

Hæckel, Ernst Heinrich. German naturalist and evolutionist. Made valuable researches on the lower animals; wrote popular works on science. Born, 1834.

Hahnemann, Samuel C. F. German founder of homœopathy. Proposed homœopathy, 1796; published *Organum of Rational Medicine,* 1810. Born, 1755; died, 1843.

Hale, Edward Everett. American author and Unitarian minister. *The Man Without a Country,* etc. Born, 1822.

Halleck, Fitz-Greene. American poet. *Marco Bozzaris.* Born, 1790; died, 1867.

Hamilton, Alexander. American statesman and financier. Born in Island of Nevis, West Indies. Aide-de-camp and secretary to Washington in Revolutionary War; leading member of the Convention of 1787; principal author of the *Federalist;* Secretary of the Treasury, 1789–95; killed in a duel by Aaron Burr. Born, 1757; died, 1804.

Hamilton, Sir William. Scotch metaphysician. Born, 1788; died, 1856.

Hampton, Wade. American general and Senator. Governor South Carolina in 1876; U. S. Senator, 1878. Born, 1818.

Hancock, John. American Revolutionary statesman; President of the Continental Congress. Born, 1737; died, 1793.

Hancock, Winfield S. American general. Commanded at Gettysburg; Democratic candidate for President in 1880. Born, 1824; died, 1886.

Handel, George F. German composer. Composed sonatas at ten. His oratorio of *Saul* was produced, 1740; his masterpiece, the *Messiah,* 1741, Among his other works are *Moses in Egypt. Samson,* and *Jepthah.* Born, 1684; died, 1739.

Hannibal. Carthaginian general against Rome. Son of Hamilcar, who swore him to eternal enmity with the Romans; captured Saguntum, 219 B. C.; crossed the Alps, 218; destroyed Roman army at Cannæ; defeated by Scipio at Zama, 202; finally poisoned himself to escape falling into the hands of the Romans. Born B. C. 247; died, 183.

Harris, Joel Chandler. An American writer; born in Georgia. Author of *Uncle Remus.* and other folklore stories. Bor1, 1848.

Harrison, Benjamin. Twenty-third President of the United States. Was born at North Bend, Ohio; graduated from Miami University in 1852; began the practice of law in Indianapolis. Served in the Union army during the Civil War; entered United States Senate in 1881; served one term as President of the United States, 1889–1893; defeated for second term. He was the grandson of William Henry Harrison, ninth President of the United States. Born, 1833; died, 1901.

Harrison, William Henry. American President. General; Governor of Indiana, 1801–13, defeated Indians at Tippecanoe; elected to Congress, 1817; to the Senate, 1824; Minister to Columbia, 1828; Whig candidate for President, 1836; elected President, 1840. Born, 1773; died, 1841.

Harte, Francis Bret. American novelist and poet. *The Heathen Chinee; Gabriel Conroy; Luck of Roaring Camp.* Born, 1839. Died, 1902.

Harvard, John. Colonial divine. Benefactor of Harvard College, which was given his name. Born, 1608; died, 1688.

Harvey, William. English physician. Discoverer of the circulation of the blood. Born, 1578; died, 1657.

Hastings, Warren. British statesman and general; President of the Council of Bengal; conqueror of Hyder Aly; impeached for cruelty, but acquitted. Born, 1733; died, 1818.

Hawthorne, Nathaniel. American romance writer. *Marble Fawn; The Scarlet Letter; The House of Seven Gables; The Blithdale Romance; Mosses from an Old Manse.* Born, 1804; died, 1864.

Haydn, Francis Joseph. German composer. Between the ages of nineteen and twenty-six, composed many sonatas, concertos, and symphonies; produced 1798, his masterpiece, *The Creation.* Born, 1732; died, 1809.

Hayes, Rutherford B. American President. Born in Ohio; admitted to bar, 1845; brigadier-general in Civil War; entered Congress at its close; re-elected, 1866; Governor of Ohio, 1868–76; President United States, 1877–81. Born, 1822; died, 1893.

Hayne, Robert T. American lawyer and Senator. Governor of South Carolina; opponent of Webster in discussing the Constitution and State rights. Born, 1791; died, 1839.

Hegel, George W. F. German philosopher. Professor of philosophy at Heidelberg and Berlin. He developed his system of philosophy in the *Enclyclopædia of Philosophical Science.* Born, 1770; died, 1831.

Heine, Heinrich. German lyric poet and satirist. *Reisebilde; Lieder.* Born, 1799; died, 1856.

Helmholtz, Hermann von. German physicist. Famous for his researches in physiology, surgery, light, sound, etc. Born, 1821; died, 1894.

Henry IV. "The Great." (Henry of Navarre.) King of France. Won battle of Ivry; issued Edict of Nantes. Born, 1553; died, 1610.

Henry V. King of England. Conqueror at Agincourt. Born, 1388; died, 1422.

Henry VIII. King of England. "Defender of the Faith." Suppressed the monasteries; founded the Church of England. Born, 1491; died, 1547.

Henry, Patrick. American orator and revolutionary patriot. "Give me Liberty, or give me Death." Born, 1736; died, 1799.

Herodotus. Greek historian. *History.* Born, B. C. 484; died, 408.

Herschel, Sir William. English astronomer. Discoverer of Uranus. Born, 1738; died, 1822.

Herschel, Sir John F. W. English astronomer. *Preliminary Discourse on the Study of Natural Philosophy.* Born 1792; died, 1871.

Higginson, Thomas Wentworth. An American author and abolitionist. During the Civil War he commanded the first regiment of freed slaves; subsequently he resumed literary work. *History of the United States; Army Life in a Black Regiment,* etc. Born, 1823.

Hirsch, Baron Maurice de. Jewish financier and philanthropist. Born, 1830; died, 1896.

Hobart, Garrett A. Vice President U. S. with McKinley, 1896. Born, 1844; died, 1899.

Hogarth, William. English painter. *The Rake's Progress.* Born, 1697; died, 1764.

Holmes, Oliver Wendell. American poet, physician, and novelist. *Elsie Venner; The Autocrat of the Breakfast Table; The Guardian Angel; Poems.* Born, 1809; died, 1897.

Homer. Greek epic poet. *Iliad* and *Odyssey.* The times of his birth and death are uncertain, and his existence is doubted by some, who maintain that the *Iliad* and *Odyssey* are collections of songs by different authors. Born, B. C. 10th century.

Hood, Thomas. English poet and humorist. *Song of the Shirt, Whims and Oddities, Eugene Aram's Dream.* Born, 1789; died, 1845.

Hooker, Joseph. American general. Commander of the Army of the Potomac, 1863; defeated at Chancellorsville. Born, 1815; died, 1879.

Horace (Q. Horatius Flaccus). Latin poet and satirist. *Odes, Epistles, Satires.* Born, B. C. 65; died, 8.

Houston, Samuel. American general and statesman. Commander-in-chief of the Texan army; captured Santa Anna; Governor of Texas. Born, 1793; died, 1863.

Howard, John. English philanthropist and prison reformer. *The State of the Prisons in England.* Born, 1726; died, 1790.

Howe, Elias. American inventor. Invented the sewing machine. Born, 1819; died, 1867.

Howe, Julia Ward. American author and editor. Advocate of Woman's Suffrage. Made famous by her *Battle Hymn of the Republic.* Born, 1819.

Howells, William Dean. American novelist. *A Chance Acquaintance, A Foregone Conclusion, A Modern Instance, An Indian Summer,* are among his more popular works. Born, 1837.

Hugo, Victor. French poet, dramatist, and novelist. *Les Miserables; Notre Dame.* Born, 1802; died, 1885.

Humboldt, F. H. Alexander von. German naturalist. *Cosmos, an Essay of a Physical Description of the Universe,* etc. Born, 1769; died, 1859.

Humbert I. King of Italy. Succeeded to the throne in 1878; assassinated by an anarchist in 1900. Born, 1844; died, 1900.

Hume, David. Scottish philosopher and historian. *History of England, Enquiry into the Principles of Human Nature.* Born, 1711; died, 1776.

Huss, John. Bohemian reformer. *On the Church.* Was burned at the stake. Born, 1376; died, 1415.

Ibsen, Henrik. Norwegian dramatist. Famous for his plays on sociological subjects. *A Doll's House, The Master Builder,* etc. Born, 1828.

Ingelow, Jean. English poet and novelist. *Tales of Orris, A Story of Doom and other Poems.* Born, 1830; died, 1897.

Innocent III. One of the greatest of the Popes. Elected Pope in 1198; put France under the ban, 1199, because Philip Augustus repudiated his queen; Innocent compelled him to take her

back. He organized the fourth Crusade, which resulted in the capture of Constantinople; in 1214 he crushed the Albigensians. Born, 1161; died, 1216.

Irving, Sir Henry (John Henry Brodribb). English actor in Shakesperean and modern roles; knighted in 1895. Born, 1838.

Irving, Washington. American author. Minister to Spain, 1842. *History of New York, The Conquest of Granada, Life of Washington, Columbus, The Sketch Book.* Born, 1783; died, 1859.

Isabella. "The Catholic" Queen of Castile. Patroness of Christopher Columbus. Born, 1451; died, 1504.

Ito, Hirobumi, Marquis. Japanese statesman. Premier of Japan; Admiral of Japanese fleet and gained great victory over China, Sept, 1895, off the Yalu River; Prime Minister again, 1900; resigned, 1901. Born, 1840.

Jackson, Andrew. American President and general. Born in North Carolina; began to practice law at Nashville, Tenn., 1788; M. C., 1796; Senator, 1797; Judge Tennessee Supreme Court, 1798–1804; defeated Creek Indians, 1814; won battle of New Orleans, 1815; in Seminole War, 1817–18; Senator, 1823; President, 1829–37. Born, 1767; died, 1845.

Jackson, Thomas J. ("Stonewall.") American Confederate general. Captured Harper's Ferry taking 11,000 prisoners; defeated Banks; accidentally killed by his own soldiers. Born, 1826; died, 1863.

James, Henry. American novelist. *The American, Daisy Miller, Portrait of a Lady,* etc. Born, 1843.

James I. of England and VI. of Scotland. Son of Mary Queen of Scots. Succeeded Elizabeth to the throne of England 1603. Translation of Bible made under his direction, and known as King James' Version. Born, 1566; died, 1625.

Jay, John. American jurist, diplomatist, and statesman. Negotiated treaty with England. Born, 1754; died, 1829.

Jefferson, Joseph. American actor. Great as *Rip Van Winkle.* Born, 1829.

Jefferson, Thomas. American statesman and President. Born in Virginia, studied law; member Virginia House of Burgesses; in Continental Congress, 1775; drew up Declaration of Independence, 1776; Governor of Virginia, 1779–81; Resident Minister at Paris, 1785–89; Secretary of State, 1789–93; Vice-President, 1797–1801; President, 1801–9. Born, 1743; died, 1826.

Jeffrey, Francis, Lord. Scotch judge and critic. Editor of the *Edinburgh Review.* Born, 1773; died, 1850.

Jeanne D'Arc (The Maid of Orleans). A peasant girl in Lorraine; believing herself inspired by Heaven to raise the siege of Orleans and crown Charles at Rheims, she set out to the king in 1429, was given a command, raised the siege of Orleans in one week, won the battles of Jargeau and Patay, and Charles was crowned at Rheims. Taken in a skirmish by the Burgundians, she was delivered to the English and burned as a sorceress. Born, 1411; died, 1431.

John. King of England. Granter of Magna Charta. Born, 1166; died, 1216.

John III. (John Sobieski.) King of Poland. Expelled the Turks from Austria and Poland. Born, 1629; died, 1696.

Johnson, Andrew. American President. In Congress, 1843–53; Governor of Tennessee, 1853–7; U. S. Senator, 1857; Military Governor of Tennessee, 1862; elected Vice-President, 1864; President on death of Lincoln, April 15, 1865; impeached, but acquitted, 1868; subsequently re-elected to the Senate. Born, 1808; died, 1875.

Johnson, Samuel. English poet, critic, and scholar. Born in Lichfield; educated at Oxford; published *London, Life of Richard Savage, Vanity of Human Wishes, Dictionary, Rasselas, Lives of the Poets.* Born, 1709; died, 1784.

Johnston, Albert Sydney. American Confederate general. Attacked Grant at Shiloh, and was killed. Born, 1803; died, 1862.

Johnston, Joseph E. American general. Served with distinction in Mexico. In 1861, joined Confederate army, in which he distinguished himself. Born, 1807; died, 1891.

Jones, John Paul. American Revolutionary naval officer. Naval victories over British. Born, 1747; died, 1792.

Jonson, Ben. English poet and dramatist, bricklayer and soldier. *Every Man in his Humor, Volpone, The Alchemist, The Silent Woman, Sejanus; Masques.* Born, 1574; died, 1637.

Josephine. Widow of Alexander de Beauharnais. Wife of Napoleon I.; Empress of France; divorced. Born, 1763; died, 1814.

Josephus, Flavius. Jewish historian. *History of the Jews.* Born, 35; died, 100.

Joubert, Petrus Jacobus. A Boer soldier. Defeated the English in 1881 and Dr. Jameson in 1896; prominent in Boer-English war. Born, 1831; died, 1900.

Julian. "The Apostate." Roman emperor. Restored Pagan worship. Born, 331; died, 363.

Juvenal (Decimus Junius Juvenalis). Latin satirist. *Satires.* Born, 40; died, 125.

Kane, Elisha K. American Arctic explorer. *Arctic Explorations.* Born, 1820; died, 1857.

Kant, Immanuel. German philosopher. *Critique of Pure Reason.* In his *Universal Natural History and Theory of the Universe* he anticipated the discovery of Uranus. Another of his important works is the *Critique of Practical Reason.* It was his aim to determine the laws and limits of human reason and of the human intellect in relation to the objects of human knowledge. Born, 1724; died, 1804.

Kean, Edward. English actor. Among his greatest parts were *Shylock, Richard III., Othello, Iago, King Lear.* Born, 1787; died, 1833.

Keats, John. English poet. Born in London; apprenticed to a surgeon; died at Rome. *Endymion, Hyperion, The Eve of St. Agnes.* Born, 1795; died, 1821.

Kelvin, William Thomson, Lord. Scotch physicist. Famous for his discoveries in electric and dynamic

science, and researches on wave-motion and the ether. Created Lord Kelvin in 1892. Born, 1824.

Kempis, Thomas à. German ascetic writer. *Imitatio Christi.* Born, 1380; died, 1471.

Kepler, John. German astronomer. Discovered the mathematical laws of the solar system. Born, 1571; died, 1630.

Key, Francis Scott. American song-writer. *Star-Spangled Banner.* Born, 1799; died, 1843.

Kingsley, Charles. English divine and novelist. *Hypatia, Westward Ho, Hereward.* Born, 1819; died, 1875.

Kingsley, Henry. English novelist. *Ravenshoe.* Born, 1830; died, 1876.

Kipling, Rudyard. Story-teller and poet. Born in Bombay, and educated in England. His *Soldiers Three*, and other stories, gained for him an immediate and wide reputation. As a poet, his most successful effort is his *Barrack-Room Ballads.* Born, 1865.

Kitchener, Lord Horatio Herbert. English soldier. Hero of Soudan Campaign in 1898. Boer War 1899 and 1900. Born, 1850.

Knox, John. Scotch Reformer. Fierce anti-Catholic. *The First Blast of the Trumpet.* Born, 1505; died, 1572.

Koch, Robert. German bacteriologist. Born at Klausthal, in Hanover; famous for his researches in bacteriology; discovered sundry bacilli, among others the cholera bacillus and the phthisis bacillus, and a specific against it. Born, 1843.

Kosciusko, Thaddeus. Polish patriot and general. Commander of the Polish insurgent army; defeated at Warsaw, which he bravely defended. Born, 1745; died, 1817.

Kossuth, Louis. Hungarian orator and patriot. Leading spirit in the insurrection of 1848-49; effected many important reforms. Born, 1802; died, 1894.

Kropotkine, Prince Peter. Russian Nihilist. Arrested in Russia and escaped; imprisoned in France. Wrote *Paroles d'un Revolte, In Russian and French Prisons.* Born, 1842.

Kruger, Stephanus Johannes Paul. President of the South African Republic after 1883. Declared war against England in 1899. Went for aid to Europe in 1900. Born, 1825.

La Fayette, Marie J. P. R. P. Gilbert Motier, Marquis de. Joined American army as major-general, 1777; commanded advance guard of Washington at Yorktown; commander of French national guard, 1789; revisited America, 1824; took part in revolution of 1830. Born, 1757; died, 1834.

Lamarck, Jean Baptiste de. French naturalist. Famous for his theory of animal evolution. *Philosophie Zoologique.* Born, 1744; died, 1829.

Lamb, Charles. English author and humorist. *Essays of Elia; Essays on Tragedies of Shakespeare,* etc. Born, 1775; died, 1834.

Landseer, Sir Edwin. English painter. *The Old Shepherd's Chief Mourner.* Born, 1802; died, 1873.

Laplace, Pierre Simon, Marquis of. Great French mathematician and astronomer. Discovered the theory of Jupiter's satellites and the causes of the acceleration of the moon's mean motion, and of the inequality of Jupiter and Saturn. His *Exposition of the System of the universe* is a popular form of his great work *La Mecanique Celeste.* He was one of the greatest mathematicians and astronomers. Born, 1749; died, 1827.

Latimer, Hugh, Bishop of Worcester. English reformer. Burned. Born, 1480; died, 1555.

Laurier, Sir Wilfred. Canadian Premier after 1896. The First French Canadian to attain the honor. Elected in 1871 as a Liberal to the Quebec Provincial Assembly; in 1874 to the Federal Assembly. He stood first among the Colonial representatives at Queen Victoria's Diamond Jubilee in 1897. Born, 1841.

Law, John. Scotch financier in France. Promoter of the "South Sea Bubble." Born, 1671; died, 1729.

Lawrence, James. American naval commander. Commander of the *Chesapeake;* killed fighting the British *Shannon.* "Don't give up the ship." Born, 1781; died, 1813.

Layard, Sir Henry Austin. Assyrian excavator. He made wonderful discoveries at the site of Nineveh, and wrote *Nineveh and its Remains,* etc. Born, 1817; died, 1894.

Lecky, William Edward Hartpole. English historian. *Rationalism in Europe, European Morals, England in the 18th Century.* Born, 1838.

Lebrun, Charles. French painter. *The Family of Darius.* Born, 1619; died, 1690.

Lebrun, Charles Francois, Duke of Placentia. French politician. Third consul; Governor-General of Holland. Born, 1739; died, 1824.

Lee, Arthur. American statesman and diplomatist. Member of Congress; Minister to France. Born, 1740; died, 1792.

Lee, Fitzhugh. American general, Confederate soldier, Consul-General to Cuba. Commanded a division in Cuba during reconstruction. Born, 1835.

Lee, Francis Lightfoot. American Revolutionary patriot. Member Congress; signed Declaration of Independence. Born, 1734; died, 1797.

Lee, Henry. American Revolutionary soldier. "Light Horse Harry." Served under Greene; Governor of Virginia. Born, 1756; died, 1818.

Lee, Richard Henry. American Revolutionary statesman. Signed Declaration of Independence; President of Congress; U. S. Senator. Born, 1732; died, 1794.

Lee, Robert Edward. American Confederate general. Commander-in-chief of Confederate army. Born, 1807; died, 1876.

Leibnitz, Godfrey William, Baron. German mathematician and philosopher. In 1676 he discovered the infinitesimal calculus, about which he had a bitter dispute with Newton. In his treatise *Protogœa* (1693) he anticipated many of the discoveries of modern geology. In his *New Essay on the Human Understanding* he opposes Locke. Born, 1646; died, 1716.

Leicester, Robert Dudley, Earl of. Favorite of Queen Elizabeth; commander of the English contingent in the Netherlands. Born, 1532; died, 1588.

Lely, Sir Peter. German portrait painter in England. Painter to Charles II. Born, 1617; died, 1680.

Leonidas. King of Sparta. Leader of the Three Hundred at Thermopylæ. Born, B. C. —; died, 480.

Leopold, I. Surnamed *The Great.* Emperor of Germany; waged fierce wars with the Turks for a long period of years, beginning in 1664. His last great battles were in Italy, and his troops played an important part in the decisive battle of Blenheim, 1704. Born, 1640; died, 1705.

Le Sage, Alain Rene. French novelist. *Gil Blas.* Born, 1668; died, 1747.

Lessing, Gotthold Ephraim. German critic and poet. *Laocoon; Nathan the Wise.* Born, 1729; died, 1781.

Lever, Charles. Irish novelist. *Charles O'Malley, Harry Lorrequer.* Born, 1806; died, 1872.

Li Hung-Chang. Chinese statesman. He aided Gordon in suppressing the Taiping rebellion; made governor-general of Chang, 1864; of Chi-li, 1872; founded the Chinese navy; commander-in-chief in the war with Japan, 1894; made treaty of peace; visited Europe and America 1896; selected to deal with the western powers after the Boxer outbreak of 1900. Born, 1828.

Lincoln, Abraham. President of the United States, 1861–1865. Born in Kentucky; afterwards removed to Illinois; captain in Black Hawk War; admitted to Illinois bar, 1836; Whig M. C., 1846; unsuccessful candidate for Senator against Douglas, 1856; elected President, 1860; re-elected, 1864; assassinated by J. Wilkes Booth, April 14, 1865; died April 15. Born, 1809; died, 1865.

Lind, Jenny. Celebrated Swedish singer. At 16 years the favorite opera singer of her native land; toured the world with marvelous success. Born, 1821; died, 1887.

Linnæus, Charles von. German botanist. Studied medicine and natural history. *System of Nature, Genera of Plants; Philosophia Botanica, Species Plantarum.* Designated each species of plants by adding single epithet to name of genus. Born, 1707; died, 1778.

Liszt, Franz. Celebrated Hungarian pianist. Born, 1811; died, 1886.

Livingstone, David. African explorer. *Narrative of an Expedition to the Zambesi.* Born, 1817; died, 1873.

Livy. (Titus Livius.) Roman historian. Famous for the rare style of his *History of Rome.* Born, B. C. 59; died, A. D. 17.

Locke, John. English philosopher. *Human Understanding.* Born, 1632; died, 1704.

Longfellow, Henry Wadsworth. American poet. *Hyperion, Ballads and other Poems, The Spanish Student, The Belfry of Bruges, Evangeline, The Golden Legion, Hiawatha, Miles Standish, Tales of a Wayside Inn.* Born, 1807; died, 1882.

Louis XIV. King of France. Son of Louis XIII. and Anne of Austria. Fought England, Austria, Spain, and Belgium, and engaged in the war of the Spanish Succession; was a patron of literature and the arts. Born, 1638; died, 1715.

Louis XVI. King of France. Married Marie Antoinette, 1770; succeeded Louis XV., 1774; imprisoned by the revolutionists; guillotined. Born, 1754; died, 1793.

Louis Philippe. King of France. "The citizen king." Abdicated in 1848. Born, 1773; died, 1850.

Lowell, James Russell. American poet, critic and diplomatist. *The Bigelow Papers, The Vision of Sir Launfal, The Commemoration Ode, Fable for Critics, The Cathedral, Among my Books, My Study Windows.* Minister to Spain and England. Born, 1819; died, 1891.

Loubet, Émile. President of France. He studied the law; was elected deputy in 1876; Senator in 1885; became Premier in 1892; President of the Senate in 1896, and succeeded M. Faure as President of the Republic of France in 1899. Born, 1839.

Loyola, Ignatius. He founded the Society of Jesus, with the object of renovating the Church and converting the infidels; left a devotional work called *Spiritual Exercise.* Born, 1491; died, 1536.

Lubbock, Sir John. English banker and naturalist; member Parliament. *The Origin of Civilization.* Born, 1834.

Lucian. Greek essayist and satirist. Famous for his delightful style and fine humor. *Dialogues of the Dead; True Histories.* Born, 125; died, 180.

Luther, Martin. German reformer. Became a priest in 1507; published (1517) ninety-five propositions against indulgences; burnt the Pope's Bull at Wittenburg. Justification by faith was the central point of his theology. Born, 1483; died, 1546.

Lycurgus. Spartan legislator. Instituted community of property and double executive at Sparta in the 9th century. Born, B. C. 850; died, —.

Lyell, Sir Charles. English geologist. Founded the uniformcan theory of geology. *Principles of Geology.* Born, 1797; died, 1875.

Lyttelton, Sir Thomas. English lawyer and judge. *Tenures.* Born, 1420; died, 1481.

Lytton, Sir Edward G. E. Lytton Bulwer, Baron. English novelist and dramatist. *The Caxtons; Richelieu.* Born, 1805; died, 1873.

Lytton, Lord Edward Robert Bulwer. ("Owen Meredith.") English statesman and novelist. *Lucille.* Born, 1831.

Macaulay, Thomas Babington, Lord. English historian and essayist. *History of England, Essays, Lays of Ancient Rome.* Born, 1809; died, 1859.

Maclaren, Ian (*nom de plume* of Rev. John Watson). Was minister of the Free Church in Logiealmond, and in Glasgow and Liverpool. *Beside the Bonnie Briar Bush,* etc. Born, 1850.

Macdonald, Sir John Alexander. Regarded as Canada's greatest statesman; organizer of the first government of the Dominion and its first Prime Minister. Born, 1815; died, 1891.

MacMaster, John Bach. American historian. Professor American history, University of Pennsyl-

vania. *History of the People of the United States*, etc. Born, 1852.

McCarthy, Justin. An Irish author and statesman. Leader of his party in House in Parliament, 1890 to 1896. *A History of Our Own Times*, *History of the Four Georges*, and a number of popular novels. Born, 1830.

McClellan, George B. American general. Won battle of Antietam in the Civil War. Born, 1826; died, 1885.

McKinley, William. American statesman; served in the Civil War; entered Congress in 1877; passed in 1890 a tariff measure named after him; was elected to the U. S. Presidency as the champion of a sound currency in opposition to Mr. Bryan in November, 1896, and again in November, 1900. Born, 1844; assassinated, 1901.

Madison, James. American President. Member of the Virginia Legislature, of the convention of 1787, and a strenuous advocate of the Constitution; joint author with Hamilton and Jay of the *Federalist;* M. C., 1789–97; Secretary of State, 1801–9; President, 1809–17. Born, 1751; died, 1836.

Magellan, Ferdinand de. Portuguese navigator. Magellan's Straits is named after him. Born, 1470; died, 1521.

Mahan, Alfred Thayer. An American naval officer and writer. *Influence of Sea Power upon History.* Born, 1840.

Mahomet. Arabian prophet. Founder of Mohammedanism. When 40 years of age, receiving a pretended revelation from Allah, he devoted himself to the propagation of a new religion. His faith was rejected at Mecca, but taken up at Medina. He fled from Mecca 622 (The Hegira); was originally a monogamist, and at first asserted liberty of conscience. Born, 570; died, 632.

Mandeville, Sir John. English traveler in the East. Often called the first English prose writer. Born, 1300; died, 1372.

Mann, Horace. American educationist. Member of Congress; President of Antioch College. Anti-slavery advocate. Born, 1796; died, 1859.

Marat, Jean P. French Revolutionist. Assassinated. Born, 1744; died, 1793.

Marconi, Guglielmo. Italian electrician. Discovered a practical system of telegraphing without wires. Born, 1875.

Maria Theresa. Empress of Austria and Queen of Hungary. Her husband, Francis, Duke of Lorraine, was chosen Emperor in 1745, but she was the real power; took part in the Seven Years' War; abolished feudal service. Born, 1717; died, 1780.

Marion, Francis. American general and patriot. Noted for his guerilla warfare against the British during the Revolutionary war. Born, 1732; died, 1795.

Marlborough, John Churchill, Duke of. English commander. Made Earl of Marlborough, 1689; commanded English forces in Low Countries, 1689; deposed for his Jacobite intrigue, 1692; restored, 1696; commander of allied armies in Holland, 1702; won battle of Blenheim, 1704; Ramillies, 1706; Malplaquet, 1709. His wife was the confidante of Queen Anne. In disgrace from 1711 till accession of George I. Born, 1650; died, 1722.

Marlowe, Christopher. English poet and dramatist. Born, 1564; died, 1593.

Marshal, John. Chief Justice of the United States. Captain in the Revolutionary War, at the close of which he began to practice law in Virginia; a member of the Virginia Convention (1788); in 1797, with Pinckney and Gerry, he went on a diplomatic mission to France; elected to Congress in 1799; appointed Secretary of State 1800, and resigned that office to become Chief Justice. Was the greatest judge that ever held the latter office. Born, 1755; died, 1835.

Maartens, Maarten. Dutch novelist. Wrote in English *God's Fool*, *My Lady Nobody*, etc. Born, 1858.

Mary. Queen of England. Married Philip II. of Spain. Persecutor of the Protestants. Born, 1516; died, 1558.

Mary Stuart. Queen of Scots. Daughter of James V. Was invited to the throne of Scotland (1560.) Compelled to take refuge in England, she was finally beheaded by Elizabeth on a charge of conspiracy. Born, 1542; died, 1587.

Mathew, Theobald. "Father Mathew." Irish temperance reformer. Born, 1790; died, 1856.

Mazzini, Guiseppe. Italian patriot. Co-operated with Garibaldi; founder of Young Italy. Born, 1808; died, 1872.

Meade, George G. American general. Won battle of Gettysburg. Born, 1815; died, 1872.

Medici, Catherine de'. Queen of Henry II. of France. Instigated massacre of St. Bartholomew. Born, 1519; died, 1589.

Medici, Lorenzo de'. Grand Duke of Florence. "The Magnificent." Patron of art and literature; adorned Florence. Born, 1448; died, 1492.

Meissonier, Jean Louis Earnest. French painter. Distinguished for his highly finished small works. *The Chess Players; Freedland or 1807.* Born, 1813; died, 1891.

Mendelssohn-Bartholdy, Felix. German composer. Among his most famous works are his *Songs Without Words.* Born, 1809; died, 1847.

Mesmer, Frederick B. Suabian physician. Founder of Mesmerism. Born, 1731; died, 1815.

Meyerbeer, James. German composer. *Romilda e Costanza*, 1818; *Semiramide Riconosciula*, 1819; *Crociato in Egypto*, 1824; *Robert le Diable*, 1831; *Huguenots*, 1836; *L'Etoile du Nord*, 1854. Born, 1791; died, 1864.

Mezzofanti, Guiseppe G., Cardinal. Italian linguist. Born, 1774; died, 1849.

Michael Angelo (Buonarotti). Italian painter, sculptor, and architect. Painted the fresco of the *Last Judgment*, and prophets, sibyls, etc., at the Sistine Chapel. Among his great sculptures are the gigantic marble *David* and *Moses;* was appointed architect of St. Peter's, and formed a model for the dome; wrote sonnets and poems. Born, 1474; died, 1564.

Miles, Nelson A. American General-in-chief of the United States army in Spanish War. Received surrender of Porto Rico. Won fame in Civil War. Captured Jefferson Davis. Born, 1839.

Mill, John Stuart. English political economist and philosopher. *Logic, Political Economy, Examination of Sir W. Hamilton's Philosophy.* Born, 1806; died, 1873.

Millais, Sir John E. English painter. *Return of the Dove to the Ark.* Born, 1829; died, 1896.

Miller, Hugh. Scotch geologist. *Old Red Sandstone.* Born, 1802; died, 1856.

Miltiades. Athenian general. Commander at Marathon. Flourished 500 B. C.

Milton, John. English poet. *Paradise Lost.* Wrote many prose, political and controversial works. His sonnets are among the best in the language. His other works are *Comus, L'Allegro, Il Penseroso, Samson Agonistes, Paradise Regained, Lycidas.* Born, 1608; died, 1674.

Mirabeau, Gabriel H. de Riquetti, Count of. French orator and revolutionist. Entered army, 1767; imprisoned by his father at various times for intrigues and debts; president of National Convention, 1791. Born, 1749; died, 1791.

Mitchell, Donald G. ("Ik. Marvel.") American author. *My Farm at Edgewood; Reveries of a Bachelor.* Born, 1822.

Mithridates. "The Great." King of Pontus. With Tigranes of Armenia he fought the Romans for many years. Born, B. C. 130; died, 63.

Moltke, Hillmuth, Count von. German general. Conqueror in the Franco-Prussian war. Born, 1800; died, 1891.

Monroe, James. American President. Captain in Revolutionary War; studied law with Jefferson; delegate to Congress, 1783; opponent of Constitution; Senator, 1790; Minister to France, 1794–6; Governor of Virginia, 1799–1802; Envoy-Extraordinary to France, 1802; Minister to England, 1803; Governor of Virginia, 1811; Secretary of State, 1811–17; President, 1817–25. Born, 1758; died, 1831.

Montcalm, Louis J. de St. Véran, Marquis of. French commander in Canada. Killed on Abraham's Heights, in the battle with Wolfe. Born, 1712; died, 1759.

Montesquieu, Charles de Secondat, Baron de. French author. *Spirit of the Laws.* Born, 1689; died, 1755.

Montezuma II. Last Emperor of Mexico. Mortally wounded while attempting to quell insurrection of his subjects against Cortez. Born, 1470; died, 1520.

Moody, Dwight Lyman. Evangelist. Associated with Mr. Sankey; visited Great Britain in 1873 and 1883. Born, 1837; died, 1900.

Moore, Thomas. Irish poet. *Lalla Rookh, Irish Melodies, The Epicurean, Life of Sheridan, Life of Lord Byron.* Born 1779; died, 1852.

More, Sir Thomas. English statesman and author. Lord Chancellor; became favorite of Henry VIII.; published *Utopia,* 1516; speaker of House of Commons, 1523; Lord Chancellor, 1532; refused to acknowledge the validity of Henry's marriage to Anne Boleyn. Born, 1480; died, 1535.

Morris, Gouverneur. American Revolutionary statesman and orator. Minister to France; United States Senator; promoter of Erie Canal. Born, 1754; died, 1816.

Morris, Robert. American financier and statesman. Aided the Government with funds in the Revolution; Superintendent of Finances, 1781–4; imprisoned for debt. Born, 1734; died, 1800.

Morris, William. English poet and artistic designer of household decorations. *The Earthly Paradise, News from Nowhere,* etc. Born, 1834; died, 1896.

Morse, Samuel Finley Breese. American inventor of telegraph. Constructed small recording electric telegraph in 1835; constructed telegraph line from Washington to Baltimore, and brought telegraph into successful operation in 1846. Born, 1794; died, 1872.

Motley, John Lothrop. American historian and diplomatist. Minister to England and Aus ria. *The Rise of the Dutch Republic.* Born, 1814; Died, 1877.

Mozart, Johann. German composer. *The Marriage of Figaro, Don Giovanni, The Magic Flute.* His latest work, the *Requiem,* is his most sublime. Born, 1756; died, 1791.

Muller, F. Max. German philologist in England. *Chips from a German Workshop.* Born, 1833; died, 1900.

Murat, Joachim. French Marshal and King of Naples. Dashing cavalry leader. Born, 1770; died, 1815.

Murillo, Bartholomew Stephen. Spanish painter. His virgin saints and his beggar boys are famous. Among his great works are *St. Elizabeth of Hungary, The Prodigal Son, The Young Beggar, Moses Striking the Rock, St. Anthony of Padua,* and the *Marriage of St. Catherine.* Born, 1618; died, 1682.

Nansen, Fridtiof. Norwegian Arctic discoverer. Made his first journey across Greenland in 1888; set out in 1893 in the *Fram,* to drift to the pole; reached in 1895 86° 14′ north latitude, the highest then attained. Wintered in Franz Joseph Land; rescued in 1896. *The First Crossing of Greenland, Farthest North.* Born, 1861.

Nelson, Horatio, Viscount. English naval commander. Went to sea at thirteen; post captain, 1779; rear admiral, 1797; won battle of the Nile, 1798; second in command at Copenhagen, 1801, (but really won the fight); in 1805, with twenty-seven sail of the line and four frigates, defeated combined French and Spanish fleets at Trafalgar, where he was mortally wounded. Born, 1758; died, 1805.

Nero. Roman Emperor (54–68). Put his mother to death; persecuted Christians; said to have burned Rome. Born, 37; died, 68.

Newcomb, Simon. American astronomer. Conducted the American *Nautical Almanac.* Wrote much on astronomy. Born, 1835.

Newman, John Henry, Cardinal. English Catholic theologian. Born, 1801; died, 1840.

Newton, Sir Isaac. English mathematician and philosopher. His great work, the *Principia,* appeared in 1687. In this he shows that every particle of matter is attracted by every other particle with a force inversely proportional to the squares of the distances. Born, 1642; died, 172[illegible]

Ney, Michael. "The Bravest of the Brave." One of Napoleon's marshals. Led Guard at Waterloo; shot by order of Louis XVII. Born, 1769; died, 1815.

Nicholas I. Czar of Russia. Warred with Turkey and Persia; put down Polish insurrection; engaged in Crimean War. Born, 1796; died, 1855.

Nicholas II. Czar of Russia. Son of Alexander III., and his successor in November, 1894. Married Princess Alice, granddaughter of Queen Victoria. Born, 1868.

Nightingale, Florence. English philanthropist. *Notes on Nursing.* Born, 1820.

Nobel, Alfred. Danish manufacturer. Discovered how to make dynamite. Left $10,000,000, most of it to go for annual prizes for important scientific discoveries, best literature, and best work in the cause of humanity. Born, 1833; died, 1896.

Nordenskjöld, Baron Nils Adolf Erik. Swedish explorer. In 1878–79 he made the first voyage from the Atlantic to the Pacific, north of Asia. *Voyage of the Vega.* Born, 1832.

Oates, Titus. English informer; inventor of the "Popish Plot." Born, 1620; died, 1705.

O'Connell, Daniel. Irish orator and agitator; advocate of Catholic Emancipation, and the repeal of the union. Born, 1775; died, 1847.

Oersted, Hans C. Danish scientist; founder of the science of electro-magnetism. Born, 1775; died, 1851.

Oglethorpe, James. British general; colonizer of Georgia. Born, 1688; died, 1785.

Ohm, George Simon. German physicist. Discovered the mathematical theory of the electric current, known as Ohm's Law. Born, 1787; died, 1854.

Oliphant, Margaret. Authoress. She wrote on history, biography, and criticism; *The Makers of Florence, of Venice, of Modern Rome; Lives of Dante, Cervantes, and Edward Irving.* Born, 1828; died, 1897.

Origen. Greek Father of the Church. *Hexapla.* Held universal restoration of the dead. Born, 185; died, 253.

Otis, Harrison Gray. American statesman and orator. A Federalist leader in Congress. Born, 1765; died, 1848.

Otis, James. American Revolutionary statesman and orator. Argued against writs of assistance; led popular party. Born, 1726; died, 1783.

Outram, Sir James. English general in India. Led expedition against Persia, 1836. Born, 1802; died, 1863.

Ovid, (Publius Ovidius Naso). Roman poet. *Metamorphoses.* Born, B.C. 43; died, A. D. 18.

Paderewski, Ignace Jan. Celebrated pianist. Born at Podolia, in Russian Poland; master of his art by incessant practice from early childhood; twice visited the United States; a brilliant composer as well as performer. Born, 1860.

Paganini, Niccolo. Italian violinist; celebrated for his performances on a single string. Born, 1784; died, 1840.

Paine, Robert Treat. American lawyer and statesman. Signed Declaration of Independence. Born 1731; died, 1814.

Paine, Thomas. American (English born) deist and political writer. *The Age of Reason, Common Sense.* Born, 1737; died, 1809.

Paley, William. English divine and theologian. *Evidences.* Born, 1743; died, 1805.

Palissy, Bernard. French potter. Discovered the art of enamelling stoneware. *Treatise on the Origin of Fountains.* Born, 1510; died, 1596.

Palmerston, Henry John Temple, 3d Viscount. English statesman; Minister of Foreign Affairs; long Prime Minister. Born, 1784; died, 1865.

Park, Mungo. Scotch traveler in Africa. *Travels in the Interior of Africa.* Born, 1771; died, 1805.

Parker, Theodore. American theologian and reformer. *Transient and Permanent in Christianity.* Born, 1810; died, 1860.

Parkman, Francis. American historian. *Conspiracy of Pontiac, A Half Century of Conflict,* etc. Born, 1823; died, 1893.

Parnell, Charles Stewart. Irish politician and agitator; M. P.; head of the Land League movement. Born, 1847; died, 1891.

Parr, Catherine. Last Queen of Henry VIII. of England, whom she succeeded in surviving. Born, 1509; died, 1548.

Parton, James. Noted American biographer. Married sister of N. P. Willis, who, as "Fannie Fern," wrote many children's books. Born, 1822; died, 1891.

Pascal, Blaise. Illustrious French thinker and writer. Was distinguished at once as a mathematician, a physicist, and a philosopher. Born, 1623; died, 1662.

Pasteur, Louis. French bacteriologist. He discovered the origin of fermentation, the silk-worm disease, splenic fever, etc., to be due to micro-organisms, and founded the germ theory of disease. Born, 1822; died, 1895.

Patrick, Saint. Apostle of Ireland. Born in Scotland. One of the first to preach Christianity in Ireland. Born, 372; died, 463.

Paul, Saint, of Tarsus. Apostle of the Gentiles. Born, —; died, 65.

Payne, John Howard. American dramatist and poet. *Home, Sweet Home.* Born, 1792; died, 1852.

Peabody, George. American banker in London; philanthropist. Founder of homes for workingmen in London, of museums, etc. Patron of education. Born, 1795; died, 1869.

Peary, Robert. American Arctic discoverer. He made three journeys to the far North; crossed northern Greenland in 1891 and 1894, and was in the polar regions in 1901. Born, 1856.

Peel, Sir Robert. English statesman and Prime Minister. Repealed the Corn Laws. Born, 1788; died, 1850.

Penn, William. Founder of Pennsylvania. The son of Admiral Penn, born in London; was converted to Quakerism while a student at Oxford. His father's death brought him a fortune and a claim upon the Crown, which he commuted for a grant of land in North America, where he founded

(1682) Pennsylvania. Here he established a refuge for all persecuted religionists, and, laying out Philadelphia as the capital, governed his colony wisely and generously for two years. He returned to England, where his friendship with James II. brought many advantages to the Quakers, but laid him under harassing and undeserved prosecutions for treason in the succeeding reign. The closing years of his life were clouded by mental decay. Born, 1644; died, 1718.

Pericles. Athenian orator and statesman. Came forward as a leader of the democracy 470 B. C. He secured the ostracism of Cimon, and after that event, and the ostracism of Thucydides, was the first man in Athens. He greatly increased the influence of Athens, which he adorned with noble public works. Born, B. C. —; died, 429.

Perry, Matthew C. American commodore. Chief of expedition to Japan. Born, 1795; died, 1858.

Perry, Oliver H. American naval commander. Won battle of Lake Erie. Born, 1785; died, 1820.

Pestalozzi, Giovanni H. Swiss educator. *Leinhard und Gertrude.* Born, 1746; died, 1827.

Peter the Hermit. Preacher of the First Crusade. Born, 1050; died, 1115.

Peter I. ("The Great.") Czar of Russia. Visited Western Europe in 1697; was for a time a ship-carpenter in Holland, and spent eight months in England; on his return to Russia, he reorganized the army and navy, founded schools, and took measures to increase Russian commerce; he made an alliance with Poland and Denmark, (1701) against Charles XII., whom he defeated at Pultowa (1709); founded St. Petersburg (1703). Born, 1672; died, 1725.

Petrarch, Francis. (Francesco Petrarca.) Italian poet and scholar. *Sonnets.* Born, 1304; died, 1374.

Phidias. Greatest of Greek sculptors. His masterpieces were the colossal ivory-and-gold statues (forty feet high) of Minerva at the Parthenon, and of Zeus at Olympia in Elis; the latter being counted one of the wonders of the world. Born, B. C. 490; died, 432.

Philip II. King of Macedonia. Father of Alexander the Great. Assassinated. Born, B. C. 382; died, 335.

Philip II. ("Augustus.") King of France. Annexed Normandy, Anjou, Lorraine; won battle of Bouvines. Born, 1165; died, 1223.

Philip IV. ("The Fair.") King of France. Suppressed the Templars; imprisoned Pope Boniface III. Born, 1268; died, 1314.

Philip II. King of Spain. Son of Charles V. Caused revolt in Netherlands; despatched Armada against England. Born, 1527; died, 1598.

Phillips, Wendell. American orator, Abolitionist. *Speech in Faneuil Hall,* 1836. Born, 1811; died, 1884.

Pierce, Franklin. American President. Born in New Hampshire; studied law; Democratic member Congress, 1832–37; U. S. Senator, 1837–42; brigadier-general in Mexican War; President, 1853–57; opposed coercion of seceding States. Born, 1804; died, 1869.

Pindar. Lyric poet of Thebes. *Odes.* Born, B. C. 518; died, 442.

Pisistratus. Tyrant of Athens. Patron of learning. Said to have had *Iliad and Odyssey* reduced to writing for the first time. Born, B. C. 612; died, 527.

Pitt, William. English statesman and orator; the second son of Lord Chatham. Entered Parliament in 1781; Chancellor of the Exchequer, 1782; First Lord of the Treasury, and Prime Minister, 1783; resigned in 1801, but took office again in 1804; was the head and front of the great coalition against Bonaparte. Born, 1759; died, 1806.

Pius IX. (Giovanni Maria Mastai Ferretti). Pope. Dogmas of Immaculate Conception and Papal Infallibility promulgated during his incumbency; temporal power lost 1870. Born, 1792; died, 1878.

Pizarro, Francis. Spanish conqueror of Peru. Born, 1475; died, 1541.

Plato. Greek philosopher and writer. Among his works are *The Republic, Phædo, Gorgias, Crito,* and *Apology for Socrates.* Born, B. C. 428; died, 347.

Pliny, The Elder. Roman savant and writer. *Natural History.* Born, 23; died, 79.

Pliny, The Younger. Roman writer and statesman. *Panegyric on Trajan.* Born, 61; died, 106.

Plutarch, Greek biographer. *Lives.* Born, 45; died, 120.

Poe, Edgar Allen. American poet. *The Raven.* Born, 1811; died, 1849.

Polk, James K. American President. Born in North Carolina; removed to Tennessee, 1806; studied law; member of Congress, 1825; elected speaker, 1835 and 1837; governor of Tennessee, 1839–41; Democratic President, 1845–49; prosecuted Mexican War. Born, 1795; died, 1849.

Polk, Leonidas, Bishop. American Confederate general and Episcopal prelate. Conspicuous at Shiloh and Stone River. Born, 1806; died, 1864.

Polo, Marco. Venetian traveler in the East. *The Book of Marco Polo.* Born, 1256; died, 1333.

Pompey (Cnæus Pompeius). Roman general and statesman. Conqueror of Spain and victor over Mithridates; leader of aristocracy; rival of Cæsar; defeated at Pharsalia. Born, B. C. 106; died, 48.

Ponce de Leon, Juan. Spanish discoverer of Florida. Born, 1460; died, 1521.

Pope, Alexander. English poet. *Pastorals, Essay on Criticism, Essay on Man,* etc. Born, 1688; died, 1744.

Porter, David. American naval officer. Commander of the *Essex.* Born, 1780; died, 1843.

Porter, David D. American naval officer. Admiral; bombarded Fort Fisher. *History of the Navy in the Rebellion.* Born, 1813; died, 1887.

Porter, Noah. American philosophical writer. President of Yale. *Human Intellect.* Born, 1811.

Prescott, William Hickling. American historian. *Ferdinand and Isabella,* etc. Born, 1796; died, 1859.

Ptolemy I. ("Soter.") King of Egypt. Founder of the dynasty of Greek sovereigns in Egypt; patron of literature. Born, B. C. 367; died, 282.

Ptolemy II. ("Philadelphus"). King of Egypt.

Founder of Alexandrian Library; Theocritus, Euclid, Aratus lived at his court. Born, B. C. 309; died, 247.

Ptolemy, Claudius. Greek mathematician and geographer. *Almagest.* Lived from about 100 to 160.

Pulaski, Count. Polish general in the American Revolution. Leader of "Pulaski's Legion;" killed at siege of Savannah. Born, 1747; died, 1779.

Putnam, Israel. General in the American Revolution. Conspicuous at Bunker Hill. Born, 1718; died, 1790.

Pyrrhus. King of Epirus. Defeated the Romans; conquered Macedonia; one of the greatest generals of antiquity. Born, B. C. 318; died, 272.

Pythagoras. Greek philosopher and writer. Taught doctrine of transmigration of souls. Born, B. C. 570; died, 510.

Quincy, Josiah. American statesman and author. Federalist member of Congress. *History of Harvard University.* Born, 1772; died, 1864.

Quincy, Josiah, Jr. American Revolutionary patriot and orator. *Observations on the Boston Port Bill.* Born, 1744; died, 1775.

Rabelais, Francois. French satirist and scholar. Joined Franciscans, but left the order. His great work is *The Pleasant Story of the Giant Gargantua and his Son Pantagruel.* Born, 1495; died, 1553.

Racine, Louis. French dramatist. Among his best works are the comedy *Les Pladeurs* (The Litigants), and the tragedies *Britannicus, Iphigenie, Phidre,* and *Athalie.* Born, 1639; died, 1699.

Raleigh, Sir Walter. English courtier, statesman, and author. *History of the World.* A favorite of Queen Elizabeth; executed by James I. Born, 1552; died, 1618.

Randolph, John, of Roanoke. American politician. Member of Congress; Minister to Russia; opposed Missouri Compromise; caustic wit. Born, 1773; died, 1833.

Raphael, (Raffaele Sanzio) of Urbino. Italian painter. *Sistine Madonna.* Among his other works are the frescoes called *The School of Athens, The Transfiguration, The Marriage of the Virgin, Galatea,* and the cartoons (designs for tapestry of the Pope's Chapel). Born, 1483; died, 1520.

Read, Thomas Buchanan. American poet and artist. *The Wagoner of the Alleghanies.* Born, 1822; died, 1872.

Reed, Thomas B. Distinguished American Congressman and Speaker of the House. A public speaker of note. Born, 1839.

Renan, J. Ernest. French Orientalist and author. *Life of Jesus.* Born, 1823; died, 1892.

Revere, Paul. American Revolutionary patriot. Carried to Concord news of impending attack of Gage. Born, 1735; died, 1818.

Reynolds, Sir Joshua. English painter. *Mrs. Siddons as the Tragic Muse.* Born, 1723; died, 1792.

Rhodes, Cecil John. English adventurer. He became chief owner of the South African diamond mines; Prime Minister of Cape Colony in 1890; and chief settler of "Rhodesia." Was accused of fomenting the war with the Transvaal; projected a railroad from Cape Town to Cairo. Born, 1853.

Richard I. (Cœur de Lion.) King of England. Conquered Acre; defeated Saladin. Born, 1157; died, 1199.

Richard III. King of England. Put Edward V. to death and usurped his crown; killed at Bosworth. Born, 1452; died, 1485.

Richardson, Samuel. English novelist. *Clarissa Harlowe, Sir Charles Grandison, Pamela.* Born, 1689; died, 1761.

Richelieu, Armand Jean Duplessis, Cardinal. French statesman. Made Cardinal, 1622; Prime Minister, 1624; secured exile of his foe, Marie de Medicis, 1630; reduced the Huguenots and captured Rochelle; supported German Protestants against Austria; founded French Academy (1635); added Alsace, Lorraine, and Roussillon to France. Born, 1585; died, 1642.

Richter, John Paul Frederich (Jean Paul). German novelist. *Thorn, Fruit, and Flower Pieces.* Born, 1763; died, 1825.

Rienzi, Nicolo Gabrini. Italian patriot and enthusiast. Tribune; for a short time ruler of Rome: "the friend of Petrarch, hope of Italy." Born, 1313; died, 1354.

Roberts, Lord Frederick. The hero of Kandahar (1880). Commander-in-chief of British forces in Boer War, South Africa, 1899–1900. Succeeded Lord Wolseley as commander-in-chief, and was made an earl. Born, 1832.

Robert I. (Bruce.) King of Scotland. Conquered Scotland from the English. Born, 1276; died, 1329.

Robespierre, Francois J. M. French Revolutionist. Leader of the extreme radicals; ruler during the Reign of Terror; guillotined. Born, 1759; died, 1794.

Rosebery, Archibald Philip Primrose, Earl of. English statesman; Prime Minister, 1894–1895. Born, 1847.

Roentgen, William Konrad von. German physicist. He discovered in 1895 the X-rays or Roentgen-rays. Born, 1845.

Rockefeller, John D. American capitalist; President Standard Oil Company. A man of immense wealth; gave largely to Chicago University. Born, 1840.

Roland, Madame Manon J. P. French Republican and writer. *Memoirs.* Guillotined. Born, 1754; died, 1793.

Roosevelt, Theodore. Vice-President of the United States with McKinley. Graduated Harvard, 1880; entered New York Legislature, 1882; appointed head of Civil Service Commission by President Harrison, 1889, and again by Cleveland, 1893; Commissioner of Police in New York, 1895; Assistant Secretary of Navy, 1897; Hero "Rough Riders" Spanish War, 1898; Governor of New York, 1899; elected Vice-President, 1900. Born, 1858. Succeeded to the Presidency, Sept. 14, 1901.

Rothschild, Meyer Amschel. Famous banker.

The founder of the Rothschild house, born at Frankfort-on-the-Main, a Jew by birth; began his career as a money lender and made a large fortune. Born, 1743; died, 1812.

Rubens, Peter Paul. Dutch painter. *Descent from the Cross, Last Judgment, Battle of the Amazons, Judgment of Paris, Rape of the Sabines.* Born, 1577; died, 1646.

Ruskin, John. English art critic. *Modern Painters.* Born, 1819; died, 1900.

Salisbury, Robert Arthur Talbot Gascoigne Cecil, Marquis of. English statesman. Entered the House of Lords as Lord Salisbury in 1867; became Secretary for Foreign Affairs in 1881, and, on the death of Beaconsfield, leader of the Conservative party; he was three times raised to the Premiership, the last time on Lord Rosebery's retirement in 1896. Born, 1830.

Sampson, William T. American Rear Admiral. Commanded United States fleets Atlantic squadron, during Spanish War. Born 1840. D. 1902.

Savonarola, Girolamo. Italian reformer. A Dominican monk and preacher; denounced the corruptions of the Church; deserted by his followers; put to death. Born, 1452; died, 1498.

Schiller, John C. F. von. German dramatist and poet. Studied law and medicine, but finally followed his own inclination to literature. *The Robbers, Thirty Years' War, Wallenstein, Mary Stuart, William Tell,* etc.

Schley, Winfield Scott. Rear Admiral American Navy. Rescued Greeley Expedition, 1884. Commanded in naval victory over Spanish fleet at Santiago, 1898. Born, 1839.

Schubert, Francis. German composer. His Songs (*Lieder*) and Ballads are his best work; musical, tender, and expressive in the rarest degree. Born, 1797; died, 1828.

Schurz, Carl. American journalist and politician. Secretary of the Interior, 1877–1881. Born, 1829.

Scott, Sir Walter. Scotch novelist, poet and historian. *Waverley* novels; *Marmion, Lay of the Last Minstrel, The Lady of the Lake, Rokeby, The Vision of Don Roderick.* Son of an Edinburgh writer to the signet; lived at Abbotsford; ruined by commercial speculation. Born, 1771; died, 1852.

Scott, Winfield. Eminent American general. Prominent service in the War of 1812 against the British; received gold medal from Congress, and was promoted to major-general; 1841, made commander-in-chief of the United States army; 1847, assumed command in Mexico; received surrender of the City of Mexico; defeated for presidency by Franklin Pierce; made lieutenant-general. Born, 1786; died, 1866.

Selkirk. Alexander. Scotch sailor. His adventures suggested *Robinson Crusoe.* Lived alone on Juan Fernandez, 1694–1709. Born, 1675: died, 1723.

Seward, William H. American Republican statesman. Secretary of State, 1861–69. Born, 1801; died, 1872.

Shafter, William Rufus. American General. Defeated Spanish General Torrel, and received surrender of Spanish army at Santiago, Cuba, 1898. Born, 1835.

Shakespeare, William. Greatest English poet and dramatist. *Lear, Hamlet, Macbeth, Othello, The Tempest, Midsummer Night's Dream;* born at Stratford-on-Avon; married Anne Hathaway, 1582; produced the poems *Venus and Adonis,* and the *Rape of Lucrece,* 1593–94, the only works published under his own hand; first collected edition of works appeared in 1623. Born, 1564: died, 1616.

Shelley, Percy Bysshe. English poet. *Cenci, Adonais, Prometheus, Revolt of Islam, Alastor, The Witch of Atlas;* was drowned off coast of Italy. Born, 1792; died, 1822.

Sheridan, Philip H. American general. Won battles of Winchester, Cedar Creek, Five Forks. Born, 1831; died, 1888.

Sherman, John. American politician and financier. Secretary of the Treasury, 1877–81; Secretary of State, 1897–98. Born, 1823; died, 1900.

Sherman, William Tecumseh. American general. Made the "March to the Sea," through Georgia. Born, 1820; died, 1891.

Sickles, Daniel Edgar. American general. Elected to Congress 1856; brigadier-general in Civil War, losing a leg at Gettysburg; Minister to Spain, 1869–73. In Congress, 1892–94. Born, 1822; died, 1901.

Simon, Jules. French statesman and author of numerous works. Born, 1841; died, 1896.

Smiles, Samuel, LL. D. Scotch editor and author. Among his books are *Self-Help, Character, Thrift, Life and Labor,* and the *Biographies of Inventors.* Born, 1816.

Smith, Adam. Scotch political economist. *Wealth of Nations.* Born, 1723; died, 1790.

Smith, Joseph. Founder of the Mormon Church. Claimed to dictate the *Book of Mormon* from gold plates found in New York State; arrested and imprisoned in the jail at Carthage, Mo., where he was killed by a mob. Born, 1805; died, 1844.

Smith, John, Captain. English adventurer. Famous Governor of Colony of Virginia. *History of Virginia.* Born, 1579; died, 1631.

Smith, Sydney, Rev. English divine and wit. Projector of the *Edinburgh Review, Peter Plymley's Letters.* Born, 1771; died, 1845.

Socrates. Athenian philosopher. Teacher of Plato. Put to death for his radical opinions. Born, B. C. 468; died, 399.

Southey, Robert, English poet laureate. *Curse of Kehama, Madoc, Thalaba, Don Roderick.* Born, 1774; died, 1843.

Spencer, Herbert. English philosopher. *System of Evolutionary Philosophy.* Born, 1820.

Spinoza, Benedict. Dutch philosopher. *Ethics Demonstrated by a Geometric Method.* Born, 1632; died, 1677.

Stael, Anna M. L. G., Baroness de. French authoress. Opposed Napoleon and was banished. *Corinne.* Born, 1766; died, 1817.

Standish, Miles, Captain. Plymouth colonist and soldier. Born, 1584; died, 1656.

Stanley, Henry Morton. African explorer. Born in Wales; went as a boy to America; became a

newspaper correspondent; in 1869 was sent by the New York *Herald* to Africa to "find Livingstone;" succeeded in 1871. Wrote *The Congo, In Darkest Africa*, etc. Born, 1841.

Stanton, Edwin McMasters. American statesman. Attorney-General of the United States under Buchanan; Secretary of War under Presidents Lincoln and Johnson. Became a Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States, 1869. Born, 1815; died, 1869.

Stanton, Elizabeth Cady. One of the first agitators of woman's rights in the United States, and a leading advocate, lecturer, and writer on this subject and other reforms. Born, 1816.

Stedman, Edmund Clarence. American poet, and banker. Aside from his original compositions, edited *Victorian Poets, American Poets, Library of American Literature.* Born, 1833.

Stephens, Alexander H. American statesman. Vice-President of the Southern Confederacy. Born, 1812; died, 1883.

Stephenson, George. English inventor of the locomotive. In 1814 constructed a locomotive which drew eight cars; invented the steam blast pipe, and greatly improved the construction of the railroad; finally built an engine running thirty-five miles an hour. Born, 1781; died, 1848.

Stephenson, Robert. English inventor of the tubular bridge. Born, 1803; died, 1859.

Sterne, Laurence. English writer. *Tristram Shandy, Sentimental Journey.* Born, 1713; died, 1768.

Stevenson, Robert Louis Balfour. English novelist. *Treasure Island* (1883) won him fame; died in the Samoan Islands, where he made his home. Born, 1850; died, 1894.

Stevenson, Adlai Ewing. American statesman. Vice-President of the United States, 1893–97, with Grover Cleveland. Nominated again in 1900, with William Jennings Bryan, but failed of election. Born, 1835.

Stewart, Alexander T. American millionaire merchant. Born, 1803; died, 1876.

Stockton, Francis Richard. American novelist, and writer of humorous and fantastic tales. *Rudder Grange* and *The Lady or the Tiger?* Born, 1834.

Story, Joseph. American jurist. Justice of the Supreme Court. *Commentaries on the Constitution.* Born, 1779; died, 1845.

Stowe, Harriet E. Beecher. *Uncle Tom's Cabin.* Born, 1812; died, 1896.

Strauss, David Friedrich. German rationalist. Originator of the mythical theory of the Scriptures; Professor of Divinity at Zurich. Author of *The Life of Jesus*, which caused a great sensation by its skepticism. Born, 1808; died, 1874.

Stuart, Gilbert C. American portrait painter. *Portrait of George Washington.* Born, 1756; died, 1828.

Sullivan, Sir Arthur. Noted English musical composer. Author of *Pinafore Pirates of Penzance*, and *Patience.* Born, 1844; died, 1900.

Sumner, Charles. American Republican statesman, orator, and Senator. *The Grandeur of Nations.* Born, 1811; died, 1874.

Swedenborg, Emanuel. Swedish religionist and naturalist. The central point of his theosophy is the correspondence of the natural and the supernatural. Born, 1689; died, 1772.

Swift, Jonathan. Irish divine and satirist. Entered Church; became Dean of St. Patrick's; *Tale of a Tub, Gulliver's Travels.* Born, 1667; died, 1745.

Talleyrand Perigord, Charles Maurice, Prince of. French diplomatist and wit. Minister of Foreign Affairs. Born, 1754; died, 1836.

Taney, Roger B. American jurist and Democratic statesman. Chief Justice of the United States. Born, 1777; died, 1864.

Taylor, Bayard. American traveler, novelist, poet. Translator of Goethe's *Faust; Prince Deucalion; Masque of the Gods; John Godfrey's Fortunes.* Born, 1825; died, 1878.

Taylor, Zachary. American President. Entered army in 1808; major-general in Mexican War; won battle of Buena Vista; elected President by the Whigs in 1848. Born, 1784; died, 1850.

Temple, Sir William. English statesman and author. Negotiated the Triple Alliance of 1668. Born, 1628; died, 1699.

Tennyson, Alfred. English poet. Educated at Cambridge; made poet-laureate in 1850. *In Memoriam, Enoch Arden, The Princess, Maud, The Idylls of the King, Queen Mary, Harold.* Born, 1809; died, 1893.

Tesla, Nikola. American electrician of Servian birth. He made remarkable experiments with currents of high frequency, and invented useful electrical devices. Born, 1857.

Thackeray, William Makepeace. English novelist; born in Calcutta. *Henry Esmond, Vanity Fair, The Newcomes, Pendennis, The Four Georges, English Humorists.* Born, 1811; died, 1863.

Thiers, Louis Adolphe. First President of the French Republic (1871–73.) *History of the Consulate and Empire.* Born, 1797; died, 1877.

Thomas, George H. American Federal general. Saved army at Chickamauga; won battle of Nashville. Born, 1816; died, 1870.

Thompson, Sir John S. O. Canadian jurist. Attorney-General and Minister of Justice (1885); Premier of Canada (1893). Born, 1844; died, 1894.

Thomson, James. Scotch poet. *The Seasons, The Castle of Indolence, Tancred and Sigismunda.* Born, 1700; died, 1748.

Thoreau, Henry D. American author. *The Concord and Merrimac Rivers, The Maine Woods.* Born, 1817; died, 1862.

Thorwaldsen, Albert D. Danish sculptor. *Triumphal March of Alexander*, Statues of *Christ and His Apostles.* Born, 1770; died, 1844.

Tindale, William. English reformer and martyr. Translated the New Testament into English. Was strangled and burned at the stake for heresy. Born, 1480; died, 1536.

Tilden, Samuel J. American Democratic statesman. Candidate for President in 1876. Born 1814; died, 1885.

Titian. (Tiziano Vecelli) Italian painter. Among his masterpieces are the *Assumption of the Virgin, Presentation of the Virgin, The Last Supper.* Born, 1477; died, 1566.

Tocqueville, Alexis C. H. C. de. French author. *American Democracy.* Born, 1805; died, 1859.

Tolstoi, Count Leo. Russian writer and social reformer. Famous as a poet and novelist; devoted himself to remedy the ills of poverty; living and toiling like a peasant. In 1901 he was banished from Russia on account of his radical teachings. *War and Peace, Anna Karenina, The Kreutzer Sonata,* etc. Born, 1828.

Toombs, Robert. American statesman. United States Senate, 1853–59; leader of Georgia secessionists. Born, 1810; died, 1885.

Torricelli, Evangelista. Italian physicist. Inventor of the barometer. Born, 1608; died, 1647.

Toussaint l'Ouverture, Francois. Negro chief of the Haytien Rebellion. Born, 1743; died, 1803.

Trollope, Anthony. English novelist. *Barchester Towers.* Born, 1815; died, 1882.

Trowbridge, John Townsend. American author, poet, and juvenile writer. *Coupon Bonds* and *The Vagabonds* are his best known productions. Born, 1827.

Tupper, Sir Charles. A Canadian statesman. Served in several ministerial offices, and as Lord High Commissioner in London; Premier (1896). Born, 1821.

Turner, Joseph M. W. English painter. *The Slave Ship.* Born, 1775; died, 1851.

Tweed, William Marcy. Famous Tammany "boss" in New York City. Convicted of fraud and imprisoned; escaped to Spain, but was sent back, and died in prison. Born, 1823; died, 1878.

Tyler, John. American President. Born in Virginia; practiced law; M. C. 1816–21; Governor of Virginia 1825; elected U. S. Senator 1827; resigned 1836; elected Vice-President on Whig ticket 1840; succeeded Harrison on his death in 1841. Born, 1790; died, 1862.

Tyndall, John. English physicist. *Heat Considered as a Mode of Motion.* Born, 1820; died, 1893.

Attorney-General of New York 1815; leading man of the "Albany Regency;"

Van Buren, Martin. American President. Entered bar 1803; elected U. S. Senator by the Democrats 1821; Governor of New York 1828; Secretary of State 1829–31; Vice-President 1833–37; President 1837–41. Born, 1782; died, 1862.

Vandyke, Sir Anthony. Flemish painter in England. Pupil of Rubens; settled in England in 1632, among his best works are *The Erection of the Cross, Portrait of the Earl of Strafford,* and a *Crucifixion.* Born, 1599; died, 1641.

Van Rensselaer, Stephen. American statesman and landholder. *The Patroon.* Founder of the Rensselaer Institute. Born, 1764; died, 1839.

Vancouver, George. English navigator. Discoverer of Vancouver's Island. Born, 1758; died, died 1798.

Vanderbilt, Cornelius. American capitalist. Founder of the Vanderbilt family and fortune. Born, 1794; died, 1877.

Vane, Sir Henry English painter. Statesman; leader of independents; head of navy; beheaded. Born, 1612; died, 1662.

Verdi, Guiseppe. Italian musical composer and Senator. Among his productions are *Ernani, La Traviata, Il Trovatore, Montezuma,* and *Aida.* Born, 1814; died, 1901.

Vespucius, Americus. Italian navigator. America was named after him. Born, 1451; died, 1512.

Victor, Emmanuel II. King of Sardinia; first King of Italy; restorer of Italian unity. Born, 1820; died, 1878.

Victor, Emmanuel III. King of Italy. Succeeded to the throne in 1900, on the assassination of his father, Humbert I. Born, 1869.

Voltaire, Francois M. Arouet de. French philosopher, poet, historian, wit, skeptic. Passed the years 1750–53 with Frederick the Great; took up his residence (1755) at Ferney; *The Age of Louis XIV., Essay on the Manners of Nations,* and *Candide.* Born, 1694; died, 1778.

Wade, Benjamin F. American politician. Republican Senator from Ohio; Abolitionist. Born, 1800; died, 1878.

Wagner, Richard. German composer. *Lohengrin, Gotterdammerung, Tannhauser, Rheingold, Nibelungenlied;* produced *Parsifal* at Bayreuth, 1882. Born, 1813; died, 1883.

Wainwright, Richard. U. S. naval officer. Executive officer of the battleship *Maine,* blown up in Havana harbor; commander of the *Gloucester,* battle of Santiago, 1898. Born, 1849.

Wales, Albert Edward. Eldest son of Queen Victoria. Became King of England on the death of his mother, January, 1901, under the title of Edward VII. Born, 1841.

Wallace, Lewis. An American soldier and novelist. General in the Civil War; wrote *Ben Hur, The Prince of India,* etc. Born, 1827.

Wallace, Sir William. Scotch patriot and general. Fought Edward I. of England; executed. Born, 1270; died, 1305.

Wallenstein, Albert, Count of, German general. Opponent of Gustavus Adolphus, by whom he was defeated, 1632; in 1634 he was deprived of his command and assassinated. Born, 1583; died, 1634.

Walton, Izaak. English writer. *The Complete Angler.* Born, 1593; died, 1683.

Wanamaker, John. An American merchant. Originator of the department store idea; Postmaster-General 1889–93. Born, 1838.

Ward, Mrs. Humphrey. English novelist. Granddaughter of Dr. Arnold, of Rugby. *Robert Elsmere, Marcella,* etc. Born, 1851.

Warner, Charles Dudley. American humorist and essayist. *Summer in a Gardeu, Back-log Studies, Washington Irving* (1881), *Captain John Smith, In the Levant.* Born, 1828; died, 1900.

Washington, George. Commander-in-chief in the American Revolution. First President of the United States; aide de-camp to Braddock in the Indian campaign of 1755; married Martha Custis, 1759; chosen to Congress, 1774; appointed Commander-in-chief, 1775; President, 1789–97. Born, 1732; died, 1799.

Watt, James. Scotch inventor. Principal inventor of the steam engine; used the expansive force of

steam to depress a piston; improved engines for pumping water. Born, 1736; died, 1819.

Webster, Daniel. American lawyer, orator, and statesman. Greatest legal effort was the Dartmouth College case; greatest Congressional speech was his reply to Hayne. Born, 1782; died, 1852.

Webster, Noah. American lexicographer. *Dictionary of the English Language.* Born, 1758; died, 1843.

Wedgewood, Josiah. English potter. Originator and maker of the famous "Wedgewood" ware. Born, 1730; died, 1795.

Wellington, Arthur Wellesley. Duke of. British general and statesman. General in India; was made commander-in-chief in Spain and Portugal; fought the battles of Talavera, Sabagal, and Albuera; captured Badajos, 1812; won at Waterloo, 1815; was afterward Prime Minister and Minister of Foreign Affairs. Born, 1769; died, 1852.

Wesley, Charles, Rev. English poet and divine. *Hymns.* Born, 1708; died, 1788.

Wesley, John. Founder of the Methodist Wesleyans. Born, 1703; died, 1791.

West, Benjamin. American painter in England. *The Death of Wolfe, Death on the Pale Horse.* Born, 1738; died, 1820.

Westinghouse, George. American inventor. Famous for inventing the Westinghouse air-brake. Born, 1846.

Wheeler, Joseph. American soldier. Graduated at West Point in 1859; entered Confederate service in Civil War; entered Congress, 1881; took part in the Santiago campaign in Cuba in 1898; served in the Philippines in 1899; appointed brigadier general in U. S. army. Born, 1836.

Whitefield, George, Rev. English Methodist preacher and revivalist. Born, 1714; died, 1770.

Whitney, Eli. American inventor. The cotton-gin. Born, 1765; died, 1825.

Whittier, John Greenleaf. American poet, farmer, shoemaker, journalist, anti-slavery agitator. *Snow-Bound, Voices of Freedom, Home Ballads, In War Time, The Tent on the Beach.* Born, 1808; died, 1893.

Whitman, Walt. American poet. Editor, carpenter, nurse, government clerk. *Leaves of Grass, The Two Rivulets, Drum Taps, Democratic Vistas.* Born, 1819; died, 1892.

Wilberforce, William. English philanthropist, statesman, and reformer. Secured abolition of slave trade. Born, 1759; died, 1833.

Willard, Frances Elizabeth. American temperance reformer and lecturer. Founder of the World's W. T. C. U., and its first president; author of several reformatory works. Born, 1839; died, 1898.

William I. Seventh King of Prussia, and first German Emperor. He succeeded to the throne in 1861, and was crowned Emporer in 1871, on the formation of the German Empire after the Franco Prussian War. Born, 1797; died, 1888.

William II. Emperor of Germany. Son of Frederick, the second Emperor, whom he succeeded in 1888. Born, 1859.

Williams, Roger. Founder of Rhode Island Colony. Born, 1606; died, 1683.

Winthrop, John. Governor and founder of the Massachusetts Bay Colony. Born, 1588; died, 1649.

Wolsey, Thomas, Cardinal. English statesman. Chancellor of Henry VIII.; secured Henry's divorce from Catherine. Born, 1471; died, 1530.

Worcester, J. E. American lexicographer. *Dictionary.* Born, 1734; died, 1866.

Wordsworth, William. English poet. Educated at Cambridge; with Coleridge produced *Lyrical Ballads,* 1798; settled at Rydal Mount, 1803; published *Poems,* 1807; *The Excursion,* 1814. Among his other works are *Ecclesiastical Sonnets, The Wagoner, Yarrow Revisited, The Prelude.* Born, 1770; died, 1850.

Wren, Sir Christopher. English architect. St. Paul's Cathedral. Born, 1632; died, 1723.

Wycliffe, John. English reformer. Translator of the Scriptures. Born, 1324; died, 1384.

Xavier, Francis, Saint. "Apostle of the Indies." Jesuit missionary to India and Japan. Born, 1506; died, 1552.

Xerxes I. King of Persia. Invader of Greece; beaten at Salamis. Born, B. C. —; died, 465.

Yale, Elihu. Founder of Yale College. Born, 1648; died, 1721.

Yonge, Charlotte. A well-known author, writer of novels, and children's books and histories. *The Heir of Redclyffe, Cameos of History of England.* Born, 1823; died, 1901.

Young, Brigham. American religionist. Head of the Mormons. Born, 1801; died, 1877.

Young, Edward. English poet. Rector of Welwyn, in Hertfordshire. *Night Thoughts, The Revenge, The Love of Fame.* Born, 1684; died, 1756.

Zenobia, Septimia. Queen of Palmyra (266–73.) Her dominions extended from the Mediterranean to the Euphrates, and included a large part of Asia Minor. She refused allegiance to Aurelian, who defeated her and captured Palmyra; passed the rest of her life at Tibur, in Italy. Born, —; died, 275.

Zeuxis. Greek painter. *The Infant Hercules Strangling a Serpent.* Flourished B. C. 5th century.

Zinzendorf, Nicholas Louis, Count of. Founder of the Moravians. *The Journey of Atticus Through the World.* Born, 1700; died, 1760.

Ziska, John. Hussite chief. Beat Imperial armies thirteen times. Born, 1360; died, 1424.

Zola, Emile. French novelist. Wrote *Contes a Ninon* and other collections of short stories, and a large number of realistic novels. Among the latest are *Lourdes, Rome,* and *Paris* Born, 1840.

Zoroaster. A Persian philosopher. Distinguished as the founder of the Magian religion. 1500 to 200 B. C.

Zwingli, Ulric. Swiss reformer. *Exposition of the Christian Faith.* Killed in battle. Born 1484; died, 1531.

Zwirner, Ernst Friedrich. German architect. Completed Cathedral of Cologne; built many castles on the Rhine, famed for their beauty. Born, 1802; died, 1861.

PART II.

ANECDOTES AND INCIDENTS

THROWING LIGHT ON THE VIEWS AND CHARACTERS OF GREAT HISTORIC PERSONAGES.

The Puritans and Roger Williams.

Roger Williams, the founder of Rhode Island, was banished from the Colony of Massachusetts in 1634—driven in the dead of winter into the dense and desolate forests, by the Puritans, for contending for freedom of conscience in religious matters, and for other and similar heretical notions. "It is strange," says Ridpath, "that the very men who had so recently, through perils by sea and land, escaped with only their lives, to find religious freedom in another continent, should have begun their career with intolerance and proscription."

Imprisonment of La Tude.

La Tude, a young Frenchman, for a trifling offence, was seized and thrown into prison by order of the cruel and vindictive woman, the Madame de Pompadour. There he remained until her death, in 1764. Two years before (1762) he wrote the heartless woman as follows: "I have suffered fourteen years; let all be buried forever in the blood of Jesus." She remained inflexible. This young Frenchman remained almost continuously in prison for thirty-five years. The story of his prison life, and his various attempts at escape, form one of the most thrilling chapters in French history.

Carlyle and His Burned Book.

When Thomas Carlyle, was writing his famous history of the French Revolution, and when he had the first volume ready for the printer's hands, he one day loaned the manuscript to John Stuart Mill, his intimate and admiring friend. This friend's servant girl, seeing the pile on the library floor one day, and wanting some kindling, unceremoniously crammed the whole of it into the stove, and set fire to it. Thus the priceless labor of many years was in a few moments swept away. When Carlyle heard of it, from the mouth of Mill nimself, his spirit fairly broke down under the terrible disaster. But his tears washed out his weakness, and with a brave heart he set to work to repair the almost irreparable loss. He relates of himself that, when he first began the re-writing, and feeling still the terrible blow he had received, he was one day seated by the window, watching some masons at work on a building opposite. He noticed how, by simply putting one brick upon another, the huge structure finally rose. The thought gave him fresh courage, and so he pressed on, putting one line upon another, until the work was completed. And hence we have to-day the second creation of that important work, the French Revolution, really better than the first.

More About the Burned Book.

Carlyle gives us, in his own language, an account of what followed when Mill himself came to tell them of the great loss of the destruction of the manuscript:

"How well do I still remember that night when he came to tell us, pale as Hector's ghost, that my unfortunate first volume was burnt. It was like half-sentence of death to us both, and we had to pretend to take it lightly, so dismal and ghastly was his horror, and try to talk of other matters. He stayed three mortal hours or so; his departure was quite a relief to us. Oh, the burst of sympathy my poor darling then gave me, flinging her arms round my neck, and openly lamenting, condoling, and encouraging, like a nobler, better self! Under

heaven is nothing beautifuller. We sat talking till late. 'Shall be written again,' my fixed word and resolution to her. Which proved to be such a task as I never tried before or since. I wrote out 'Feast of Pikes,' and then went at it. Found it fairly impossible for about a fortnight; passed three weeks reading Marryat's novels, tried cautiously, as on ice, paper-thin, once more; and, in short, had a job more like breaking my heart than any other in my experience. . . . Mill was penitently liberal; sent me £200 in a day or two, of which I kept £100, actual cost of house while I had written burnt volume; upon which he bought me 'Biographie Universelle,' which I got bound, and still have. Wish I could find a way of getting the now much macerated, changed and fanaticised 'John Stuart Mill' to take the £100 back; but I fear there is no way."

Last Moments of Mozart.

A few months before the death of the celebrated Mozart, a mysterious stranger brought him an anonymous letter, in which his terms for a requiem were required. Mozart gave them. Soon after the messenger returned, and paid a portion of the price in advance. To the composition of this requiem he gave the full strength of his powers. Failing to learn the name of him who had ordered it, his fancy soon began to connect something supernatural with the affair. The conviction seized him that he was composing a requiem for his own obsequies. While engaged in this work, and under this strange inspiration, he threw himself back, says his biographer, on his couch, faint and exhausted. His countenance was pale and emaciated; yet there was a strange fire in his eye, and the light of gratified joy on his brow that told of success.

His task was finished, and the melody, even to his exquisite sensibility, was perfect. It had occupied him for weeks; it bore an unearthly sweetness that was to him too truly a warning of his future and fast-coming doom.

Now it was finished, and, for the first time for many weeks, he sank into a quiet and refreshing slumber. A slight noise in the apartment awoke him, when, turning toward a fair young girl who entered—"Emilie, my daughter," said he, "come near to me—my task is over—the requiem is finished. My requiem," he added, and a sigh escaped him.

"Oh! say not so, my father," said the girl, interrupting him, as tears stood in her eyes, "you must be better, you look better, for even now your cheek has a glow upon it; do let me bring you something refreshing, and I am sure we will nurse you well again."

"Do not deceive yourself, my love," said he; "this wasted form can never be restored by human aid. From Heaven's mercy alone can I hope for succor; and it will be granted, Emilie, in the time of my utmost need; yes, in the hour of death, I will claim His help who is always ready to aid those who trust in Him; and soon, very soon, must this mortal frame be laid in its quiet sleeping-place, and this restless soul return to Him who gave it."

The dying father then raised himself on his couch;—"you spoke of refreshment, my daughter; it can still be afforded my fainting *soul*. Take these notes, the last I shall ever pen, and sit down to the instrument. Sing with them the hymn so beloved by your mother, and let me once more hear those tones which have been my delight since my earliest remembrance."

Emilie did as she was desired: she commenced, in the sweetest voice, the following lines:

Spirit! thy labor is o'er,
Thy term of probation is run.
Thy steps are now bound for the untrodden shore,
And the race of immortals begun.

* * * * * *

* * * * * *

Spirit! how bright is the road,
For which thou art now on the wing!
Thy home it will be with thy Saviour and God,
Their loud hallelujahs to sing!

As she concluded the last stanza, she dwelt for a few moments on the low, melancholy notes of the piece, and then waited in silence for the mild voice of her father's praise. He spoke not: he was *gone*. With the sound of the sweetest melody ever composed by human thought, his soul had winged its flight to regions of eternal bliss.

Disraeli Says a Man Can Be What He Pleases.

The late Lord Beaconsfield, in an address before the Literary and Scientific Institution of London, in 1844, his early life, gave utterance to these impressive words:

"Man *can be* what he pleases; every one of you can be exactly what he designs to be. I have resolved to hold a certain position, and, if I live, *I will*."

We do not know what the position was that Disraeli here refers to, but we do know that he attained to the highest position possible to any man in England. He had much to contend with; he was a Jew; but, by the mere power of his will, he ejected the Jew blood from his veins, and pumped the blue blood of England in! and then, with a daring and sublime effrontery, he climbed into the seat next to the great white throne of the Queen herself.

A Brilliant Reception to Seward.

It is well known that the late William H. Seward, in his journey around the world, was the recipient of many distinguished honors. Miss Olive Risley Seward, his daughter, and a member of his company, gives the following account of their reception at Putteeala, in British India:

The presentations being over, a multitude of servants, "that no man in haste could number," came, bearing silver trays on their heads, filled with India fabrics of muslins, cambrics, cashmeres, silks, and jewels, and laid the whole at Mr. Seward's feet, the trays covering twenty feet square on the floor. The Prince, with infinite gravity, invited Mr. Seward to accept this "small and unworthy collection," as a token of His Highness' respect and affection. Mr. Seward, having been previously instructed, touched with his finger the simplest article, a turban scarf of purple interwoven with gold thread. The trays and their bearers immediately disappeared, but only to be replaced by a similar display, no less costly and elegant. These treasures were laid at the feet of one of the ladies, who was asked to accept this "poor trash." In accordance with an intimation through an officer, she touched a cashmere shawl. The train and merchandise disappeared, and the third and equal presentation was made to the second lady, who in like manner touched a shawl. The Prince, who had looked on with an air of supreme indifference to the whole proceeding, then said to Mr. Seward, "I have a great many other things in the palace, which I should like to present to you, but I will not take up your time to look at them." Then, thanking Mr. Seward and the ladies for having accepted these "unworthy trifles," he, in a loud voice, and in an imperious manner, directed that all the articles which had been thus displayed and offered to us, should be conveyed to Mr. Seward's palace, and delivered to his servants. For our part, we are quite sure that "these unworthy trifles" would have been sufficient to stock an Indian bazar in New York.

Instances of Absence of Mind in which Some Great Men Figure.

Every one has heard the old story of the silent man, who, riding over a bridge, asked his servant if he liked eggs, to which the servant answered, "Yes." Nothing more passed till the next year, when, riding over the same bridge, he turned to his servant and said, "How?" Poached, sir," was the immediate answer.

Sidney Smith cites two instances of abscence of mind which struck his fancy: "I heard of a clergyman who went jogging along the road till he came to a turnpike: "What's to pay?" "Pay, sir, for what?" asked the turnpike man. "Why, for my horse, to be sure." "Your horse, sir? What horse? There is no horse, sir!" "No horse? God bless me," said he, suddenly looking between his legs, "I thought I was on horseback."

Lord Dudley was one of the most absent-minded men I think I ever met in society. One day he met me in the street and invited me to meet myself. "Dine with me today," said he, "and I will get Sidney Smith to meet you." I admitted the temptation he held out to me, but said I was engaged to meet him elsewhere.

Disraeli says, it has been told of a modern astronomer, that one summer night when he

was withdrawing to his chamber, the brightness of the heavens showed a phenomenon. He passed the whole night in observing it, and when they came to him early in the morning, and found him in the same attitude, he said, like one who had been collecting his thoughts for a few moments: "It must be thus; but I will go to bed before it is too late." He had gazed the entire night in meditation, and was not aware of it.

The Count de Brancas was one day reading in his study when a nurse brought in a little infant; he put down his book, took up the infant, and caressed it admiringly. A friend came in, and Brancas threw the baby down on the table, thinking it was a book. A loud crying announced his mistake.—*Selected.*

Douglas Held Lincoln's Hat.

When Mr. Lincoln delivered his first inaugural he was introduced by his friend, United States Senator E. D. Baker, of Oregon. He carried a cane and a little roll—the manuscript of his inaugural address. There was a moment's pause after the introduction, as he vainly looked for a spot where he might place his high silk hat.

Stephen A. Douglas, the political antagonist of his whole public life, the man who had pressed him hardest in the campaign of 1860, was seated just behind him. Douglas stepped forward quickly, and took the hat which Mr. Lincoln held helplessly in his hand.

"If I can't be President," Douglas whispered smilingly to Mrs. Brown, a cousin of Mrs. Lincoln, and a member of the President's party, "I at least can hold his hat."

Lincoln as a Humorist and Story-teller.

No great statesman of history, perhaps, figures before the world so prominently as a story-teller and humorist as our great but sad-faced War President, Abraham Lincoln. In the most serious of situations, sometimes of grave national importance, the President, with lines of pain deep marked in his countenance, often interrupted the proceedings of his Cabinet to tell a laughter-provoking story. Once when asked by an impatient statesman why he did it, he suddenly ceased laughing, and in a voice well-nigh pathetic said, "To relieve the strain. There are times when my heart would break if I should not lift the burden for a moment, and there is nothing that does it so well as a diverting story."

Lincoln's Peace Story.

President Lincoln was at all times an advocate of peace, provided it could be obtained honorably and with credit to the United States. As to the cause of the Civil War, which side of Mason and Dixon's line was responsible for it, who fired the first shots, who were the aggressors, etc., Lincoln did not seem to bother about; he wanted to preserve the Union, above all things. Slavery, he was assured, was dead, but he thought the former slaveholders should be recompensed.

To illustrate his feelings in the matter he told this story:

"Some of the supporters of the Union cause are opposed to accommodate or yield to the South in any manner or way because the Confederates began the war; were determined to take their States out of the Union, and, consequently, should be held responsible to the last stage for whatever may come in the future. Now this reminds me of a good story I heard once, when I lived in Illinois.

"A vicious bull in a pasture took after everybody who tried to cross the lot, and one day a neighbor of the owner was the victim. This man was a speedy fellow and got to a friendly tree ahead of the bull, but not in time to climb the tree. So he led the enraged animal a merry race around the tree, finally succeeding in seizing it by the tail.

"The bull, being at a disadvantage, not able to either catch the man or release his tail, was mad enough to eat nails; he dug up the earth with his feet, scattered gravel all around, bellowed until you could hear him for two miles or more, and at length broke into a dead run, the man hanging on to his tail all the time.

"While the bull, much out of temper, was legging it to the best of his ability, his tormentor, still clinging to the tail, asked, 'Darn you, who commenced this fuss?'

"It's our duty to settle this fuss at the earliest possible moment, no matter who commenced it. That's my idea of it."

Some Reminiscences of Lincoln.

Lincoln particularly liked a joke at the expense of the dignity of some high civil or military official. One day, not long before his second inauguration, he asked me if I had heard about Stanton's meeting a picket on Broad River, South Carolina, and then told his story: General Foster, then at Port Royal, escorted the Secretary up the river, taking a quartermaster's tug. Reaching the outer lines of the river, a picket roared from the bank, "Who have you got on board that tug?" The severe and dignified answer was, 'The Secretary of War and General Foster." Instantly the picket roared back, "We've got major-generals enough up here—why don't you bring us some hardtack?" The story tickled Lincoln mightily, and he told it till it was rereplaced by a new one. Anything that savored of the wit and humor of the soldiers was especially welcome to Lincoln. There was a story of a soldier in the Army of the Potomac, carried to the rear of the battle with both legs shot off, who, seeing a pie-woman hovering about, asked, "Say, old lady, are them pies sewed or pegged?" And there was another one of a soldier at the battle of Chancellorsville, whose regiment, waiting to be called into the fight, was taking coffee. The hero of the story put to his lips a crockery mug which he had carried with infinite care through several campaigns. A stray bullet, just missing the coffee-drinker's head, dashed the mug into fragments, and left only its handle on his finger. Turning his head in that direction, the soldier angrily growled, "Johnny, you can't do that again!" Lincoln, relating these two stories together, said, "It seems neither death nor danger could quench the grim humor of the American soldier."—*Century Magazine.*

Lincoln's Patience and Humor.

Ward Lamon told this story of President Lincoln, whom he found one day in a particularly gloomy frame of mind. Lamon said:

"The President remarked, as I came in, 'I fear I have made Senator Wade, of Ohio, my enemy for life.'

"'How?" I asked.

"'Well,' continued the President, 'Wade was here just now urging me to dismiss Grant, and, in response to something he said, I remarked, "Senator, that reminds me of a story."'

"'What did Wade say?" I inquired of the President.

"'He said, in a petulant way,' the President responded, '"It is with you, sir, all story, story! You are the father of every military blunder that has been made during the war. You are on your road to hell, sir, with this government, by your obstinacy, and you are not a mile off this minute."'

"'What did you say then?'

"'I good-naturedly said to him,' the President replied, '"Senator, that is just about from here to the Capitol, is it not?" He was very angry, grabbed up his hat and cane, and went away.'"

Origin of the "Influence" Story.

Judge Baldwin, of California, being in Washington, called one day on General Halleck, then Commander-in-Chief of the Union forces, and, presuming upon a familiar acquaintance in California a few years since, solicited a pass outside of our lines to see a brother in Virginia, not thinking that he would meet with a refusal, as both his brother and himself were good Union men.

"We have been deceived too often," said General Halleck, "and I regret I can't grant it."

Judge Baldwin then went to Stanton, and was very briefly disposed of with the same result. Finally, he obtained an interview with Mr. Lincoln, and stated his case.

"Have you applied to General Halleck?" inquired the President.

"Yes, and met with a flat refusal," said Judge Baldwin.

"Then you must see Stanton," continued the President.

"I have, and with the same result," was the reply.

"Well, then," said Mr. Lincoln, with a smile, "I can do nothing; for you must know that I have very little influence with this Administration, although I hope to have more with the next."

Lincoln's Famous Letter to Hooker.

A remarkable and highly characteristic letter of Lincoln's was one which he wrote to General Hooker, just after the latter had taken command of the Army of the Potomac. It was quite long, occupying nearly four pages of large letter paper, and written in the President's own hand. In this letter the good Lincoln advised Hooker, in the most kindly, even affectionate manner, not in respect of military affairs, but as to his personal conduct, alluding to certain traits, particularly of character, which the President gently intimated, became faults when made too prominent. It was just such a letter of loving counsel as a father might write to a son—a letter forever to be prized by its recipient. Some weeks after this was written, I accompanied the President to the Army of the Potomac, then lying at Falmouth. We were entertained at Hooker's headquarters. One night, Hooker and I being alone in the hut, the General standing with his back to the fire-place, alert, handsome, full of courage and confidence, said laughingly: "B——, the President says you know about that letter he wrote me on taking command." I acknowledged that the President had read it to me. The General seemed to think that the advice was well meant but unnecessary. Then he added, with that charming assurance that became him so well: "After I have been to Richmond, I am going to have that letter printed." It is a good letter; it is a pity that it never was printed.—*Scribner's Monthly.*

Hobson's Choice.

Thomas Hobson was a carrier at Cambridge, England, and owning horses, he used to let them to students. He was a very humane man, and made a rule that every horse should have a regular time in which to rest, and no matter how much a student might want to hire a particular horse, he couldn't get him if it were his time to rest. So it was "Hobson's choice. Take what you can get, or go without."

Bismarck's Coolness.

Bismarck was no orator, like Gladstone, of England, or Gambetta, of France. But he was always master of himself, and of the subject on which he spoke. He showed his perfect coolness at the very beginning of his public career. In his first speech in the House of Deputies he hesitated and blundered, like Demosthenes in his first speech in the Athenian Agora, and Sheridan in his first appearance in the House of Commons. The two latter gave it up, and retired in shame, with, however, a determination to succeed in the future.

But Bismarck would not confess himself beaten. He was determined to win success from the start. When the Deputies laughed at him, hooted, hissed, and tried to compel him to sit down, he remained standing. As the storm grew more violent, he looked round in absolute composure, took a paper from his pocket, and read quietly until order was restored. Then he resumed his speech and finished it, having compelled the attention of the House. From that moment all felt that he was certain to succeed.

Pen-and-Ink Sketches of Henry Clay.

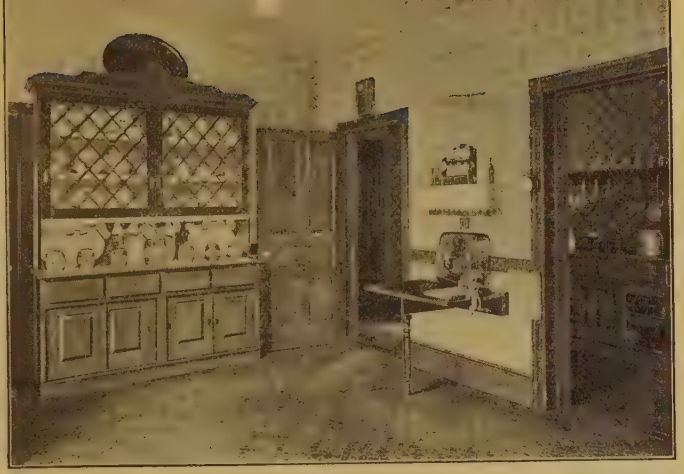
In person, Clay was tall and commanding, being six feet and one inch in stature, and was noted for the erect appearance he presented, whether standing, walking or talking. The most striking features of his countenance were a high forehead, a prominent nose, an uncommonly large mouth, and blue eyes, which, though not particularly expressive when in repose, had an electrical appearance when kindled. His voice was one of extraordinary compass, melody and power. From the "deep and dreadful subbass of the organ," to the most aerial warblings of its highest key, hardly a pipe or stop was wanting. Like all magical voices, it had the faculty of imparting to the most familiar and commonplace expressions an inexpressible fascination. Probably no orator ever lived who, when speaking on a great occasion, was more completely absorbed in his theme. "I do not know how it is with others," he once said, "but, on such occasions, I seem to be unconscious of the external world. Wholly engrossed by the subject before me, I lose all sense of personal identity, of time, or of surrounding objects." When Clay had acquired a national fame, a plain old country gentleman gave the

HOME DECORATIONS

A Window Garden. Showing a happy arrangement for keeping plants in a south window. In the centre is a wire stand below which are window shelves. The plants arranged to get the sunlight to the varieties needing it most.

HOME DECORATIONS

The Ingle Nook and Mantel. A suggestion for beautifying a room where there is a fire place and mantel and space at each side for artistic seats and cushions. The whole effect is that of warmth and comfort. A few choice ornaments are on the mantel, handy volumes on the shelves and pictures on the wall.



A MODEL KITCHEN

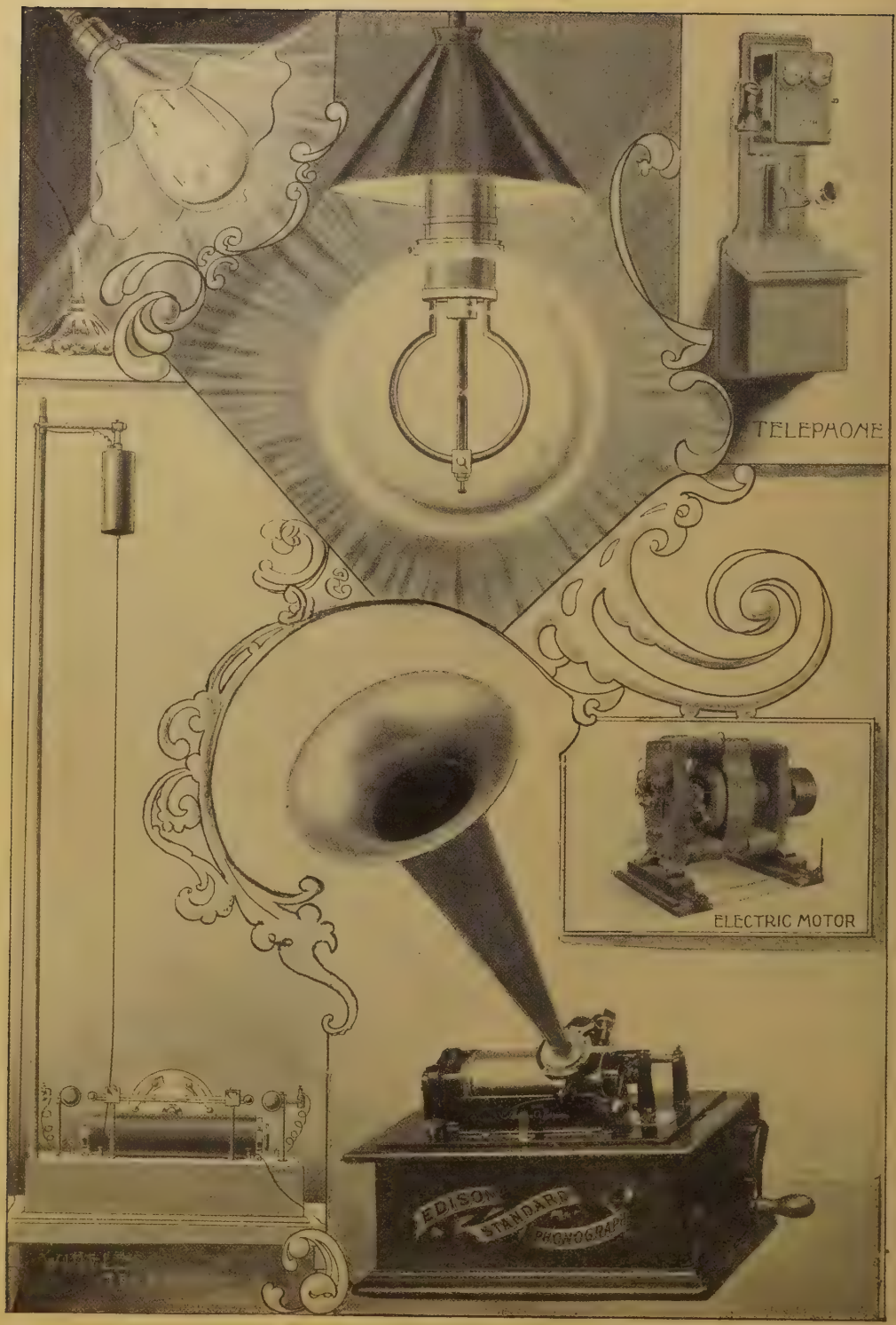
The two views show a model kitchen arranged for convenience—for health and economy. The floor covered with oil cloth or tiles, the walls papered or painted, plumbing easily accessible, pantries and cupboards ample—range of the latest pattern, and sinks with hot and cold water.

BEDROOM FURNISHINGS

The bedroom at the left is a suggestion for a room furnished in blue and white. The walls may be hung with satin striped paper. The draperies may be easily made and artistically arranged. The room at the right looks out upon a balcony. The bedstead may be of brass, the furniture of birds-eye maple. bedspread and bureau cover may be trimmed with lace. The floors may be covered with rugs, and walls tinted.

AN EXCITING SPORT ON THE SEA

The sailing of yachts requires skill and intelligence above all other sports. It is one of the most exciting as well as one of the best for physical development of all the manly contests. The races between yachts have become of great international interest



THE MARVELS OF MECHANICAL INVENTION

Electricity as applied to light, sound and power, has wrought more marvelous changes than any other factor of modern times. The representative of each is shown here. The nicety of mechanical invention and adjustment required for these appliances is perhaps the most remarkable of all mechanical devices.

following toast at a Fourth-of-July dinner: "Henry Clay,—He and I were born close to the Slashes of old Hanover. He worked barefooted, and so did I; he went to mill, and so did I; he was good to his mamma, and so was I. I know him like a book, and love him like a brother."—*Political Orators.*

Anecdotes of Henry Clay.

A fresh anecdote of Henry Clay, or any of the wise and witty men who were his contemporaries, is always refreshing. When General Jackson appointed Mr. Buchanan to the mission at St. Petersburg, he inquired of Mr. Clay, at a party in Washington, what style of dress he should wear at the court of the Czar. Mr. Clay replied that as they were about of a size (Buchanan had not then grown so stout as he appeared later in life) the coat he wore as one of the United States Commissioners at Ghent was at his service.

"But it has been worn, Mr. Clay," was the response to the offer.

"Oh, that is nothing. You can turn it, Buchanan—you're used to it."

Mr. Clay never let pass an opportunity for a fling at Mr. Buchanan, after the latter had written his famous letter, charging bribery and corruption in the election of John Quincy Adams to the presidency of the House of Representatives. In the course of a speech in the Senate, Mr. Buchanan stated that when a young man he joined a volunteer militia company that marched from Lancaster to the relief of Baltimore, when the Monumental City was threatened by the British during the War of 1812. Upon reaching Hagerstown, however, the troops, learning that the invaders had been repulsed at North Point, returned home without further participation in the war. At this point Clay arose, and, addressing the Chair, expressed a desire to ask the speaker a question.

"Certainly," was the courteous response.

"I would like to inquire of the Senator from Pennsylvania," remarked the Great Commoner, with that inimitable twist of his catfish mouth, "whether the gentleman marched to the relief of Baltimore because he had learned that the British had left, or whether the British had left because they heard the gentleman from Pennsylvania was coming."

Effect of Daniel Webster's Oratory.

The accounts given of the effects wrought by some of Daniel Webster's speeches, seem almost incredible to those who never have listened to his clarion-like voice and weighty words. Yet even now, as we read some of the stirring passages in his early discourses, we can hardly realize that we are not standing by as he strangles the *reluctantes dracones* of an adversary, or actually looking upon the scenes in American history which he so vividly describes. Professor Ticknor, speaking in one of his letters of the intense excitement with which he listened to Webster's Plymouth address, says: "Three or four times I thought my temples would burst with the gush of blood; for, after all, you must know that I am aware it is no connected and compacted whole, but a collection of wonderful fragments of burning eloquence, to which his manner gave tenfold force. When I came out, I was almost afraid to come near him. It seemed to me that he was like the mount that might not be touched, and that burned with fire."—*William Mathews.*

The Timidity of Orators.

A writer of the *Fortnightly Review* asks whether artists, and especially orators, are peculiarly liable to the sensation of pain and to fear. He thinks that they are, and attributes it to an unusually sensitive organization. Peel is believed to have owed his death to being unable to bear an operation which a less sensitive man might have borne. An eminent operator described Bishop Wilberforce as a "bundle of nerves," and as the most sensitive patient he had ever known. Orators, as a rule, show a painful anxiety about their own speeches, and toilsome uneasiness seems a condition of their success. A junior counsel once congratulated Sir William Follet on his perfect composure in prospect of a great case. Sir William merely asked his friend to feel his hand, which was wet with anxiety. The late Lord Derby said that his principal speeches cost him two sleepless nights—one in which he was thinking what to say, the other in which he

was lamenting what he might have said better. Cicero, according to Plutarch, "not only wanted courage in arms, but in his speaking also; he began timidly, and, in many cases, he scarcely left off trembling and shaking even when he got thoroughly into the current and substance of his speech."

Oratory of Edmund Burke.

Among the most memorable displays of oratory, few are more familiar to the ordinary reader than those which took place during the trial of Warren Hastings, in Westminster Hall. It is said that when Burke, with an imagination almost as oriental as scenes he depicted, described in words that will live as long as the English language, the cruelties inflicted upon the natives of India by Debi Sing, one of Hastings' agents, a convulsive shudder ran through the whole assembly. Indignation and rage filled the breasts of his hearers; some of the ladies "swooned way"; and Hastings himself, though he had protested his innocence, was utterly overwhelmed. "For half an hour," he said afterward, in describing the scene, "I looked at the orator in a revery of wonder, and actually felt myself the most culpable man on earth."—*William Mathews.*

Power and Influence of the Orator.

When, in 1761, James Otis, in a Boston popular assembly, denounced the British Writs of Assistance, his hearers were hurried away resistlessly on the torrent of his impetuous speech. When he had concluded, every man, we are told, of the vast assembly, went away resolved to take up arms against the illegality. When Patrick Henry pleaded the tobacco case "against the parsons," in 1758, it is said that the people might have been seen in every part of the house, on the benches, in the aisles, and in the windows, hushed in death-like stillness, and bending eagerly forward to catch the magic tones of the speaker. The jury were so bewildered as to lose sight of the legislative enactments on which the plaintiffs relied; the court lost the equipoise of its judgment, and refused a new trial; and the people, who could scarcely keep their hands off their champion after he had closed his harangue, no sooner saw that he was victorious, than they seized him at the bar, and, in spite of his own efforts, and the continued cry of "Order!" from the sheriff and the Court, bore him out of the court-house, and, raising him on their shoulders, carried him about the yard, in a kind of electioneering triumph. When the same great orator concluded his well-known speech in March, 1775, in behalf of American independence, "no murmur of applause followed," says his biographer; "the effect was too deep. After the trance of a moment, several members of the assembly started from their seats. The cry, *To arms!* seemed to quiver on every lip, and glance from every eye.—*Orators and Oratory.*

An Actor's Triumph.

There was once an English actor so terribly in earnest with the study of his profession that he made a mark on his generation never exceeded by any other tragedian. He was a little, dark man, with a voice naturally harsh, but he determined, when comparatively young, to play the character of Sir Giles Overreach in Massinger's drama as no other man ever played it before. He resolved to give years of indefatigable industry in preparing himself for the part, and to devote his whole intellect to a proper conception of the character. In the whole range of English dramatic literature the character of Sir Giles is estimated one of the greatest pieces of effective villainy and untamable passion ever portrayed, and little Edmund Kean set himself to the task of producing on the London stage all the effect which the author intended. With what intensity he studied the language, how he flung himself with a kind of rage into the feeling of the piece, all his biographers have recorded. His wife said that he would often remain up all night, before the pier-glass, endeavoring to realize by gesture, modulation and action the conception at which he had arrived. At last, after repeated refusals to the management to appear as Sir Giles, saying he was not ready yet and must still give more time to the rehearsal, he consented to have the play announced, as now he felt he could do it justice. And what was the effect of all this hard work and unceasing

study of the part? Fortunately we know all about it, although Kean played it on that memorable evening, nearly 100 years ago. It was one of the grandest effects ever witnessed on the English stage. We have accounts from various eye-witnesses of the sensation and the enthusiasm the presentation of this character produced, when Kean, fully ripe for the occasion, came upon the stage as Sir Giles; and some of the triumphs of that wonderful evening in 1816, at Drury Lane, are well known. It was observed that when he first walked in from the wings there was that in his burning eye which betokened greater determination than usual, and Lord Byron, who was in a stage-box, whispered to the poet Moore that something dreadful was written on the great actor's countenance, something more suggestive of power even than he had noticed before. And never till then in the history of the stage was there witnessed such an exhibition of forceful endeavor.

Throughout the whole play Kean bore himself like a fury; but it was reserved for the last scene to stamp an impression which existed during the lifetime of all who were present. The great actor himself shook like a strong oak in the whirlwind of his passionate vengeance, as displayed in the closing sentences of the play, and when he was removed from the stage his face, turned to the spectators, was so awful that Byron was seized with a convulsive fit and fell forward, pale as death itself. The solemn stillness of the house was broken by screams of terror from boxes and gallery; the pit rose *en masse*. Mrs. Glover, an actress of long experience and great talent, fainted outright on the stage; Mrs. Horn, who was also playing in the piece, staggered to a chair and wept aloud at the appalling sight of Kean's agony and rage. Munden, a veteran on the boards, who played the part of Marall, stood so transfixed with astonishment and terror that he had to be carried off by main force from the scene, his eyes riveted on Kean's convulsed and awful countenance. The actor that night was master of the situation, and profound and earnest study gave him the clue to his great achievement.—*Jas. T. Fields.*

Wesley and Whitfield's Courage of Faith.

Of the memorable incidents connected with the Foundry, the earthquake of 1750 is still recorded. On the 8th of February all London rocked to and fro with a strong convulsion, and the people rushed into the streets to avoid being buried in the tottering houses. A month later, when Charles Wesley was holding the 5 o'clock morning service at the Foundry Chapel, a far more violent shock passed beneath the city. The earth moved westward and eastward, and then westward again, followed by a loud noise like thunder. Wesley had just given out his text when the Foundry was shaken violently, as if the roof would fall. The women and children cried out, but the preacher, changing his text, read aloud, "Therefore we will not fear, though the earth be moved," etc., and soon filled his audience with his own unshaken courage. The general terror rose almost to madness when an insane prophet declared that on the 4th of April another earthquake would level London and Westminster to the dust. A wild excitement raged through the city as the fatal day approached. Thousands fled to the country. Women and children ran through the streets on the night before the 4th of April, weeping and lamenting. London looked like a city sacked and ruined. Every open space was filled through the anxious night with multitudes of the rich and poor, awaiting the expected shock. The churches were crowded with unaccustomed worshipers. Whitfield stood up in Hyde Park at midnight, under an inclement sky, and spoke with his sonorous voice to an uncount multitude; and Charles Wesley, surrounded by immense throngs at the Foundry, preached a "written" sermon and chanted some inspiring hymns. The next day passed in quiet. The people came back to their houses, and London has never since felt so universal a terror as that of the year of the earthquakes.—*Eugene Lawrence, in Harper's Magazine.*

Character of Jay Gould.

(Sketch written during his life by one who studied his character.)

He appears to be a man whom nothing would excite; and one of his brokers says you never can tell from his expression when he reads a telegram whether he has made five millions or lost ten. He is, on the whole, the most incomprehensible of New Yorkers. He is an embodiment of the money-making faculty. It would be a hard question to tell what Gould is worth. I know men who believe he is to-day the richest citizen in New York. I know others who are confident he is not worth over a million, and others who do not hesitate to pronounce him on the eve of bankruptcy. But this last is preposterous. He is incessantly engaged in great operations, and these cannot be managed without vast sums. He is determined no one shall be acquainted with his affairs. Despite his outward immobility, the strain of his colossal operations upon his brain and nerves cannot be otherwise than very wearing. It is said that he is troubled with sleeplessness, and that many of his gigantic schemes are worked out in bed while he is lying awake. Occasionally he gets up at night, lights the gas, walks the floor, and tears paper into bits. It may be remembered that Fisk testified on his investigation by the Congressional Committee, respecting the transactions of Black Friday, that he observed Jay Gould tearing up paper and throwing the pieces into the wastebasket, and that then he knew his partner had some work on hand. He scarcely ever smiles, and never lifts his voice above a conversational tone. He has no friends, as far as known; but a host of enemies. His life is in great speculations. His greatest crime in the eyes of his fellow-speculators is that he succeeds in doing to Wall Street what Wall Street is perpetually trying, but in vain, to do to him. —*The Chicago Times.*

Anecdote of Rothschild.

It is related of Nathan Mayer Rothschild, that, all day long, at the Battle of Waterloo, he hung about the skirts of the two armies, waiting to see how the battle turned. Toward night of that memorable day, the clouds of smoke lifting, revealed the French army in full and disastrous retreat.

Rothschild took in the situation at once. True to his instincts, he saw in the awful carnage only the shimmer of his gold. Chance had overcome the most heroic valor, the most stubborn resistance, the best-laid plans, and once more declared in the Hebrew's favor. He dashed into Brussels, whence a carriage in waiting whirled him into Ostend. At dawn he stood on the Belgian coast, against which the sea was madly breaking. He offered five, six, eight, ten hundred francs to be carried over to England. The mariners feared the storm; but a bolder fisherman, upon promise of twenty-five hundred francs, undertook the hazardous voyage. Before sunset Rothschild landed at Dover, and, engaging the swiftest horses, rode with the wind to London. What a superb special correspondent he would have made!

The merchants and bankers were dejected; the funds were depressed; a dense fog hung over the city; English souls had sunk into their pockets. On the morning of the 20th, the cunning and grasping Nathan appeared at the Stock Exchange, an embodiment of gloom. He mentioned, confidentially, of course, to his familiars that Blucher, at the head of his vast army of veterans, had been defeated by Napoleon at Ligny on the 16th and 17th, and there could be no hope for Wellington, with his comparatively small and undisciplined force. This was half true, and, like all half-truths, was particularly calculated to deceive. Rothschild was a leader among trading reynards. His doleful whisper spread as the plague—poisoning faith everywhere. The funds tumbled like an aerolite. Public and private opinion wilted before the simoon of calamitous report. It was Black Friday anticipated in Lombard Street. The crafty Israelite bought, through his secret agents, all the consols, bills and notes he could raise money for. Not before the afternoon of the 21st—nearly forty-eight hours after the battle—did the news of Wellington's victory reach London through the regular channels. Rothschild was at the Exchange half an hour before the glad tidings were made public, and imparted them to a crowd of greedy listeners. The

Bourse was buoyant. Everything went up more rapidly than it had gone down. England was happy—as well she might be—for she had stumbled into the greatest triumph in her history. When merchants and bankers shook hands with the Hebrew speculator, they noticed—though they did not understand—an unusual warmth of pressure. It was not rejoicing with the nation; it was the imaginary clutching of six millions more of gold.—*Junius Henri Browne, in Harper's Magazine.*

Mr. Rockefeller Dreads Debt.

John D. Rockefeller, the "Oil King," whose wealth touches the $125,000,000 mark, won his first start in a business way by working on a New York farm twelve hours out of twenty-four for twenty five cents a day. He has earned his position as a multi-millionaire by adhering to the principles of the following maxims:

1. It should be every man's duty to get all the money he can, keep all he can, and give away all he can.

2. Buy only what he can pay for, and look upon debt as an ogre that first paralyzes and then kills.

3. Live within your means, and don't think too much of your neighbor's good fortune.

4. Keep a record of all expenditures and receipts, so that at the end of each year you can tell whether you are saving enough money to provide against the inevitable rainy day. Any one can make money; few can save it.

5. Live as though every act of yours was under the scrutiny of your bitterest enemy.

Foresee misfortunes that thou mayest strive to prevent them; but whenever they happen bear them with magnanimity.—ZOROASTER.

Mental pleasures never clog; unlike those of the body, they are increased by repetition, approved by reflection and strengthened by enjoyment.—COLTON.

Mayor Stephen Allen's Rules.

The following newspaper clipping was found in the pocketbook of Stephen Allen, formerly a mayor of New York. The clipping, after serving the needs of Mr. Allen, has been carried in the pocket of another merchant ever since he was a boy, and he says he has always found its counsels good, and tried his best to follow them:

Never be idle.
Make few promises.
Always speak the truth.
Never speak evil of any one.
Keep good company or none.
Live up to your engagements.
Good character is above all else.
Earn money before you spend it.
Be just before you are generous.
Drink no kind of intoxicating liquors.
Keep your own secrets, if you have any.
Keep yourself innocent if you would be happy.
Make no haste to be rich if you would prosper.

Mr. Carnegie to Young Men.

He says "The Blessed Heritage of Poverty" is the Best Education with which to Begin Life.

Andrew Carnegie, in a talk on "Stepping-Stones to Success in Business," to a young men's organization in New York, lately, said:

"I am going to give you a few points in my own life. As a young man I had the best education in the world with which to begin life, for I was born to the blessed heritage of poverty. I hope the burden of riches has not fallen on the young men here. When this burden is laid on a young man he has temptation at every step of which the poor man knows nothing, and if he acts his part well he deserves double credit. He is surely the salt of the earth.

"You hear a great deal about poverty nowadays, and the cry goes up to abolish poverty, but it will be the saddest day of civilization when poverty is no longer with us. It is from the soil of poverty that all the virtues spring. Without poverty where will your inventor, your artist, your philanthropist come from? God does not call His great men from the palaces of the rich.

"Fortunately, being poor, I was not compelled to make a choice of my career. It was not what I wanted, but what I could get. I have scribbled with the pen and have been a journalist, although I hope not of the yellow press. I was made a man at

thirteen when I brought $1.20 which I had made with my own hands.

"To succeed a young man must be honest, moral and sober. You cannot trust a drinking man, and I would as soon trust the man who gambles at Monte Carlo as the man who gambles in Wall Street. The successful business man must be a good, all-around man, and must not do anything to excess. Business is affected by the small things in life. Events in far-off climes affect the business status in this and every other country. All wars and the awful massacres which accompany them, whether they take place on this continent, or in the far away islands of the sea, have their effect upon our business.

"The real advantages of wealth are what it will enable you to do for others. But of every thousand dollars given to charity nine hundred and fifty might as well be thrown in the sea. Help the aspiring. It is of no use to boost a man up a ladder unless he is willing to climb himself.

"There are three classes of young men in the world. One starts out to be a millionaire. Another seeks reputation, perhaps at the cannon's mouth. A third young man, who will be successful, is he who starts out in life with relf-respect and who is true to his own self and to his fellow-men. He cannot fail to win."

John D. Rockefeller was an interested listener, and suggested that everybody present shake hands with the speaker.

McKinley Not Given to Humor.

It is said that the late President McKinley was always so much in earnest that he never essayed humor. Some time after his elevation to the Presidency a New York magazine sent a representative to Canton with instructions to secure a story on McKinley humor. The young man spent nearly two weeks interviewing the President's life-long friends, and was compelled at last to leave without material. There was no McKinley humor.

"I have yet to find a man who has heard McKinley tell a comic anecdote," he wrote. "He seems to enjoy humor as much as any one, but never appears as a source of amusement. One could conceive that he might have a reluctance to appear as a comedian since he is the Chief Executive, believing it incompatible with the dignity of the office. But even in his early days in politics I can find no record of his relating stories. In any event, that is the result of my investigation, and I am ready to give up the trial." But that there was a vein of humor underlying his serious nature is shown by the following:

JOKE OF THE CUSPIDOR.—The little town of Oberlin, Ohio, is probably one of the straitest-laced places in America. It is the home of a university, and the town-fathers have so jealously guarded the morals of the young people that not only is the sale of liquor prohibited, bnt even tobacco is unknown in the stores. A Mr. Monroe, at one time a Congressman from the Oberlin district, was in the habit of entertaining all the political leaders who visited the place, and during Mr. McKinley's first gubernatorial campaign he stopped at Mr. Monroe's house.

After dinner Mr. McKinley took a cigar from his pocket and casually remarked to his host that if he did not mind he would have a smoke. Mr. Monroe looked aghast, but not desiring to appear inhospitable and yet dreading the social ostracism which he would doubtless suffer if a guest should be seen smoking on his piazza, he conducted Mr. McKinley to a back balcony on the second floor, where he was screened from the public view, and told him to go ahead. McKinley lighted his cigar, and leaning back in his chair called for a cuspidor, as all good smokers do.

"Why, there is not such a thing in town," replied Mr. Monroe, and the coal bucket was pressed into service.

Soon after the meeting Mr. McKinley spoke at East Liverpool, which is a great pottery centre. He mentioned his experience to a friend who was the proprietor of one of the big potteries there, and then said:

"By the way, Taylor, just for a joke send a gross of your china spitoons to Mr. Monroe. Don't tell him where they came from or he will suspect that I had a hand in it."

Colonel Taylor immediately crated a beautiful assortment of chinaware and sent it to Oberlin. A year later McKinley was again a guest at Mr. Monroe's house. He went

with a liberal supply of good smoking material and soon asked for the back balcony. Lighting a cigar, he remarked:

"You haven't a cuspidor in town yet, have you, Monroe?"

"Well, now, that is funny," replied his host; "but a few days after you were here last year some one sent me a whole crate of those things. Of course I had no use for them, and they were such nice china and so prettily painted that my wife used them all for flower-pots. There is not one about the house that is not in use."

ANOTHER EXCEPTION.—The statement that there was never any McKinley humor is further disproved by an incident that occurred while he lay on his death-bed. On Monday after the tragedy in Buffalo, when everybody about the house was happy over the apparent improvement in the President's condition, the doctors in his room were feeling his pulse to obtain the necessary data for a bulletin. "The President kept up a running conversation with us," said one of the physicians afterwards in telling the story, "and, for very good reasons, we did not want him to exhaust his strength uselessly. One of the doctors stepped to the bedside and said: 'Mr. McKinley, you are not to talk. We have decided you must not talk.' The President's dark eyes were bent on the one who gave the order, and, without moving a muscle of his face, he said:

"'You gentlemen think you don't have a chance to boss the President of the United States often and you are improving your opportunity.'"

Sir William Hamilton's Stories of Great Memories.

Sir William Hamilton tells some huge stories in his lectures on Memory. Ben Johnson could not only repeat all he had ever written, but whole books he had read! If we had his faculty, we should pray to be delivered from the full exercise of it. Niebuhr, in his youth, was employed in one of the public offices of Denmark, where part of a book of accounts having been lost, he restored it from his recollection. Seneca complains of old age because he cannot, as he once did, repeat two thousand names in the order they were read to him, and avers that, on one occasion, when at his studies, two hundred unconnected verses having been pronounced by different pupils of his preceptor, he repeated them in a reversed order from the last to the first uttered. A quick and retentive memory, both of words and things, is an invaluable treasure, and may be had by any one who will take the pains. Theodore Parker, while in divinity school, had a notion that his memory was defective and needed looking after, and he had an immense chronological chart hung up in his room and tasked himself to commit the contents—all the names and dates, from Adam and the year 1 down to Nimrod, Ptolemy, Saxter, Heliogabulus and the rest. Our verbal memory soonest fails us, unless we attend to it and keep it in fresh order. A child will commit and recite verbatim easier than an adult, and girls than boys. To keep the verbal memory fresh, it is capital exercise to study and acquire new languages, or commit and treasure up choice passages, making them a part of our mental wealth.

There was a negro girl in Brucetown, Ky., about nine years of age, whose memory was truly marvelous. Her wonderful powers were first brought to the notice of a white man, who kept a grocery in that part of the city, some time ago. He had been reading aloud in her presence the day before, and accidentally heard her repeat, word for word, what he had read from the paper, though twenty-four hours had intervened.

After this he tested her memory frequently, and found her capable of repeating thirty or forty lines from a book after hearing it read over once. Her intellect in other respects did not seem at all above, if equal to, the average. Such instances of memory are not at all unusual. Mary Summerville tells of an idiot in Edinburgh who never failed to repeat the sermon, word for word, after kirk each Sunday, saying, "Here the minister coughed, here he stopped to blow his nose," etc.

Blind Tom's Wonderful Memory.

Blind Tom, the famous negro pianist, knew nothing of the notes or theoretical music. But he remembered every sound he

heard, even when an infant. His musical genius was discovered by his young mistress (he was born a slave) one day, when she returned after a short absence from the parlor and found the negro child of not yet six years sitting at the piano in an ecstacy of delight, playing perfectly the music she had played a few minutes before in his hearing. Blind Tom could always repeat any music played in his hearing. He also remembered speeches word for word and imitated exactly the tones of the orator. Thousands have heard him repeat one of Stephen A. Douglas' great orations, which he heard when quite young from the lips of the distinguished man. Tom's intellect is of a very low order.

Interesting Facts About the Human Family.

The average man's greatest weight is attained at about forty years of age; that of woman, about fifty. At sixty years the weight usually declines until it equals the average weight at nineteen years.

It has been computed that nearly two years' sickness is experienced by every person before he is seventy years old, and therefore that ten days per annum is the average sickness of human life. Till forty it is but half, and after fifty it rapidly increases. The mixed and fanciful diet of man is considered the cause of numerous diseases from which animals are exempt. Many diseases have abated with changes of diet, and others are virulent in particular countries, arising from peculiarities.

Human Longevity.—Of 100,000 male and female children, in the first month they are reduced to 90,396, or nearly a tenth. In the second, to 87,936. In the third, to 86,175. In the fourth, to 84,720. In the fifth, to 83,571. In the sixth, to 82,526, and by the end of the first year, to 77,528, the deaths being 2 to 9. The next four years reduces the 77,528 to 62,448, indicating 37,552 deaths before the completion of the fifth year.

At twenty-five years the 100,000 are half, or 49,995; at fifty-two, one-third. At fifty-eight and one-half, a fourth, or 25 000; at sixty-seven, a fifth, at seventy-six, a tenth; at eighty-one, a twentieth, or 5,000; and ten attain one hundred. Children die in large proportions because their disease cannot be explained, and because the organs are not habituated to the functions of life. The mean of life varies in different countries from forty to forty-five. A generation from father to son is about thirty years; of men in general, five-sixths die before seventy, and fifteen-sixteenths before eighty. After eighty it is rather endurance than enjoyment. The nerves are blunted, the senses fail, the muscles are rigid, the softer tubes become hard, the memory fails, the brain ossifies, the affections are buried, and hope ceases. The sixteenth die at eighty, except a one hundred and thirty-third at ninety. The remainder die from inability to live, at or before one hundred.

About the age of thirty-six the lean man usually becomes fatter and the fat man leaner. Again, between the years forty-three and fifty his appetite fails, his complexion fades, and his tongue is apt to be furred on the least exertion of body or mind. At this period his muscles become flabby, his joints weak; his spirits droop, and his sleep is imperfect and unrefreshing. After suffering under these complaints a year, or perhaps two, he starts afresh with renewed vigor, and goes on to sixty-one or sixty-two, when a similar change takes place, but with aggravated symptoms. When these grand periods have been successively passed, the gravity of incumbent years is more strongly marked, and he begins to boast of his age.

In Russia, much more than in any other country, instances of longevity are numerous, if true. In the report of the Holy Synod, in 1827, during the year 1825, and only among the Greek religion, 848 men had reached upwards of 100 years of age; thirty-two had passed their 120th year; four from 130 to 135. Out of 606,818 men who died in 1826, 2,765 were above ninety; 1,432 above ninety-five; and 848 above 100 years of age. Among this last number eighty-eight were above 115; twenty-four more than 120; seven above 125; and one 130. Riley asserts that Arabs in the Desert live 200 years.

BOOK VIII

OBLE EXAMPLES

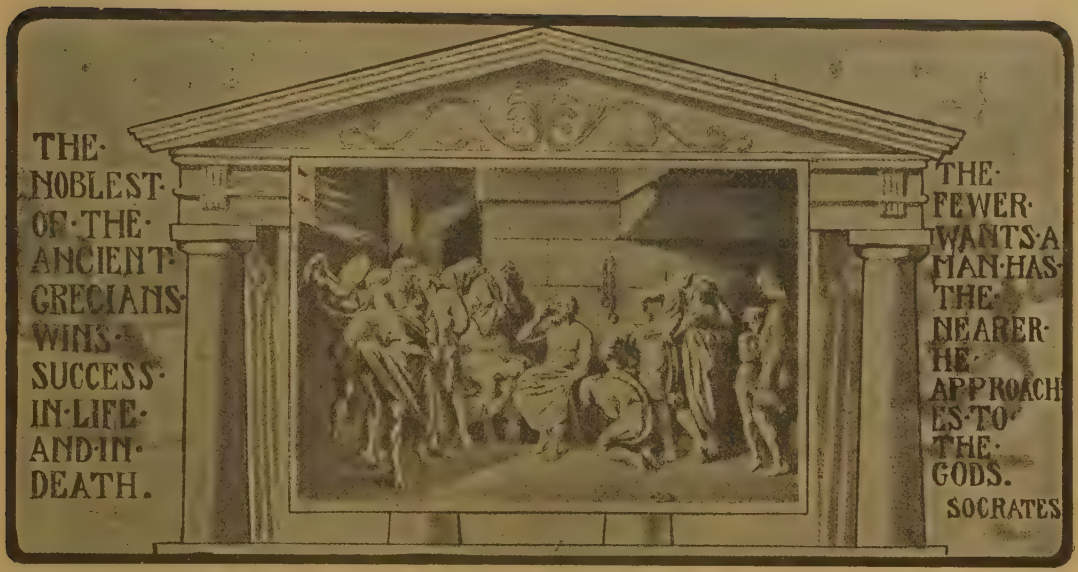
OF

GREAT ACHIEVEMENTS

INSPIRING LESSONS FROM THE LIVES OF THE WORLD'S GREAT LEADERS

ENTERPRISE	COURTESY
ENERGY	CHEERFULNESS
ENTHUSIASM	CONTENTMENT
ECONOMY	THRIFT
PERSEVERANCE	THOROUGHNESS
PURPOSE	SELF-HELP
PROMPTNESS	SELF CONTROL

HOW SUCCESS IS WON
AND HAPPINESS GAINED



SOCRATES TAUGHT SUBLIME LESSONS OF MORALITY LEADING TO HAPPINESS AND SUCCESS

There are men to whom wealth is but a weight—a crushing weight if not honorably attained. Such a man was Socrates, the supreme moral teacher of Greece, to whom the highest success meant a crust of bread and freedom to lead the people in the paths of truth and uprightness. For many years he went among the Athenians, especially the young and those ardent for knowledge, until by his teachings, strange alike in manner and matter, his fearless probity, his reproofs for evil doing, his wise utterances, and his sarcastic dealings with wrong in high places he won the bitter hatred of some of the political leaders of Athens.

Unable to controvert him in argument, or to silence him by threat or persuasion, they brought against him a charge of impiety to the old gods of Greece, and, with the aid of false evidence and the serene disdain of Socrates himself, secured his conviction. Death was the penalty, and the venerable teacher, the noblest soul in all Athens, was sentenced to drink the cup of hemlock, the poison to which the judges of that city condemned exalted convicts.

This sentence could not be carried out until the arrival of the sacred ship *Theoris*, which, crowned with laurel, was on its way to the temple of Apollo on the island of Delos. It was a holy festival period at Athens until its return, and the execution of a prisoner during its absence would have polluted the city. The days of waiting thus accorded Socrates were passed by him with ineffable calmness in prison, where a score or more of his disciples had daily access to him. He counselled them here with all the serenity of soul which he had shown when free to discourse in the market-place. He could have escaped in the interval. A plan was formed for his release, but Socrates would not listen to it.

Conversation on the Loftiest Themes.

"I do not think the ship will arrive tomorrow, as you think," said Socrates, "but on the next day. I infer this from a dream I had, just before you came in. It was by some lucky chance that you did not wake me sooner."

"What was your dream?"

"It seemed to me that a woman in white raiment, graceful and fair to look upon, came toward me, and, calling me by name, said, in Homer's words, 'Socrates, on the third day thou shalt reach the coast of fertile Pythia.'"

This dream proved prophetic. The ship arrived on the day stated, and his followers thronged to the prison. His chains had just been taken off. Xanthippe, his wife, was bewailing, and he sent her away. There is a picture of supreme grandeur in the account given by Plato, in his "Phædo," where Socrates, who has been unchained that he may prepare for death, is portrayed as sitting upon his bed, and rubbing his leg gently where the iron has galled it. He begins to speak, not with a complaint against fate or his judges, or the misery of the coming death, but with a grateful reflection. "What an unaccountable thing, my friends, that seems to be which men call pleasure; and how wonderfully it is related to that which appears to be its contrary, pain, in that they will not both be present to a man at the same time; yet if any one pursues and attains the one, he is almost always compelled to receive the other, as if they were united from one head."

Obedience to the Laws a Supreme Duty.

This final interview was spent in marvelous conversation, ending with the words: "That man should be of good courage in regard to his soul, who in his lifetime has striven after knowledge, and adorned his soul with ornaments that befit her,—moderation, justice, courage, freedom, truth,—and thus awaits his journey hence, ready when the voice of fate shall call him. You, too, Simmias, and Cebes, and all the rest of you, must each one take this journey: 'but now,' as a tragic poet would say, 'me the voice of fate is calling;' and it seems better for me to bathe before drinking the poison, and not give the people the trouble of washing my body."

After the bath, Crito asked, "How do you wish to be buried?"

"Just as you please, if you can catch me," he said, laughing. "It is only the body of Socrates you will bury. After I have drunk the poison, I shall go away to certain joys prepared for the blessed."

Then came his children and the women, and all wished him farewell. The jailer, weeping, assured Socrates that giving the hemlock was not his fault. "How courteous the man is," said the sage.

Crito pleaded that it was not yet sunset and that the fatal moment had not come, but Socrates answered that a few minutes of life were not worth clinging to. Then he asked how to manage with the hemlock.

"Prayer to the Gods is surely allowed," he said, "and must be made, that it may fare well with me on my journey yonder. For this, then, I pray, and so be it."

"Thus speaking," says Plato, "he put the cup to his lips, and right easily and blithely drank it off. All burst into tears and loud grief. But Socrates asked, 'What are you doing, you strange people? I sent away the woman to avoid this discordance; for I have heard that a man ought to die in solemn stillness. So, pray be composed, and restrain yourselves.'

Death Comes Peacefully at the End of a Noble and Lofty Career.

"Hearing this, we were ashamed, and forced back our tears. And he walked about till he began to feel a heaviness in his legs, and then lay down on his back, as he had been told to do. Thereupon, the man who had given the poison, taking hold of him, examined, from time to time, his feet and legs, and then, pressing one foot hard, asked if he felt it, to which he answered, 'No!'—and after that, again his legs, and then still higher, showing us the while that he was getting cold and stiff. Then Socrates himself did the same, and said that by the time the poison had reached his heart, he should be gone. He was then nearly cold up to his waist, when, uncovering his face, for he had covered it up, he said,—and these were his last words—perhaps in the thought of immortal health, 'Crito, we owe a cock to Æsculapius. Pay the debt, and do not forget it.'

"'It shall be done, Socrates,' said he. 'But think if you have nothing else to say.'

"There was no answer to this question; but, after a moment, Socrates stirred, and when the man uncovered him, we saw that his face was set. Crito, seeing this, closed his mouth and eyes. Such was the end of our friend, a man whom we may call, of all men known to us, the best, the wisest and the most just."

An Oboe Player Becomes a Great Astronomer.

PLENTY OF ROOM AT THE TOP EVEN AT STAR GAZING. A NEW PLANET DISCOVERED MAKES HERSCHEL RENOWNED

Everybody has heard of the Herschels, father and son, who won success in science and became the most famous of astronomers. But everybody does not know how William Herschel the musician, rose to be Sir William Herschel, Astronomer-Royal of England. His story is a good illustration of what the pursuit of an idea by a capable man will do.

His father was a poor German musician, who brought up his four sons to the same calling. William came over to England to seek his fortune, and he joined the band of the Durham Militia, in which he played the oboe. The regiment was lying at Doncaster, where Dr. Miller first became acquainted with Herschel, having heard him perform a solo on the violin in a surprising manner. The Doctor entered into conversation with the youth, and was so pleased with him, that he urged him to leave the militia band and take up his residence at his house for a time. Herschel did so, and while at Doncaster was principally occupied in violin-playing at concerts, availing himself of the advantages of Dr. Miller's library to study in his leisure hours.

Music Leads to the Study of Mathematics.

A new organ having been built for the parish church of Halifax, an organist was advertised for, upon which Herschel applied for the office, and was selected. While officiating as organist and music-teacher at Halifax, he began to study mathematics, unassisted by any master. Leading the wandering life of an artist, he was next attracted to Bath, where he played in the Pump-room band, and also officiated as organist in the Octagon chapel.

The Knowledge of Mathematics Leads from Music to Astronomy.

Some recent discoveries in astronomy having arrested his mind, and awakened in him a powerful spirit of curiosity, he sought and obtained from a friend the loan of a two-foot telescope. So fascinated was the poor musician by the science, that he even thought of purchasing a telescope, but the price asked by the London optician was so alarming that he determined to make one. Those who know what a reflecting telescope

is, and the skill which is required to prepare the concave metallic speculum, which forms the most important part of the apparatus, will be able to form some idea of the difficulty of this undertaking. Nevertheless, Herschel succeeded, after long and painful labor, in completing a five-foot reflector, with which he had the gratification of observing the rings and satellites of Saturn. Not satisfied with this triumph, he proceeded to make other instruments in succession, of seven, ten and even twenty feet. In constructing the seven-foot reflector, he finished no fewer than two hundred specula before he produced one that would bear any power that was applied to it,—a striking instance of the persevering laboriousness of the man.

Sisters May Help Their Brothers in Their Struggles for Greatness.

As a glimpse into his daily life it is pleasing to note that he had a favorite sister Caroline, who had implicit faith in his ability and confidence in his success. She also won a reputation for astronomical researches, and was a great help to him. It is said that with a small telescope she discovered seven comets and wrote many papers which were read and contributed to the astronomical society which recognized her ability by presenting her with a gold medal, and also elected her an honorary member of the society.

When her brother found himself in easy circumstances he brought her to Bath to reside with him. She thus describes his life soon after their arrival at this place: "He used to retire to bed with a basin of milk or a basin of water, with 'Smith's Harmonics' or 'Ferguson's Astronomy' under his arm, and so went to sleep, buried under his favorite authors, and his first thoughts on awakening were how to obtain instructions for viewing those objects himself of which he had been reading."

Make the Best Use of Resources You Have at Hand Before Expecting to Find Better.

At first he had to content himself with hiring a small Gregorian reflector of about two inches aperture, which he had seen exposed for loan in a tradesman's shop. It was entirely beyond his means to think of purchasing an instrument for his own use. Not being satisfied with the instrument he had hired, he procured a small lens of about 18 feet focal length so as to make him a telescope. The tube made in this way naturally bent, and it was of no use for astronomical purposes, but for the determined eyes of William Herschel. The pasteboard was soon displaced by tin, and so a poor sort of vision was obtained of Jupiter, Saturn and the moon. The great reflecting telescope made by his own hands was a wonderful instrument for the period, as was evident when he saw as no others had seen, Saturn, that great globe, with its magnificent rings and six of its moons, in a splendor now commonly known. One of these moons was seen by him for the first time and he soon discovered another, thus adding two moons to Saturn's shining family.

How a New Planet was Discovered and Named.

While sublimely gauging the heavens with his instruments, he continued patiently to earn his bread by piping to the fashionable frequenters of the Bath Pump-room. So eager was he in his astronomical observations, that he would steal away from the room during an interval of the performance, give a little turn to his telescope, and contentedly return to his oboe. Thus working away, Herschel discovered a new planet, the Georgium Sidus, now named Uranus, the orbit and rate of motion of which he carefully calculated, and sent the results to the Royal Society; when the humble oboe player found himself at once elevated from obscurity to fame. He was shortly after appointed Astronomer Royal, and by the kindness of George III. was placed in a position of honorable competency for life. He was given a salary of 200 pounds, or about $1,000, and his friend in speaking of it, says, "Never before was honour purchased by monarch at so cheap a rate." He made other important discoveries, as did his son, Sir John Herschel, who also won fame as an astronomer.

FROM THE DISTRICT SCHOOL TO THE UNITED STATES SENATE

THE BOY WHO FAILED IN HIS FIRST EFFORT AT DECLAIMING BECOMES A DISTINGUISHED ORATOR

The fields in which success may be won are as broad as human life. The accumulation of money is only one, and certainly not the highest, of them. Its main purpose is the benefit of one; that of some other fields is the benefit of all. High among these stands statesmanship, and as an example of the loftiest American statesmanship we cannot do better than present the name of the eminent orator, Daniel Webster.

Webster entered Congress at about thirty years of age. He was sent there with the reputation of being one of the leading lawyers of New England, yet few imagined the profound ability as a statesman or the wonderful powers as an orator which this new Congressman, thoughtful, deep-brooding, much revolving, brought with him to the councils of the nation.

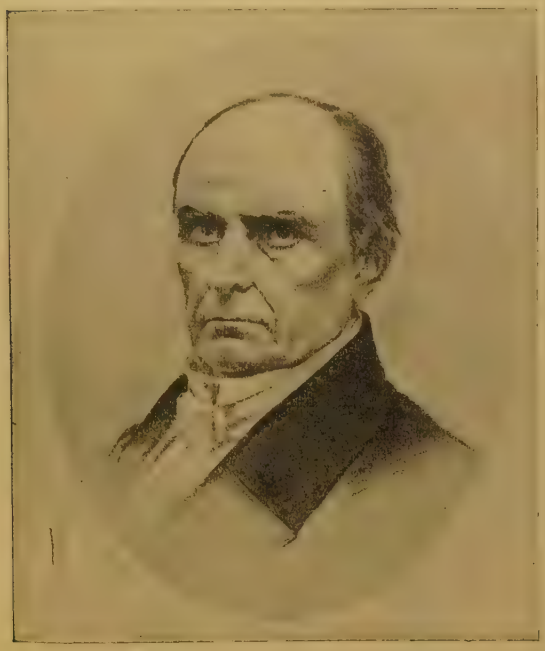
"That my brother and I were tillers of the soil is my greatest pride."—*Daniel Webster.*

The Boy Buys a Handkerchief which Proves to be a Profitable Investment.

Daniel Webster began life as a poor boy, the son of a New Hampshire farmer. He was born a student, and his early feebleness saved him from much of the severe duty which farmwork in New England soil entails. It is of interest to know, in view of Webster's later career, that the first twentyfive cents he ever earned was spent in buying from a peddler a handkerchief on whose surface was printed the Constitution of the United States. The boy

fairly wore out the handkerchief in reading the Constitution, not ceasing till every word of it was impressed upon his memory. But the Constitution was far from satisfying his appetite. Every book he could lay his hands on he read, carrying it about in his pocket and pulling it out to study during the odd minutes which he had to spare after the work-days of his life began. While at work in his father's saw-mill, he would set a log, and read industriously while the saw cut through it.

His father appreciated his studious habits and proposed to give him a college edu-



"There is room at the top."—*Daniel Webster.*

cation. One day, while they were in the hayfield together, a man rode up and spoke for a few minutes with the father. After he had gone Mr. Webster said: "Dan, that man beat me by a few votes in getting into Congress, and for that he had to thank his better education. I intend that you shall have an education, and then I expect you to work your way to Congress."

The prospect of going to an advanced school delighted the studious boy, but he protested strongly against going unless his brother Ezekiel could go too. So the father mortgaged his farm and sent them both. Entering at Phillips Exeter Academy, he worked his way to Dartmouth, teaching and copying law papers to help pay his expenses. Studious as the boy was by inclination, he did not shine in his classes, though his remarable memory and close application gained him credit with tutors. He graduated without distinction, though he could claim a clean record throughout his college career. But his career was another example of the fact that the brilliant graduate is frequently not the one who wins the prize in life.

Working One's Way Through College is an Avenue Open to Every Ambitio[u]s Boy.

Meanwhile his brother had finished his studies and was making his mark in the law, and his father had risen to the honor of a judgeship. He offered Daniel a position as clerk of the court, with fifteen hundred dollars a year as salary. The ambitious young graduate refused it.

"I propose to be an actor, not a register of other mens' acts," he said.

"There are more lawyers now than the country needs," said the disappointed old gentleman.

"There is always room at the top," answered the aspiring young man.

He had set his mind on the profession of the law, and no disapproval could stop him. He exhausted the legal lore of the country lawyers, and then went to Boston to study at the fountain head. With patience, hard work, and native talent he made his way to a good position at the Boston bar, and finally fulfilled his father's desire by winning an election to Congress.

Daniel Webster did not win Success without Effort and Endeavor.

We have given these details, though it is not a biographical sketch that we propose. They are of interest as showing that Webster did not win his great success without effort or endeavor. His ability as an orator had already been manifested in the court room and on the political rostrum,

and quickly made itself felt in Congress. It was the period of the war with England, and Webster, from almost his first speech, rose to leadership in the old Federal party, which he supported in its strong disapproval of the war and the Democratic measures.

Leaving Congress in 1816 with an established reputation, he quickly became the leading lawyer in New England; while his great victory in the Dartmouth College case, argued before the United States Supreme Court, won him national fame. After that there was hardly an important case argued before the Supreme Conrt at Washington in which Webster was not retained by the Government. His deep, musical voice, his commanding figure, his forcible choice of words, his profound knowledge of the law, his imposing delivery, swept all before them, and judge, jury, and spectators alike were often carried away in the deep current of his eloquence.

Webster did not confine himself to legal oratory. He was in demand for orations in honor of great national events, in which he acquitted himself magnificently, the most brilliant of them all, perhaps, being his grand eulogy on the two great patriots, Thomas Jefferson and John Adams, who, by a remarkable coincidence, died together on July 4th, 1826, the fiftieth anniversary of the signing of the Declaration of Independence, in which they were the two leading actors. When his deep, resonant voice pictured before them Jefferson as the author of this memorable document, with Adams as its reader before Congress, the thronged audience in Faneuil Hall were utterly carried away with the enthusiasm of the moment.

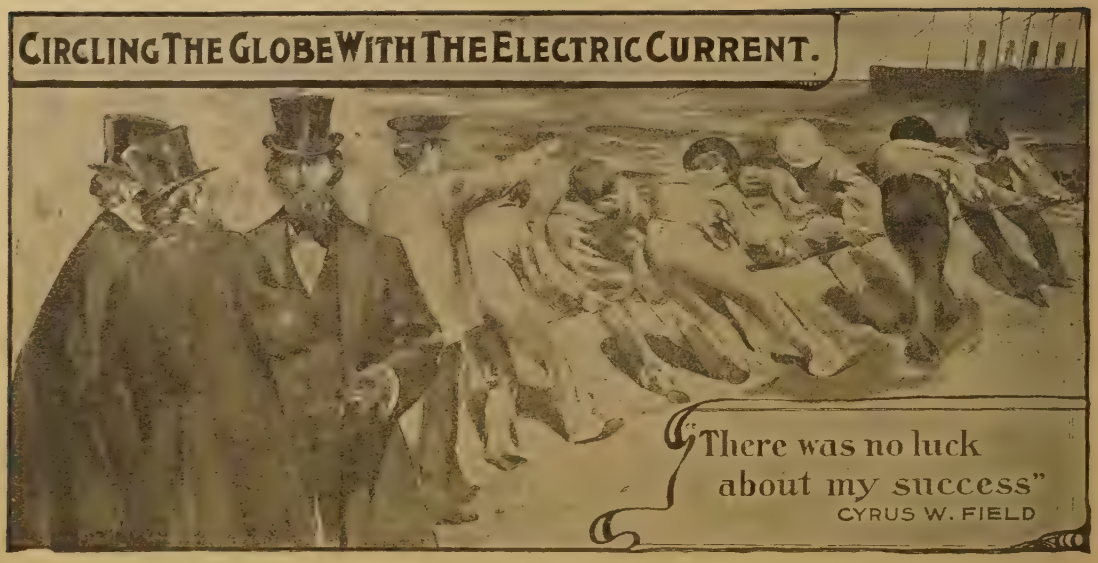
The Culmination of a Life of Hard Work and Study may be a Famous Speech or a Brilliant Deed.

Before this time Webster was back in Congress, and in 1828 he was sent to the Senate, where he reached the summit point of American oratory in January, 1830, in his wonderful reply to Hayne, of South Carolina, on the subject of "nullification" of the laws of the Union. No such speech had been heard before in Congress, none such has been heard since, and it lifted Webster far above a multitude of smaller men to the level of Demosthenes of old.

He lived to be seventy years old, and on his seventieth birthday said, "Work has made me what I am. I never eat a bit of idle bread in my life." His orations, we are told, "take the highest rank among the best productions of the American intellect. They are thoroughly national in their spirit and tone, and are full of principles, arguments, and appeals which come directly home to the hearts and understanding of the great body of the people. They are storehouses of thought and knowledge, solid judgment, high sentiment, and broad and generous views of national policy."

Webster's Definition of True Eloquence.

"True eloquence does not consist in speech. It can not be brought from far. Labor and learning may toil for it, but they will toil in vain. Words and phrases may be marshaled in every way, but they can not compass it. It must exist in the man, in the subject, and in the occasion. Affected passion, intense expression, the pomp of declamation, all may aspire after it—they can not reach it. It comes, if it comes at all, like the outbreaking of a fountain from the earth, or the bursting forth of volcanic fires, with spontaneous, original, native force. The graces taught in the schools, the costly ornaments and studied contrivances of speech, shock and disgust men, when their own lives, and the fate of their wives, their children, and their country hang on the decision of the hour. Then words have lost their power, rhetoric is vain, and all elaborate oratory is contemptible. Even genius itself then feels rebuked and subdued, as in the presence of higher qualities. Then patriotism is eloquent; then self-devotion is eloquent. The clear conception, outrunning the deductions of logic, the high purpose, the firm resolve, the dauntless spirit, speaking on the tongue, beaming from the eye, informing every feature, and urging the whole man onward, right onward to his object,—this, this is eloquence; or, rather, it is something greater and higher than all eloquence: it is action, noble, sublime, Godlike action."



CYRUS W. FIELD OVERCOMES ALL OBSTACLES AND BECOMES THE BENEFACTOR OF HIS RACE

"Cyrus," said David Dudley Field to his son of fifteen, when the latter left home to enter upon his life duties in New York, "I feel sure you will succeed, for your playmates could never get you off to play until all the work for which you were responsible was done." With that earnest of success in life, and eight dollars in cash, which slender sum his father could not give him without some sacrifice, the future maker of the Atlantic cable set out to begin his business career.

The Field family was a large one, ten in all. One son died young, all the others surviving to make their mark in life. Three of them,—Cyrus West, David Dudley, and Stephen Johnson,—rose to lofty positions in the industrial and legal history of our land, and all their brothers gained some degree of prominence. They were honest, they were earnest, they were persistent and enterprising, and to these qualities they owed their success.

Be Anxious to Learn Your Business From the Start.

What we have to say about these three men must be said briefly. Cyrus stands highest in the world's eye, from the great enterprise and persistence displayed by him, his phenomenal success, and its unsurpassed utility to mankind. He began humbly enough. His first year as errand boy in A. T. Stewart's store brought him only $50 salary; his second year $100. Then he was made a clerk. But in every position he was active and diligent, for, in addition to earning his wages, he was anxious to learn the business thoroughly, and made a close study of every department in the establishment.

The Idea of an Atlantic Cable Develops in Field's Brain.

He was hardly past boyhood when he started in business for himself. In this his career was a phenomenal one. Three times the business with which he was connected failed and all he had earned was swept away. Three times he paid every dollar due to his creditors and began again. This strict integrity and unyielding persistence were worth to him unlimited credit, and in spite of his business misfortunes he acquired what in those days was considered wealth.

The idea of the Atlantic cable came to him in this way. Frederick Gisborne had

beggared himself in seeking to build a Newfoundland cable. He came to New York in search of assistance and was introduced to Cyrus W. Field. The large-minded merchant listened to him, turned the subject over in his brain, and one evening as he was looking at the globe in his library the thought came to him: "If Newfoundland and the United States can be connected by a telegraph wire, why not Newfoundland and Ireland?" That thought was the germ of the many thousands of telegraph cable which now run under all seas.

Cyrus Field was one of the men in whose mind a good thought clinches itself and will not let go. The work he did in the dozen years that followed was something enormous. There was organizing of companies, raising of capital, constructing and laying of cables, bitter disappointments, with the whole work to be done over and over again, and persistent holding on until final success was achieved and victory won. The first cable, the work in connection with which represented the labor of a lifetime for many men, broke in midocean and was lost. It needed a Field to bear up and start again after that misfortune. But he was determinded "to moor the New World along side the Old," and with strenuous new endeavor new capital was obtained and a new cable made. This was laid in 1858, and for a brief time proved successful. The Queen and the President sent words of congratulation across the ocean. A few other messages were sent and then it stopped working, and the world's rejoicing turned to doubt and distrust. Some declared that the words claimed to have been sent were false, intended to deceive the public and cheat capitalists, but this did not gain much credit.

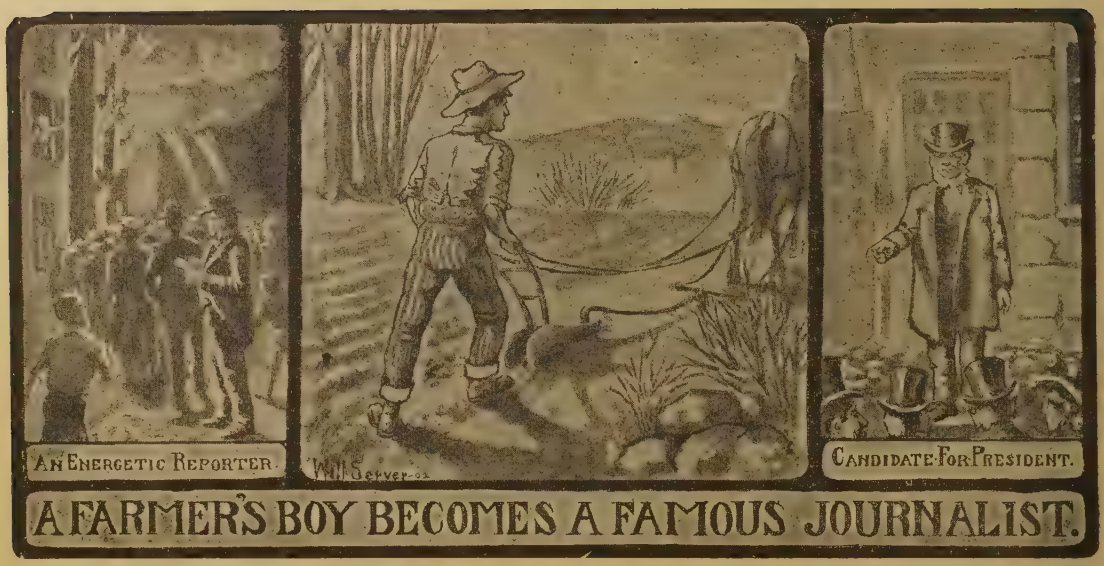
Keeping at it is Always essential to Success.

Cyrus Field was not discouraged. Men had spoken across the ocean by cable. The idea, at least, was a success; simply a better cable was needed. He kept at it, but the American civil war intervened, and it was 1865 before he had another cable ready to lay. Again the wire broke and his hopes were once more buried on the ocean's bed. The indomitable man was not yet defeated. He kept at it still, and had another cable ready to lay in 1866. At last success was attained, the cable held and did its work. Europe and America were made practically one continent, and distance seemed annihilated. Then the *Great Eastern* went back, picked up and spliced the cable lost the year before, and a double channel for speech existed across the Atlantic. Cyrus W. Field had won one of the great victories of the ages. From that day to this men in Europe and America talk with each other as though they were in two adjoining rooms in one building, and to-day there remain no civilized parts of the earth out of the reach of human thought.

Success May be Found in Every Field of Employment.

Of the two celebrated brothers of the famous cable-layer, David Dudley Field won his reputation in the practice and interpretation of the law. He set himself early in his career to an immense task, no less a one than that of reforming the legal system of the English-speaking world, and he did this with a marvellous success. He wrote the Civil Code eight times over, and parts of it eighteen times. It was a great and daring boast he made, but it was a true one, when he said, "The laws which this brain conceived and this hand wrote are the rule of most of the English-speaking communities of the world."

The third brother, Stephen J. Field, won his fame also in the law, serving as a Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States from 1863 to 1897, when he resigned. His life was an adventurous one. He was one of the "Forty-Niners" landing in San Francisco just after Christmas in 1849. He reached there with a fund of ten dollars, of which it cost him seven to have his trunk brought ashore. Breakfast cost him two dollars, and he had but one dollar left, when he met a man who owed his brother $400. He had the note and the man paid him. From this point his progress continued rapid, and in 1857 he was elected Judge of the Supreme Court of California. He was Chief Justice when President Lincoln, in 1863, appointed him to the bench of the Supreme Court of the United States.



HORACE GREELEY WAS AN EMINENT EXAMPLE THAT ABILITY AND INTEGRITY ARE ELEMENTS OF SUCCESS.

"I would rather be a slave in a rice swamp than to pass through life under the harrow of debt."—*Horace Greeley.*

For many years one of the most notable figures in New York was that of Horace Greeley. Awkward in manner, careless in dress, with an unpleasant tone of voice and an unimpressive aspect, he was nevertheless acknowledged as one of the leaders of thought and a power in the nation from Maine to Oregon. He made his way by force of intellect and integrity from the position of a poor country boy to that of the chosen candidate for President by the Democratic party—a party of which he had long been the most influential opponent. The story of a man like this, and of the steps by which he achieved success, is worth telling, even though we must tell it in brief outline.

Many a Good and Great Man Began Life With hard Work.

Horace Greeley began life with hard work. His father was an itinerant farmer, who moved from New Hampshire to Vermont and thence to the wilds of western Pennsylvania in search of the means of life. There, in a log cabin in a new clearing, the family sought a livelihood, and Horace, who had learned the printer's art in Vermont, set out in search of work to help keep the wolf of want from the door. He was a tall, ungainly lad, whose peculiar looks, his piping, whining voice, and his mean and shabby clothes at first brought him ridicule instead of employment. But those who talked with him soon found that they had a thinker to deal with. While the boy had worked hard, he had also read diligently. Nothing could keep him from books; he read constantly and intelligently and what he read he remembered. In politics particularly he was well informed, with decided opinions and a very able manner of expressing them.

Working for a few months on the *Erie Gazette*, and sending home nearly all his earnings, he set out with fifteen dollars in

his pocket for New York, six hundred miles away. Traveling partly by canal and partly on foot, with the small outlay of about five dollars, he found himself one summer's day in 1831 in the then small but hustling city, without a friend or a job and with only ten dollars between him and stavration.

Do Not be Rebuffed if a Place is not Found at the First Attempt.

Finding the cheapest sort of a boarding place, he sought day after day for work, but his very uninviting appearance and his lack of persistence when refused stood in his way, and a week of search passed by without a moment of hope. But his landlord grew to like him, spoke to his friends about him, and hearing of a place where printers were wanted, told him. On Monday morning, bright and early, Horace was on the spot. The place was not yet open, and one of the first workmen who came up began talking with him. This man, like himself, had learned his trade in Vermont, and, finding that he seemed as honest as he was ungainly, spoke a good word for him with the foreman. The latter, not very hopefully, gave the lad a chance, putting him to work on an edition of the polyglot Testament. It was a difficult job, but the new hand worked all day silently and earnestly, and when the foreman at night saw a printer's proof of his work, it proved to be longer and more correct than that of any other hand in the shop. The battle was won. Horace had gained his footing in New York.

Avoid Debt, Live on Less and be Happier

It was the period in which the cheap newspaper was being established, and the newcomer was more enterprising than his looks gave warrant for. We soon find him joining Francis Story in founding the *Morning Post*, the first daily penny paper ever published. It was very able but proved of short life. The next year, 1834, forming the firm of Greeley & Co., he founded the *New Yorker*, a weekly literary paper, and the best of its kind in the country at that time. It failed in 1841 owing Mr. Greeley $10.000 for editorial work; but he was much less concerned about this than about what it owed others. His feelings about debt were strong. "For my own part," he said, "and I speak from sad experience, I would rather be a convict in a states prison, a slave in a rice swamp, than to pass through life under the harrow of debt. If you have but fifty cents and can get no more for a week, buy a peck of corn, parch it, and live on it, rather than owe any man a dollar."

About this time James Gordon Bennett was thinking of starting the *Herald*, and Greeley, whose cleverness in journalism was then evident, was asked to join him. He inquired how much money was in hand. "Five hundred dollars," was the reply. "It isn't enough," he replied. "I will not go with you, for I do not think you will succeed." The energetic Bennett soon disproved this pessimistic opinion, and Greeley, eager to rival him in his success and to become the head of a great daily, six years afterward launched the *Tribune* in the world, an infant enterprise that was destined to a great career.

The Founding of a Great New York Daily Paper to be the Champion of the Poor.

The story of Horace Greeley's business life after that is the story of the *Tribune*. He made it a power in the world. The strength of the *Herald* was as a purveyor of news; that of the *Tribune* was as a molder of public opinion. Mr. Greeley associated with him the ablest writers upon whom he could lay hands, and the views of the *Tribune* on books, art, the drama, and all learned subjects became the opinions of thousands of its readers. It also became favorably known for its intelligent support of all movements of reform and philanthropy. The toiling poor found in it a persistent champion; whatever seemed for the best good of mankind won its warm advocacy; and the moral tone of the community was distinctly advanced by its efforts. Greeley's own pen, however, was especially powerful in politics, to which he had given years of thought and study, and his trenchant editorials on this subject have

never been surpassed for strength and insight. His political influence was immense. Thousands of men accepted all he said as gospel. William D. Howells tells us that when in his boyhood days, the neighbors gathered around the country store when the *Tribune* was received, and as it was opened, were apt to say: "Well, let us see what old Greeley says this week," and what they heard they rarely questioned.

His political sentiments were those of the Whig party. When this died out and the Republican party was formed, its existence was largely due to the *Tribune*, which has never ceased to support it. Temperance, women's rights, the abolition of capital punishment, and opposition to slavery were among its favorite subjects of support. When the Southern States voted for secession the *Tribune* advocated letting them go, but when Fort Sumter was fired on its tune changed and it became a powerful supporter of President Lincoln and the Union. Greeley, indeed, became a more ardent war-advocate than the administration relished. He insisted that battles must be fought and the Confederacy overthrown without delay. "On to Richmond" was the *Tribune's* war-cry, and many blamed Greeley after the defeat of Bull Run, attributing it to his policy of haste. He annoyed Lincoln also by his demands for immediate emancipation, for more vigorous war measures, for peace movements, and for other things which those at the helm of state knew to be inadvisable, if not impossible. His eagerness, in this way, often ran ahead of his discretion, and at times the authorities at Washington were sorely tried by their too persistent and too influential friend.

Great Political Influence May be Wielded by a Private Citizen.

Greeley's editorial career, aside from such evidences of newspaper statesmanship as those mentioned, was most distinctly a success, and the journal which he built up still ranks among the most influential in the land. His political career was as distinctly a failure. Seward became one of his pet enemies, and he rejoiced in the nomination of Lincoln chiefly on account of the defeat of Seward. Seward's appointment as Secretary of State he viewed as a personal offence, and he opposed Lincoln's second nomination on the ground of his slow emancipation policy. In 1868 Grant was not the man of his choice, but he was forced to bow to the force of public opinion. He supported Grant heartily in the campaign, expecting to be rewarded by an appointment as Minister to England. But he was not a suitable man for that position, and his friends did not even mention the subject to President Grant. Greeley's desire for official position reached its culminating point in 1872, when he opposed Grant's renomination so strongly that he was taken up as the candidate of the bolting Republicans and received the nomination of the Democrats, whom he had been assailing for thirty years.

His acceptance was suicidal. He was strongly hopeful, but he had offended his Republican friends, he could not fairly expect cordial support from his life-long enemies, and his overwhelming defeat was what many had predicted. It was fatal to him. The cruel impeachment of his integrity by his friends was a greater shock than the overthrow of his aspirations. He drooped, and in a few weeks died, leaving behind him the reputation of one of the ablest and noblest journalists the country had ever known.

In his death his acts of weakness were forgotten; his acts of greatness and nobility of mind were alone remembered.

Greely's Good Advice.

"Half the young men in the country, with many old enough to know better, would 'go into business'—that is, into debt—to-morrow, if they could."

"Most poor men are so ignorant as to envy the merchant or manufacturer whose life is an incessant struggle with pecuniary difficulties, who is driven to constant 'shinning,' and who, from month to month, barely evades that insolvency which sooner or later overtakes most men in business; so that it has been computed that but one in twenty of them achieve a pecuniary success."

FROM THE PUSH CART TO THE CABINET

THE PRINCE OF MERCHANTS RUNS TO WEALTH AND HONOR BY FAIR DEALING

"If anything purchased in my store is not exactly as represented please return it and your money will be refunded.
—*John Wanamaker.*

Organization is the great principle in modern trade. It is not a new principle, but it is new in its vast expansion. And one of the first to apply it to the retail business was the famous merchant, John Wanamaker. We can best express his ambition as a business man, his aspirations, and his ability as an organizer in the words of his early employer, Colonel Joseph Bennett, who said of him,—"John was certainly the most ambitious boy I ever saw. I used to take him to lunch with me, and he used to tell me how he was going to be a great merchant. He was very much interested in a temperance cause, and he had not been with me long before he persuaded most of the employees in the store to join the temperance society to which he belonged. He was always organizing something. He seemed to be a natural-born organizer. This faculty is largely accountable for his great success in after life."

John Wanamaker, like so many who become men of great wealth and business interests, began with no capital in cash and scarcely any in education. So poor was his school training that, though he seems to have enjoyed the first sermon he ever heard, he must have done so on faith, for it was full of words he did not understand. These he wrote down and looked them up in the dictionary—an early instance of his love of thoroughness.

Turning Bricks in the Brickyard is Hard Work But Many a Man Has Started There.

He had little time to study, for he early began the business of his life, the making of money. As a little toddler he was put to turning over the bricks in his father's brickyard, that they might dry in the sun—his first earnings being large in bulk though small in sum, seven of the huge old copper cents. As he grew older his work grew harder, but when he was fourteen his father died, and he at once abandoned the brickyard for a more congenial employment, entering a bookstore on Market Street, Philadelphia, at a salary of $1.25 per week. The store was four miles from his home, so that he had to walk eight miles a day, his only spending being for a cheap luncheon. An offer of twenty-five cents a week more wages soon led him to Colonel Bennett's clothing store. When he was eighteen he was receiving there six dollars a week, and probably felt quite rich.

The boy was not only devoted to temperance, but to religion, to whose services

he gave many of his spare hours. He was an ardent member of the Young Men's Christian Association, perhaps without business views, for he showed such activity in promoting its work that the Philadelphia Branch elected him for its first salaried secretary, at a salary of $1,000 per year. He earned his salary during his seven years of service by enrolling more new members than has ever been done since in the same space of time.

Investing First Profits in One's Own Business is Always Good Policy.

The young man was getting his mercantile education. At twenty-four he began to apply it, engaging in the clothing business with his brother-in-law, Nathan Brown, at the corner of Sixth and Market Streets. The total capital of the new firm was $3,500. Their stock in trade was necessarily a very modest one, and as they could not afford a horse and wagon, the ambitious young merchant followed the example of Benjamin Franklin and himself delivered in a push-cart the first goods sold. But his business enterprise showed itself at the start, the profits of the first day's trade—thirty-six dollars—being expended in a newspaper advertisement the next morning. From that day to this John Wanamaker has been a Napoleon in advertising, his competitors watching his daring enterprise with awe and admiration, and following him at a respectful distance.

From the beginning his business prospered. The public were kept daily aware of its existence, and the bargains which it had to offer. He established the one-price system—an innovation in that line of trade—and his faculty for organization displayed itself in every corner of his establishment. The department store was created by him. In ten years' time he had become the leading clothing merchant of Philadelphia, and four years later purchased the freight depot of the Pennsylvania Railroad Company, at Thirteenth and Market Streets, for $450,000. Since then, as he may have foreseen, the stations of the two great railroad systems of the city have been built within a few hundred feet of his store, which has become the centre of Philadelphia's retail trade.

Organization and Bold Advertising, His Business Watchwords.

The new establishment was made the first fully-developed example of the department store, while taste and skill in the arrangement of goods was so developed that Wanamaker's came to be looked upon as a permanent fair, and to "see Wanamaker's" became one of the expected pleasures of a visit to Philadelphia. Since that day, the "Grand Depot" has spread over double its original space, a branch establishment has been opened in Paris, and the Stewart store in New York purchased and a new Wanamaker's founded there. The New York shopper takes to this as kindly as the Philadelphia shopper had long done.

John Wanamaker's success has in it another element, the faculty of recognizing and appreciating a capable man and paying him handsomely for his services. His decorators, his advertisers, his leaders in every branch receive larger salaries than are paid to Cabinet ministers—and earn them, too. Wanamaker's genius for organizing was too active to be confined to his store. The enthusiasm for religious progress, first displayed in the Young Men's Christian Association, was afterwards shown in his Bethany Sunday-school, which grew and grew until it had far outgrown in dimensions any similar enterprise in his native city. In 1889, his reputation as a great merchant brought him the honor of an appointment to the position of Postmaster-General in President Harrison's cabinet. This was, in a sense, a business position, and he introduced into it business methods to an extent which greatly improved the postal service of the country.

To-day, the business of the Wanamaker establishments in Philadelphia alone is between $30,000,000 and $40,000,000 yearly. In the Grand Depot, as the Thirteenth Street store is often designated, the system of profit-sharing has been introduced, the share of the annual profits coming to the employees at the end of the first year amounting to $109,439.68. There has rarely been an example of finer executive capacity than that displayed throughout John Wanamaker's career, and it has brought what such a capacity could not fail to bring, success.

ACKSMITH.
BLACKSMITH
SCHOOL TEACHER
POET
DISTRICT SCHOOL
"Set your face to the stars and press on in the Now; Reck not of the Future; reck not of the past: They are God's."
Edwin Markham
Tom Booth '02

EXAMPLES OF SUCCESS ARE FOUND IN LITERARY WORK. THE SAME QUALITIES REQUIRED EVERYWHERE

Success finds its heroes in every field, alike among the workers and the thinkers, the men who keep the world in motion and the men who tell the story of effort and achievement. It is fitting that we should present the record of one of the latter, and we cannot think of a better example of phenomenal success as a writer than the author of the "Man with the Hoe."

Doing Chores on the Farm and Walking Five Miles to School as Many Boys do.

It is doubtful if any poet before him cultivated the muse in such soil as that which fell to Edwin Markham's lot. He lived as a child on a ranch in a Californian valley, where his efforts to gain an education had in them much of the pathetic. In order to attend the sorry little school which lay five miles from his home, he had to be up at three o'clock in the morning, to chop wood, milk and feed the cows, bring water from the well, and do other chores. Then he would set out afoot on his five miles walk. Only on days of state or ceremony would he be permitted to ride—and only then when his strong-minded donkey consented to carry a boy of his light weight.

The school was kept only three months in the year and its teachers were of the wandering kind, under whom none but a very studious boy could hope to make much progress. Young Markham was eager to learn and became a favorite pupil of two of his teachers.

A Growing Healthy Boy Need Not Fear the Experience of Hard Work.

As he grew older he entered more fully into the active labors of ranch life. He was promoted from the donkey to the horse and became a daring rider, few of the cowboys of the valley surpassing him in skill in rounding up or lassoing cattle. His rides after stray steers would sometimes take him twenty miles from home, when, as night came on, he would have to unsaddle, stake his horse, and camp out with a blanket for covering, often, perhaps, to wake with the rain beating on his face. This was a splendid experience for the growing boy. There was poetry for him in those wild dashes over plain and hill and in his occasional adventures with wild animals or cattle-thieves. The story of his wild life in these years of growth we have from Markham himself, and it was a life

full of stirring scenes, and, doubtless, ripe with poetic inspiration to a youth of his thoughtful mind. He had some experience too at the forge in a blacksmith shop, but this incident is not dwelt upon as it was an occupation he followed for a short time and it was one which did not appeal to his imagination or taste.

As manhood approached his growing desire for education was partly satisfied by a course in the State Normal School at San José, California, which was followed by a college training in the classics and higher mathematics. But his deep-revolving intellect had led him into views of life duty resembling those of Tolstoi. He was strongly impressed with the dignity of manual labor and earnestly deprecated the tendency he saw among educated men to shirk all kinds of severe handiwork. Though trained for a teacher, he determined to fit himself for what appealed to him as one of the normal duties of life, and entered upon the study of the ancient art of the blacksmith, in a wayside shop on the road to Santa Clara. Here he remained till he felt himself to be a master of the art, and then set out to practice his chosen vocation as a teacher.

The story of his first experience is not without its humor. Appointed to take charge of a school in Arroyo Grande, a little mountain town three hundred miles from his home, he staged this distance only to find that no school-house had been built, and that he was decidedly left out-of-doors. He was then twenty-two years of age, tall, strong, and full of grit. His life had been an out-door one, and he felt that he could stand it, if the pupils could. Selecting the well-shaded space round the trunk of an ancient oak for his college hall, he put his table-desk beside the trunk, nailed up a rough blackboard above it, built out of old boxes and planks the seats and desks for the children, and was ready to begin work in "The Oak Tree College." Around it he put up a rough hedge fence to keep wandering cows out of his college hall at night. In this way Markham's career as a teacher began. As the State grew in population and he advanced in years and experience he was called to higher duties. He proved an able and successful teacher, and in time rose to the superintendency of some of the most important educational institutions of the State.

High Thinking Should Accompany all Business and Professional Activity

This was very well in its way. Edwin Markham was doing his duty in the world, yet if this had been all his name would never have been heard beyond the borders of his native state. But while teaching he was thinking. His early love for poetry was ripening and bearing fruit in his mind. Poems from his pen began to appear in the pages of the magazines. They were all of grave and thoughtful tendency, indicating a man who had brooded long and deeply upon the unequal conditions of mankind, the bitter suffering to which this had often led, the cruel selfishness which wealth often engenders in the rich, and the unnatural character and injustice of it all.

One theme above all others dwelt in his deep-revolving mind. He had seen Millet's picture of "The Man with the Hoe," and the utter and unrelieved degradation to which stress of labor seemed to have reduced this "brother to the ox" wrought powerfully in the poet's mind, waking all that sympathy for the martyrs of civilization which had long been growing in his soul. For ten long years he brooded over this theme, seeking to put into poetry all its deep significance to him. Then he launched upon the world his poem of "The Man with the Hoe," of few lines, but so full of thought, so vitalized with indignation, that it swept through the world like a blast of fire from the depths of a volcanic soul. Never had such a concentrated expression of one of the greatest problems of the age been given to mankind, and Edwin Markham grew famous in a breath.

The "Man with the Hoe" will probably live as one of the world's great poems, even though the author never again attains to its height. It was a great success, for in it the thought of a life of earnest reflection upon the deepest themes of life and destiny was melted and poured out red-hot, to burn its way like a revelation into the world's mind.

THE HEAD OF THE COUNTRY SCHOOL BECOMES THE HEAD OF THE NATION

SCHOOLMASTER, SOLDIER, STATESMAN, PRESIDENT AND MARTYR

"Duty determines destiny."
William McKinley

"Good in his greatness and great in his goodness" was the estimate which William McKinley made of President Hayes. It applies even better to himself. He may also justly be called "one of the people," since, like so many of our Presidents, he rose from the ranks, and to the end was simple, unpretentious, and kept himself on a level with his fellow-citizens. There are few in our country who are not familiar with the life of our late President, so we will not repeat it, but confine ourselves to some significant episodes in his career.

McKinley was born neither to poverty nor wealth. His parents, who dwelt in the little town of Niles, Ohio, were well-to-do people, and the boy had all reasonable advantages of play-time and school-life, finishing his education in Alleghany College, Pennsylvania, which he entered at the age of sixteen. He was a true boy, fond of fishing, skating, and boyish sports in general, with no visible Presidential possibilities in his demeanor.

"He Kept on Fishing," and Left His Comrades Far in the Rear.

One of his playmates and young friends says, "Little did I suppose, as I sat fishing with him on Mosquito Creek, with our legs dangling from the edge of the bridge, or as we caught angle-worms to bait our hooks, that I was with a coming President. I well remember his patience with the hook and line. The rest of the boys would get disgusted at not getting a bite and go in bathing, but 'Bill' would keep on fishing."

There is suggestiveness in this phrase. It was by his tendency to "keep on fishing" while others were playing, that the young fisherman left his comrades so far behind in the race of life. The boy was not precocious. There are no tales of any startling progress in school. But he was observant, thoughtful and earnest, and as he grew older showed an inclination to argument and oratory, being prominent in all schoolboy debates. He was bright enough to skip the Freshman year in college, and enter as a Junior. On leaving, as his father was feeling the pressure of the hard times, he took a position at school-teaching, in a district-school near Poland, where the family then lived. He got $25 a month salary and "boarded around." Probably he did not relish this, for much of the time he lived at home, walking several miles to school and back. That was the position of young McKinley in the spring of 1861, when war broke out. Fired with patriotic ardor, he at once dropped book, pencil and rod, and enlisted in the village company, a soldier of eighteen.

The Commissary Sergeant Wins Promotion by Coolness and Daring.

Of McKinley's life as a soldier we have but one incident to tell. It was an incident that showed he had the true stuff of a soldier in him. During the fury of the fighting at Antietam he, as commissary sergeant of the regiment, was at the base of supplies. Here he signalized himself by an act of striking coolness and daring. In every battle the commissary supplies are a centre of attraction for those stragglers whose faint hearts lead them to shirk their duty in the ranks. McKinley, thinking that the men who had borne the brunt of the fray must be in a state of exhaustion, conceived the idea of going to their relief. He set some of the stragglers to making coffee. Loading up a couple of wagons with the hot beverage, he set out with his mule teams for the line of battle. We can best finish this story in the words of one who was present:

"It was nearly dark when we heard tremendous cheering from the left of our regiment. As we had been having heavy fighting right up to this time, our division commander, General Scammon, sent me to find out the cause, which I very soon found to be cheers for McKinley and his hot coffee. You can readily imagine the rousing welcome he received from both officers and men. When you consider the fact of his leaving his post of security and driving into the middle of a bloody battle with a team of mules, it needs no words of mine to show the character and determination of McKinley, a boy of, at this time, not twenty years of age. McKinley loaded up two wagons with supplies, but the mules of one wagon were disabled. He was ordered back time and again, but he pushed right up."

This daring deed brought him promotion from sergeant to lieutenant. He left the army on July 26, 1865, with the brevet rank of Major, at the age of twenty-two.

In Law and Business You Must "Keep at it."

From that time forward McKinley "kept on fishing." He studied law, and in 1867 began practice at Canton, Ohio, his legal place of residence for the remainder of his life. An ardent Republican in political opinion, he soon showed himself an able orator, and in 1876 was sent to Congress, Rutherford B. Hayes, who had been the first major of his regiment, being still over him as President. The great event of McKinley's Congressional career came in 1890. From the start, a vigorous advocate of a protective tariff, in that year he succeeded in carrying a tariff bill practically made by himself, and long known to the nation as the "McKinley Tariff." We have but one thing more to say in regard to his career in Congress, a thing which showed the kind of man he was. In one election his majority fell off, and Mr. Springer twitted him by saying, "Your constituents do not seem to support you."

McKinley's reply is worthy of being carved on his tomb. "My fidelity to my constituents," he said, "is not measured by the support they give. I have convictions which I would not surrender if ten thousand majority had been entered against me."

Elected Governor of Ohio in 1891, and President of the United States in 1897, the remainder of William McKinley's life was passed under the public eye, and throughout it was displayed that high standard of integrity, that fixity of purpose, that earnestness to promote what seemed to him the best good of the country, and that amiability of disposition which had marked his whole public career. He was a strong party man, and made opponents; he can hardly be said to have made enemies, he was too kindly and well-meaning for that. The sentiment with which he was regarded was best shown in those days when he lay suffering, the victim of an assassin, and men of all parties were filled with dread at the threatened loss of a great President and a great man. The quiet resignation of his last words, "Good-bye, all, good-bye. It is God's way, His will be done," was significant of the spirit of his whole life, and the deep grief of the whole country at his death showed the true feeling with which the people everywhere regarded him. The spirit in which he was and will be regarded is well expressed in the closing words of Bishop Andrews' address during state funeral ceremonies at the Capitol: "Washington lives in the hearts and lives of his countrymen; Lincoln, with his infinite sorrow, lives to teach us and lead us on. And McKinley shall summon all statesmen and all his countrymen to purer living, nobler aims, sweeter faith and immortal blessedness."

Bits of Wisdom From President McKinley

"What you want is to get education, and with it you want good character, and with these you want unfaltering industry, and if you have these three things you will have success anywhere and everywhere."

"The thing to-day is to be practical."

"The present and the future hold rich reward for good scholarship, high character and noble endeavor,"

"Money does not make work; work makes money."

"When money is employed, men are employed."

"The path of progress is seldom smooth."

"I want to assure you young people that there is nothing so essential to your easy advancement and success in after life as a good education."

"Honesty, capacity and industry should be fundamental requisites to original appointment and the surest guarantees against removal."

"Doubt in the business world is death to business."

"I am for America because America is for the common people."

"If we are not our brothers' keepers we can be our brothers' helpers."

"Good character is as essential as good education; good morals are more indispensable than learning. Both should go together."

"I love to have the young men about me. I can do no better than to say to them that there is nothing in the world that will serve you so well as good character and clean morals."

"The opportunities for women are greater now than ever before. This is singularly true here, where practically every avenue of human endeavor is open to them."

"While capital waits outside the factory, the machinery within is silent, labor is unemployed and poverty prevails about the firesides of the men who toil."

"Illiteracy must be banished from the land if we shall attain that high destiny as the foremost of the enlightened nations of the world, which, under Providence, we ought to achieve."

"Diversify the products of agriculture, and thus you will have additional employment for your land."

"Business life, whether among ourselves or with other peoples, is ever a sharp struggle for success. It will be none the less so in the future."

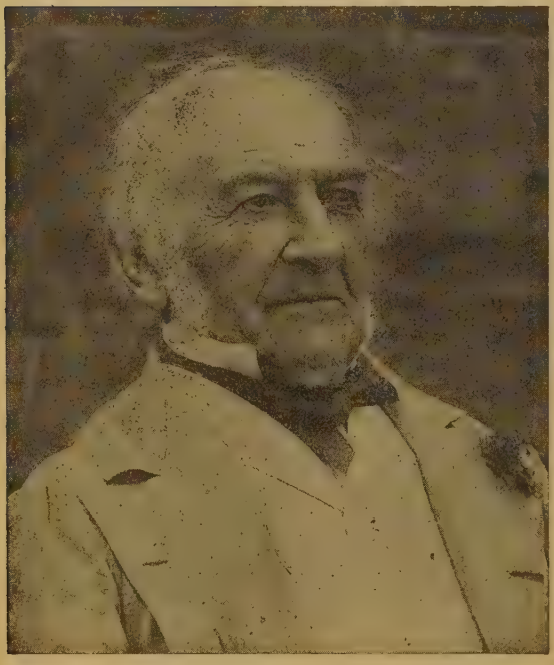
"Commerce is a great diplomatist. Fair trading makes fast friends. Commerce, like a circulating library, carries enlightenment wherever it goes."

"Duty determines destiny."

"We must be both 'sure we are right' and 'make haste slowly.'"

PERSISTENT, UNYIELDING EFFORT MADE GLADSTONE ENGLAND'S PRIME MINISTER

GREAT ABILITY AS WELL AS MODERATE ABILITY MUST BE EMPLOYED TO ITS FULL CAPACITY



"Be diligent in business."—*William Ewart Gladstone.*

Gladstone once said of Cobden, for whom he felt the deepest respect, "I do not know that there is in any period a man whose public career and life were nobler or more admirable. Of course, I except Washington. Washington, to my mind, is the purest figure in history."

An American cannot but feel gratified by this well-deserved eulogy of Washington, but Gladstone himself may with all justice be added to his two paragons of nobility of character, to form a trio unsurpassed in purity of devotion to what they deemed the best interests of their country. William Ewart Gladstone was not a thick-skinned devotee of party. His mind developed and his opinions changed as his body grew. He began his political career as a firm Conservative and ended as the leading Liberal of Great Britain. He showed his tendency of mind in his first political speech, made while he was still a student at Oxford. This must have been a wonderful effort, for Bishop Wordsworth predicted, after hearing it, that the speaker "would one day rise to be Prime Minister of England." It was a conservative speech, one that vigorously assailed the Reform Bill of 1831, but Archdeacon Denison, who also heard it, said: "I have just heard the best speech I ever heard in my life, by Gladstone, against the Reform Bill. But, mark my words, that man will one day be a Liberal, for he argues against the bill on Liberal grounds." It is remarkable that the maiden political speech of a college student should have led to two such predictions, both of which came true.

Nobility of Character Obtained at School and at Home a Good Asset.

A man with the wonderful oratorical powers of Gladstone, was sure to find his way soon into Parliament, and sure to rise there. Serving there as representative for the great Tory University of Oxford, it became difficult to break away from Conservative fetters, but his innate Liberalism developed till in 1865, Oxford discarded him as its member. At once he offered himself,

saying in his opening speech at Manchester: "At last, my friends, I am come among you; to use an expression which has become very famous and is not likely to be forgotten, 'I am come among you unmuzzled.'"

It was, no doubt, to his grand oratory that much of his great success as a statesman was due, though much of it was also due to his nobility of character. There was no one of his time equal to him in swaying and convincing an audience. His rich and musical voice, his animated gestures, his impressive delivery, fluency of language, and precision of statement gave him an extraordinary influence over his hearers. His sentences, indeed, were long and involved, but his fine choice of words, rich rhetoric, deep earnestness, impassioned delivery and intense conviction of the truth of what he said carried away on the flood of his eloquence all who heard him.

But it was not alone to oratory that Gladstone owed his influence. His honesty and moral elevation were as marked as his eloquence. His deep humanism, his intense feeling for the poor and oppressed of all lands, his disregard of all political considerations when cruelty and oppression roused his indignation endeared him to the noble-minded wherever they dwelt, and won him the respect and admiration of all who felt the sentiment of the brotherhood of man. Nothing could keep him from speaking his mind when cruelty aroused him.

A True Man Sympathizes with the Oppressed Everywhere.

He spent part of 1850 and 1851 in Naples, and witnessed there the shameful inhumanity of King Ferdinand, in whose dungeons were more than twenty thousand political prisoners whose prison life was a continual torture. Never was there a greater torrent of denunciation than Gladstone poured upon "King Bomba's" head. Europe rang with it. His letters vibrated with the most intense indignation against that "Negation of God erected into a system of government."

"The prisons of Naples, as is well known, are another name for the extreme of filth and horror," he said: "I have seen the official doctors not going to the sick prisoners, but the sick prisoners, men almost with death on their faces, toiling upstairs to them at that charnel-house of the Vicaria, because the lower regions of such a palace of darkness are too foul and loathsome to allow it to be expected that professional men should consent to earn bread by entering them."

The vehemence of his letters was such that all Europe was awakened and England was stirred to its depths, while they did much in rousing Italy to that patriotic fervor which in the end led to liberty. Gladstone became one of the heroes of the freed people. Later, in 1876, his trumpet blast of indignation again rang through Europe, this time awakened by the "Bulgarian Horrors," the frightful inhumanity of the Turks in Bulgaria. "Let the Turks carry away their abuses in the only possible manner—by carrying off themselves," he wrote. "Their Zaptiehs and their Medies, their Bimbashis and their Yusbadis, their Kaimakams and their Pashas, one and all, bag and baggage, shall, I hope, clear out from the province they have desolated and profaned."

That is the true Gladstone,—not always correct, not always intellectually superior, but always morally right, and his nobility of soul gave him a strength in the world which the powers of his mind, even backed up by his matchless oratory, might have failed to gain.

We have no need to say much about Gladstone's career. It was very largely a parliamentary one, in which he waged for many years a pitched battle against his powerful opponent, Benjamin Disraeli. From 1852 to Disraeli's death in 1881, this fight went on, now one, now the other, being at the head of the Government. In 1853, he succeeded Disraeli as Chancellor of the Exchequer, and the British Parliament had never heard such a speech on finance as that of his. The members were as charmed with his handling of this dry subject as if they had been listening to a fairy tale. In 1868 Disraeli rose to the exalted office of Prime Minister, and before the year was out Gladstone succeeded him in this also. At this time Bishop Wilberforce wrote in his journal:

"Gladstone as ever great, earnest, and honest; as unlike the tricky Disraeli as possible. He is so delightfully true, and the same; just as full of interest in every good thing of every kind."

A marked contrast, indeed, were the two men; Gladstone the symbol of outspoken honesty, Disraeli the type of political expediency; the one transparently open, the other crafty and hidden; the one rising to the head when the public sentiment of England was on the side of honor and justice; the other when lower considerations prevailed. Gladstone had opposed the Reform Bill of 1831. He was the heart of the Reform Bill of 1866, which gave the right to vote to millions of Englishmen. He carried many other bills in the interest of reform and the rights of man, the greatest triumph of his life being when he posed before England as the "Grand Old Man" and, when in his eighty-fourth year, he carried through the House his bill for Home Rule in Ireland, which had been the unceasing purpose of his life for the preceding six years. He retired from public life soon after this signal victory, declining the peerage which the queen offered him. His own name was title of nobility enough.

Decline Great Honors when they are a Hindrance to Your Usefulness.

Gladstone's success was due as much to persistent, unyielding effort as to ability. He was a worker all his life. The word rest was not to be found in his lexicon. When not engaged in politics, he busied himself with literature. The study of Homer was one of his delights, and the source of several works and a number of papers from his pen. These, it must be said, showed more industry than critical discrimination, and the same may be said of his various other literary labors. They display no superior intellectual powers or graces of style and his attempts at literature exposed the weak side of Mr. Gladstone's mind. He was a born orator, a moralist of the highest rank, but not a profound thinker or capable critic.

The extent of Mr. Gladstone's daily intellectual labors has been a matter of very general surprise. That which he accomplished was, indeed, only possible under strict rule and method. From his earliest years of study each day had seen fulfilled its due share of work. At Oxford, he was an exception to undergraduate life, and "did not break off his morning studies at the regulation luncheon hour of one o'clock. It mattered not where he was, in college rooms or in country mansion; from 10 A.M. to 2 P.M. no one ever saw William Ewart Gladstone. He was locked up with his books."

Methodical Work Accomplishes far More than Unplanned Work.

"From the age of eighteen to the age of twenty-one he never missed these precious four hours except when he was traveling. And his ordeal in the evening was not less severe. Eight o'clock saw him once more engaged in a stiff bout with Aristotle, or plunged deep in the text of Thucydides." The habit of assimilating knowledge was constant with him, in all places and at all seasons, from the first day of his college life. He was always an early man. "Shortly after eight o'clock in the morning he walked down to prayers in the village church. Early devotion and breakfast over, the remainder of the morning, till the gong sounded at two o'clock, was devoted to work—to reading, writing, meditation, or to the performance of arithmetical feats which no Cabinet Minister has ever surpassed. Luncheon over, there was more reading; or, if there be visitors in the house, pleasant gossip; or, if the weather be tempting, long walks to be taken, or tough oaks to be hewn. Loving air and exercise, Mr. Gladstone was a singularly temperate man in meat and drink. Still he was only abstemious, not ascetic."

Another way of taking rest from political labors was that of wielding the axe in cutting down the giants of his groves. Sawing wood has long been known as an excellent exercise, but it is dull work compared with the pleasure of striking at a huge tree. Yet most men would scarcely call this recreation, and only a man of stalwart make in mind and body would select it as an agreeable exercise. Gladstone was, in truth, a *large* man in almost every repect, and when he died England suffered a loss not easily to be made good.

An Unarmed Man Vanquishes a Savage Army.

CECIL RHODES MAKES OPPORTUNITY THE PARENT OF A CREAT FORTUNE. AN EMPIRE BUILDER

A great opportunity is the parent of a great fortune. But great opportunities do not come to all men of great business ability. The oil which nature provided made possible the wealth of a Rockefeller, the steel development of the United States came in the right time and place for a Carnegie, the diamond mines of South Africa offered themselves to the organizing genius of a Cecil Rhodes, and these men became strikingly wealthy. Led to Cape Colony for his health, young Rhodes found awaiting him one of the world's great opportunities. If he had not grasped it, some one else would. This is the age of vast combinations, and he was born to do great things.

How a Man In Search of Health Found an Opportunity to Build an Empire.

But Cecil Rhodes was more than a daring business man, he had an imperial soul and was of the type of the empire builders. Fearless, energetic, dominant, with a mind full of large ideas, he was in the way to build an empire in South Africa but for the inflexible obstinacy and enmity of the Boers. As it was, he added a region of imperial extent to the British dominions.

Rhodes revealed himself most fully in one grand event of his life, the one which we here propose to describe, and in which his true character was most fully displayed. The failure of the Jameson raid had overturned his plans, and in Rhodesia, the territory named after himself and which he had added to the British crown, the warlike natives were in arms. Bulawayo, the Rhodesian capital, was beseiged by a raging native horde and affairs seemed very serious for the ascendency of the whites. Rhodes, with his usual energy, hurried to the front horses, arms, provisions and men and then set out to join the force which was marching to the relief of the beleaguered town. But before he reached there the position grew worse, the Mashonas, friendly until now, joined the Matabeles, and a long and costly war loomed up. The South African Company which Rhodes had organized was out of funds. His own large fortune was tied up in his many enterprises. No help could be looked for from England, and the work of his life was all at risk. Success by aid of arms seemed impossible.

In this emergency Cecil Rhodes did what not one man in ten millions would have dared, and in which fewer still would

have succeeded. He determined to go unarmed among the savage Matabeles, and strive to effect by force of character and his ascendency over their minds what it was hopeless to attempt by arms. The three men whom he took with him had revolvers concealed on their persons, but Rhodes was entirely unarmed. Yet he went straight to the Matabele camp and appeared almost like an apparition before the eyes of the astounded chiefs, to whom such daring seemed incredible.

"Esteem and perform public duties as the highest aim."
—*Cecil Rhodes*

Boldness and Assurance and an Instinctive Appreciation of the Right are Needed in a Crisis.

A council of the natives was being held in a natural amphitheatre, and Rhodes and his three followers walked boldly into its midst, revealed to the eyes of ten thousand warriors, who stood grimly leaning upon their spears. It was a striking situation. A moment's hesitation, a mistake of any kind, and the lives of the intruders would not have been worth a moment's purchase. Only a boldness and assurance and an instinctive appreciation of the right thing to do which few men possess could have given him back his lost supremacy over the chiefs at such a moment as that. The very daring of the movement, the immense bluff of the man, if we may call it so, held them spellbound when Rhodes stepped forward with fearless dignity before them.

He had been all his life a leader of men. He was possessed of marvellous psychical powers which had won him followers in all classes of mankind, and doubtless those rude savages felt the influence of his native ascendency before he began to speak. He had come among them, he said, to hear from them the story of their grievances that he might give them redress. He stood before them in the attitude of the powerful protector, whose word would relieve them of the wrongs from which they had suffered. Then, to the astonishment and fear of his companions, he turned to the leading chiefs and poured upon them a torrent of invective, showering reproaches hot and furious upon their heads. History presents few examples of such dauntless boldness. The lifting of a hand by one of the men accused would have brought him instant death. An ominous growl ran through the ranks of warriors grouped around. But the event proved that Rhodes knew his men. Suddenly one of the oldest and most esteemed of the chiefs cast his rifle and spear at the speaker's feet. Others followed, in quick succession; Rhodes had won; the rebellion was at an end.

Success is its Own Reward.

At one minute death threatened the daring man. In the next he was safe and Matabeland secure. He had left Capetown under a cloud, as the instigator of the Jameson raid. He could return there as an honored citizen, the winner in a battle which few men would have dared, that of unarmed valor against savage fury. As he moved away from the scene of his remarkable victory, that daring man turned to look back at the dark multitude he had subdued and said to his companions, "It is days like this that make life worth living."

INFLEXIBLE HONESTY, INSPIRED DARING AND A STERN RESOLVE TO ACT LEAD TO GREATNESS

The qualities which brought Theodore Roosevelt greatness and popularity were partly born in him and partly cultivated by him. They are those of inflexible honesty, inspired daring, and a stern resolve to act, in every position of life in which he may be placed, for honor and duty rather than for personal advantage. It is by these traits of character that he has won the respect and admiration of the people, and these it is, with the addition of energy and industry, that have raised him to his exalted station—reached, as it was, through a national misfortune, a few years earlier than it would probably have come in the natural course of events. During his life in the West the qualities spoken of gained their development.

Mapping Out a Strenuous Life.

In 1883 the town of Little Missouri, on the Northern Pacific Railroad, in the heart of the "Bad Lands" of Dakota, was a disreputable example of the "Wild and Woolly West." It contained some of the worst outlaws that the border lands of civilization could show. Thither came a young man from the East, short of sight but big of heart, weak of frame but strong of will, seeking health and strength in the "strenuous life" he had mapped out for himself on the Western plains. Born to wealth and reared in plenty, the "tenderfoot," as doubtless the inmates of Little Missouri regarded him, quickly threw aside the social habits of the East. He had come to live in the West the life of the West. Leaving the town with one man and a pack-outfit, he hunted far and wide through mountain and plain, seeking the wild game and fishing in the mountain streams of that country. In this career as a sportsman he took pot-luck with his companions, living the rough life of a frontiersman. He killed the game for his own table, did his own cooking, saddled his own horses, acted as his own scout, and insisted on doing his full half of the night-work of frontier life. Not a thought of shirking his duty seemed ever to come to him. Such a career did much to strengthen that self-reliance and personal courage which were two of his most distinctive qualities.

Growing weary at length of the hunting life, business began to appeal to him, and he decided to engage in the cattle-raising enterprise. He was told by men of experience that the "bad lands" were not suited to ranching; cattle could not be wintered there. This he disputed. The finest wild game was to be found there; why would not cattle, he asked, thrive under the same conditions? At any rate he resolved to put it to the proof, and in the spring he shipped

to Little Missouri several hundred head of cattle, hired cow-boys, purchased mess-wagons and provisions, and drove the cattle from the cars to his range in the very heart of the "bad lands." There he asked of his men nothing he was not ready to undertake himself. He faced the blizzards of the West while rounding up the cattle for safety. Son of fortune as he was, he did his share of the night-herding, broke his own horses, slept at night with his saddle for a pillow, and, perhaps, the snow for a blanket, eat the same rough fare as his employees,

"We need men of character, by this I mean men who are honest and courageous"—*Theodore Roosevelt.*

and by his indomitable will, courage and endurance won the deep affection and respect of his men.

A Just and Fearless Man Has a Wholesome Influence in His Community.

The country in which his ranch was situated, at the period in question, was one without a counterpart in the polished and law-abiding East. It was the habitat of horse thieves, stage robbers, desperadoes, and criminals in general. Doubtless many of them looked on this "tenderfoot" from the East as an excellent subject for their peculiar practices. Lawlessness and depredation were visited upon each newcomer, the only sure redress being in the ability of the injured party to protect himself and punish the marauders. Those worthies were not long in finding that Theodore Roosevelt was not the man to be played with, and soon judged it better for their health to let him alone. His influence and example did much toward civilizing the locality, whose lawless people found him to be an absolutely just and fearless man, with plenty of nerve, and handy with gun and fists. No person ever stole a hoof of his cattle or horses, without being captured and punished according to the laws existing.

One instance of his readiness to take care of himself, resent injustice, and stand firm for the interests of himself and his men, is shown in Marquis De Mores affair, still vividly remembered in that country.

Marquis De Mores was a Frenchman by birth and a western ranchman through preference. Bringing with him the reputation of a ready duelist, he took up a ranch some miles away from that of Roosevelt. Although an honorable man, he believed in governing the country by force, and it was the popular impression that the cowboys in his employ were "killers" and ready to fight at the drop of the hat. He established his headquarters in a town called Medora, and there, soon after, Roosevelt's cowboys and those in his service became involved in a dispute over some cattle, which resulted in a pitched battle between the disputants. Victory, and a decisive one, was gained by the Roosevelt troop. De Mores's anger and chagrin were boundless when he learned of the outcome of the affair, and he informed his men that, if they could not whip Roosevelt's cowboys, he could whip their boss, and that some day he would go to Roosevelt's ranch and keep his word. Roosevelt heard of this threat and at once sent word to De Mores that he need not take the trouble to come to his ranch, that he would meet him halfway wherever he wished and settle the difficulty in any way he preferred. Marquis De Mores failed to

respond to this challenge, and the impression became general in that section of the country that the Frenchman's hand had been "called", to use a card-game phrase, and that he had been found bluffing.

The Cattle Industry Like All Others a Great Success When Backed By Brains and Work.

A man who was "game" was one sure to be respected and admired by the westerner of that day, and the De Mores episode gained for Roosevelt no small reputation; while, despite adverse opinion, his cattle industry proved to be a financial success. The cattle wintered well in the "bad lands", and he shipped East some of the finest beeves ever placed in the Chicago market. After some three years of this life he found himself the owner of several thousand herd of cattle, with all the necessary appurtenances of the business, and could, no doubt, have remained in the business and become one of the cattle kings of the West. But by that time he had obtained what he went West for—vigorous health and an iron constitution had come to him, and he was ready for greater things. He had given the people of the West an example of firm integrity and forceful character, early winning their esteem and loyalty. This has since extended widely among all the people of the country by the continued exercise of the sturdy independence which he displayed among a class of people whose pluck and perseverance in the upbuilding of a great new country has been immortalized in song and legend.

The incidents of Roosevelt's life here described are among those least known to the people at large. His political, legislative, official, and military life is as well known to most of us as the events of our own careers, and it need but be said, in conclusion, that the qualities which he displayed in the hunting field and on the ranch of the far West are the same as those that have carried him to the Presidency of the United States. His vigorous and clean cut expressions in all he says and writes do credit to his ideals.

Wise Sayings of Theodore Roosevelt.

"It is a good thing for all people to keep steadfastly in mind the fact that no matter how humble a man's origin has been, if he can show himself a man, he is to be treated as such."

"If a man cannot get an education, and in spite of being unable to get it, works his way up—honor to him, double honor to him; but remember that, other things being equal, it is safer to trust the man who will get an education."

"We do not want the people to accept as an ideal the man with a consumptive cough who cannot run a mile at speed."

"You ought to have bodily strength to go with your mental strength; it is not so important, but it is important. And there is something more important than either, more important than body; and that is character."

"Intellect is a good thing, but character is an infinitely better thing, for character is essential."

"You must cultivate the strong, vigorous, virile virtues no less than the virtues of sweetness and of charity, and the graces of refinement and cultivation."

"If you possess character you have got to be honest. You have got to be more than that, you have got to be brave. You have got to show moral courage, and at need physical courage."

"You must use aright the talents that have been entrusted to you, the talents that you have been able to put into such shape that you can use them, through the education you have had."

"Work to help your brother who is less fortunate than you are, and remember that at some time or another, every one of us, man and woman, no matter how strong and self-confident, will need a helping hand."

"Remember that the only way that you can permanently help anyone is to help him to help himself."

"Test your theories by practice so as to be sure they are right before you advocate their being put into practice by others."

THE BOY OF THE CANAL BECOMES THE NATION'S RULER.

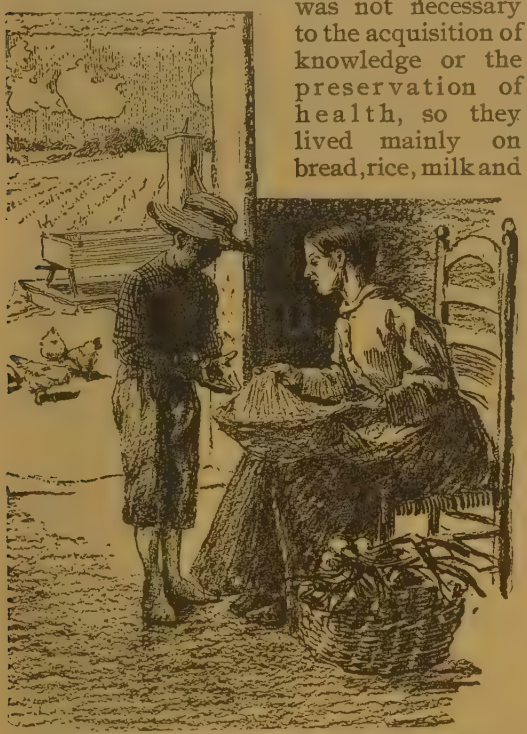
A GOOD EDUCATION GAINED AT A SACRIFICE OPENS THE WAY TO ADVANCEMENT AND LEADERSHIP.

Abraham Lincoln was brought up in the wilderness of Illinois; James Garfield, the second martyr President, in the wilderness of Ohio. At any rate, the place in which Garfield was born was known as "The Wilderness." Here his father had hewn a farm out of the great forest, and built a humble log-cabin in the clearing, and was in a fair way to make a good living. Then he lay down and died, leaving his wife to work the farm and raise her children the best she could—James being still in babyhood. He grew up on the farm, worked in the fields like a young Trojan, and, when old enough, got such meagre education as a little country school could give. In his reading, he grew so fond of Cooper's sea tales that he thought he would like to go to sea and have adventures himself. So at seventeen he went to Cleveland and accepted a position as a sailor on the lakes. But before the vessel was ready to sail, the boy's sea fever was cured. The sailors were such rough fellows and life on shipboard seemed so lacking in interest that all his romantic fancies fled, and he left the ship and the lake in disgust. So ended in failure Garfield's first venture in the wide world away from home.

Plenty of Ambition and Little of Money.

He was ashamed, however, to go home with an empty pocket and no adventures to relate, and hired out as a driver boy on the Ohio and Pennsylvania Canal. He knew far more about horses than ships, and did so well in this unromantic career, that at the end of the first trip he was promoted to the post of canal-boat steersman. This was dangerous work for a green hand. He had to stand on the edge of the boat and handle the rudder, and if it slipped was likely to plunge over the side. On his first trip he fell overboard no less than fourteen times, and, as he could not swim, had to be fished out of the water each time. One of these plunges took place on a dark rainy night, when there was nobody at hand to come to the rescue, and only his fortunate grasp of a dangling rope saved his life. On such small chances great careers often turn. These particulars of Garfield's early life are of interest, as showing its humble opening phase.

In the next year, 1849, we find our young Garfield at school in a seminary at Chester, Ohio. The desire for something better than a country school education was growing in his mind. He had plenty of youth, hope, and ambition, but very little money, so he and three boys similarly situated rented a room for a small price, and here did their own work, cooked their own food, ate, slept and studied. He persuaded his youthful companions that a meat diet was not necessary to the acquisition of knowledge or the preservation of health, so they lived mainly on bread, rice, milk and potatoes, providing their food for the small sum of about fifty cents a week each. During vacation Garfield went to work for a carpenter, and soon became a fair workman. He also did harvest work in the fields, and managed by his labor to pay his way for three years at the academy. For some two years more he sought an advanced education in a new school called Hiram College, paying his expenses by dint of teaching and working.



"No young man who has good health and is master of his own actions can be excused for not obtaining a good education. Poverty is very inconvienent but it is a spur to activity."
—*Garfield.*

He Becomes a College President.

In 1853, grown eager through his own efforts for the elements of the higher knowledge, he entered Williams College, Massachusetts, and acquitted himself so well that, on his graduation, he was made Professor of Languages and Literature at Hiram College, and the next year was made President of that institution. He held this Presidency for five years, much to the benefit of the college and the growth of his own reputation. Taking some part in politics as an orator, he was nominated and elected to the Ohio State Senate, where in 1861, on the outbreak of the Civil War, he carried through a bill offering 20,000 soldiers and $3,000,000 in money for the cause of the Union.

This led Garfield to the career of a soldier, for which his reading had made him as eager as he formerly was for a sailor's life. He was offered and accepted the command of the Forty-second Ohio Regiment, at whose head he soon proved himself a good soldier. With eleven hundred men he manœuvered so skillfully as to defeat Humphrey Marshall with five thousand, and drive him out of Kentucky. He afterwards took a creditable part in the battle of Shiloh, and aided General Thomas so effectively after the defeat of Chickamauga that he was promoted Major-General for distinguished services. Shortly afterward his admirers at home nominated and elected him to Congress and he left the battlefield for the field of legislation.

A Rare Political Career the Result of Sturdy Independence and Sound Judgment.

Garfield's subsequent story, as in other careers is not one of active incident, but in his Congressional career he proved himself one of the ablest of legislators, and rose high in the respect of his party, the Republican. In 1877, when Blaine entered the Senate, Garfield succeeded him as leader of the House, and in 1880 he was chosen to represent Ohio in the Senate. But the great reward of his ability, integrity and energy came in June of that year, when he received the Republican nomination for the Presidency. He was elected in November, and

took his seat as head of the nation on March 4, 1881.

This was a remarkable rise for the boy of the log-cabin and the canal tow-path, one only second to that of his predecessor, Lincoln. The two were alike in rise and alike in their fate, for Garfield also fell by the assassin's hand, the victim of a national contest. There was no war now to stir up the passions of the populace, but there was something like a war among politicians and office-holders, in the bitter struggle to overthrow the policy of using the official positions of the country as places of reward for political workers. Garfield was strongly opposed to this practice and a warm advocate of civil service reform; the excitement roused by his attitude stirring to madness the weak brain of at least one disappointed office-seeker.

On July 2, 1881, he set out from the White House to attend the closing exercises of Williams College, from which he had graduated twenty-six years before. While standing chatting with James G. Blaine, Secretary of State, in the railroad station, the assasin, Charles J. Guiteau by name, stepped up and shot him in the back. The President fell, fatally hurt, while the bystanders flung themselves on the murderer.

Garfield survived for three months, and bore the pain of his wound with a brave patience and cheerfulness that endeared him to the people. He died at Long Branch, New Jersey, on September 19th, universally mourned, for a nobler fight with pain and suffering and a more patient and forgiving spirit had rarely been seen. Thus James A. Garfield ended in martyrdom to the best interests of his country a career in which integrity, devotion to duty and nobility of character had been the distinguishing traits.

A Margin of Time Well Employed Often Determines a Man's Destiny

He succeeded also from the fact that all the world could not have kept him in the background, and because once in front, he played his part with an intrepidity and a commanding ease that were but the outward symptoms of the immense reserve of energy on which it was in his power to draw.

"When I was a freshman in Williams College," said Garfield, "I looked out one night and saw in the window of my only competitor for first place in mathematics a light twinkling a few minutes longer than I was wont to keep mine burning. I then and there determined to invest a little more time in preparation for the next day's recitation. I did so, and passed above my rival. I smile to-day at the old rivalry, but I am thankful for the way my attention was called to the value of a little margin of time, well employed. I have since learned that it is just such a margin, whether of time, or attention, or earnestness, or power, that wins in every battle, great or small."

Garfield's Wise Words

"During the twenty years I have been in public life (almost eighteen in the Congress of the United States), I have tried to do one thing. Whether I was mistaken or otherwise, it has been the plan of my life to follow my convictions at whatever personal cost to myself. I have represented for many years a district in Congress, whose approbation I greatly desired; but, though it may seem perhaps a little egotistical to say it, I yet desired still more the approbation of one person, and his name was Garfield. He is the only man that I am compelled to sleep with, and eat with, and live with, and die with; and, if I could not have his approbation, I should have bad companionship."

"Poverty is uncomfortable, as I can testify; but nine times out of ten the best thing that can happen to a youg man is to be tossed overboard, and compelled to sink or swim for himself. In all my acquaitance I never knew a man to be drowned who was worth the saving."

"Statesmanship consists rather in removing causes than in punishing or evading results. The man who wants to serve his country must put himself in the line of its leading thought; that is the restoration of business, trade, commerce, industry, sound political economy, hard money and the payment of all obligations; and the man who can add anything in the direction of accomplishing any of these purposes is a public benefactor."